

Chastised by
HIS GOVERNESS



JACK CRAWFORD

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by

Jack Crawford

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The year is 1912, and Alma Davies travels from England to America to take up a post as governess to Oscar, the sixteen-year-old son of wealthy businessman, Marcus Somerset. Oscar is horrified and outraged that he now has a governess, and does his petulant best to be as unpleasant as possible. The staff are only too familiar with Oscar's behaviour, and are delighted that the governess is in a position to do something about it. With the full support of the father, Alma begins to discipline Oscar with hairbrush, strap and cane. Unused to physical chastisement, Oscar learns the hard way, through severe thrashings, the meaning of obedience... and very slowly his defiance gives way to respect, and to his surprise he finds himself trying to please his strict governess.

16-year-old Oscar Somerset looked down and found it impossible to have imagined he would ever be in this position. He was standing meekly as the young woman seated on the edge of his bed right in front of him was unbuttoning his trousers. Worse, he knew she was preparing to take him over her lap and spank his bottom, yet here he was standing in place like a frightened mouse cornered by a prowling cat. Worse still, he had not felt like a naughty little boy since... well, he couldn't remember.

It is 1912! And in this modern day and age, here I stand waiting for this woman to spank my bottom as if I was a misbehaving 6-year-old, thought the chagrined young man. He stood nervously watching and waiting after having argued first with the woman and subsequently with his father. Marcus Somerset was Oscar's only surviving parent, who had made it abundantly clear that Oscar had no choice in the matter: Miss Alma Davies, recently arrived from England, was in charge, and if she thought his son deserved a smacked bottom, then a smacked bottom was his to be felt.

Oscar was thankful they were up in his bedroom on the second floor, because if any of his friends knew he now had a governess, he'd just die of shame. And if they knew he was going to be spanked, he would be ridiculed right out of society! Thinking about the negative possibilities only made the situation worse. That, and his suddenly released trousers that were now puddled about his ankles. The recalcitrant young man blushed as he realized his drawers were now on display for his 24-year-old governess to see.

"Let's get this unpleasantness over with, shall we?" the determined woman announced in her clipped British accent. She clearly was not asking for either Oscar's opinion or agreement; it was more a statement of fact. The young woman proved it to be a fact by tugging the lad's arm with authority, upending him over her lap. She also did not act as if what she was about to do was unpleasant at all, at least not for her.

Oscar landed with a grunt and fought the urge to struggle free. Having fruitlessly exhausted his arguments, the young man, now in a ripe and ready to be spanked position, held his tongue and lay lifeless across the crisp pressed linen of Miss Alma Davies' skirt. There was no way he would give this uppity Brit bitch the satisfaction of watching him struggle. He vowed to take his punishment quietly and frustrate the Hell out of her and

her Royally juvenile efforts. The boy smirked at his use of 'Royally juvenile' and the fact that Alma was from England. Alma: he rolled the name across his imaginary tongue as if the name itself was sour.

SLAP! SLAP! SLAP!

Her hand was harder than he could ever have imagined! Oscar had to catch himself to restrain any verbal acknowledgement of the impact of her spanks. He concentrated intently to show no reaction, but only a dozen or so swats into the spanking, he began squirming and his legs started to shake. Whether it was from the sting of the swats, the shame of his position or the frustration of it all, he didn't know, but the hopefully moldable lump of clay Miss Alma Davies was spanking was showing every sign that her efforts were not only noticed, but effective.

"Right!" snorted the governess, "now it's time to get down to business!"

Oscar gasped loudly as the woman tugged his drawers down to bare his bottom.

"Nooo!" cried the young man, who would soon find it was not only his resolve that was melting quickly, but his ability to remain even remotely dignified was evaporating as well.

"One *always* spanks on the bare bottom," snorted the governess. "Your trousers did not misbehave and your drawers did not insult me, so why should they be spanked? You, young sir, are in need of a lesson, not your clothing!" And as her short speech concluded, the process of baring his behind was equally resolved. The woman was nothing if not efficient.

The governess' hand resumed the mission assigned: beating better manners into the young man over her lap. Her spanks now landed on bare flesh, sending the twin pale moons shaking and shimmying with each fervent wallop. The white crests of those bottom cheeks were also turning various shades of hot pink with several splotches of brilliant red beginning to appear.

Oscar found his voice and began to plead his apologies and promises.

"I'm sorry! I'll behave!" he whined as the staccato of spanks continued to rain down on his defenseless backside.

The sounds of the swats were louder and crisper than before now that hand was landing on bare flesh. The governess did not want to break the lad, but she did have to make an impression so she spanked him by hand until his voice began to quaver. That, as far as she was concerned, was her cue to stop. Leaving Oscar in his spanking posture over her lap, Miss Alma Davies addressed the young man.

"As we have only met just today," she began, "you are being let off lightly."

Lightly? silently wondered Oscar as his bottom throbbed.

"I hope you understand that we have now firmly established just who is in charge and that I have the full support of your father." The governess paused and then added, "And it is not just his support. He has expressed, very clearly, that he expects me to teach you and that he expects you to learn. I have full authority to achieve that goal by any means necessary." She gave him a meaty swat to his already sore bottom. "Are you listening to me?"

"YEEEOOWW! Yes, Miss!"

"Mark my words, young sir," continued the governess with an intensity that now made the lad shiver with worry. "If I have to thrash you morning, noon, and night every single day, then I shall! And be warned: you were let off lightly. I have many tools that can capture the attention, and demand the obedience of any young man."

She helped Oscar to his feet and though she did not show it, she was amused to see him rub his bottom and pout. "Put your clothing in order," she snapped as she stood up. "We can chat later, but I have to unpack my things right now." Like a summer breeze, Alma Davies floated effortlessly from the room, closing the door behind her.

---oOo---

Now alone in the privacy of his own room, Oscar turned to check his reflection in a mirror. There was a lingering scent of lilacs that he assumed had come from the governess. Muttering several unflattering epithets regarding his new governess, Oscar winced slightly as he ran his fingers over his pink and still reddening bottom. If it had been Miss Davies' intent to put Oscar in the mindset of a younger boy by hand spanking his

bare bottom then she could count her efforts as having been a mission accomplished.

Pulling his trousers back up and buttoning the pants, Oscar fumed with righteous indignation over the outrageous treatment at that woman's hand... quite literally, though he failed to recognize the irony in that thought. Now that his clothes were in order, he checked himself in the mirror. Staring intently into the reflection of his eyes, Oscar silently reprimanded himself for giving in to the sting of the hand spanking, vowing next time to keep his mouth shut, and never give his governess the satisfaction of hearing him say sorry.

Oscar had no way of knowing how futile those efforts would be. For now, however, he regained a modicum of dignity by making that promise to himself. With that unpleasant business behind him, he thought he would wander down to the kitchen and see if Cook had anything he could snack on. A sixteen-year old's attention could waiver easily at almost any provocation, and filling his stomach had just become a primary mission.

At the bottom of the stairs he could hear voices coming from his father's study. "We've been acquainted and some of the ground rules set," he heard Miss Davies say to his father. "I have little doubt that sterner measures will be necessary in the very near future."

"No doubt," Oscar's father replied as the young man lurked outside the study to overhear the conversation. "I'm afraid I've been much too lax with my son since his mother passed. Obviously, I haven't done him any favors by letting him get away with way too much."

"Careful, sir," the governess said lightly, "or you may discover that you are making a convincing argument to feel the cane yourself."

"Ho, ho!" chuckled Marcus Somerset. "You really are your mother's daughter! Rest assured, I would rather keep the fond memories of the cane growing up, not the painful reality it would present today."

"Of course, sir," Alma Davies agreed. "I'll just go back to settling in." Almost immediately the governess came through the study door and turned to go up the stairs and she bumped right into Oscar. After a flustered moment she asked, "Eavesdropping, young sir?"

Equally startled, Oscar stammered, "N-no, Miss. Um... just on my way to see Cook and see what I might find as a snack."

"I don't believe dinner will be so distant that you need something to eat right now and I am certain Cook is busy preparing that meal. You don't want to ruin your appetite, nor do you want to interfere with Cook's duties. Perhaps you could find something useful to occupy your time until dinner?"

Oscar bristled and very nearly replied with an unfortunate and potentially regrettable comment, but he was interrupted by his father voice.

"Oscar? Come in here, son."

The son gave the new governess a quick smile, perhaps it was more of a smirk, but he disappeared quickly into the study as his father had requested.

"Have a seat," offered the older man who chuckled as he added, "unless you'd rather stand."

Not about to be the butt of the joke that had been passed between Miss Davies and his father, Oscar flopped down onto one of the chairs positioned in front of his father's huge wooden desk. "I couldn't help but hear you say something about Miss Davies and her mother. Did you know her?" he asked.

The elder Somerset picked up his briarwood pipe, tamped the tobacco down and lit it. After drawing some air through it, the father exhaled a satisfying cloud of smoke and nodded.

"Indeed, I did. Miss Davies' mother was my governess for the two years I was in England with your grandfather. I was trying to reach her to take up the job as governess for you when I discovered that she had passed. Fortunately, her daughter, Miss Davies, came highly recommended."

"I still don't see why I need a nanny," noted the surly young man.

"Miss Davies is not a nanny, Oscar," corrected his father. "She is a governess and she is here to broaden your education and instill a little discipline. Lord knows I'm too busy with the bank and railroad to spend enough time to do it myself." The older man looked at his son pointedly and said, "I'm sorry it has taken me this long to come to that conclusion."

"Well she treats me like she is a nanny," complained Oscar.

"I suspect, son, that you are going to learn this the hard way, but I will give you some free advice that is based on my own experience," the older man rasped through a haze of pipe smoke. "You will find life to be

much more pleasant if you just do what Miss Davies says and do it when she says."

Oscar looked off into the distance, lost momentarily in the rich smell of smoldering pipe tobacco, then asked, "Father, is the cane really all that bad?"

"Hmm," mused the older man, "let me see if I can say this correctly. I last felt the cane from Miss Davies' mother 30 years ago and in hindsight I deserved each and every stroke. Sometimes, I think of those canings fondly, but... those memories are filtered through 30 years of fog." Looking pointedly at his son, the pipe-smoking man said, "I don't doubt you will find yourself at some point in time on the receiving end of the cane. Though you won't, you will think you are going to die as the pain is so intense." Another deep puff on the pipe and a thick cloud of fragrant smoke swirled upward. Marcus Somerset added for his son's benefit, "If I were you, I would try very hard to avoid circumstances which would find you being introduced to the cane."

Mr. Somerset puffed at his pipe a few more times and added, perhaps for his son's benefit, or perhaps as a spoken, yet wistful memory as he looked off into the distance, "Feeling the terrific pain of the cane set me off on a successful business career. I doubt I could be as wickedly ruthless and successful in business without the lessons I learned from the sting from those rattan rods."

A First Lesson

Dinner was a formal and distant affair involving only Oscar, his father and Miss Davies. To be accurate, they were the only ones seated at the dining table. Cook, an older plump woman, skittered in and out to be certain her efforts met with the approval of Mr. Somerset and his guest. Guest? No, smiled the older woman to herself, the woman seated at the table was now a resident in the New York City mansion and was apparently young Oscar's governess.

Cook had to turn and scuttle back to the kitchen hurriedly to hide the grin that creased her face when she thought of Oscar now having a governess! The boy should have grown out of being the brat that he still very much was. Whispers had passed rapidly through the household that

Oscar had been upended and spanked! "It's about time," muttered Cook. More than once she had wanted to take one of her big wooden spoons to the spoiled boy's bottom. Still grinning, the older woman wiped her hands on a dish towel and hoped the new Miss Davies would be keeping the sassy young man on his toes with a hot bottom.

One of the maids, a younger one named Henrietta, nearly laughed out loud as she ladled soup. She noticed Oscar squirming in his chair and momentarily imagined him across the stern looking governess' knee. She had been upstairs cleaning when she had clearly heard Oscar's spanking, almost daring to peek into the keyhole. She hadn't found the nerve, but she had stood in the hallway outside the boy's bedroom and listened as the new governess whacked his bare bottom with her hand. Henrietta was the frequent and unfortunate target of many of Oscar's pranks and teasing, making her feel even more diminished than the clear-cut differences their circumstances would suggest.

The other servants were regularly vexed by young Oscar, but Henrietta was a particular object of his torment. She was just a year older than he, but they were worlds apart when it came to social status. The young man was just discovering how powerful that status could be and he seemed to delight in wielding that power around Henrietta. Another entertaining frisson of excitement rushed through the girl as she pondered many more bare bottom episodes for the young master.

As she grinned, Henrietta could feel Miss Davies' eyes on her and sensed the governess was actually reading her mind. The maid hurried out of the dining room just as fast as Cook had moments earlier. Even so, she was careful to not let the soup in the tureen slosh about and splash onto her or anything else.

The sudden rush from the room captured Oscar's attention and his eyes followed Henrietta, in particular her saucy bottom. He watched the maid's hips rolling with each step and looked forward to groping her ample backside later. He grinned widely as he spooned some soup into his mouth.

"Penny for your thoughts," said Miss Davies as she pointedly looked at Oscar.

"What?" he asked as her question shook him back to the present.

"You seem to have thought of something amusing," the governess noted. "Perhaps you could share the thought with your father and me?"

Oscar stuttered and stammered a moment, taking another sip of soup as he stalled to find an appropriate response. "Just enjoying the soup, Miss Davies," he replied rather lamely.

"Hmmm," murmured the governess with one eyebrow arched. "I would never have guessed a lad your age would be so fascinated with split pea soup."

The exchange captured the attention of the boy's father who decided to get in on the fun. "I rather suspect," observed the older man dryly, "his thoughts were more on Henrietta as she sashayed from the room. A pretty lass, don't you think, son?"

Is everyone reading my mind? a startled Oscar asked himself. Still, he deftly replied, "I hadn't noticed, father. I don't spend any time staring after the help."

His father chuckled knowingly and Miss Davies blurted a curt, "Indeed!"

Oscar lowered his head closer to the soup bowl and focused on finishing his soup.

Dinner could not end fast enough for Oscar, who only grew more agitated with every passing minute. Worse, he had to carefully and studiously avoid looking at Henrietta as she came and went from the dining room under the direction of Cook. His frustrations mounted with every passing moment and soon he found himself blaming Henrietta for his current predicament. It seemed to the frustrated young man as if Henrietta was purposefully coming and going just to tease and tantalize him.

It only got worse after dinner as Henrietta was nowhere to be found even though she lived in the mansion. Servants lived in the topmost floor, having to make the climb up and down the many steps every day via a steep back staircase. Oscar knew it would not only be unseemly for him to wander up into the servants' quarters, but it would also confirm that Miss Davies and his father had been correct about Oscar's fascination with the young maid.

I'll not give her that satisfaction, vowed the young man as he thought of the governess' pointed question at dinner.

Oscar stood at the bottom of the staircase that led up to the servant's quarters, staring at the oddly elegant stairway. Yet again that evening he was startled by Miss Davies. "I still have that penny," she said, "for your thoughts."

Turning to look at her, the young man grimaced at the smugness on her face. Oh, how he wanted to put that smug British bitch in her place! He seethed for a moment then gathered himself saying, "I would not sell my thoughts so cheaply, Miss Davies."

"It is an expression, Oscar," she replied, "not an offer."

"This is a banking and business household, Miss," he retorted starchy, "and we don't just throw around business offers willy-nilly!"

"As I said," she replied once more, "it was not an offer."

Oscar turned his face to look another direction and bridle further commentary. The governess filled in the conversational gap for him.

"I was hoping," she said to him, "that we might begin to assess the state of your education. I had thought French would be a good place to start, but as you say, this is a household based on banking and business. Perhaps you could solve a simple business calculation?"

With a heavy sigh, he turned back to face the governess. His demeanor was anything but friendly, though he asked, "And what calculation is that?"

Miss Davies crossed her arms over what the young man suddenly realized was her rather ample bosom, cocked her head to one side and asked, "Perhaps you could help me with something? When one purchases produce, what do we expect the spoilage rate should be? How much of a produce purchase is expected to be spoiled?"

"That's easy," grinned Oscar. "If you are buying in bulk, you automatically consider that 10% may be spoiled though, in reality, it could be higher or lower."

"Ten percent? That seems awfully high."

"It's a standard used to determine expected profit," he said, as if speaking to a dimwit.

"Very well," nodded the governess. "I suppose one learns something new every day. Now, to my business calculation. I really hope it is not too

challenging."

Oscar rolled his eyes and shook his head as he silently waited to hear the problem.

