

# Dan Bruce's

Tales From The Dark Side



**Welcome  
to  
The Dark Side**

# **Tales from The Dark Side**

## **Book 1**

### **Welcome to The Dark Side**

**By Dan Bruce**

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All sexually active characters in this work are 18 years of age or older.

**Please also note: this work had been written in collaboration with Jack Brighton and may bear some resemblance to 'Welcome to The Wild Side' aka 'The Spanking Room'.**

# Chapter 1

“Miss Marshall!”

“Miss Marshall!!!”

“Wha... What?”

“I said wake up, Miss Marshall. The library is a place for study and research, not for catching up on your sleep. Your final exam is tomorrow – you should have your head in a history book, not pillowed by your arms.”

Stella Marshall looked up through bleary eyes to see her history teacher, Mr Baxter, standing beside her with an exasperated look on his handsome face. It was an expression that Stella knew all too well, for she had been the main cause of that look over the past two years with her casual approach to her A Level course. Stella knew that Mr Baxter prided himself in the fact that during his ten years of teaching the Sixth Form at this elite public school for girls, none of his students had ever failed the exam. Stella Marshall threatened to be the first.

“Sorry, sir... I must have dropped off - too much last minute cramming, I suppose.”

Mr Baxter was unimpressed and puffed out his manly chest with an indignant intake of breath. “There would be no need for cramming if you had paid more attention during my classes. What were you studying anyway that you found so interesting that it sent you to sleep?”

“The Highland Clearances, sir.”

Lee Baxter slowly nodded. “Very commendable – it is an immensely important subject, and one that is bound to be included in the exam tomorrow. What aspect of the Clearances have you decided to focus on?”

“Punishing dissenters, sir,” replied Stella, her mind now fully roused from sleep. And with a sharpening of the brain, her usual degree of mischief was coming to the fore. “I find it a fascinating subject. I was actually trying to envisage what it would have been like to be set upon by a Landowner and his men.”

“Most unpleasant, I can assure you!” exclaimed the history master. “They were notorious brutes who showed little mercy to their tenants – females especially were treated appallingly.”

Stella threw her teacher the enigmatic smile which she knew was forever a torment to the man – it was a smile that was part of the flirtatious game Stella had played over the past two years, hoping it would be responded to, and that the rumours concerning this sexy history master would be thankfully confirmed. Stella found Mr Baxter very attractive, very attractive indeed - and it was an attraction that went way beyond the history master’s physical good looks and hunky rugby player’s body. Stella was sure there was something wonderfully dark and sinister that lay seething under the aloof manner Mr Baxter always adopted with his pupils – an element of sadism that made him a doubly appealing prospect for an adventurous girl like Stella Marshall. For such were the rumours – not only did Mr Baxter enjoy fucking Sixth Form girls with his impressively large cock, he also liked to give their buttocks a good spanking and torture their nipples with his teeth. But if that was the case, why had Stella’s flirtation come to nothing, despite her startling facial beauty, a fabulous pair of tits that she would happily have bit, and a spectacular ass that yearned to be smacked by a firmly yielded hand?

“Unpleasant! Do you think so, sir?” Stella asked, deciding to push the game even further than normal. The academic year was almost over – it may be her last chance to be added to the list of pupils who had learned more than history from Mr Baxter. “I think that some of the experiences would be very pleasant indeed. Not for everyone of course, but definitely for me, because... well... I’m different from most other people... or at least most of the girls here at this school.”

Stella leaned back in her chair and took a deep breath, so that her breasts swelled out in her peek-a-boo bra and her nipples protruded through the fabric of her blouse. Sure of her worth, Stella then threw her teacher a mischievous grin that would make most men go weak at the knees.

Avoiding her look which he wasn’t immune to, but unable to resist the other bait, Lee Baxter had to fight for composure when he gazed down at the beautiful sight of Stella Marshall’s

impressive bust. It was not the first time he had feasted his eyes upon it, but never had it been so provocatively presented... and presented audaciously when they were alone, the library being empty save for Stella and himself.

“You’re certainly more trouble than most of the other girls,” replied the teacher, forcing a degree of calmness into his voice that his heart and his loins certainly didn’t share. “I can’t recall ever having to send any of my pupils to the headmaster as often as you, Stella. At times it almost seemed like you were deliberately provoking me – a Sixth Former – a young adult - acting like an immature child.”

“Sorry, sir,” replied Stella, noting with pleasure the sweat that was forming on her teacher’s brow. She moved her right hand from the table where it had laid, and stroked her slender neck with long elegant fingers that bore no rings but had red painted nails in defiance of school rules. Slowly the hand moved downwards, deftly unfastening blouse buttons on the way, leaving her cleavage on full display along with a hint of her lacy white bra. The first task complete, in a seamless action she moved her hand onwards, over the plain of her flat girlish stomach and down to the hem of her scandalously short skirt – another infringement of the rules that was being blatantly flaunted with the showing of a pair of milky thighs. “It wasn’t personal in any way,” she continued sweetly as if nothing was happening. “If the truth be known, I actually much prefer you to all my other teachers, but...”