"Let's say," Miss Davies began, "that you purchase ten apples from a farmer for five cents each. Further, you paid five cents for the very short round trip on your father's train to get to the farm so you can pick out the juiciest apples. When you return to the city that day, you sell the apples on a street corner for ten cents each. How much profit should you expect?"

"Oh, come on!" exclaimed the lad. "That's too easy!"

"Is it?" asked the governess with an arched eyebrow. She paused as he looked at her with upturned hands and a quizzical look.

"Let me introduce another factor, young sir," she added with that eyebrow still arched menacingly. "Please come with me." She whirled and walked down the hallway to her bedroom and had Oscar wait for her for a moment. Reappearing with something unrecognizable in her hand, the governess led her young charge further downstairs to the library where they would be doing most of their studying.

"Business decisions are not made in a vacuum, Oscar, are they?" asked the dark-haired governess. Her eyes gleamed with knowing mischief and had the young man more experience with Alma (or any other woman for that matter) he would have been suspicious of the slight smirk that creased her face. At the moment, though, Oscar was agitated by her attitude and interruption and, for the second time that day, he noticed the faint wafting of lilacs in the room.

"I don't understand what you are driving at," he replied.

"Well," she offered, "it is one thing to perform simple mathematical sums with no risk or possible downside if you are wrong. In business, you may think you know the answer yet if you do not consider all of the factors, known or otherwise, you could make an error that could be devastating." She watched him carefully as he considered her words. Then she added, "Sometimes, even the simple mathematical sums are hard to come by when you know there is a huge risk looming as you consider the problem."

"What in the world does that have to do with your question?" snapped Oscar who was now finding this line of conversation to be rather

tedious. His annoyance with this... this... interloper, was growing exponentially as was evidenced by a reddening in his face.

"Consider the word problem I gave you," replied the smug governess, "and consider this, too." She held up a thick, wide leather strap that featured three split tails at one end. "If you get the answer wrong, you'll bend over and take six solid licks from my Scottish friend, here."

"What the fuck is that?" demanded an even more aggravated student.

"Language, sir! Or I shall be forced to employ my friend in the manner intended by the Scots before you address my word problem."

Oscar stared at the leather strap and muttered an insincere, "Sorry."

Alma Davies harrumphed and took a deep breath before answering his rudely asked question. "My Scottish friend," she said twisting the heavy length of leather in her hand, "is called a Lochgelly Tawse. It is applied vigorously to the palms or bottoms of recalcitrant students as a means of correction, motivation and often, both." She watched the boy's eyes widen in recognition of what she was saying as she offered further information about the implement. "It is also very effective even through heavy woolen trousers. Of course, you have already learned that I would not waste my efforts beating the dust off your trousers, so you might imagine how the heavy leather tawse would feel on your bare bottom."

She did not allow her young charge to further delay her little test and demonstration. "Consider the consequences of a wrong answer," the governess told him as she continued twisting and turning the leather strap in her hand. "Although comparatively inconsequential to a business failing, I assure you that you do not wish to reap the rewards of an incorrect answer." She smiled knowingly. "I am certain you can appreciate the added pressure of the problem when considering there is now a tangible penalty for being incorrect."

Enough of this nonsense! Oscar knew the answer and blurted it out as he explained his thought process. "This is easy. I can't believe father is wasting his money on this! It's like this: I paid fifty cents for ten apples, but my cost is really fifty-five cents because of the cost of the train ride. I then sold the ten apples for a total of one dollar, so my profit is forty-five cents." He gave her a condescending smile and added, "But, we have to consider

the 10% spoilage, so I would only have received ninety cents, so my profit is really thirty-five cents!"

He crossed his arms triumphantly and added in a chiding voice, "You thought I would forget that you set up the whole thing with a question of spoilage. Well - I didn't!" As a smug after thought he said, "Maybe it is you, Miss, who should feel those six solid licks you mentioned." The young man made an exaggerated effort to gaze at the governess' very shapely backside.

"That will not be necessary," she snapped immediately in reply, "for your answer is incorrect."

"Impossible!" growled a thoroughly vexed Oscar.

The situation for him only grew worse and he sensed it before he heard it. Miss Davies allowed a wicked grin to spread across her handsome features as she waited. "Recall the details of the problem, young sir," the governess said in a calm and factual manner. "You took the train to the farm and back on the same day. Further, you personally picked the juiciest apples so you did not pick any spoiled or rotten fruit. That was the point of taking the train at five cents cost. By doing so, you saved a possible loss due to spoilage that you estimated to be ten cents. Therefore, the actual profit is forty-five cents."

He immediately knew she was correct and felt both humbled and crestfallen, but he was going to go through with the experience with dignity. "Congratulations, you won."

"I did not win anything," replied the woman as she tapped the tawse in her palm. "I rather hope that you have learned something for that is why I am here. I certainly did not travel all this way to waste your father's money."

That she threw his words back into his face stung him horribly, but Oscar was determined to suffer his fate with grace. He hoped that disappointment and shock did not show up on his face when he heard her say, "Please drop your trousers and drawers and bend over with hands on knees."

"But..." protested the young man.

This earned him a withering look and admonishment. "Do you not recall our earlier conversation? Must I once again remind you that your

clothing does not need to be punished or motivated! Or do you hesitate and protest because you intended not to make good on our deal? Is that what someone from a business and banking household does?" She stood and glared at him as he reluctantly unbuttoned his pants, letting the garments slip to the floor about his ankles as he grumbled to himself about his circumstance. Oscar slowly shuffled in place so that his now bared bottom was presented to the governess. Reluctantly, he bent over and placed his hands on his knees.

"Right!" exclaimed his tormentor, adding, "stick your bottom well out!"

As he complied, Oscar gasped audibly through clenched teeth as she immediately lashed the tawse across both of his bottom globes. The leather strap seared his right buttock as it wrapped across his left bottom cheek so that the very tip of the leather bit harshly into the center of that half-moon. Almost immediately a second lash scored his bottom in exactly the same fashion, this time about two inches lower.

Groaning from the burning fire, the boy wriggled in place causing his bottom to waggle at his teacher. She let loose a third stroke that was pulled back slightly, causing the fullness of the tawse to visit only Oscar's left bottom cheek. The adjustment caused the very end of the lash to not only miss his right bottom cheek but sneak between the two bottom cheeks catching the tender inner space that split his bum.

"YYEEEEOOOWWW!" cried Oscar. His resolve was ripped away with the awful searing pain in such a sensitive area. As he chastised himself for his weakness, he felt Miss Davies moving to his right side. Once there, she unleashed three back handed strokes of the tawse landing in mirror fashion from the opposite side.

Her efforts were rewarded with another pitiful yelp of "YYYYEEEEOOOWWWW!" The bent over young man may have been excoriating himself for his lack of control, but he would have been totally humiliated had he seen the smugly satisfied smile on Miss Davies' face.

"Put yourself in order, young man," the governess said as she stepped to the door. "I recommend a good night's sleep for we have a full day ahead tomorrow. Oh, and please don't go gallivanting about looking for poor little Henrietta."

Oscar protested the last comment, but Miss Davies had already left the library, the faint odor of lilacs all that remained of her presence. He stood mystified that the governess could so easily discern his unspoken intentions.

The Governess Settles In

Routine in the Somerset mansion was instantly altered with the arrival of Miss Alma Davies. There was considerable debate about the benefits of her residence as well as what detractions she may have brought with her. One thing was certain; the entirety of the household staff was delighted to see and hear Miss Davies put young Master Oscar through his paces.

For the last two years, since his mother had passed, Oscar had grown increasingly boorish. He positively terrorized some of the staff, mostly the younger ones, though even the senior staff had difficulties coping with him. The entire staff adored the boy's father, Mr. Marcus Somerset, and to a person they wondered how he could allow his son to run wild as the staff saw it. Of course, it was none of their business and not a person even breathed a thought of expressing an opinion.

But they were all delighted to have Miss Davies take hold of the situation with an iron grip. For the time being Oscar was still insufferable, but there were those moments of retribution, albeit delivered by Miss Davies, that provided more than a flash of satisfaction. The staff now thrilled at the sound of a bare bottom being smacked with hand, brush or tawse. They were positively giddy when hearing the yelps of pain were followed quickly with sincere promises of drastically improved behavior and apologies for intransigence. The staff knew what the governess was discovering: despite the seemingly heartfelt promises from the young man, he just never seemed to be able to follow up after the painful glow of punishment disappeared and he was finally able to sit comfortably once again.

Miss Davies quickly cultivated a faithful following within the household staff. They never overtly betrayed any confidences, but every single one of them made sure that the governess somehow managed to learn of Oscar's misadventures almost as quickly as he completed these capers. If he suspected that the staff was informing on him, the young man never let

on. It was commonly understood by the staff that he was anything but the sharpest knife in the drawer. He probably could not discern their role in helping him find a more virtuous path, even if that path finding was had by one stinging bottom after another.

To his credit, Oscar quickly learned not to debate or dispute any proclamation from Miss Davies. He never won those arguments and the result was always twice as painful as it would have been had he simply followed instructions. The governess never failed to remind him of the extras he earned whenever he challenged her decisions. He still harbored fantasies of being able to withstand whatever it was she intended to deliver without any reaction. Perhaps the staff were right and Oscar was gifted with much less than an average intellect. Perhaps he was simply stubborn.

The latest challenge for Oscar was conjugating verbs in French.

"How many times must we go over this, young man?" sighed a now frustrated governess. "Verbs ending with 'er' are treated differently than verbs ending in 're'! It is fairly straightforward. I can't believe you find it this difficult."

Equally frustrated, the lone student threw his pen against the desk, upsetting his inkwell and causing a mess all over the desk and his trousers. "Who cares?" he snapped back. "If I ever need French, I'll just hire a translator!"

Alma Davies folded her arms and glared at him. "What have I told you about outbursts like that? And look at the mess you made." She continued to glare and when it became clear he had nothing further to say she added, "The point is that a well-rounded young man, especially one destined for a career in business, should learn one or two foreign languages. You, young sir, are barely proficient in your native tongue and are all but tongue-tied in anything else. I believe this is the third time we have discussed this issue in the last week alone!"

Oscar still had nothing to say and sat looking at the slowly spreading pool of ink on the desk in stony, sullen, silence. He could feel Miss Davies' eyes on him, boring a hole through his skin and skull and peering into the depths of his brain. It unnerved him that she seemed to be able to read his thoughts.

She harrumphed in dramatic fashion. "Well, I suppose we ought to do something about this. I've tried to impress better efforts from you, young sir, with the vigorous application of the tawse to your bottom on the prior two occasions."

This observation caused Oscar to tense, though he tried not to move or even twitch a muscle. He continued with that sullen posture and silent stare although he was now rather regretting his outburst. He really hated that heavy leather tawse when it singed his backside. Miss Davies, he had discovered, was quite adept and efficient with the damned thing!

"It seems sterner measures are called for," the governess said flatly.

Oscar, slow though he might be, knew that was not a good sign. He already dreaded the tawse and the process of baring his bottom and bending for the application of leather. What could 'sterner measures' mean? Still, he refused to move or even look up; not until he heard the tapping of his governess' shoes on the hardwood floor. He snuck a peak through hooded eyelids and watched as the lithe, athletic woman approached a cupboard. There, she opened a door and withdrew a long slender rod.

"Your father has some oddly fond memories of the rattan cane when it was used on his bottom by my mother," observed the governess. Oscar looked up now and stared at the cane in the woman's hand. "I suppose there may be a time when he will mistakenly think he wants to travel down the proverbial Memory Lane, but I suspect that longing would disappear with the first stroke." At the final word, she slashed the cane through the air and it made a disturbingly ominous swish.

The swish of the cane was horrifying to Oscar but apparently satisfying to his governess if the wicked grin on her face was any indication. She saw what she expected when she bade the cane cut the air. The terrifying sound made Oscar twitch in his seat and his eyes widened as he imagined the damage such a thing could impart... on him!

Then the governess idly asked, "The question is: what to do?"

"Uh, the verbs, Miss Davies?" the startled young man asked, hoping to deflect her interest in the cane. "Perhaps I should continue with those French verbs?"

"Oh, indeed you shall, young sir, after we have first finished our business here." She whipped the long rattan rod through the air again and

Oscar could have sworn the sound was louder and more menacing than before.

"It is quite difficult, you must understand, to devise a proper number," mused his governess. She rotated her wrist with the cane in hand and seemed to be judging the latent power that was resident in the rod.

"N-n... number, Miss?" asked her very nervous student.

She nodded. "Yes, the number of strokes, of course," she replied as if he had asked a particularly stupid question. "You see, you have never felt the cane so that is part of the consideration. Then again, this is the *third* time we have had this particular conversation. One thought suggests leniency, the other all but demands more considerable effort." Oscar struggled with himself as she silently appeared to be considering what she might do.

"Experience suggests we should start with three strokes," she announced. Her approach was somewhat like a cat toying with a cornered mouse before pouncing on it. And, just as a cornered mouse makes that one fatal move in a panicked effort to escape, so did the young man.

"Excuse me, Miss," Oscar politely asked, "but what do you mean by 'start'?"

Her eyes locked onto his and with great seriousness she replied, "I doubt very much you will be able to comply with all the rules. And when you don't, there will be extra strokes awarded."

He was almost in a panic at this point. "Rules? What rules could there be for a whipping?"

She sighed heavily. "It is a caning, young sir. I shall not be using a whip," she said letting a long pause fill the air before adding with that damnably wicked grin, "... this time. The rules are very simple, yet sometimes hard to follow." Putting a finger to her pursed lips she struck a pose as if trying hard to remember some long-lost words.

"Once in position, you may not move and you may never reach back and rub your bottom no matter how much it stings," she said. "You must count each stroke and thank me for it. And you may never ever curse, swear or use any vulgar language. Breaking any rule means you will get extra. And, since this will be your first time, may I offer this advice? Don't earn extras. You will really want to avoid that."

Oscar was suddenly terrified. He thought of asking her to reconsider, but he already knew she would not. He then thought about appealing his sentence to his father. That thought alone made him shiver as he knew he would probably just end up with twice the punishment. He considered now that it would be much better to take it like a man. He would summon the courage to take up his position and silently suffer the three swipes of the cane.

It was only three, after all. How bad could it be?

"Where would you like me, Miss?" he asked compliantly, tossing all thoughts of resistance to the side.

This, of course, caused her to smile inwardly. She would certainly never show him how much this simple submission pleased her.

"I should very much like to have you simply bend and grasp your ankles, Oscar," she said, "but I would only be encouraging you to break the rules as this is your first time for the cane. That would be patently unfair, even cruel, of me. So... let's have you facing the desk, bent well over with forearms on the surface of the desk."

He complied almost immediately, but he quickly heard the governess clear her throat. "What do we know about punishment, young man?" she asked with an impatient ring to her voice.

"Oh, uh, yes, Miss!" he quickly replied. Standing back up, Oscar undid his pants and tugged them down to his ankles. His drawers soon followed and he bent back over to await his fate. With tremendous apprehension he bent back into position, his naked bottom pointing towards his governess. Curiosity, apprehension and annoyance all hung in the air as smoke from a sooty fireplace.

Assuming Miss Davies would tap his bottom with that cane to gauge her distance, Oscar stifled the trembling he felt welling up from deep within. He was startled, then, to feel her fingers brush his bare bottom as they plucked the hem of his shirt and lifted it clear of her intended target. The tucking in of that shirt tail was another agonizing delay of execution for the young man. It made him wonder if the governess might not be engaging in some form of psychological warfare.

Finally, he sensed she had positioned herself to his left and nearly jumped out of his skin when he felt the anticipated, tap, tap, tap of the cane

softly on his bottom. He was just gathering his resolve when she said to him, "please remember the rules. I will enforce them."

Oscar considered this and wondered if he was expected to reply. Eventually, he decided he should say something, but his intended response was cut short by a soft but chilling sound. It was a sound reminiscent of a failed whistle, as if someone was trying to loudly whistle and did not quite purse his lips correctly. It was a hiss and momentarily it seemed as if it came from a person not whistling, but quickly sucking in his breath.

This soft but chilling sound was followed by a resonant 'thwack' reminiscent of the sound of a riding crop sharply smacked against the flank of a horse. These thoughts rushed through Oscar's mind just a hair's breadth before the searing, agonizing pain that erupted across both of his bottom cheeks. There was both good news and bad with that first stroke.