“But what?” stammered Lee, his heart in his mouth, the man stunned by Stella’s brazen display. Could this be the moment of truth, he wondered? There would be no better time to test the girl out and sod the bloody exam tomorrow. She was probably destined to fail miserably anyway.

“No. It would be wrong for me to say,” teased Stella, her hand now inching slowly upwards and bringing her skirt with it until a glimpse of her white panties could just be seen. “It’s too embarrassing - I couldn’t face you again if I told you.”

His eyes glued to the shameless action, Lee Baxter forced another response. “Tomorrow you sit your final paper then a week later the summer term will be over – our paths are

unlikely to cross thereafter. So tell me this dark secret, Stella. You have intrigued me, girl.”

Stella forced a blush that was more like a flush. “It’s disgraceful, I know, but... I kind of like it.”

“Like what?” blurted Lee.

Stella demurred and lowered her eyes, then raised them again to look at her teacher with a glint that suggested without blatantly screeching. “Being sent to the headmaster,” she told him.

Lee looked puzzled as curiosity fought with his burning lust. “You enjoy sitting on your own outside his office?” he asked.

Full succulent lips parted in a gentle smile, revealing a set of dainty white teeth. “Not that part, sir. Not sitting outside - although that can be fun as well after what he’s done.”

“Done what? Explain yourself, Stella!”

Moving her hand to the swell of her bloated sex, Stella blatantly stroked the moistening cotton. Going for broke, the wanton schoolgirl let out her long kept secret. “Sorry, sir. But you weren’t to know. None of the teachers were to know for fear they might be lenient on me. You see, sir – my mother gave permission for the headmaster to cane me.”

“What!” roared Lee, stunned by the statement. Then quietening his voice for fear of being overheard by passers-by in the corridor outside, he continued, “The cane. But that was abolished from English schools over twenty years ago. And even when legal it was rarely used on girls.”

Stella grinned as she continued her shocking confession, absently playing with herself as she did so. “I know. But my mother feared I would turn into a delinquent if a firm hand wasn’t taken during my schooling, so an agreement was reached. The headmaster is an old family friend and he agreed to take on the responsibility in secret. He has caned me regularly over the years. Not overly severely, but it hurts quite a bit, and... Well, if the truth be known – I actually enjoy it. So I’m afraid it never worked as a deterrent to control my behaviour, quite the opposite in fact. I always looked forward to it, and would go out of my way to earn a punishment, hence

my poor conduct in your classes, sir. In hindsight, my only regret is that he didn't hit me harder as I was always thrilled by the pain as the cane struck my flesh. And I loved looking at the marks on my ass afterwards and masturbating remembering the feel of the cane as it thudded down on my buttocks..." Her face turned to shock and her pussy-stroking stopped, seemingly realising what she'd been doing unawares. "...Oops, sorry! You certainly didn't need to know that bit, did you, sir? I think I'd better get going. Please don't mention anything of this."

Stella stood up. But she made no attempt to gather her books and walk away from the table where she had fallen asleep. She stood in front of her teacher, hoping for a reaction to her disgraceful confession and sluttish display.

Lee Baxter stared at the girl before him, stunned but delighted by what he had heard and seen. Stella Marshall had always fascinated him. Smart but seemingly unmotivated, she had been a thorn in his side for the past two years, but a thorn that Lee had been happy to bear. The girl was a dream for someone like him, with her natural blonde hair framing a beautiful face, flawless skin with a natural rouge to the cheeks, piercing blue eyes that danced with mischief and full ruby lips that were made to be kissed. She was physically mature beyond her years, trim but curvaceous... an eighteen year old girl with a womanly body that was made to be fucked. Lee had lusted after her from the moment he saw her, but had refrained from making any advances. Having sex with his pupils was bad enough, but Lee never took advantage of overly-young girls, despite so many being on offer. It was his policy to bide his time till they reached eighteen and then he would screw them if they were up for a good fucking, and spank them as well as part of the deal, although none had appreciated that aspect of the fun.

There was no other girl in the Upper Sixth Form that Lee had wanted to bed as much as Stella Marshall, but sadly she was the youngster of the crop and had been irritatingly forbidden to Lee for most of the year. And to add to Lee's frustrations, now that Stella had reached the teacher's self-imposed age threshold with her eighteenth birthday two weeks ago, the

exam season was upon them and Lee's professionalism had held him back, not wishing to distract the girl from her studies and ruin her slim chances of passing her A Levels – and more importantly, ruin Lee's chances of maintaining his perfect pass record. But there would be no holding him back now – the girl was positively throwing herself at him. She was practically begging for a fucking, and by God she would get one, and get one very soon.