The good news was that the short, sharp searing pain flashed hot and burned out quickly. The bad news was that this pain was then replaced by a throbbing jolt of electricity that had a terrible intensity which seemed to build with each nasty throb. Again, it was an impression that flashed as quickly through Oscar's mind as the sound of the actual impact. For his part, the young man forgot about the promise to himself to take it like a man. His head snapped up and he yelled as if a field surgeon was sawing off one of his limbs.

To his benefit, he remained writhing on the desk to which he clung. His legs shook and his knuckles turned white as he twisted and turned across the hard, wooden surface. The scream died away and he began mumbling to himself as his hips twisted left and right. Fortunately, he recognized Miss Davies' clearing her throat and despite his distraction he managed to speak.

"One," he moaned as he wondered how in the world he was going to survive two more nasty cuts. Then he remembered and added, "thank you, Miss." He lay across the desk waiting for the next stroke, but it seemed as if it would never come. Instead, he felt the continued bloom of pain from that first stroke. In his mind's eye, Oscar imagined he was well marked with a crackled line across his bottom and it certainly felt like that thin line was widening with every breath he took.

This time, he recognized the sizzling slash of the cane as it tore through the air only to lash into his bottom. The rattan rod landed a mere half inch below the first and the penitent young man had his first revelation about a caning. He had thought the first stroke was terrible until he realized the second cut was worse!

He howled over the desk, carrying on more than one would imagine a mature sixteen-year-old would. Miss Davies was going to verbally reprimand him for this behavior, but she held her opinions in check as she remembered this was a first for the young sir. Just as she was about to inform Oscar that he forgot to count and that the stroke would be reapplied, Oscar moaned, "Two! Thank you, Miss."

Momentarily disappointed, the governess further reminded herself that this was very likely not going to be a one off. The young sir and the cane would be reintroduced in the future and if she was any judge of character, that future was not far off.

"Remember not to move after the last stroke, young sir," she advised. He could not see it, but a slight curl appeared at the corners of her mouth as the governess grinned slightly. "I feel obliged to inform you that the last stroke, as is tradition, is always the hardest!"

"Noooooooooooo!" pleaded the prostrate young man with parallel red welts crossing his lily-white bottom.

His protest was cut short as Miss Davies pulled back her arm and let loose the most fearsome slash of the afternoon. The hissing of the cane through the air was a portent to insufferable pain. The loud THWACK as it landed was but a hint of the governess' expertise. She landed the third cut exactly in the middle of the two previous strokes. They had been administered so expertly that the third parallel line was exact and so close to the other two that it actually overlapped the inside edges of both welts.

There was an almost immediate, ear-splitting scream from the young man. No matter which floor of the mansion, each and every household staff member heard the results of the governess' ministrations. The agony of young Master Oscar was almost concerning. Instead of empathy and alarm, broad smiles erupted throughout the household as each and every staff member thought to themselves, *Serves him right!* They did not hear Oscar mumble in a shaky and tear-filled voice, "Three. Thank you, Miss."

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Oscar was able to find his way back to his bedroom where he quickly shed his trousers and drawers. Conjugating French verbs had been put off; Miss Davies had correctly suspected his mind would not focus on the task. His bottom really hurt and he was almost afraid to look, but he twisted in front of his dressing mirror and got a good look at the damage his bottom had suffered.

The three thin lines left by the cane were so close together they almost appeared to be one big weal. But there really were three distinct lines and they appeared to be growing darker and more raised as he stared at them. Needing to do something about them, he knew he could not suffer the agony of putting his pants back on, so he undressed and slipped into a dressing gown. Even though it was a light silky material, even the lightest touch of fabric on his seared backside made him groan with pain.

Then he heard footsteps in the hallway. Scuttling quickly to the door he opened it and saw the young maid, Henrietta. She could help!

"Henrietta!" he called imperiously from his half-opened bedroom door. "Get a basin of cold water, a cloth and some lotion. I've been injured!"

Oh, I know just how you've been injured, she thought. Instead she said, "But, sir-"

He cut her off. "It wasn't a question, dammit! Go fetch the items and bring them here and be quick about it!" Further cutting off additional sass from the young maid, he slammed his door shut.

It hurt to walk, so he simply stood by the door, counting the seconds and damning the girl for taking so long. Finally, there was a light knocking at his door and he rushed to open it. It was Henrietta with the requested items. Oscar pointed across the room.

"Set them on the nightstand by the bed," he ordered.

The girl hurried to comply and as she did, she heard the door close and the lock click. She suddenly felt trapped and alone. She also was quite fearful of what might happen next.

The young Master walked stiffly to his bed and began to untie the knot of the belt that kept his dressing gown closed. As he did, Henrietta gasped and stepped back.

"Oh, for goodness sake, girl!" he growled. "I'm not going to bite or anything. I just need your help."

Unable to find her voice, she gave a simple curtsey as an acknowledgement. Then she gasped as the dressing gown dropped to the floor. When his male parts were suddenly displayed, she turned her head and complained, "It's not decent, sir!"

"Come here," he growled. "I just need your help."

Henrietta gave a tentative peek towards the bed and was astonished to see two things. First, Oscar was laying face down on the bed. His unmentionable parts were covered by the rest of his body, though his bare bum was front and center.

The second thing was the state of that bottom! There was a mass that crossed his bum where it looked like he had been burned or cut or something. A long red line of continuous welt suffused the lower half of his backside.

"Go on," Oscar snapped, "wet the cloth and put it on my injury."

She did as she had been directed. Dipping the cloth in the basin of water she squeezed the excess water from it and carefully laid it over the wound. It was so hot looking she expected to hear a hiss of steam, but instead she heard a groan of grateful relief from the young master. He lay there for a moment and said, "Dip it in the water and do it again."

Once again, she wet the cloth, wrung it out, and carefully placed it on his bottom. Over the next ten minutes or so, the process was repeated several times. Finally, Oscar asked if she had brought the lotion.

"Yes, sir," was her simple reply.

"Please put it on the wound," he ordered.

Henrietta now trembled. It was bad enough standing there with the cloth, but now she was going to have to touch him... his bottom! She did not dare refuse, but she felt it wasn't right. Finally, she summoned the courage to pour some of the lotion onto her fingertips. She stepped closer and gently rubbed it into the ugly looking damage on his backside.

Oscar groaned with relief. The terrible throbbing pain had subsided for a moment. He lay on the bed before saying to her, "Take those things and leave. And not a word to anyone about what you saw."

"Yes, sir," she quickly replied as she gathered the items and made a hasty exit. There was no way she wanted to tell anyone about what had happened or what she had seen. She just wanted out of the room!

He Just Can't Help It

His first caning left Oscar in a most disagreeable mood that lasted for days. Miss Davies tried to ignore this at first, realizing that it was a result of a punishment that was not only new to the young man, but highly resented despite the fact that it was a result of his very own making.

The now seemingly permanently disagreeable Oscar discovered that his moping about and sniping at the staff had limits, and after several days Miss Davies told him his demeanor and attitude had better shape up in no uncertain terms. The phrase that quickly rang a bell in the young man's mind was, "or I shall give you something to truly be upset about!" If there was something worse than the cane, the student did not want to know about it. Consequently, his mood brightened with considerable effort and though he was far from pleasant with the staff, he simply ignored them as best he could.

His studies grew tedious and Oscar began to truly chafe at the limitations that had been hoisted upon him. He especially resented not being able to go off and find his friends when he felt like it. Thoughts of past adventures with his buddies would cloud his mind at the most inconvenient times, interrupting his studies and sometimes even his words. The young man would be in mid-sentence and suddenly be reminded of something he had done with friends in the past and stop speaking as he processed the memory.

For a while, both his governess and his father worried that there might be some serious medical or mental issue at play. However, after several learned medical professionals examined Oscar, each independently pronounced the young man as both physically and mentally sound. They all agreed that the boy was suffering from something they called Puberty Interrupted Emotional Development. Now that Oscar was developing into more of a man, hormones were getting in the way and his thoughts would wander. The doctors advised that he would simply grow out of it.

Governess and Father had different thoughts about what they were told. Mr. Somerset recalled his own time at Oscar's age, a time when a governess was first introduced into his life as well. As he recalled, he had resolved his own issues by simply taking matters into his own hand... literally. Father wondered if his son had yet discovered the joys (curse?) of masturbation and wondered if he should discuss it with Oscar. But, as with all such potentially embarrassing topics, Mr. Somerset put off the discussion and never did get around to it.

Miss Davies, on the other hand, considered the diagnosis of Puberty Interrupted Emotional Development. In her mind, the medical professionals had just coined a phrase that could best be summarized with another P word: Poppycock. Though the doctors had given no prescription or course of action other than to be patient, the governess decided she would hurry along this phase of the boy's development in her own way.

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The next time Oscar interrupted his own words with a blank stare, his governess waited patiently for him to return to the present.

"Where were you just now?" she demanded.

"Why, right here, Miss," he explained obtusely.

"Your mind, Oscar. What were you thinking of?" she pressed.

The student was now agitated, but it wasn't from the memory of what he had been thinking or where his mind had been. Rather, it was the fact that he did not wish to tell her. That, and the fact that Miss Davies had a rather severe look on her face. It was a look that Oscar knew he should avoid.

"I... I don't know, Miss," he tried lying. "I was not even aware I was anywhere but here."

"Poppycock!" snapped the governess. "The doctors claim you suffer from the pains of puberty. I expect there is some truth in that, but we shall hurry along your development. If you are stuck between adulthood and childhood, then we shall scourge the childhood from you."

Oscar shrank from the very severe and intense woman as she leaned in and peered into his eyes. "I am giving you fair warning, young man," she seethed, "the next time you float off like that I shall welcome you back with

the most juvenile episode you will not want to experience again." She settled back away from him, but held his gaze with that look that still alarmed young Oscar. "Be warned, young man. Be warned!"

As one might expect, the warning went unheeded. In fact, it was the very next morning during a discussion of the royal family of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Oscar cared little about the fact that Franz Ferdinand was a member of the Habsburg dynasty and even less about the family's misfortunes with illness and suicide. He was reciting what he had learned by rote when his 'condition' kicked in and Oscar stopped speaking. Instead, he gazed quietly off into the distance.

Even as his speech was interrupted, Oscar knew he needed to fight to get back to what he was saying and set his memories aside. He was thinking about a Hungarian woman he had seen from across the street from the bordello where she worked. The woman had seen the boys sitting on the stoop across the street, grinned, and then pulled down the bodice of dress and shook her breasts at the laughing boys.

But it was no laughing matter when Oscar returned to the present to face the glaring visage of Miss Davies.

"Would you care to mitigate the next step, young sir," she asked, "by sharing what was so important and on your mind?"

Knowing this was something likely to come up, the student had planned his answer for such an occasion. He continued the lie he had begun when his governess had first warned him.

"I'm sorry, Miss," he said with a straight face, "but there is nothing to tell."

The governess considered this for a moment, then exhaled loudly as she slapped her knees. "Your choice, young sir, and I will remind you I warned you earlier."

He watched as she turned and retrieved her handbag. Rummaging around the rather large bag, the governess found what she was looking for and with a satisfied smile held it up for Oscar to see. It was a large, oval-shaped, rosewood hairbrush.

In just a few brisk steps towards him, Miss Davies was suddenly standing in front of him and she grasped his left ear with a fearsome pinch.

"OWWWW!" yelled Oscar, now in pain as well as frightened by her actions.

"We shall now exorcise the childhood from your less than childish body, sir!" she exclaimed with the indignation of a temperance preacher. Oscar was tugged by his ear over to a chair onto which Miss Davies sat with a flourish without letting go of his ear. He felt her twist that ear painfully as she ordered, "Drop your pants and drawers, it's time to feel my mother's brush!"

A multitude of questions flew into Oscar's mind, but none stuck long enough to concern him. His immediate worry was ameliorating whatever it was his governess had planned and he knew the best way to survive was to cooperate. His trousers and drawers were suddenly puddled about his ankles and even more suddenly he felt himself yanked across her lap, bare bottom well raised as her left arm encircled his waist and held him tightly.

Then the young man felt the cold wood of the back of the hairbrush resting on his naked bottom.

"My mother always claimed that the best way to end childish behavior was the vigorous application of this very brush on the seat of learning," announced a determined governess. "It now rests on *your* seat of learning and we shall put it to the test."

Oscar started to protest, but the only thing that came from his mouth was a squeal of pain. Everything had happened so suddenly; the young man did not even have the time to make his pointless resolution of silence. He also discovered that swats are like ants: where there is one, there are many!

The determined woman let her arm rise and fall with fearsome fury and intent. Poor Oscar could only blubber and plead as his bottom cheeks shook and jiggled from her terrifying onslaught. The young man's bottom went from a pristine alabaster (having recovered from the short caning several days before) to an angry color that made his bottom look much like a ripe strawberry: bright red and blotchy.

His spanking happened so swiftly and with such intensity that Oscar not only had no time to mentally prepare, he quickly broke down and sobbed as he loudly pleaded with his governess to relent. It seemed no amount of begging and crying would work and he quickly gave up and simply cried like a child over her knee.

In truth, the spanking lasted all of about 30 seconds, though one had to admit that it was a very, very intense half minute. Miss Davies stopped pummeling his bottom and let the now hot backed hairbrush rest on the boy's even hotter bottom. He sobbed for some time until he managed to collect himself. Still over her lap, naked bottom throbbing and raised, he felt something terrifying: the brush slowly slid down to rest on the backs of his thighs.

"I can continue using this brush," warned his punisher, "or you can tell me what you were thinking when your mind wandered." A couple of gentle taps to the backs of his thighs loosened Oscar's tongue.

He quickly told her about the Hungarian whore at the brothel, reiterating several times that he and his friends had been across the street and not inside. When he finished, the young man tensed as his spanker lifted the hairbrush from the back of his thigh.

"You may stand up," she said softly. "I believe we are finished for the morning."

Oscar stood up but Miss Davies took him by the shoulders and turned him around to face her as she remained seated. He was humiliated by the fact that he was bare from the waist down and his face was flushed and dripping with tears. Still sniffing back tears, he looked at the woman through tear-stained eyes.

"You need to compartmentalize, young sir," advised his governess, "and tell me what you were thinking before I fetch the hairbrush. You'll find life more bearable that way."

All Oscar could do was nod and reply, "Yes, Miss." When she let go of him, he ducked his head and pulled his drawers and trousers back in place. He then made the awful journey back to his room, noticing that his spanking must have been heard by the entire household as every member of the staff seemed to be hovering nearby and staring at him. Most of them were smirking and it annoyed the young master no end.

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Thus began a division of labor. The labor of enforcing Mr. Oscar Somerset's transformation from ignorant, entitled, spoiled, and generally miserable boy to a more learned, respectful and appreciative young man. It was not going to be an easy chore.

For moments requiring educational motivation, the tawse was applied to where it did the most good: the young man's bare buttocks and thighs. Poor effort and just plain stupidity would see the Scottish implement warming not only itself, but the intended target as well. When the young man reverted to his immature self or when he lost his concentration and was suddenly absent from the room in mind, but with body present, the dreaded hairbrush of Miss Davies' mother found its way out of her purse.

Serious intransigence called for the cane. It was reserved for moments of intentional mischief or particularly rude or unkind behavior. Though he hated feeling either brush or tawse, Oscar would wish and beg for either when he saw the cane in Miss Davies' hand.

Augmenting the efforts of each of these learning tools was the presence of the household staff. Though they rarely witnessed any of the young master's punishments, they all heard them whenever and wherever they occurred. The young man had been such a malevolent character that the entire staff relished his sufferings. They also let him know how much they believed he deserved exactly what he was getting with their disguised snickers and satisfied smirks when he would return to his room to lick his wounds.

There was another notable incident that occurred in the kitchen one day. Oscar went into the kitchen one afternoon looking for a snack, despite knowing how much Miss Davies disapproved of this. He snapped at Cook when she had asked him if it was alright with the governess that he search out a sandwich or piece of cake. In the course of berating Cook, Miss Davies suddenly appeared in the kitchen.

In a panicked reflex, Oscar assumed that far off stare and went silent. Cook looked to the governess for an explanation, but the young man's teacher simply waited patiently for Oscar to return to the present. She had immediately smelled a rat when he saw her and adopted that other worldly stare.

"And just where were you, young sir?" asked the governess as Cook continued looking at both of them, trying to understand what was going on.

Oscar snapped his focus over to Miss Davies and said with a look of confusion on his face, "I... I... was in the kitchen, but here I am! I was going

to find something to eat." He cocked his head and looked at his governess more closely as he added, "but I'm not supposed to. It's so odd."

Cook looked even more confused until the other woman said to her, "Cook, would you please fetch me the biggest wooden spoon you have, please?" In an instant, Miss Davies had a very large wooden spoon in one hand, and Oscar's ear in the other.

"Poppycock!" snorted the Governess as she pulled the young man with her over to a high stool. "Bare your backside, sir!" she snapped as she let his ear go.

Oscar thought he had given a credible performance and now realized, once again, how hard it was to fool his teacher. Casting a menacing glance at Cook, the young man fumbled with his trousers and drawers and dropped them to his ankles. His sudden nakedness below the waist earned him a knowing smirk from Cook, and a shove in the back from Miss Davies as he was forced to bend over the high stool.

Wasting no time, the Governess peppered Oscar's bottom with the big wooden spoon. It did not have the surface area of her hairbrush, but the long handle gave the heavy spoon end more leverage. With her arm and a timely snap of her wrist, loud POPS could be heard ricocheting around the kitchen. Those sounds were soon accompanied by plaintive yelps and pleas from the young man attached to the bare bottom that was now being so soundly spanked.

Just as tears began clouding his eyes, his spanker said, "That was for coming in here and pestering Cook for something to eat between meals. You know that is no longer permitted!" Grateful that he hadn't actually started to bawl in front of Cook, an immediate panic set in when his punisher started tapping the backs of his thighs as she said, "And, *this* is for lying and trying to cover it up!"

They may not have sounded louder to the women, but Oscar was certain the spanks to the backs of his thighs were ten times louder than the ones to his bottom. They certainly stung ten times more! He immediately protested, howling loudly and Miss Davies had to lean into her left hand that was pressed into the small of his back to keep him pinned to the stool. She did not relent until her charge was tearfully apologizing for his behavior.

"Up you get," snapped the governess, "and straight to your room you go! There will be no supper for you either. And don't worry, I'll explain your absence to your father. I don't want to see you out of your room until breakfast tomorrow!"

Oscar rushed to pull his pants back up and retreat from the kitchen. He had to pass a smiling Cook. Once the lad was well gone and they could hear his steps up the stairs, the governess said to Cook, "You might send a plate of bread and cheese upstairs to his room after supper."

"Yes, Ma'am," replied a still grinning Cook.

More Than a Minor Irritant

The new governess was really starting to get on Oscar's nerves, and not just the nerve endings of his backside. His entire life had been upended! Once having a fairly carefree existence that was interrupted rarely, and always briefly, by his father, Oscar's life was now structured and regimented. He was forced to march to the drum beat played by Miss Alma Davies, and her rhythms were strict and exacting. One false step and the imported English governess would beat a tattoo on the bongos of his bared bottom that always resulted in his vocal accompaniments that expressed his pain, chagrin, and resentment.

The young man also had a nagging and inescapable sense that the governess was, somehow, trying to supplant his deceased mother. When these thoughts surfaced for apparently no reason, Oscar's mood would turn melancholy; a state that often brought on acts of rebellion that seemed random to others.

Worse, Oscar had achieved an age where he was more than naturally curious about the female gender. He had become rather cavalier about his ability to be overly-familiar with the female household staff, at least with those who were close to his age. One of his favorite targets was young Henrietta, but now, with the governess seemingly lurking at every corner, the not-so-subtle manipulations of the help by young Master Oscar were sharply curtailed. "Damn that woman!" was a frequently uttered curse at Oscar's bedtime.

At first bitterly fearful that his pals would discover that he now had a governess, Oscar decided that he needed to confide in them this awful

state of affairs. He didn't need a governess or a babysitter or whatever Miss Alma Davies was really supposed to be. Certainly, the guys, his friends, would understand. Maybe they would even have some thoughts about coping with the interloper. More hopefully, they might also have an idea or two about how to get rid of her!

It was during a designated study time in the afternoon, that Oscar snuck out of the mansion. It wasn't hard and he had been doing it for years without being detected. There were a couple of options: one involved climbing out his bedroom window, working his way along a very narrow edge and then climbing down a tree; the other involved climbing out of a basement window below the kitchen. Since Cook was undoubtedly busy scurrying about in the kitchen at that hour, Oscar elected to exit using his bedroom window.

In no time at all, he was free from the oppressive scrutiny of his governess and was quickly walking down 5th Avenue. It was a warm and beautiful day. The sunshine on Oscar's face felt unusually liberating as did the fresh air despite the mix of horse drawn taxi cabs and the newer gasoline engine models. That oddly mixed tang of horse apples and auto exhaust had never seemed sweeter to the young man.

He stopped at all the usual hangouts he and his friends frequented and soon was in the company of three other boys of similar age. They made their way to an empty stoop across from a notorious house of ill repute. The boys chatted amiably, as they always had, watching the women come and go and spotting the occasional well-known gentleman surreptitiously entering the premises. All-in-all, it was good fun to imagine and discuss what was going on inside.

"So, where've you been, Oscar?" asked one of his friends, Reginald. "We ain't seen you around. Your dad have you off on a trip or something?"

Oscar shook his head as he looked down at the grimy stoop. "It's bad news, boys," lamented the boy, "real bad news." His three companions were immediately captivated by this statement. Oscar was, by far, 'the rich kid' in the group with his three friends being little more than street urchins. They had grown up parentless and fended for themselves on the streets. How they came to be friends with Oscar is a long, complicated story and unrelated to the current narrative. Suffice to say that the three friends came from a vastly different background.

That is not to say they were less intelligent than Oscar. No, far from it! The boys had survived on their wits alone and though they might not know, say, the capital of Switzerland, they each had a keen eye and understanding of human nature. Besides, it was fun for them to apply their street level skills to Uptown problems that Oscar often brought them.

"What's so bad?" asked one boy, speaking for the others.

"It's like this," Oscar replied, adding, "and I am ashamed to admit the first part. My father has seen fit to employ a governess for me."

"What's a governess?" his friends asked. "Is it something like a babysitter or nanny?"

Oscar shook his head. "No. She's more like a teacher, but she is given complete authority over me. She's a teacher and a principal and a copper all rolled into one package! She has control over everything I do. And she has complete impunity to control me anyway she sees fit."

"What's an impunity?" asked one boy.

"It means no one questions why she does anything. My dad gave her free reign," sighed Oscar. He then looked up from the pavement and slowly eyed each of the three boys. "There's worse still, lads. Much worse! And you have to promise me you'll never breathe a word of this to anyone. Ever!"

Now Oscar's cohorts leaned in. His story was starting to sound juicy and they wanted the details. Finally, Oscar told them, "The first thing is shaming, but this part is down right humiliating. My governess..." He paused for dramatic effect. The boys leaned in closer, their full attention locked onto Oscar's every word. He continued, "... beats me. She is allowed to beat me and if I say anything about it, the beatings get worse!"

The three friends looked at each for a stunned moment, then they broke into riotous laughter. "You let a woman beat you up?" they asked and roared with laughter. It was the worst thing they could have done to poor Oscar, but for the group, they started to attract attention from the whore house located across the street.

A blushing Oscar protested, "She doesn't beat me up. She bares my bottom and spanks it with a strap or a stick!" No sooner had the words escaped his lips did he realize what a huge mistake it was to explain. The laughter got worse and louder as the three friends imagined their uptown

buddy being spanked. They imitated what they thought he would look like and how he would act, wildling gesticulating and mocking him. Oscar blushed hotly until the bigger of the other three boys realized how it was affecting their friend.

"Cut it out!" he barked at the other two. "This is serious." Turning to look at a slightly relieved Oscar, the boy asked, "And you father is alright with this?"

Nodding, Oscar explained, "He has some old romantic notion that it is good for me. He had a governess for a couple of years and claims it was good for him. Therefore, he assumes it is good for me too."

Now the other three lads took on a serious look each, nodding with a new found understanding and seemingly commiserating with their rich friend. The leader of the group finally summarized the situation. "You need to get rid of her."

"Yeah," agreed Oscar, "but how?"

His three friends began tossing out observations and opinions. "Your father brought her in, so he'll have to be the one to get rid of her. Question is how to get him to do that."

"Or," interjected another, "She has to hate the situation she is in so she quits and goes away."

"We need a plan," offered the third. "If we all work on this, we'll come up with something so that, maybe, Oscar's dad wants to get rid of her and she is more than willing to leave anyway."

"But how do we do that?" asked Oscar.

His question did not get answered. Because of their noisy outburst earlier a policeman was dispatched from across the street. The Mayor and Police Chief both availed themselves of the services at that particular bordello and it would not do to have a bunch of boys hanging around and noticing things.

As the cop came closer, the three street-wise boys scattered and took off, leaving Oscar trapped on the stoop by the cop. "Here, lad," the copper said in a thick Irish brogue, "don't I know you?"

"I don't think so," replied Oscar as he desperately sought a way around the policeman.

"Yes, I do!" announced the cop. "You're Mr. Somerset's lad! What are you doing down here in this district? Someone from your part of town could get in big trouble!" Reaching for Oscar, the policeman grasped the boy's upper arm in a vice-like grip and pulled him to his feet. "Maybe I should make sure you get home safely. Come along!"

Oh, God, thought Oscar, Miss Davies is going to discover I left the house!

---oOo---

It was a very polite exchange at the Somerset mansion. The upper 50's in the City was a world apart from the Five Points area further south. Since Oscar's father was unavailable at work, Miss Davies took charge of Oscar from the policeman and she even provided the cop with a handsome reward, or tip, if you prefer. Though the cop tried to politely resist the proffered funds, the governess insisted he consider it a donation to the widows and orphans fund. The money, of course, would never make it past the officer's pocket, but both pretended it would.

Once the door closed, Miss Davies turned to confront Oscar. "I'll not ask you what you were doing in that part of the city," she announced to him. "I do not intend on wasting time on some grand investigation, so we shall keep it simple. You left home without informing anyone, you avoided your studies, and you were wandering around a dangerous part of the city alone, lurking around an institution of ill repute. I think that about summarizes what happened, don't you?"

Oscar said nothing. He now had enough experience to realize that no matter what he said, it could be turned against him so he simply said nothing.

Alma Davies sighed heavily. "Whether you say a word or not, this is a serious breach of rules. Very serious, indeed! You will go into the parlor and wait for me there." Thus, spoke judge, jury and executioner.

Not wanting to provoke the governess, Oscar quietly walked to the parlor and waited. He paced nervously around the room. The parlor had taken on a sinister feel at that moment, rather than the first welcoming room of the mansion to visitors. Suddenly, he felt the ominous presence of Miss Davies. Two things were immediately startling to him. First, she held a long, wicked looking cane in one hand. It had a fearsome appearance and

Oscar's eyes would have remained glued to it if not for the second factor. Behind Miss Davies trooped in the entire household staff... eight of them in all!

Using the cane, the governess pointed to one wall and indicated the staff should line up over there. Once they were in place, she turned to them and asked, "Did any of you assist our young Master Somerset in his escape from the mansion today?" One by one the governess looked at each staff member until they answered with a silent shake of their head. "I will take you at your word that the young man snuck out on his own," announced the governess. "But know this, if anyone in the future assists or is aware of his leaving and says nothing, you will share equally in what is about to follow. Is that understood?"

"Yes, Miss," they all answered with serious looks on their faces. But, when Miss Davies turned to face Oscar, several eyes gleamed with humor at what was clearly happening next.

"To drive my point home, young sir," lectured his governess, "I am requiring the staff to witness your punishment. They will know what could happen to them if they assist you in avoidance of your studies. Additionally, I believe the witnesses will make your punishment all the more memorable. Yes! The following will be salutary indeed!"

Oscar gulped and glanced at the staff. Several were smirking at his fate and he wanted to do something, but he also knew it was more advisable to keep very quiet, very still and very, very humble.

Miss Davies then ordered, "Remove your trousers and your drawers. Then kneel up on the sofa, knees at the edge, hands holding the back and thrust out your naughty bottom. You, young sir, are about to receive the thrashing of your life!"

"But, b-but," stuttered Oscar, "there are women in here!"

"And I suspect you've been flaunting your prized possessions at them, or at least have been plotting to," snapped the governess. "Either remove the garments or I will ask the staff to assist you!"

Having no alternative, Oscar removed his trousers and drawers in hopes of limiting further humiliations. Stepping out of the pants the young man was further shamed. Having to disrobe like this in front of the staff, especially the younger ones such as Henrietta, Oscar discovered he was

excited. His male organ was now fully engorged and poking out from between the tails of his shirt. The women smirked and covered their mouths as Oscar quickly pulled his hands to his front to cover his condition. Hurriedly, he stepped to the sofa and assumed the position instructed, hoping to hide his erection as much as possible.

"Don't worry about that appendage, young man," noted Miss Davies. "It shall disappear in very short order!"

There was a guffaw from the elderly doorman who was rewarded with a glare from the governess. "Sorry, miss," he apologized.

The governess said nothing to him, though her withering look caused the old man to look away. The governess moved to the sofa, taking up station on Oscar's left side, opposite the staff who stood against the wall on his right side. "Twelve of my very best, sir," she announced. "I suggest you stick to the rules so you do not have to suffer any additional strokes."

Twelve!? Oscar had never had more than six cuts of the cane, and never this particular cane that looked so frightfully angry in Miss Davies' hand. He tried to tamp down the welling panic that immediately rose from deep within as he started to make his usual promise to himself to show no reaction, immediately realizing the folly in that. Instead, he resolved not to move and to remember to count. Twelve would be bad enough. Anything more was unthinkable!

He felt Miss Davies' fingers on his back as she pulled up his shirt tail to fully expose his bottom. "Spread your knees," she ordered and as he complied, he realized his entire male package would be visibly dangling for anyone to see. Well, the package minus his engorged manhood which was still twitchingly distended and poking forward... for now.

Oscar did not dare look over his shoulder, nor did he want to look to his right at the gawking staff. Instead, he lowered his head and closed his eyes constantly saying to himself, *Don't move. Count. Don't move. Count.*

He was startled to feel the tap, tap, tap of the cane against his naked bottom, then calmed himself and willed his backside to relax. There was a ripping of air as if an arrow had just been let loose followed by a nasty THWACK!

There was an immediate explosion of pain across his bottom causing Oscar to gasp, flex and arch his back. Even as the shock and pain

blossomed to a level he had never felt, Oscar congratulated himself on not crying out. Realistically, he knew he could not hold out long, but he silently vowed to take one more stroke silently.

"One, thank you, Miss," he said according to ritual. And then he waited. And waited. And seemingly waited forever. Finally, another arrow was let loose and the rent of the air concluded with another horrible THWACK!

Oscar struggled to keep quiet; struggled so hard that his head dipped down and banged against the back of the sofa. He heard a snort to his right and made the mistake of looking over. The staff was a mix of reactions: some horrified at the cruelty being inflicted on him, others gleeful that Oscar was getting something he had long deserved.

It made him angry.

So, he snarled, "Two! Thank you, Miss!"

His focus on the staff reaction did not mean he did not feel the results of the second cut. Now there were two throbbing lines that creased his bottom, each throbbing at a different frequency causing a painful dissonance across his previously unblemished nates. It was as if the strings of a violin were purposely forced out of tune and the resulting vibrations of cacophony causing serious distress to anyone within earshot.

Distress was an understatement for the lad. Four more horrid cuts followed until Oscar could no longer hold back. On number six, he cried out loudly and with that break in his will, he bobbed and weaved on the sofa. His legs and bottom trembled as his back arched and his feet fluttered. The young man also had not noticed that his embarrassing erection had disappeared quite sometime prior.

"Ssss-six. Th-thank you, M-miss," he managed to eke out.

At this point, Miss Davies then stepped behind Oscar and made a slow circle around the young man. Then she started a second rotation around him, stopping right in front of his face. "Are we understanding what you did wrong?" she asked him.

"Y-yes, Miss," he replied simply and honestly.

"Good, then the next six should serve as a salutary reminder to never pull that type of stunt again!" Miss Davies then resumed her position

just behind and to the left of the young man.

The admonishment served to break Oscar's grip and control. All he could think of was, Six more?

Tap, tap, tap went the cane before it sliced through the air adding a seventh expertly laid parallel weal just below the prior six. She was getting to the very tender spots just above the junction of his thighs. The result of this stroke was a blood curdling cry that made even the most gleeful of the staff wince with empathy.

Oscar screamed as his bottom waggled in pain, each of those weals now radiating pain at different frequencies that served to multiply his agony. It was as if seven violins screeched horribly out of tune and the sound had been converted into radiating waves of agony.

The next three strokes systematically worked their way down his bottom until lash number ten landed at exactly the junction of bottom and thigh. By this time, Oscar was moaning as he sobbed through dripping tears that landed behind the sofa. To his credit, he maintained count and remembered to thank Miss Davies after each and every stroke.