Stella was still waiting, flicking glances between Lee's lust-strained face and the strain that had developed very quickly in his trousers.

Lee's cock was literally throbbing with need, his heart pumping ten to the dozen and his breathing hard and excited. He desperately wanted to take the girl to his rooms and fuck her straight away, but he forced a restraint. He was definitely going to have her several times over. But there was something infinitely more important at stake, so that pleasure would have to wait for the time being. There was a huge opportunity here to be seized and Lee was determined to take full advantage. This revelation about having been caned over the years – about having an ass that was acclimatised to a thrashing, and even better, that she actually enjoyed it! Could it be that at last Lee had found the girl, the one that Angus MacLeod had tasked him to search out?

'Sod it!' thought Lee. It was worth the risk. Stella was most definitely a contender for the role – Lee's only realistic hope if the truth be known as no other girl had shown the slightest potential.

Driven by an urgent lust for his pupil and the prospect of a fabulous reward if Stella played along with his developing plan, Lee reached out with his hand to grab her left breast and gave it a good hard squeeze. Stella squirmed for a second, taken by surprise, then she let out a long pleasurable groan, thrilled that at last her teacher had taken the bait.

"You've been gagging for me to do that for the past two years, haven't you, you little cock-tease?"

Stella's breath had been taken by the strength of the squeeze, so no words of agreement came forth. Her only response was

an ecstatic grimace and a pleading in her eyes for more. Lee obliged her, and a moment later his other hand was under Stella's skirt, feeling the swell of her bloated pussy – a cotton covered mound that was drenched in her juice.

“You've been asking for that as well, you dirty little minx. But are you up for it, Stella? Do you seriously want me to take things further? Or are you just some silly flirtatious schoolgirl playing a dangerous game, who hasn't the nerve to see it to the end?”

Stella stared into her teacher's suddenly stern face and melted at the hardness that she saw there. Then she purred in delight at the roughness of her treatment and the promise of what might follow. “Of course I'm up for it, sir,” she finally managed to say. “Oh God, yes, I'm up for it. I'm all yours – you can do whatever you want with me.”

A wicked smile spread across Lee's handsome face and a fire burned brightly in his chestnut eyes as his hand pushed beneath Stella's panties to feel the naked warmth of her succulent snatch. Fingers danced over her pussy lips, parting them to feel the inner folds, and one forced its way into her vagina.

“Really!” said Lee as he enjoyed the juicy gash. “Then come to my study in an hour's time, Stella. We'll see if you're as good as your word. In the meantime get back to your revision and try to stay awake. You'd best not fail me, girl!”

Amidst her ecstatic moans, Stella purred out an answer, “I won't, sir. I won't let you down. I'll pass the exam.”

That wasn't what Lee had actually meant, but he didn't correct his pupil. Instead he enjoyed a little more fingering and another grope at Stella's pert young tits. Then he released the girl and walked away without another word. There were some things he urgently needed to arrange and a telephone call he had to make. It was early afternoon, so there was a reasonable chance Angus would be awake by now and willing to hear what Lee had to say.

## Chapter 2

Stella Marshall was sitting in her teacher's study feeling very confused and a tad frustrated. She had fully expected to have her clothes ripped off then be thrown across the history master's desk for the first of many fuckings. Instead Mr Baxter had told her to sit down – they were going to have a little chat!

“What are your plans for when you leave here, Stella?” asked Lee once he had eyed Stella up and down. She was still in her slovenly version of the school uniform, which lacked a tie and blazer as well as an appropriate length to the skirt. Lee also noted that she now lacked a bra, the saucy little mare.

“I have no option but to go home to Tunbridge Wells, sir,” Stella answered, clearly not thrilled by the prospect. “I fear a boring job awaits me, earning a minimum wage. I would prefer to spend some time travelling before going to university, that's assuming by some miracle I get the grades. Go to Ibiza perhaps and party for the summer. It would be fantastic to throw myself into the scene.”

“The scene? Do you mean drugs?” asked the teacher somewhat alarmed.

“Not really, sir, although I'd be game for anything. It's the club and sex scene that interests me more, though,” replied Stella to Lee's relief. “I'd like to spend my nights raving at Pasha and other such venues then chill out afterwards with some well-hung stud who isn't at all shy and knows what he's doing when it comes to pleasuring a woman. Sorry for speaking so bluntly, sir, but I think we're past modesty about that sort of stuff.”

Stella threw her teacher another flirtatious smile, an invite for him to bring her plans forward and do some pleasuring right now in this study. It was after all what she had assumed he wanted her for, and Stella was feeling in a very giving mood.

“Only problem is, sir,” she continued, smiling naughtily all the while, “I have no money, so I'll have to find a job – at least for the summer.”