The pause for the penultimate stroke was long, much longer than prior pauses. The governess even reminded Oscar not to move and to remember to count. It was odd that she waited until this time to remind him.

Then the young man found out why she did this. After the cane ripped through the air, it landed with a particularly nasty *THWACK!* cutting diagonally upwards from bottom left to top right. That stroke was the first one that actually overlapped any prior cuts and it overlapped them all!

The pain was fearsome and indescribable. Oscar began to babble and blubber after the heart-rending shriek died away. Finally, he mumbled something unintelligible that Miss Davies graciously interpreted as his count and thank you.

"Last one, Oscar," she said as she tapped his well-worn bottom. He vigorously shook his head in protest, but did not move. As she had in the past, she reminded him, "And the last one is always the worst."

As Oscar began to beg her to relent, she interrupted him with that last awful stroke. Of course, there was no way she would relent. Determined to drive her point home, Alma used her hips, shoulders and all that her arm could muster to whip the cane into Oscar's bottom.

The young man fell forward against the back of the sofa as he sobbed pitifully after expending his agonizing squeal. He leaned limply against the sofa; his bottom only raised because it hurt so badly to rest it on his heels. The staff looked sympathetically at the young man as they were excused and allowed to return to their duties.

"Unless I specifically ask for your assistance," Miss Davies warned the staff, "you are to remain away from the young master for the next two days." The staff all nodded their understanding as they left.

"And you, young man," added his governess. "You will have some attention to your sore bottom, but not before you work on your own to climb the stairs and go to your bedroom. Take your clothes with you. No one will say anything if you go to your room as you are now. Lay down on your bed with your bottom up and we will see about tending to your sores."

Oscar did not acknowledge her command in any way other than to scoop up his pants and trudge awkwardly up the stairs to his room. Each step carried with it a bitter and painful reminder of what had just occurred. As bottom muscles flexed to lift him to the next step, they squealed from searing pain. Once in his bedroom, he closed the door and eased himself down on top of the bed after removing the rest of his clothing. He lay naked on his bed and finally released it all and bawled like a baby into his bed covers.

---oOo---

Alma Davies was not above concern for Oscar. She had done her job as she rightly saw it, but she also well knew the damage she had inflicted. She allowed him half an hour or so to gather himself as she herself gathered a basin of water, a cloth, and an astringent. She carried these up to Oscar's bedroom, lightly knocked on his door and entered before he had a chance to respond.

Oscar heard the door open and someone enter. There was a waft of witch hazel and he raised his head to look over his shoulder, shocked to see that it was the governess who had come up to tend to him. He turned away and put his head back onto the bed.

"I should think you will feel this for some time," the governess said rhetorically as she examined the mass of perfectly aligned stripes. The welts were raised high and coloring quickly. "Let's put a cooling cloth on here

first to help relieve the swelling." Even as she said this, Miss Davies admired her handiwork: pure precision. Her mother would be proud.

The young man gasped when the wet cloth was first applied. It was gently laid on his raised bottom and felt as if it were frozen at first, but then had a slight numbing effect as it lay changing the temperature across Oscar's backside. Alma then added the witch hazel to the wet cloth and there was a further numbing effect that was a great relief to the young man.

"You need not answer me now," the governess said to the well whipped boy, "but I would like to know about your companions: who they are, where they come from, what you were doing with them. It is not my intent to get any of them in trouble, I simply want to understand why you would go out of your way like this to meet with them."

She did not press him for an answer and, indeed, Oscar was not all that keen on speaking about his friends. He had already been lectured by his father about the folly of carousing with such sorts. Oscar lay on his bed for some time with Miss Davies sitting nearby, changing the cloth and adding more witch hazel as necessary. By the time she left, the wounded young man was fast asleep.

Discoveries

It was probably due to the careful ministrations of the governess, though we may never know for sure, that Oscar drifted into a fitful sleep. His slumber was interrupted every time he tried to roll over onto his back and was subsequently reminded (painfully so!) that any touching of his well thrashed bottom gave a jolting reminder of his ordeal. But the young man's sleep was interrupted more by subtle thoughts of his recently passed mother and the closeness he had shared with her.

The dreams began in melancholy as Oscar dreamed of times when his mother would soothe his aches and accidents, fawning over her child in a way only mothers can. His father was never good at showing him support or any interest in what Oscar cared about, so her absence was a particularly painful void in the boy's life.

His dreams brought back memories of being held in his mother's arms after he had fallen down the stairs in a very nasty and scary spill as well as the time when he had a high fever and there were concerns he might

have contracted influenza. Through his feverish days, Oscar was most cognizant of his mother holding him in her arms, patting his brow with a cool wash cloth as she tried to coax the fever down.

Then his dreams took a turn.

In his mother's arms as she patted his forehead, Oscar looked up in his dream and was at first shocked to see not his mother, but the face of Miss Alma Davies! It was the governess he currently suffered that was soothing his fever. It would be years later when the young man would decide that, in his mind, he had displaced his mother with the governess based on simple replacement. Where his mother had doted over him with wet wash cloth in his fever, Miss Davies had done so that same evening as she cared for Oscar's well-whipped bottom.

It made for a fitful sleep and left Oscar with bothersome thoughts the next morning. Worst of all, he condemned himself for allowing that harpy of a governess to worm her way into replacing his sainted mother in his happy dreams. He was angry that the governess had done this to him, but he was also starting to have some warm and caring feelings for the woman, too. These latter feelings bubbled below the surface of his consciousness, very real but also unrecognizable to Oscar.

In short, the morning after his caning, Oscar was a confused young man. In truth, it was understandable that he might be tormented by these conflicted feelings.

He spent the day, as well as the next several days after, in a sullenly contemplative state. He was superficially polite, though quiet, and Miss Davies chalked his mood up to the aftermath of a significant punishment. She did not push or prod him in anyway, nor did she pursue her line of questioning about his friends. Rather, she remained the calm, detached governess she always tried to be, though she may have been just a bit less aloof than before.

As his governess allowed him to process the profound cause and effect of the prior days, Oscar struggled with his thoughts about the dreams he was having where Miss Davies was supplanting his mother. Those initial dreams were coming to him every night, now, making him wake in both anger and sadness.

So, as young men of his developing age do, Oscar sought other avenues to push these feelings away. It took several days before a brilliant strategy was sparked in his mind. In a quiet moment during which he was working to solve geometry problems, he put down pen and looked over to his governess.

"Miss Davies," he said quietly but loud enough for her to hear. She looked up from her own reading with a questioning and attentive look. "I should like to answer your questions about my friends."

"Why that is excellent, young man," she beamed encouragingly. "I was rather hoping you would get to that on your own without my urging."

He gave her a soft smile and continued. "But I don't think it is right - maybe not even polite - to do so without their OK. I would like permission to visit my friends to see what they have to say."

Miss Davies knew exactly what was going on and though her first inclination was to immediately shut down any such request (she knew how Oscar's father felt about the friends) she had to give the lad some credit for disguising his need to see his friends with a perfectly logical and reasonable excuse. She and her charge could butt heads over how he told her what she wanted to know about those boys, or she could try to be reasonable.

She also had the fleeting suspicion that she might just be feeding Oscar enough rope to hang himself. In her estimation, it was best just to see how it all developed.

"Can you promise me that you will not return home in the company of a police officer?" she asked reasonably.

"Yes, Miss Davies," he replied both immediately and sincerely.

"Then finish your geometry problems and when they are all correct, you may go," she said to his complete shock before she returned to her reading as if nothing significant had transpired.

Thrilled beyond description, Oscar congratulated himself on having conceived this winning strategy. But as he concluded his geometry lesson an irksome worry crept into his mind that he was being set up. *I can not be set up for failure*, he promised himself, *if I am very, very careful!*

---oOo---

Finished with his assignments, Oscar fairly flew out of the mansion to find his friends. Still suspicious, he doubled back on his route several times, checking to see if he was being followed by Miss Davies or any other person she may have enlisted for such a project. He satisfied himself that he was alone and away from prying eyes and went about the task of locating his pals.

It wasn't difficult as he tracked them down in one of the lower rung seedy saloons. That description may sound redundant, but the Cat O really was the lowest of the lowest of such establishments. The place routinely flouted the laws regarding drinking age and the police never did much about it other than to make a regular appearance to collect a fee for their silence and protection.

Seated at a table against the far wall were Oscar's buddies, all with mugs of some swill that appeared to be a combination of dish water and cooking grease. The Cat O called it beer. In point of fact, the concoction actually did smell of beer which is why Oscar waved off an offered mug from his friends. This caused him a great deal of grief as his buddies teased and tormented him about laying off the beer.

"Say what you want, boys," countered Oscar, "but I'm not risking my hide by coming home smelling of beer." This, of course, started another round of teasing banter.

Finally, Ragsdale (everyone called him Rags) shushed the boys. As the little band's de facto leader, Rags snapped at them. "Enough already! We still have a problem and haven't decided on a plan of action. So, anyone got a bright idea or two?"

"Why don't we just rough her up when she steps out of the big house?" suggested one. "You know, let her know what's what, who's who, and them rules that gotsta be followed going forward!"

"That's liable to get us arrested. Maybe we can just make her room unsuitable... you know: fill it with mice and bugs and snakes and stuff."

Oscar shot down that idea. "I don't want the house filled with vermin!" The ideas were not very plentiful and even less helpful. Finally, Oscar added his own bit of news. "Miss Davies wants to know about you guys. Who you are, where you come from, all that kind of stuff? I told her I wouldn't say anything unless you guys agreed to let me. Actually, that's how

I got out of the house today. She let me come down here to seek your approval."

The other three lads looked at Oscar like he was crazy. Finally, it was Rags who asked, "She really wants to know about us? Why do you think that is?" The group leader had survived the streets of New York City living on his own by being nobody's fool.

"If I were to hazard a guess," answered Oscar, "it's because she hasn't said why she wants to know, I'd say she just wants information to bolster my father's argument that I shouldn't hang out with you lads."

The smallest boy of the group, oddly named Big John, scoffed. "We all saw how your dad's announcement to stay clear of us worked." The others snorted derisively and nodded their agreement.

Then a look of amusement creased Rag's face. "Maybe that's how we get rid of this British invasion. Show her who's tougher and meaner just like we did in 1492!"

"I think you mean 1776," noted Oscar.

Rags waved him off. "Whatever!" he barked. "Instead of telling her about us, let's go meet her. I'll bet we can intimidate the crap out of her and send her packing!"

Oscar wasn't so optimistic. "I don't know," he said slowly, adding, "she has a way of twisting things in her favor."

That didn't bother Rags who leaned back away from the table, crossing his arms as his chair tilted back on the rear two legs. "Maybe we'll just twist her around a bit ourselves," he grinned. Then cackling because he thought himself so funny, he added, "Maybe we'll just twist her around and give her a taste of her own stick. What's it called again?"

"A cane."

"Yeah, right. We'll just twist her around and stripe her bum like a candy cane!"

When Oscar left the Cat O he was very leery about this so-called plan. The other boys, filled with bravado, all tried to best the last description of what one would do to Oscar's governess. It all made Oscar very uneasy and eventually he left, saying, "I'll see what I can do."

The long walk up town to the mansion only served to make matters worse for Oscar. He had thought that he wanted Miss Davies to return to England never to be seen by him again, but the thought of his friends tormenting the woman did not sit well with him. And that thought did little to calm him.

What was happening, he wondered. Could he have suddenly developed a sense of chivalry and propriety, or was something else at play? Was he now worried about what might happen to Miss Davies? He shook that thought from his head as he ascended the steps to the front of the Somerset home.

The boy nearly jumped out of his skin as he stepped through the front door. Miss Davies was right there as if waiting for him.

"Back so soon, young sir?" she asked. "I would have thought you would have been much longer."

It took a moment to gather himself, but he replied politely, "No, Miss. I went out to see what the lads would say about telling you about them. They were adamant that I not do so."

"Hardly surprising," sniffed the governess.

"They wanted to tell you themselves."

Now that news was astonishing! "I must admit that I find that bit of news fairly odd," noted Miss Davies. "Exactly why do they want to do that?"

Oscar had to fumble for an answer, but soon told her, "They did not want me to, uh, color their stories to suit my needs. 'The plain unvarnished truth', is the phrase I heard. And I think they want to get some measure of you, Miss."

This caused the governess to make a sour face and she sat in deep thought for a long moment. "I will have to think about this, young man," she finally stated. "Where to meet them is problematic. I certainly would not go to some seedy dive that they would likely frequent - no lady would! And any of the nicer establishments up town would not welcome their lot. I also do not think your father would appreciate hosting your friends here since he has forbidden you to see them. Hmmn... I shall have to give this some careful consideration and will let you know."

There was a sudden turn, a flurry of skirts and the governess was swept away on the winds of her consternation.

---oOo---

The following day, Miss Davies announced to her young charge, "You may invite your friends to the house. We will limit them to the parlor. I spoke with your father about this and he agrees we need to put this entire issue to rest."

Oscar was now visibly upset. "I don't think that is a very good idea at all, Miss. The lads are a rough lot."

"Nonsense," snapped the governess. "You will invite them here and take advantage of your father's keen judgment. We will chat with them, put them straight and set them right. It is that, or you promise to stick to your father's edict that you never see them again, except at your peril."

The boy did not like either of the two options, but given the limited choices he simply mumbled, "I'll make arrangements, Miss."

Oscar did not sleep for two days prior to his friends coming over for an interview with Miss Davies. He worried constantly about what might happen, his anxiety being palpable and immediately noted by the governess. Normally, she would have called him to task but she realized how troubling the situation was for him. Indeed, she knew she was taking a huge gamble herself.

The boys were initially fairly well behaved if more than marginally uncouth. They 'graciously' accepted tea, sipping from the cups with pinky finger extended. In their mannerisms and mumbled comments, they were making fun of the governess though she gave no hint that she recognized what they were doing. But every little bit of sarcasm made Oscar squirm uncomfortably.

Their situations were what she had expected: none of the boys knew who their fathers were, two of the mothers had already passed and the other spent more time in jail than out. They were a crafty lot, living off their wits on the streets without any real residence or parental guidance. Their rough exteriors belied the fact that the boys were basically petty thieves rather than hardened criminals and despite their braggadocio undoubtedly had suffered more violence than they meted out.

The boy known as Rags not so nimbly decided it was time to change course. "So, Miss Davies," he demanded, "What gives with you beating our friend all the time?"

Oscar nearly spilled his tea as he choked at the sudden challenge, though the governess was thoroughly unflappable.

"I am somewhat surprised," she answered, deflecting a direct answer, "that Oscar has shared that information with you."

"And why wouldn't he?" chimed in Big John, the smallest boy in the room. "We're his pals!"

"Because, John," she answered looking pointedly at the boy, "it is a rather embarrassing situation, don't you think?"

Oscar confirmed that was exactly what it was as his face turned seven shades of red as he hurriedly studied the tea in his cup.

Rags was not so easily put off and demanded, "That's no answer, Miss. We want to know why you beat him!"

Again, Miss Davies deflected by looking over at her charge. "Oscar, have I ever punished you unfairly?"

Alarm bells rang in the young man's head. He gulped, let his eyes flit from friend to friend, each of whom was now looking intently at him. "I... uh... never liked it," he stammered, "but, but... there was always a purpose or reason. So, I... uh... guess you were never unfair."

"Few people," agreed the governess as she held her tea cup daintily in hand, "enjoy being punished. It can only be hoped that they learn from the punishment."

The third boy, Richard, (Riches to his friends), had been very quiet the whole time, but at this he blurted, "Only a coward would let a woman beat him up." The blush on Oscar's face turned another seven shades darker.

"You are very, very wrong about that, Richard," replied the governess in her infuriatingly even tone. "I am fairly surprised that you would think that about your friend." She paused as she slowly gazed at each of the visiting young men. "Think about it, you know you are going to be punished and it is going to be agonizingly painful, yet you summon the courage to accept responsibility for your actions and take the punishment like a man." She paused, shaking her head. "No, my new young friend, it

takes bravery and courage to accept the consequences of your actions. It takes a man with determination and fortitude to do that."

The governess sipped her tea and the room was quiet. Then she let the other shoe drop, "I daresay none of you could take half of what Oscar has endured at any time."

The room was even quieter. Finally, Rags scoffed and Oscar said a silent prayer for him to be quiet. In this case, prayer did not help.

"Any of us could take what HE has," snarled the leader. "But we ain't done nothin' to warrant you beating on us."

"How confident are you about that?" asked Miss Davies. All she got by way of reply was a quizzical look. "Why don't we turn this into a wager, eh? You take half of what Oscar has borne and Mr. Somerset will lift his ban on you boys. Oscar can continue to be in your circle of friends without sneaking about."

"Deal!" barked Rags.

"Hold on a minute," advised Miss Davies with a warning finger. "If you can not remain in position then you will forget all about Oscar and he will forever be excluded from your little assemblage. Agreed?"

"Rags! Don't do it," implored Oscar. The other boy just waved him off with another derisive scoff and a back-handed dismissal in the air.

The governess picked up a little bell and rang it. Immediately, Henrietta rushed into the room. "Yes, Miss?" she asked, feeling the leering eyes of the 'guests' roaming her body.

"Please go up to my room, Henrietta, and bring back the item you will find laying on my bed," smiled the governess. The young maid turned quickly, unable to exit the parlor fast enough and rushed to her assigned task.

"Now that's a ripe and saucy wench if I ever saw one!" commented Rags.

"Rags!" pleaded Oscar.

"Watch your tongue, young man," barked the governess, giving the boy a preview of the intensity that suddenly flashed from beneath her surface. Rags rolled his eyes but said nothing more.

As quickly as she had disappeared, young Henrietta burst back into the parlor and handed Miss Davies a nasty looking length of rattan. It was long, a bit thicker than what Oscar had seen before but it was just as flexible as the governess bent it until the ends touched. The governess turned to the young maid and asked, "Would you mind staying for this, Henrietta? Our friend here thinks you are 'ripe and saucy'. I should like to know if he still feels the same in a few minutes."

"Yes, Miss," replied the maid with a nervous curtsy.

Her eyes boring a hole into Rags, the governess asked obliquely of Oscar, "How many was the most strokes I gave you with the cane, Oscar?"

The young man was a wreck of emotions. He did not want to answer; he did not even want to be in the room! He told his pals it wasn't a good idea to challenge his governess and now the worst possible situation was in front of him. The only positive thing about the entire ordeal is that it wasn't him about to be flayed.

"Twelve, Miss," the boy replied with a shaky voice, wondering why his voice was shaking. After all, he wasn't the one about to be caned. Then young Oscar suddenly realized that Miss Davies had actually planned this! She had laid out the cane to be conveniently fetched and lured Rags into this wager. What was she up to?

"Then six strokes it will be, sir," pronounced Miss Davies, her eyes still not having moved from being locked in on Rags. "You may stand where you are and turn around."

Oscar looked at Rags quickly and he could see the uncertainty in his friend's face. He also noted how Rags kept looking down at the cane which now extended menacingly from Miss Davies' right hand. It took a single word prompt from the governess to get the young man to move.

"Well?" she asked.

Summoning the bravado of the bully he was, Rags sneered as Riches and Big John got up and moved away from their friend. No way did they want in on this! Slowly, Rags turned his back to Miss Davies.

"Oscar," she asked her student, "what do we know about preparing to be chastised?"

"Please, Miss!" he pleaded, earning him a sharp glance. "Ohhhh... his pants didn't do anything. They need to come down."

Rags immediately turned back around exclaiming, "What?!"

"You are going to be caned on the bare bottom, sir!" she exclaimed. "Certainly, you knew that!"

Oscar had to look away as his friend glared at him. Slowly and oh-so-reluctantly Rags lowered his trousers. He wore no underwear so no more work was necessary. Then he shuffled about in a slow circle to turn away from Miss Davies who strode up to his left side. Oscar knew from experience that Rags rarely, if ever, backed down from a challenge.

As she tapped his bottom with the end of the cane, Miss Davies instructed, "Bend well over and grasp your ankles, sir." There was a pause as Rags complied before the governess added, "Henrietta, please tuck up his shirt so we can have clear access to the target area."

The maid scurried to young man, whose bared bottom was now thrust out and she lifted the offending garment out of the way. The governess pointed with the cane to a spot right in front of Rags.

"Stand there, please, Henrietta. We can let this young man decide if 'ripe and saucy' still applies when I have finished. I daresay it probably will not; more than likely, that term will apply to his backside when I have finished!"

Oscar was sweating profusely now and his other two friends looked on with abject horror. They looked at Oscar and the anxiety he displayed was more than worrisome. Could Rags withstand the onslaught of the governess? At that point, it did not matter as they were each equally grateful that it was not them bent over like Rags. Oscar however, was now staring at the tableau before them with a morbid curiosity. Is this how he looked when Miss Davies dealt with him? Would Rags comport himself with more dignity than Oscar could ever muster? And, why did the governess seem to exude so much confidence?

"You will count each stroke and thank me, young man," stated the governess. "Failure on either count will mean that stroke did not count. There will be no profanity or cursing. Should either occur, we will start all over from the beginning. I hope you understand as I have had occasion to land nearly 20 strokes in the past just to get 6 official strokes completed."

Oscar and Rags could hear their friends suddenly suck in their breath and with his own eyes watering, Oscar watched Rags' body start to tremble as the realization of what was happening was about to sink in.

He really has no clue, though, thought Oscar.

Of course, Rags could not realize what was happening until the first stroke of the cane landed full force. Oscar marveled at how Miss Davies raised the cane, twisted away from her target, then stepped in with her left foot, guiding the wicked rattan as it sliced through the air. There was a terrifying whistle as the cane soared to its target which resulted in a loud *THWACK!*

Oscar jumped at the sound, squeezed his eyes shut and felt his knees buckle in empathy for his friend. The other two boys jumped where they stood, hands clutched together and poor Henrietta's eyes nearly popped right out of her head.

But it was the delayed scream they would all recall later. It was a pitiful wail not just from the searing pain that tore through the lad's body, but the shock of the intensity of that pain as well. Rags was gasping, his hands clutching at his lower legs as his brain tried to register the full fury of the cane.

His friend, Oscar, urged, "Count, Rags... and thank Miss Davies!" He looked at the surface of his friend's backside. Already a fiery band that bisected the pale moons of the exposed bottom and even in the initial few seconds of staring, the welt seemed to throb and grow wider and deeper. Though he himself had no way of comparison, Oscar sensed that the first stroke Rags felt had been laid on with greater intensity and sheer ferocity than any before delivered in this house. It was very odd for Oscar to witness the event from a different perspective.

"Listen to your friend, sir," advised a remarkably serene Miss Davies. "I shan't remind you again."

All eyes were on Rags, and indeed ears seemed pinned back to hear his voice. When he did manage to speak, his earlier bravado had evaporated. The young man's voice was shaky though he managed to mutter the obligatory, "One... thank you, miss."

Oscar watched closely, recognizing the slight swaying of his friend's body as he attempted to cope with the pain that was all too familiar to him.

Rags could be seen trying to convince himself he could take what this lithe young woman was dishing out, his lips moving as he muttered quietly to himself.

Unable to control the reaction, Oscar's body flinched and his eyes squinted when the governess drew her arm back. Everyone in the room gasped as the cane flew forward, rending the air with a terrifying whistle only to land... on nothing. Miss Davies had taken what she would have described as a practice stroke, though her own student would have labeled it a psychological ploy. Indeed, Rags nearly stumbled over when the cane did not land, resulting in a thin grin of satisfaction on the governess' face.

Then the governess tap, tap, tapped the target area. A thin and knowing smile creased her lips as she drew back the rattan. Time seemed to stand still as she held the wicked rod well back, its potential energy waiting impatiently to be turned into furious kinetic energy. Oscar found his eyes traveling rapidly back and forth between the bottom with one fierce stripe on it and the cane.

With perfect form that spoke of years of practice, the cane ripped through the air making the atmosphere sizzle. There was a meaty THWACK as the cane landed faultlessly parallel and perfectly measured at one inch below the first stripe. The young man's scream of anguish came after an agonized moan deep in his throat. As the scream died away, Rags brought his hands up to rub his bottom, earning him a sharp rap on his knuckles with the cane.

"Hands, sir!" barked Miss Davies who grinned with satisfaction when the lad complied with her order.

Oscar trembled in unison with his friend, as he stared at the new scarlet welt that creased Rags' bottom. It was exactly the same as the first stripe. A newly mesmerized Oscar stared at the original stripe that throbbed across his friend's backside. What had been an angry, fiery band that was slowly raising had become darker and more menacing. Already there were traces of purple interlaced in the red stripe.

Taking pity on Rags, Oscar looked to his governess with sad puppy dog eyes and begged, "Please, Miss. This is too much! You have to stop."

As Miss Davies prepared to respond, Rags choked out an angry, "Shut up, Oscar!" from his bent over position.

"It is not up to me, young sir," replied the governess. "Your friend may stand and walk away at any time. If he wishes to continue, he knows what is required."

Even as she answered, the other two friends were pleading with Rags to stop. "It ain't worth it, Rags!"

But Rags could only sneer as he looked up at them from his ignominious position... a position that he did not change. Instead, he practically spat with all the sarcasm he could muster, "Two. Thank you, Miss."

Eyebrows arched; Miss Davies looked at Henrietta who looked on sympathetically. "The boy has grit, as my dear, departed husband would have said." She smiled reassuringly at the young maid and said, "He would have added, 'not very smart, but a lot of grit'."

The governess left no more time for the young Rags to consider his situation as she quickly whipped back her arm and brought the cane crashing down on his bum a third time. Perhaps it was the suddenness of her motions, but it seemed to all that this was the most intensely laid on stroke yet. The hiss of the cane melted into the sound of rattan cutting into bare flesh which yielded seamlessly into a cry of indescribable agony.

It was another perfectly parallel line superbly spaced below the prior two throbbing welts across what has been described as the sit spot of the lowest, meatiest portion of the buttocks. The young man groaned in agony, technically not leaving his position as his hands remained in place and he was bent over. But in an effort to assuage the horrific pain, the young man had bent his knees deeply and his bottom was almost upon his heels.

As he tried to straighten his legs, Rags appreciated the folly of his movements. The muscles moving and the skin tightening from the actions caused secondary and tertiary ripples of pain to course through him.

Big John and Riches were actively beseeching Rags to call it off. Henrietta stood mesmerized. She had suffered catcalls and jeers from boys just like him any time she walked down the street. Oscar silently prayed his friend would just stand up and walk away as Oscar was suffering as much as Rags just by watching. Still, Oscar did not want to suggest his friend give up, fearing Rags would just dig in his heels and take more.

"Are we ready to continue?" asked Miss Davies.

"Rags! Count!" urged Oscar.

"Three! Thank you, Miss!" came the surly reply from the young man with the fresh stripes.

The governess had intended the fourth stroke would be the one to break the boy's will. She landed it expertly on the confluence of bottom cheeks and thighs, a most sensitive area indeed! The now familiar drama played out and Rags almost gave in with that one.

But the bent over denizen of the streets remained in position. Perhaps it was the fact that tears now streamed down his face and he did not want his buddies to see that. Perhaps he was just too proud to let the young English governess have her way with him and win. Perhaps he should have just stood up, put his clothing in order and bid everyone a good day, but he did not. Instead he muttered a weak and feeble, "Four. Thank you, Miss."

Suddenly, there was hope, at least in Oscar's mind! Only two more to go. Rags suffered four strokes, managed to count and thank his punisher without prompting and just two remained. He might do it! Just two more! Oscar's thoughts were suddenly hopeful as he silently cheered in his mind.

Then again, no one noticed the subtle shift of position as Miss Davies adjusted her stance. No one had noticed that she had been holding the cane with about five inches of the handle showing behind her hand. Nor did anyone notice that she now gripped the cane at the very end of the handle, adding the extra leverage to the evil instrument of correction.

She let a long moment pass. The four onlookers eventually lifted their eyes to her to see what she might be waiting for. And then that moment happened: Rags tried to scoot a bit himself to find a more comfortable position (as if that were possible!) When he settled in, the cane was released and was swung so quickly there was hardly time to recognize the distinctive whistle as it sliced through the air.

Oscar noticed the changed impact immediately and Rags did as well, though from a different perspective. The first was from visual observation and the latter from the horrific and God-awful pain that shook Rags to his core. Not only had the cane been released with additional energy, it landed diagonally across all four prior stripes on the boy's bottom. Immediately, there were horrifying knobs of exaggerated welts where the various stripes had been crossed.

Most telling, however, was the fact that Rags had been sent flying forward and was now laying face down on the floor, his well-marked bottom a beacon and testament to Miss Davies' skill. "I am afraid, young sir," she said with a dead-pan voice, "I have given all the leniency I can. That stroke will not count."

Faces turned in disbelief.

The young man on the floor used every effort possible to rise up. As he stood, he pulled his pants up and growled, "Fuck that and fuck you, bitch! I'm outta here!" Wincing as his pants scraped by his bottom and wincing still with every step, Rags stormed out of the room and the house, smacking a vase and sending it crashing to the floor in the process.

Stunned, the other two boys hurried after their friend and disappeared with him.

The governess turned to her student and in a soft voice said to him, "Now you know the value of your friendship to that young man. He was unwilling to make any sacrifice to maintain that friendship."

Oscar shook his head sadly. "I guess he was more of a friend at his convenience." Looking up at Miss Davies he added, "So he wasn't much of a friend at all."

"Indeed."

Metamorphosis

The atmosphere around the Somerset home was morose. Young Oscar was in what could only be described as a state of despair; his mood and attitude suffusing the household like a deep, impenetrable fog. Miss Davies assumed the dark mood came as a result of the illumination of his friends' abandonment. The Governess advised the rest of the staff to work towards keeping everything as normal as possible and to not engage the young man about his demeanor.

Had she questioned Oscar, Miss Davies might have discovered there was more to his depression than the revelation regarding his former friends. Then again, the young master may not have been able to wholly articulate all that went into his foul moods for he did not fully understand it himself. Eventually, he came to embrace the undeniable knowledge that his life was

changing. It was nothing so normal as a young man making the inevitable transition to full adulthood; it was much, much more.

The abandonment by his friends was the latest transformational episode. It wounded Oscar deeply. Despite the fact that his father had correctly assessed the situation - a sour source of discontent for any teenaged son - it had also proved his damnable governess right as well.

And, therein, lay another recent and very major change in the life of Oscar Somerset: the introduction of a governess! As far as he was concerned, Miss Davies was little more than a glorified babysitter and a bully at that. She wielded an unflinching control over his life and enforced that control with the painful, physical chastisement of brush, strap, cane and whatever else might be at hand.

Worse, it seemed to Oscar that Miss Davies was attempting to replace his departed mother and that made him angry. The day his mother had passed was the first day of his eventual spiral into depression and self-pity. The departure of his friends and the arrival of a governess only hastened that journey. It was all so confusing to the young man who was unable to see that these events conspired, or at least served as guideposts, to his ever-growing despair.

And there was little he could do about it. Oscar, as one could reasonably understand, was respectful if not fearful of the consequences of his actions. Consequences imparted implacably by Miss Davies. Had he thought about it closely, he may have recognized something else about his corrections, as well. For one thing, though often resenting his punishments as they occurred, he would admit that every punishment was merited. He had been warned about a specific behavior, failed to meet the standard expected, and rightly suffered as a result. In short, his spankings, canings and resulting stinging backside were warranted, justified and somehow felt... right.

Oscar had come to accept his punishments, though not so much as a *fait accompli*. Though he had yet come to grips with this thinking, subconsciously he appreciated the fact that he was expected to act a certain way which was, apparently, for his own good and when he failed, he was held accountable again, apparently, for his own good. In the deep recesses of his mind, the young man could accept that someone must care for him to go to such lengths.

The problem for him, however, was that the focal point of this type of 'caring' was Miss Davies; perhaps this was why Oscar felt she was insinuating herself into the role of his mother. Add to that the deep relief and sense of well-being he felt when his governess tended his wounds after wielding cane or strap. As she did so, he felt contentment which would suddenly explode into rage (but only after the governess had departed!)

Those maddening thoughts always erupted just shortly after Oscar's relief and comfort from having his chastised bottom cared for. The application of cooling cloth to the heated surface was instantly reminiscent of his mother's care for him when he had the influenza. He would luxuriate in the memories of that time and then suddenly explode in a rage when he realized it was not his mother tending to him, it was... it was *that woman!*

One night at dinner, Oscar finally found reason to break out of his funk. His inspiration came in the form of the young household servant, Henrietta. Forcing his intentions on the frightened maid never failed to brighten his mood and she captured his attention from the very first moment she entered the dining room to help Cook with serving. The young man stole glances when he could, stared when he could not be accused of ogling the maid and began forming his plan.