“Could your parents not finance your sordid little plan – without you revealing the real purpose of your trip, of

course?” asked Lee.

“Sadly not, sir – no money there either. I’m here as a favour from the governors to my bitch of a... I mean my darling mother, sir. The girls in our family have been coming to this school for generations, including dear Mama – she was head girl would you believe, not at all like me who wasn’t even made a prefect. Then she went to Cambridge, got a First in English Literature and a Hockey Blue – which I’m sure I’ll never do either. Sadly for her, she let her heart rule over her head in a moment of madness and ended up marrying badly as a result of my conception. I don’t wish to speak ill of him, but my father was a gambler, and he managed to squander what little fortune the family had before he took his own life. I’m a bit of a charity case, sir, and something of a disappointment to my surviving parent – a reminder I fear of a mistake that was made which ended up ruining her life. Sadly I’ve nowhere else to go, so I’ll have to return home and find a job, get some cash and then make my escape.”

“I didn’t realise... about your father. I’m sorry, Stella.”

Stella shrugged it off, pretending it didn’t matter. “No need. It was a long time ago. I barely knew him.”

“And is that why your mother was so keen for the headmaster to discipline you by caning? With no father to control you, and with his reckless genes in your blood, I can understand her reasoning.”

Stella gave a wry smile, knowing that the truth was a lot more sinister. “I think it was something like that, sir.”

Lee shifted in his chair, finding it difficult to keep the calmness that was necessary at present. “I’m interested – how did the old bugger do it?”

“What... you mean how did the headmaster cane me, sir?”

“Yes.”

“In the normal manner I think... He would get me to bend over and place my hands on his desk then stand to the side and deliver the strokes.”

“How many?”

“Six – always six.”

“Of course!” chortled Lee. “The English school tradition of six of the best! It’s a tragedy the practice was stopped.”

“Indeed, sir,” concurred Stella. “Although I don’t expect many of the other girls at this school would agree.”

Lee nodded his acknowledgment with this sad fact. “No, you are quite unique in that respect, and I say so from a background of extensive research... Would you mind showing me? Assume the position as if preparing to be caned.”

Stella broke into a huge smile, overjoyed at the direction things were now heading. “Of course, sir,” she enthused.

Stella got up out of the chair where she’d been sitting on the opposite side of the desk from her teacher, nipples protruding the material of her blouse. Knowing she was being admired, Stella smiled provocatively as she moved the chair to the side then rested her hands on the edge of the desk, flaunting her generous cleavage.

Having enjoyed the view for a moment or two, Lee slowly stood up. Stella let out a groan as she noted the big bulge swelling out her teacher’s crotch – it would appear that the rumours were far from exaggerated and Mr Baxter was indeed fortuitously blessed. Knowing that admiration was being reciprocated, Lee paused for a few seconds to let the girl look at his package then pushed back his chair and strolled around his desk. He walked over to the girl and stood by her left side.

“Did the headmaster ever interfere with you, Stella?” Lee asked as he ran his hand over the swell of his pupil’s buttocks, caressing the skirt covered flesh. “Perhaps touch you like this to ensure you weren’t cheating by stuffing some padding inside your knickers.”

“No, sir, he didn’t,” Stella answered with a tone of regret.

“But you don’t mind me doing it, do you, Stella?” asked Lee as he continued to fondle the girl’s incredible ass.

“Of course not, sir,” replied Stella, swaying her hips in appreciation of her teacher’s highly inappropriate behaviour. “This is how I always dreamed of being caned – by a sexy young master who would take shocking liberties.”

Lee grappled and groped, struggling to force the calm that was needed to play out his part as scripted by himself. But willpower prevailed and the man succeeded. “Perhaps I should make your dream come true then. Would you like that, Stella? Would you like me to cane you?”

“God, yes, sir! I’d like that very much!”

“And take some liberties?”

“As many as you wish, sir. I meant what I said in the library – you can do whatever you want with me.”

The bulge in Lee’s crotch visibly jerked and a small damp patch made an appearance as juice spurted out of his knob. “That’s very kind of you, Stella,” the man throatily croaked. “And tell me - did the headmaster ever remove any of his clothing when he caned you?”

“Only his jacket, sir.”

“Humph! That would make sense. It wouldn’t do to have the swing impeded.”

Under Stella’s watchful eyes, Lee followed the example and took off his jacket which he placed over the back of his chair. Then much to Stella’s delight he unfastened his tie and removed that as well before stripping out of his formal white shirt. Stella grinned as she gazed upon the impressive sight of her teacher’s smooth muscular chest, flat hard stomach and strong looking arms – a fine physique that his years of training for, and playing rugby had earned him.

“That should ensure some nice clean strokes,” said Lee as he proudly flexed his muscles. “Stand up straight first.”