The young man's plan all began with the thought, "She has a right saucy bottom, does our Miss Henrietta. Oh, I'd love to have that bottom bared and across my lap for a good roasting! And, then... then..." His thoughts broke off as he realized he had just developed a rampant erection that painfully strained against his trousers. He knew he had to shift his attentions before the end of dinner or he would be shamefully embarrassed when he stood.

Oscar knew exactly when he could corral Henrietta without interference and he lurked at the end of the second-floor hallway for his opportunity. Timing it just right, the hunter waited for his prey to begin her ascent on the stairway and he trapped her as she turned to approach the steps leading up to the third-floor servants' quarters.

"Hello," he whispered hoarsely into her ear.

Henrietta shrieked from his startled approach and when she turned, Oscar pinned her back to the wall by leaning up against her with his body. He pressed against her feeling her breasts against his chest as he let his

right-hand slide down, reach behind and grope her bottom. This time, the maid gasped.

But an odd thing happened. An unbidden comparison formed in Oscar's mind. Though he usually loved the soft cushiony pressure of Henrietta's bosom, he thought that they must be rather small compared to those of his governess. And that recognition was quickly followed by how much fuller and more resilient the bottom of Miss Davies must be compared to this young girl. These thoughts unnerved him and he immediately stepped back from the frightened maid, lowered his hand to his side and whispered, almost gently, "Off you go."

Quickly the young lady slid to the side and turned to rush up the stairs. Watching her swaying bottom as she quickly took the stairs, Oscar realized he'd let her go too soon – but perhaps not, he thought when he turned to go to his own room and startled to see the glowering visage of Miss Davies in the hallway, her arms crossed in front of her.

"You and I, young sir, need to have a little chat in your room," she said calmly as she stalked off in the direction of her own room. The implication was clear: she was retrieving some instrument of punishment and she expected to find him waiting compliantly in his own bedroom. Oscar knew not to push his luck and he dutifully traipsed off to his bedroom to suffer his fate.

There was a polite, yet sharp, rap on Oscar's door before it opened to allow the governess to breeze into Oscar's bedroom. He quickly noted that both cane and strap were in her hand. These items were quickly laid on a table by the door in the spacious room. The governess stood tall and erect, arms crossed imperiously across her bosom and glared a long silent moment at her young charge.

"It would seem that you have broken free of the sullen cloud that has been following you about for some time," she stated, "but abusing the staff is neither a medicinal tonic nor an appropriate celebratory endeavor." Miss Davies let that comment sink in for a moment before adding, "However, it would be hasty of me to simply make an assumption. Would you care to explain what you were doing?" Oscar wilted beneath her withering gaze, furthering the process that had already started in the hallway.

"I am sorry, Miss," the young man replied with sincerity. "It is true I was becoming over-friendly with Henrietta and it is also true that I had, uh, well... less than noble thoughts about where it was heading." He looked up as he stuttered and stammered. "But, in my defense, Miss, I realized what I was about to do was wrong and stepped away so Henrietta could leave."

The governess nodded her agreement, slowly. "Yes, I heard you tell her to leave and I saw the look of surprise on your face when you realized I was standing right there. I have to give you some credit for realizing your error, young sir... a bit too late, but better late than never."

Oscar's head lowered again as he mumbled, "Yes, Miss."

"But you will have to agree that abusing the household staff is never a good idea," Miss Davies continued. "Something you have to adhere to in your position now, and even more so when you head your own household."

The young man could only nod solemnly in response.

"Well, I suppose we should be grateful that it is not all bad news. You took advantage of your position but also caught yourself before you went beyond the bounds of all decency. I had intended to give you a jolly good hiding with both the strap and cane, but in light of the circumstances I will limit your chastisement to one or the other. Which shall it be, young man? You seem to be making both good and bad choices this evening, let's make another."

"I'm sure you would know best, Miss," he replied politely.

"Indeed," was her response and it seemed as if she had drawn out the word far longer than it should normally take to be spoken. She even repeated it in that slow manner once again as she considered what was to come next. "Indeed."

Oscar suffered nervously during the wait; he knew he was in for it but was afraid to feel any sense of relief. He knew first hand that either strap or cane could leave his backside in a terrible state. He remained still and looked at the floor, though he tried to catch sight of the governess without looking directly at her.

Finally, she made her pronouncement and her voice came across as oddly pleased and lightly gay. "The strap, I think," she said before adding. "And you will please remove all of your clothing, young sir."

This shocked Oscar. "St-st-strip, Miss? Everything?"

"You intended to abuse young Henrietta's person, did you not? I myself saw you pressing obscenely against her and further saw your hand on her bottom. Yes, Oscar, everything off. You need to experience the same shameful sensations poor Henrietta undoubtedly suffered in the hallway."

There was no use arguing or pleading, Oscar knew; things would only be made worse. He turned to face the bed, kicked off his shoes and resolutely began to remove every garment from his body. Once naked he turned to face the governess and was rewarded with the sight of her still standing imperiously, but this time with the heavy leather strap dangling menacingly from her right hand.

An earlier thought came suddenly unbidden to his mind: a comparison of the womanly charms between Miss Davies and Henrietta. Indeed, the maid was much slenderer, even skinny, compared to the womanly curves of the governess. By no means chubby, her bosom and hips simply had more curve and allure than the late-teenaged maid. As unknown to Oscar as the comparison was at that moment unwanted, his own intimate anatomy awoke and rose to the comparison.

He was totally unaware of his condition until the governess quipped, "The culprit, it would seem, has made an appearance."

The young man quickly moved his hands to cover himself causing the governess to chuckle. "Now you understand the point of requiring you to undress," she noted as Oscar flushed hotly in humiliation. "It is not so entertaining to be on the receiving end of unwanted personal attention, is it?"

Oscar shook his head and replied, "No, Miss."

His governess remained silently appraising her charge as he suffered the indignity of his circumstances. He miserably waited for her to say or do something... anything... and Oscar nearly leaped into position when she finally told him, "Over the end of the bed, please and make certain your naughty bottom is well raised!"

It was a relief for the him to finally be able to sufficiently hide his most embarrassing reaction by burying it in the bed covers even though the resulting position was thoroughly humbling. But at this time, Oscar much preferred the humiliating and vulnerable position of bare bottom up and

waiting to be thrashed to parading around (as he thought of it) with his manhood rigidly wagging for the more worldly woman to see.

He heard the governess step slowly to his side; the tip tap of her shoes on the floor was an ominous sound. As always, Oscar began to prepare his mind for what was about to come. *Say nothing! Don't react!* he warned himself. He did not want to further humiliate himself any more than he was already mortified. There was also the ever present and niggling fear that he would, once again, be unable to keep either his promise or his silence.

THWACK!

The heavy strap landed across his left buttock, the end of it disappearing between the cleft of his two bottom cheeks. He felt the awful sting and heat of the stroke, his hips writhing painfully in response, but he had managed to bite back the yelp of pain that threatened to echo through his room.

A second and then a third stroke landed just above and below the first lash, painting his left buttock a throbbing, angry red. The pain was as intense as it was fully focused on a single upturned cheek. Though the young man had watery eyes, he was momentarily fortified with the knowledge that he had managed to maintain his dignity and not cry out. Perhaps it was a minor accomplishment, but it was a solitary victory that he could seize upon as he heard the governess step over to his other side.

THWACK!

The first heavy lash after she changed position was a perfect mirror of the very first stroke, but this time it landed on his right bottom cheek. The following two emulated those he had received on the opposite white globe earlier. Truthfully, it *had* been a white globe of unmarked flesh but both bottom cheeks were now covered with wide angry red bands of pulsating pain. As Oscar lay in position, suffering the radiating bands of agony he realized that he had still not verbally responded.

His small victory was extended and the prostrate young man suddenly felt incongruously giddy!

Tip. Tap. Tip. Tap. His governess returned to his left side and Oscar could feel her hand press lightly, but insistently on the small of his back. Her touch seemed electric and he experienced a confusing revelation: he

was no longer trying to maintain his silence out of willful pride or stubborn insolence towards his chastiser. In his mind, he was trying to make the governess proud of him. Though it was confusing to him to realize this, he actually wanted her to be... proud of him.

His motivations had changed entirely. Oscar was no longer trying to challenge the governess with his defiance, no longer trying to demonstrate that he could not be broken. It was as if he was actually trying to please her.

Miss Davies laid on another half dozen hefty strokes with the heavy leather strap, though the second set of six landed fully across both bottom cheeks that were upraised and presented for her attention. She worked hard to ensure Oscar felt each and every stroke.

But each lash only reconfirmed the new found dedication in the subject of her discipline to take his punishment with grace and élan.

The strapping concluded; the governess stepped to the table near the door where the cane lay. She picked it up causing a momentary panic to course through the body that lay on the bed. The panic washed away quickly and with tremendous relief when Oscar heard her say, "Stand up and go to the corner, young man. Hands on head and no rubbing. I will return shortly." He heard the bedroom door open and then she added, "I am impressed, young sir. You took that strapping supremely well."

The door closed as Oscar struggled to push himself up from the bed. Her words were still ringing in his ears as he assumed the chastened position in the corner. Finally, as her observations replayed themselves in his mind, he finally broke down and began to sob. The tears were not from his pain, but rather from Miss Davies' admiring comments; Oscar confusingly accepted the fact that he had earned her approval.

---oOo---

The governess did, indeed, return soon to Oscar's bedroom. She instructed him to lay down on his bed and she administered a cool, wet cloth to his bottom. Although the young man's tears had dried before she returned, he felt his eyes watering once again as she first placed the cooling cloth on his well punished backside.

As she tenderly cared for the aftermath of her own making, Oscar felt overwhelming pangs of affectionate yearnings. He realized that he no longer resented this woman as a potential usurper of his mother's place in

his life, but he did feel like she now had an important place of her own. Miss Davies was not replacing his mother *per se*, rather she filled the void left by his mother.

The gentle touch of her fingers on his bare flesh was not sexual to him. Oh, had they been Henrietta's fingers touching him, Oscar would have had an immediate and lusty reaction, but not so with Miss Davies. As she whispered words of encouragement and admiration for how well he had taken his strapping, the young man realized he had wanted to please her... to be worthy of her praise.

The emotions were too powerful for him to question. He just knew he wanted her approval and felt elated that she had spoken so highly of his minor accomplishment.

This transformation in Oscar made for an immediate change in the Somerset mansion. Life became much more pleasant for everyone. The young man was no longer sullen and resentful. In fact, he was downright cheerful and helpful. He was still barely 17 years old, so he still harbored less than appropriate thoughts about Henrietta, but he no longer acted on them.

When he did act up, Oscar now did so in smaller, less dramatic fashions. As an example, he might get every answer but the last two correct on an exam devised by Miss Davies. This would earn him a couple of bare bottom smacks of the tawse. He was not intent on feeling that heavy, angry piece of leather smack his bottom, but he did yearn for a bit of what had now become something of a governess habit. When her chastisement was concluded, Miss Davies would gently pat the upturned bottom with a mild admonishment of, "Let that be a lesson, young man."

Oh, how Oscar loved that moment! It was the culmination of her efforts and the apex of her expression of caring for her younger charge. It was at precisely the moment of those couple of gentle pats that the young man knew that she cared for him, much as his mother had loved and cared for him when she was alive.

There were still times when he needed more, however, and Oscar would have to devise some scheme to provoke a severe thrashing from his governess. These times provided two things the young man really desired: a more intense, caring experience when it was over when Miss Davies

applied a cold wet cloth to his bottom, and a challenge to take his punishment stoically and earn her admiration for having done so. These days he rarely broke down no matter how close to the edge he was pushed.

The Last and Lifelong Memory

Oscar's change in demeanor suggested more than simple harmony in the Somerset mansion; it was a clear message to his father that his son was ready for the next phase in life. Despite numerous hints at the dinner table, Oscar was unaware of the pending change until Miss Davies eventually announced it during an afternoon session in advanced geometry.

"It would seem, young sir," she said, seemingly plucking the pronouncement from the air, "that my work here is complete. I shall be returning home at the end of the week."

Oscar was dumbstruck. After a long silence, the student flew through a range of emotions as if he had just been given news that he had a life-ending illness: denial, anger, fear and anxiety all roiled within him and it was a highly combustible mix. The young man ranted for several minutes, pacing in the ersatz schoolroom as his mouth expressed anything and everything that came to his mind. Finally, he slumped into his chair, looked up at his governess with watery puppy dog eyes and asked, "Why?"

The answer was about as foreign to him as her unexpected announcement. Miss Davies said, "Your father has secured a spot for you at a prestigious college in Connecticut. You are to go there to further your education before joining one of your father's business enterprises. Since I won't be needed any further, I shall be returning to England."

This caused the young man to sit stupefied, silently staring at the desk top in front of him. His governess continued. "I understand that you have an aunt who lives nearby. I believe your father has made arrangements for you to live with her while you attend college."

Still numbly looking at the top of his desk, Oscar nodded sullenly. "Aunt Abigail," he said quietly, "my mother's older sister. She lives in New Haven, I think. I haven't seen her since... since..." His eyes began to water again. "Since mother's funeral."

There are times when it is difficult to identify a tipping point; to discover the fuse that lights the explosive charge altering the existence of

everything around it. This was not one of those times. Seemingly from nowhere, Oscar exploded into a rage that saw him sending all sorts of items, including furniture flying about the room to crash into the walls.

Hurricane Oscar swirled angrily and with much devastation about the room. Much like the natural phenomenon of a hurricane, it had a quiet, peaceful center amid the destruction, and that center was the governess, Miss Alma Davies. She quietly watched with arms folded as the tempest played out in the room. She neither flinched nor said a word as he carried on, letting him work off the anger and frustration he was feeling until he was fully spent.

"I was wondering what to give you as a parting gift," she said dryly. "I think you've just given me the most appropriate suggestion. Wouldn't you agree that your outburst is inappropriate in any circumstance, even plainly wrong?"

The young man hung his head and nodded. "I'm sorry, Miss," he said fumbling for his words. "It's just that... that... that..."

"It's just inexcusable," she finished for him. Then, in an eerily calm voice she added, "Young man, you will go to your bedroom, completely disrobe and wait for me with your nose firmly in the corner. When I join you, I had better find you exactly in that state." Then, in her own flurry of pending catastrophe, she left the room.

Her departure was so sudden, she did not even hear the apologetic mumble from the young man.

"Sorry."

Oscar marched sullenly to his bedroom, passing a nervous Henrietta who was the only member of the household staff brave enough to investigate the sounds of disaster coming from Miss Davies' converted schoolroom. "Is everything alright, sir?" she asked him solicitously.

"Shut up!" he growled as he pushed his way past the maid. Oscar was in no mood for the nosey help, causing the innocent maid to recoil away from him until her back was pressed against the wall. She instantly regretted this as she recalled his usual tactic was to pin her against a wall and then grope her until he had his fill of fun. But this time, he was clearly not interested and continued stalking angrily down the hall.

Henrietta saw the open door to the school room and went to it. She was startled by the absolute disaster that young Master Somerset had left. "Oh, my!" she gasped reflexively as she took account of the work that lay before her. As she stepped into the room, she felt a restraining hand on her shoulder. Afraid that it was the young man, the maid whipped around, hoping to find a way to gracefully exit. Instead of the angry young man, she saw the calm and serene face of Miss Davies.

"Leave it," the governess said quietly. "It will be instructive for the young master if he is to clean up the mess of his own making."

The governess turned and walked briskly down the hallway in the same direction that the young master had so recently traversed. The maid's response of, "Yes, Miss," settled undisturbed into the detritus of the room. Henrietta shuddered when she reexamined the horrific state of that room and winced a second time as her eyes followed the governess purposefully striding down the hallway. In her hand was that heavy leather strap and one of those awful looking canes. *He's really in for it now*, she thought to herself.

Simultaneously, that thought was shared by Oscar as he stood naked in the corner of his room. He jumped and twitched with every sound outside his door and though only minutes had passed, the young man was nervous as a cat. He knew his outburst had been spectacular, as well as spectacularly foolish. After his extended time of controlled behavior, the wild outburst he had just perpetrated was going to cost him dearly. And the naked young man in the corner knew it.

The door to his bedroom opened abruptly and though it was now unnecessary, the governess announced her presence with the observation, "Before we begin, I suppose it is incumbent upon me to ask if you have anything to say for yourself."

With a heavy sigh and the foreknowledge that his words would do no good, Oscar remained unmoved and facing the corner. He replied, "I'm sorry, Miss Davies. It was just all the... Oh! I shouldn't make excuses. I'm sorry you had to witness that and I'll clean up the room."