Stella obeyed. She stood shaking with excitement as her teacher took the few steps needed to stand behind her. Stella could feel Lee’s naked chest pressing against her shoulders, then a hand curled round to unfasten some buttons, enter her blouse and pull out a breast. The pert teenage flesh was vigorously handled, Lee groping the orb in a rough piece of foreplay. The nipple was found and given a hard tweak. Unlike all the other schoolgirls who had cried in protest, Stella melted in the hold as she let out an appreciative groan – the pain firing her already flaming passion. Impressed by her acceptance of

the roughness of the play, Lee continued to tweak and pinch the nipple as his other hand went roaming, going under his pupil's skirt to find her panty covered crotch, stroking the lips that were puffy and moist. Lee pulled Stella closer, feeling the girl's obvious arousal and letting her feel his own as he pressed his groin into the small of her back. Then grinding into her with his trapped erection, Lee pushed his hand inside the panties and explored once again his pupil's hidden sex.

Stella gasped in delight as the fingers made contact with her salivating snatch, stroking the folds that were ripe with blood then toying with her clit that was bloated with the same.

"Not at all nervous, are you, Stella? Nor are you troubled by a little bit of pain," Lee added as he gave the clitoral bud a good hard pinch to accompany what he was doing to her nipple.

"No, sir! Oh God that feels so wonderful."

"Not something the headmaster did, I trust?"

"No, sir."

After a few minutes of this rough pleasuring, Lee removed his hand from under Stella's skirt. The fingers were slick with her vaginal juices, and Lee brought them to his mouth to taste, smacking his lips as he sucked in the nectar.

"Very sweet, Stella – you have a delicious flavour, girl," said Lee as he returned his hand to Stella's pussy and teasingly frigged her vagina. "And a very receptive cunt, I might add. I assume you are not a virgin."

"No, sir," replied the girl, gasping out her pleasure. "I've been with a few fumbling boys before... but never a real man who knows what he's doing. Never someone like you."

Lee grunted and sunk a few inches so that his straining crotch pressed against the girl's ass. "What about the back alley?" he casually enquired. "Did any of those boys ever fuck you up the ass?"

"No, sir," replied Stella, intrigued by the question. "But I'm very open-minded and willing to experiment. Is that something you would like to do to me?"

“Perhaps,” answered Lee, economical with the truth, as he would dearly love to bugger the girl and take her anal cherry. But he doubted that he would, as in the right hands that cherry could attain a high value, and he saw her as a commodity at the end of the day. He gave Stella’s treasures a final grope then moved away, leaving her lewdly arranged with a breast exposed. “But that’s something for later if it happens at all,” Lee told her. “Now bend over again, Stella. It’s time for me to whack your ass.”

Stella resumed her bent over position and Lee went to his cupboard to fetch a cane – one of many the teacher possessed even though their use was technically banned in schools. When he returned, Lee also resumed his earlier position standing to Stella’s left. He reached out with his left hand and stroked the skirt covered buns again as they swayed in anticipation. A moment later the hand was removed and replaced by the cane. Lee rode the rattan over the swell then tapped the girl’s ass lightly.

“So, Stella, I’m going to give you six of the best for all the insolence you have shown me over the past two years. Are you ready to take your punishment?”

“Yes, sir! More than ever.”

The sound of the rattan swooshing through the air hit Stella fractionally before the pain of the blow as the cane came thudding down on her lovely round ass. Stella yelped out in agony. She felt a scalding heat tear across her left butt cheek. Lee had struck her harder than the headmaster had ever done.

Thrilled by the violence but wary of her limits, Stella gripped the edge of the desk as tightly as she could and clamped her jaws and eyes firmly closed as she braced herself for the next vicious stroke.

Swoosh! Crack!

“Aaargh!” Stella yelled as the second blow slashed her across the middle of her ass. She braced herself again as she absorbed the snarling pain that was sinking its teeth into her buttocks.

But the next stroke was delayed. There was no immediate: Swoosh! Crack! Instead the cane went: Tap. Tap. Tap.

Lee patted the cane gently on Stella's buttocks, teasing her with the promise of what else it could do, tormenting the welts that he'd already placed there. Then he took a step forward and raise her skirt up so he could wedge the rattan into the crack of Stella's panties. As he rode the pliant wood up and down, teasing the rear that was excitingly virginal, Lee reached out to confirm that there was still arousal at the front, groping Stella's mound and finding the covering material drenched with her juice.

Grinning in lusty animalistic delight, keeping his hand on the girl's drizzling snatch, Lee raised the cane and quickly unleashed another swipe, thumping the rattan down again onto Stella's left cheek. He heard the girl yell, he felt the girl ooze. He slipped fingers inside her sodden panties and gathered more juice direct from the source which he brought to his mouth to enjoy another taste – an aphrodisiac that was hardly needed but very much appreciated. Then he changed position and took a different aim.

Swoosh! Crack!

Swoosh! Crack!