"Correct you are, young sir, on both accounts. For innumerable reasons, you need to learn how to control these emotions if you are to be successful in life. This may be my last opportunity to impart and reinforce

that lesson and it is my intent that the lesson shall be memorable. Perhaps even unforgettable."

Oscar could not control himself now and his body began to quake; knees knocked, hands fluttered and his breathing was quick and shallow. *I'm really in for it now* kept running through his mind to the point that he missed the governess' first command and she had to repeat herself.

"I said, 'bend over the bed and be quick about it'," she snapped.

He rushed to comply, knowing that if there was one moment that he did not want to make matters worse, this was surely it. The naked young man bent right over the foot of his bed, remembering to keep his bottom thrust well out and his feet splayed widely. Oscar could feel his manly parts dangling into view which heightened his humiliation, but he knew better than to keep his thighs pressed together.

The young man nearly leaped out of his skin when Miss Davies placed the cane on the bedcovers just under his nose. She had seemed to have magically tossed it from behind him with incredible accuracy; an omen that was not lost on Oscar. He could sense her pacing, no, *stalking* behind him and imagined he actually felt a cooling breeze across his offered backside that came from the swinging strap in her hand. The governess was giving him a lecture about behavior, his future and responsibilities and how important it was to always maintain the proper impression of polite, cool control of himself no matter the circumstance.

He knew he should be paying closer attention to her words, but his mind was swirling with myriad thoughts. *Is she really leaving? What will college be like? And, I haven't seen Aunt Abigail in ages* were interspersed with concerns and worry about the severity that was about to be imparted upon his backside.

"Are you listening?" snapped the governess, clearly angry that he was obviously not listening to her.

"Yes, Miss," he stammered in response. This earned him a simple grunt of disbelief and a sudden cessation of the woman's stalking and pacing behind him. He did not turn to look, but sensed she had taken up position immediately behind him and to his left.

You might not judge a book by its cover, but one can tell a strapping from the first blow. In this instance the wicked, full force lash that landed

left to right across both bottom cheeks indicated this was no simple book. Indeed, this was the preamble to an entire series, perhaps even an encyclopedia of correction! The horrible first lash caught Oscar by surprise though not so much that he cried out. He gave a deep throated groan of pain as his knees buckled and his bottom bobbed lower as a wide red band of fury throbbed to life across his white, trembling bottom.

But, of course, this was only the preamble and following came one painful lash after another, each just as terrifying as the first. Oscar's twin globes changed rapidly from the pristine white of snow-covered hills to the angry boiling red of a volcano. Indeed, his bottom halves felt like twin volcanoes erupting, the hot lava scorching and burning everything in its path. The result was not only a throbbing painful mass of bottom flesh, but a break in the painfully acquired stoicism of one Oscar Somerset.

The young man managed to avoid crying out and further kept from begging for mercy or leniency. He did not, however, find himself capable of holding back tears. It was not long before his bottom cheeks and backs of his thighs were glowing red and adorned with the throbbing edges caused by overlapping strokes. The twin hillocks of his bottom continuing down the backs of his thighs to nearly his knees were coated with the remnants of glowing lava. If asked, Oscar would have said he could actually feel steam rising from behind him.

"Off to the corner!" he was ordered by his punisher.

The strap was tossed disdainfully on the bed in front of him before he moved. As Oscar stood, the pain from shifting his position rippled through the various punished surfaces of his body. He congratulated himself silently for his silence and felt a moment of pride in how he had taken the fury of the strap and the woman who wielded it.

But, as he slowly took the first step to the corner where his shame would continue, Oscar noticed something out of the corner of his eye. Laying on his bed was the cane that had been deposited there before the strapping had begun. It seemed to be chuckling at him, taunting him and saying, 'Oh, sonny boy, you have yet to feel the second course!'

As the young man settled with nose in the corner, he almost lost all composure. He had just barely gotten through the strapping, and the cane was still laying in wait. It called to him. It mocked him and yet it lay silent

as a viper, ready to strike and certain of the results. Oscar choked back the first unwanted appearance of a sob and swallowed it whole. He was determined to take his punishment like a man and not resort to further crying or complaints!

But in his heart, he wondered if he was capable of doing so.

As the young man with the fiery bottom stood waiting shamefully in the corner, he heard the governess leave the room. He did not dare turn to look though he wanted desperately to see if she had taken strap and cane with her. In his head, the strap snickered derisively at him and the cane disabused him of his hope. He could almost hear it informing him he would soon be dancing a jig, in a futile attempt of trying to cool down his caned backside.

The wait was agonizing as worry, concern and fear built in his mind moment by moment. He no longer dared to hope that his punishment was concluded. Rather, he now focused all of his mental and emotional energies on just getting through this ordeal.

All too soon, and yet an agonizingly long wait, the door opened and Oscar heard Miss Davies breeze into the room. How could a woman who was capable of imparting such terrible and visceral pain seem so light and airy... even elegant? It was a thought of incongruity that had visited the young man's mind many times before.

"Come lay on your bed on your stomach," was the simple command he heard. It worried and confused him. Perhaps this was some new and devious way to deliver a caning that she'd not used on him before. Maybe it was so terrible that she had saved this torment for exactly this moment. As the worried thoughts churned through his very being, Oscar stepped to his bed with lowered head and climbed up onto it.

The cane was gone from the bed top; of course, it must be in her hand! Oscar's head was turned away from where his governess stood as she patiently waited for his compliance. He waited by telling himself over and over that he would take his punishment quietly... he would!

In a flash, this new, devious torment devised by the world-wise Miss Davies was delivered upon his bottom. At first, there was a very cold sensation and the prone young man gritted his teeth for the inevitable fireball of pain to erupt.

But, it did not. Instead the cool feeling of a wet cloth remained on his buttocks. Oh, his bottom throbbed from the strapping; every beat of his pulse agonizingly reminding Oscar of the pure hell he had endured. What was this? The boy was confused... and terrified... but he steeled himself to remain quiet and not question his governess.

A second cool sensation landed on the back of his right thigh, immediately over that pulsating flesh on that appendage. Then a third cold cloth on his left thigh. What was this?

The bed sagged a bit and Oscar realized that Miss Davies had sat down on the edge of the bed and he suddenly smelled the familiar odor of witch hazel. The cloths felt cooler as the governess slowly dripped the astringent over them. Oh, what fresh new hell had she devised? Oscar winced, unable to properly enjoy the soothing application of the wet cloths.

Her words were soft and caring. Miss Davies continued tending to his superheated backside as she quietly said, "Oscar, we have come to the end of our time together. In very short order you will be off to Connecticut to attend college and live with your aunt. I will no longer be watching over you and you will have to comport yourself, and apply yourself, with much less supervision that I have provided." She paused, the cooling cloths and witch hazel working to lessen the appalling pain he had been feeling.

"You have made a marvelous transformation from the spoiled entitled brat I first met," she continued. "I know you can grow up to be a fine man if you would just focus and apply yourself."

Her words were heard and understood through the fog of Oscar's self-indulgence. Yet again, he luxuriated in the maternal sensations brought on by the soothing and cooling cloths on his freshly punished flesh. The governess' words and sensitive touch put him back into the loving arms of his mother. Though the governess never said these words, Oscar clearly heard his mother say, "It's time to grow up, son. Go out and make your mark on the world. You will make me so very proud. I know you will."

By the time Oscar came out of that daydream, Miss Davies was gone from his room and she had taken the healing cloths with her. The young man was left with a lightly throbbing, yet insistently painful, backside as he lay on his bed in the darkened room.

---oOo---

It had been a day filled with a whirlwind of activity and emotions. Oscar and his father had seen Miss Davies off at Pier 59 when she boarded the White Star line to return to London. The young man had felt shamed by the emergence of tears as he watched the governess stride up the gang plank to board the huge ocean liner, but he felt less so when he noticed his father's own moist eyes.

Then it was back to their car which took them to the all too familiar railway station. This time, however, it was Oscar who boarded the transport and was left to wave farewell to his father as the train departed for New Haven, Connecticut. Though he was not traveling very far, at least not compared to Miss Davies, it was still a world away from the home and city in which he had grown up.

For the next few years, at least, his world would revolve around academia and his college education. Front and center, he supposed, would be his Aunt Abigail. Why wouldn't she be so prominent? She was his mother's sister and Oscar would live with her in her home near the college. Oscar wondered if his Aunt Abigail would prove to be as big an influence on him as Miss Davies.

But, that, as they say, is another story.

Also from LSF Publications...

Spanked by His Aunt by Jack Crawford

Following the sudden death of his estranged father, eighteen-year-old Timothy Witten learns that under the terms of his late father's Will, he is to inherit a small fortune - but he can't touch it until he is 25 and in possession of a college degree. In the meantime, Aunt Kay, Timothy's only remaining family, is appointed as trustee. She is a wealthy woman who has a large house in Alabama, and Timothy's life changes drastically as he leaves his boarding school and goes to live with her.

Aunt Kay proves herself to be quite a formidable character who won't stand for any nonsense. She is fond of her nephew, but that doesn't prevent her from spanking him when he misbehaves. Timothy is horrified, never having being spanked before, and suffers the indignity of going over his aunt's knee, bare bottomed. The punishments occur regularly, including a trip to the woodshed. This is Aunt Kay's domain; she rules the roost and Tim has to obey her or suffer the consequences! He often has a sore bottom but nevertheless develops a healthy respect and affection towards his aunt.

My Aunt, My Tutor by Jack Crawford

John is accepted at university after being recommended by his Aunt Kate, who works there as a Professor of Psychology. She is happy for him to stay with her during term time, but he has to obey her rules... and he quickly learns there are consequences to getting on the wrong side of his aunt. Having never been spanked in his life, living with his aunt's discipline is quite a culture shock for Jon. He is a capable, but lazy boy, and he is grateful for all the help and mentoring Kate gives him, but when he messes up - which he often does - he pays the price on his bare bottom.

Divorcee Kate is only too pleased to use the arsenal of implements she bought during her marriage, and Jon samples the cane, strap, hairbrush, ruler and tawse, as well as his aunt's iron-hard hand. He learns

that laziness, disobedience and unacceptable behaviour results in a humiliating and motivational pants down session, which makes sitting very uncomfortable! Still, the regime works as Jon turns over a new leaf and manages to get A grades in his end of year exams.

Over His Auntie's Knee by Jack Crawford

Jennifer has had just about enough of Brian and his lazy ways, and throws him out of her apartment. Brian wanders the streets in the rain with his suitcase feeling very sorry for himself, and angry at Jennifer for making him leave. He had a very nice set up with her - she went out to work while he lounged about on the sofa, watching tv and drinking beer until she came home to cook his dinner. Having nowhere else to go, and no family other than his Aunt Ruby, Brian makes his way to her upmarket townhouse. But although Aunt Ruby takes him in, he can no longer have an idle life - to his dismay he is given chores to do, and she gets him a job as a janitor at the casino where she works.

This is the story of Brian's transformation from an idle slob into a hard-working and respectful young man. The miracle is achieved by his strict, no-nonsense aunt, who introduces a corporal punishment regime. She wields her sturdy hairbrush to good effect on his bare bottom, and even makes him wear a special pair of pyjamas when he is about to be spanked.

Eric Asks for Discipline by Will Grant

his story represents a rite of passage for Eric as he transitions from an angry and aggressive young man into someone finally content with his lot following his acceptance that discipline is what he needs and desires. Luckily for him, he gets it, initially from his athletics coach, Janice, and later from his girlfriend and fellow athlete, Trish.

Janice soon gets Eric in shape with the help of her hard hand and a gym shoe pounding on his bare bottom. The lesson is reinforced when Trish turns up armed with a bathbrush. Eric is turned over her lap for another painful session, yet the spanking helps to motivate him as well as fulfil a long-held secret fantasy. As time goes on, Trish takes over as his disciplinarian, and proves to be very efficient with the paddle. The Olympic-hopeful Eric was previously driven to succeed by his own

simmering anger, but is now transformed by regular spankings... many of which lead to sexual satisfaction. Ultimately, a traumatic incident from years ago can finally be laid to rest, but one thing's for sure... Eric's discipline will continue.

Donald's Spanking Therapy by Lucy Appleby

Includes the following and 4 other stories:

Donald's Spanking Therapy: *It takes Donald some time to pluck up the courage to see a therapist, but once he starts talking about his need to be disciplined by a woman, he feels liberated. His therapist even shows him some spanking implements and gives him a few playful whacks, but tells him if he wants the real thing he must use the services of a dominatrix. He would have wimped out were it not for finding a business card in a pub for Lady Elektra, a woman who later gives Donald more than he bargained for!*

Odd Job Joe: *When Joe calls to do some work for the voluptuous Marion Hattersley, he gets far more than he ever expected. She manipulates the situation, making it impossible not to peek in through her bedroom door to discover what she's up to with her vibrato ... and Joe pays the price for his voyeurism on his bare bottom as Marion spansks him soundly with a hairbrush. Will he go back for more...?*

Trevor's First Spanking: *Married for six months, Jane finds Trevor's selfish attitude and behaviour increasingly irritating. He's untidy, doesn't help around the house, and expects Jane to do everything. A rebellious Jane goes round to see her friend Amy, but on arrival Jane is very surprised to see Amy's husband standing in the corner with a bare, freshly spanked bottom. Amy gives Jane a few tips on how to discipline Trevo ... and it works a treat!*

The Disciplined Male - Volume 8 by W. Arthur

This compilation features the following and 4 other femdom stories in which men find themselves on the receiving end of strict discipline from dominant women:

The Job Interview: *When Cam attends an interview for a prestigious job, he is alarmed to find the person who interviews him is none other than Mazy, the sister of his ex-wife. Because of this, Mazy knows Cam is a serial womaniser and not to be trusted around women; she tells him she will hire him on a ninety-day probationary contract if he drops his pants and goes over the desk for a paddling.*

Kyle's New Reality: *When 19-year-old Kyle spends over a thousand dollars on his dad's credit card to watch VR porn, he doesn't bargain on being caught in the act by his new stepmother, the attractive Felicia. She deals with Kyle's infraction with a bath brush, and then makes a surprising suggestion.*

Lent: *Newlyweds Kevin and Margo enjoy an active sex life, but Margo tells her husband that if he doesn't give up swearing for Lent, he will be deprived of sex. He tries to stop, but fails - and takes the consequences in the form of a bare bottom paddling.*

My Tutor by Steve Timmons

When high school student Tom Farrell is labelled as an underachiever, his brilliantly academic parents arrange for him to have a private tutor. Tom is surprised to find she is already known to him ... Casey Corrigan is a friend of his older sister and someone he has the hots for. Casey has an excellent reputation as a tutor, though her methods are somewhat unusual, as Tom quickly finds when she paddles his bottom because he was late for a lesson. However, Casey's corporal punishment proves a suitable motivation for Tom, particularly when administered on his bare bottom. His grades improve steadily and he develops a healthy respect for Casey, who regularly punishes him with several 'tune up' spankings to help keep him in line.

Maths is Tom's weak area, and as it isn't Casey's best subject, she brings in another tutor to help out. Her name is Amy, and Tom falls in love with her on the spot. Amy helps him through his worst subject and doesn't hesitate to spank where necessary, and she and Casey are there for him when he is caught up in an incident at school. Going to the aid of a younger

boy who is being bullied, Tom is falsely accused and has to face the unjust, severe, and painful consequences.

The Governess Search by Austin Carr

Having spent most of her adult life as a governess, Elizabeth Rodham is discharged from her position as her charges have grown too old to require her services, and in her early thirties she now faces a future of poverty and insecurity ... until the arrival of an unexpected letter from a Mr. Kenworthy. It transpires that Elizabeth's former employer has recommended her for a position dealing with the ward of Mr. Kenworthy.

Mr. Kenworthy turns out to be a very wealthy man with a large estate (Shadowplains) in Norfolk; he is a charming and handsome young gentleman ... but it isn't long before Elizabeth discovers exactly what he is looking for in his search for a governess, for he has an appetite for receiving corporal punishment, and who better to deal with him than she? Other arrangements are made for Mr Kenworthy's ward, and Elizabeth is appointed Housekeeper of Shadowplains, a position she fulfils admirably, though not without jealousy when various well-bred young women come calling, hoping to be chosen as the future bride of Mr Kenworthy.

But a very close bond develops between the new housekeeper and her employer, and they become lovers. Elizabeth is usually the one dispensing discipline in the relationship, but on one occasion when she oversteps the mark, Mr Kenworthy takes her to task by giving her a well-deserved spanking. Normality resumes, but things are happening behind the scenes, and Elizabeth is faced with a significant decision which will affect her whole way of life...