Two thundering strokes onto the right buttock!

Stella screeched at the pain – she almost came, her body and her sex so incredibly aroused by the man and his violence. A deep breath was taken then she used it to throatily groan out some words.

“Oh God! God!”

“Too hard?” asked Lee, wondering if he'd pushed the girl too far.

“No, sir! I can take more. I want more, sir. It's just...”

Suddenly realising what was happening, Lee gave her no chance to finish the sentence. With a swoosh then a crack the cane came back down, the hardest stroke by far. Stella screamed under the blow then her body convulsed as she was consumed by a massive orgasm.

“OH GOD! YES! YES! YES!!!” the girl yelled as she came and came and came, needing the desk more than ever as her legs almost buckled under the intensity of the climax.

Lee watched from the side gasping in amazement, his own body teetering on a delicious edge. Unable to resist and stick to the script, he cast the cane to the flood and whipped out his cock and gave it a few strokes of its own. With her climax still running, Stella gasped again as she turned to look at her teacher's manhood. And her orgasm roared all the louder as she took in the sight of Lee Baxter's erection, the rumours confirmed and wonderfully so. There were eight good inches of hard throbbing meat – the shaft a creamy brown, fat and straight; the knob a tapered strawberry that looked juicy and sweet. Stella's mouth gaped open, eager to eat.

That open mouth proved irresistible and a moment later Stella had her reward as Lee guided the girl's head to his impressively large dick and thrust the end of the bugger in. She was inexperienced and unsure what to do, but instinct took over and Stella sucked on the glans when she had the chance, swilling her tongue around the velvety flesh. But Lee wanted more than just his knob sucked, so he grabbed the girl's head and thrust some shaft in then set about fucking her beautiful face.

“Aaaargh! Yes! Yes! That's it you bitch! Suck my dick and take my cum.”

A few pumps and a few sucks were all it took. Lee was so enflamed by the caning of her ass, and so hot for the girl after years of yearning that he came within a minute. Screaming out his passion, he made a final stab and squirted out his mess into Stella's mouth.

“Oh fuck! Yes! Yes! Yes!” Lee yelled as his hot thick semen blasted onto Stella's palate. Then with a flash of remembrance, he gathered his wits and embarked on a piece of improvisation. “Don't you dare spit it out... and don't swallow yet either!” Lee commanded as he pulled his ejaculating cock out of Stella's mouth.

The girl obeyed and followed the hard meat with her lust crazed eyes. She was rewarded with a spurt that slashed across her face, down from her brow, across the right eye to the sex flushed cheek. Then the left of her face was similarly struck with a final sticky spurt of Lee's thick creamy mess.

“Kneel before me, you filthy slut!” shouted Lee once his climax was over. “Kneel before me and show me the gift that I’ve given you.”

Washed away with the sex that had fired so suddenly, and the derisory tone that had been added to the fun, Stella sank to the floor with her breast hanging out and gazed up at her teacher, first focusing her gaze on his beautiful cock that was coated with saliva and the produce of his balls. Eyes moved upwards as she knew they must, taking in Lee Baxter’s muscular chest which glistened with sweat, and arriving at his face that was so dominant and severe, adding to the allure of his handsome features. Thrilled to the core, Stella tilted back her head then opened her mouth. Without need for further instruction, she swilled the spunk around before sticking out her tongue, making a real show of the event. Then finally when Lee gave her permission, Stella greedily swallowed all the cum down. An impressive performance for someone so young, but Stella Marshall didn’t stop there. Gazing all the while at her masterful history master, she gathered some of the spunk that stranded her face and sucked it from her fingers in a piece of mock fellatio. Another dollop of the mess was placed on her exposed nipple. Stella then lifted the breast to suck the cream from her teat, pale blue eyes locked on Lee’s chestnut pair as she put on this unplanned treat. Then and only then was Miss Marshall finished, smiling at her teacher with a drop of his spunk glistening on her lips.

“I take it you liked the taste, Stella,” said Lee, mightily impressed by the girl’s sluttish performance.

“Yes, sir! It was delicious. I hope you’ll give me some more.”

“You’ll definitely be getting more, but you won’t get to taste the next load I fire off, unless you’re depraved enough to scoop it out of your cunt.”

Stella smirked at the promise and the interesting idea. She smirked again when Lee stroked her hair then put out his hand to help her to her feet.

“Lord, you’re such a stud, sir! Your cock is still hard despite having come,” said Stella as she boldly took her teacher’s fine erection in both her soft hands. “Oh God... It’s so big as well.

Will you put it inside me now? Please, sir! I'm feeling so horny. I can't believe how horny I am for you, sir! I need you to fuck me so much!"

"Of course I'll fuck you," the teacher assured her. "I'll give you a hell of a shafting now that I've blown my balls. But first, I would like to see how your ass has taken the strokes from the cane. Drop your knickers and get back into position with the skirt lifted up."

Stella obeyed. She prised herself away from her dominant teacher, dropped her panties to the floor, and stepped out of them before kicking them aside. Then resuming the position bent over the desk, she hitched her skirt to leave it resting on her back.

Lee came over to examine what he'd done. "Oh yes! Beautiful! Your ass looks stunning, Stella," the teacher announced as he stroked the damaged flesh. "Your cheeks are as plump and peachy as any I've ever seen; and they look all the better for having some very pleasing welts across them."

Lee continued to stroke the randomly caned flesh, marvelling at the feel of its youthful firmness. Then taking Stella by surprise, his hand came thundering down and hit the girl hard in the centre of her right buttock, compounding the burning that was already there by the strokes received from the cane. Stella let out a yelp then gritted her teeth as she prepared herself for more.

"Stella, I want you to spread your legs."

The girl did as she was bid, spreading wide for her teacher, knowing that her pussy was now there to be seen, and hopefully taken advantage of.

Fully intending to take advantage, Lee ran his fingers up and down the exposed flesh, fingering the cunt that his cock would soon be enjoying, and rubbing the anal pucker that he knew he must resist.

Then he smacked his hand down on Stella's other buttock – the left cheek being treated to a similar hard blow to the one delivered to the right. Stella could feel her creamy white skin start to redden. She could feel the imprint of her teacher's hand

forming on her flesh. Stella felt dizzy with the thrill of it – the girl ascending to some sort of hedonistic submissive heaven.

“Do you like that, Stella? Do you enjoy getting your bare ass spanked?”

“Oh yes, sir. It feels wonderful. Different from getting caned... More intimate.”

“Stay there,” Lee ordered.

Stella obeyed, but her eyes followed her teacher as Lee picked up the cane he'd dropped on the floor. He made a few swooshes through the air to alert Stella to his intent. Then he made that intent all the clearer when he tapped her on the bare ass with the rattan.

“This would be different as well, don't you think?”

“A lot more painful I should imagine, sir.”

“Would that bother you?”

There was a brief hesitation. Perhaps this was pushing things too far. But Stella wanted to please, and she wanted to experience. “I don't think so,” she tentatively answered. “As long as there isn't any permanent damage then I suppose it would be okay.”

No sooner had Stella given her consent - she felt the cane strike her on the bare ass - two hard and rapid blows that slashed across both cheeks. They were less violent than before, but without the protection of her skirt and panties, the agony was more intense. She yelled out her pain louder than ever.

Inflamed by the sound of her obvious hurt, Lee stroked his cock as he gazed at the new marks he had made. Gripping his shaft with one hand and the cane with the other, Lee struck Stella again and again, judging the blows carefully so as to hurt but not damage the girl's beautiful ass. Stella hollered under each impact, pushed to the very limits. But determined not to spoil the moment, she refused to succumb and beg him to stop. Delighted by her ability to endure, Lee brought the cane down two more times, to leave a total of six new brutal welts across Stella's well thrashed rump. Another six of the best as tradition demanded. Lee was left sweating and

growling like a wolf, whilst Stella was left writhing in obvious agony and begging for her teacher to finish in style.

“Please, sir! Please! Do it now! Fuck me!”

Once again the cane was cast to the floor and Stella yelped in delight as two fingers were thrust into her vagina and twisted roughly around. Then she yelped again as the fingers were pulled out, and a moment later she felt the head of her teacher’s cock parting her pussy lips to press at the entrance to her vagina.

“Brace yourself, girl!” growled Lee.

He didn’t give Stella the chance. Lee held her firmly by the hips and plunged his cock all the way in. The entry was so sudden, Stella yelled out in shock. Her head exploded in a cacophony of light as she came once again, the tide of the orgasm washing her away like an earthquake induced tsunami.

Lee Baxter’s head was exploding as well, thrilled to the high heaven as Stella’s orgasmic flesh pulsed around him and massaged his hard dick with its succulent warmth. Thankfully he’d already shot off a load, otherwise he’d be joining her in orgasmic bliss, drenching her cunt with the produce of his balls after only a few seconds inside her. That would have been pleasurable no doubt, but crushing to his pride given the scenario that Mr Baxter had cunningly contrived.

Safe from embarrassment, Lee took a few moments to enjoy Stella’s orgasm, his insecure ego pathetically swelling having brought it about. It was such a thrill for the teacher to be inside his pupil at last following two years of lusting after her incredible body. And it was a body that lived up to Lee’s high expectations: her lewdly exposed tit was a sight to behold and would be treated to some feasting in the very near future; the full round buttocks were a wonder of nature, all the more arousing for their angry red welts; and the vaginal flesh he was rooted inside was so warm and moist, ever so snug and sensationally alive, pulsing around his stationary dick.

Wanting to feel more flesh on flesh, Lee withdrew a few inches and dropped his trousers and pants. Then naked from the thighs up, he grabbed Stella’s hips again and rammed his meat all the way back in. Contact was made with the girl’s

caned buttocks and Lee grinded against the battered skin, rubbing his bare groin into the fiery mounds.

“Oh God! Yes!” groaned Stella as she revelled in the depth of Lee’s penetration and the renewal of sensuous pain as her aching buttocks were roughly grazed.

Encouraged by her obvious enjoyment, Lee made a few stabs at the juicy gash, grinding at the end against her butt cheeks, stirring her up and stoking the passion. It was a blast and a half to have his cock inside her, but nature demanded a little more action, so Lee treated them both to some slow gentle shagging, sawing into Stella as she writhed and panted.

Nice! Very nice indeed! It was like dipping his meat into a jar of warm honey, Stella’s gash was so hot and sweet. But his lust for the girl, and his understanding of a man, meant Lee had to quickly move things along. There would be time enough for some slow sensuous shagging after the verdict had been given, but for now patience couldn’t be stretched. So Lee quickened his tempo and embarked on some rutting, good hard banging and full-on fucking.

“Oh yes, sir! Oh God yes! That’s it! Fuck me harder! Please! Fuck me harder!” Stella entreated, the girl clearly liking it rough and ready.

Lee did. Within seconds he was hammering away at Stella’s body. He rammed in and out of her, ploughing the girl with his long fleshy prick, plundering her gash with his big throbbing dick.

This was more than ‘nice’ for the wanton schoolgirl – it was absolutely bloody marvellous! As she was taken from behind and fucked like a bitch, Stella writhed on the desk in a delirium of bliss. Each pounding stab was a wondrous delight, thrilling her body beyond belief. The slamming at her sore ass added a razor-sharp edge, keeping alive the proceeding violence. And the slapping of Lee’s balls against the top of her thighs was a reminder of the virility that was driving the sex.

Not needing to act in creating the performance, Lee was like an animal as he fucked the girl so hard – the aloof history master who was normally so reserved, turned into a frantic rutting beast. Making dreams come true, or unconsciously

borrowing, he smacked Stella's ass as he mightily rode her, and reached round to her front to grapple with the tit he had earlier removed from her blouse.

Pain! Delicious pain! And the most glorious piece of raunchy fornication: a real man at last riding her snatch instead of a fumbling boy; a mature horny stud plundering her pussy with a proper sized dick, as opposed to some kid with a juvenile stick that was frustratingly under-developed. It was so, so, good. Stella went stellar and shone like a star, orgasmic waves battering her body as she was hit by yet another climax. She screamed and she scream as she came and came, lost to the world beyond the sex she was embracing.

Lee too was lost in his own intense pleasure and his own burning need to fire off some seed. But pride dictated he hold off for a little longer – there was a script after all that he was trying to follow. He carried on fucking for another two minutes, slamming into Stella, riding her hard and embellishing the shafting with more slaps at the girl's ass. Then his thrusts grew erratic, his groans turned to hoarse animalistic growls. He banged at the girl wildly as the pressure of approaching climax built inside him.

“YES!!!” he cried as his balls finally exploded and fired out another generous portion.

It came down like an avalanche, sweeping all before it. With that almighty yell Lee rammed his cock all the way in, and that avalanche of snow turned into a torrent of spunk, gushing along his expanded tube to spew out of his gaping slit and into Stella's waiting womb.

“YES!!!” Lee screamed again as he writhed against Stella's fiery buttocks. “Oh, fuck! Oh fuck, oh... oh, fuck, oh, oh, oh. Arrrgh!”

With his cock still firing out its ejaculated mess, Lee collapsed onto Stella's body, pushing her forward so they both ended up sprawled across the desk. Then smothering the girl with his hunky body, Lee made some short sharp stabs as he pumped the dregs of his ball juice out, growling into the girl's ear, almost crying with the ecstasy of his release.

They stayed like that for a couple of minutes, silently enjoying their post-coital bliss, revelling in their contact, external and internal, drifting away on the magic of their union. It was Lee who finally broke the spell, dragging himself back – knowing it was needed.

“Did you enjoy that, Stella?” he rhetorically asked.

“Lord yes! Thank you, sir! It was wonderful. Thank you for caning me! Thank you for fucking me at long, long, last.”

“It was a pleasure, Stella! A real pleasure! You’re as fine to ride as you are to look at, and that’s high praise indeed... So when added to the fact that you enjoy getting caned and can take quite a lot of pain... I’m convinced! I’m totally convinced! But what’s the verdict, Mr MacLeod? Would you give this naughty schoolgirl a job?”

## Chapter 3

“Definitely!” announced a deep husky voice in an accent that was decidedly Scottish – Glaswegian to be precise, the guttural harshness of that native city toned down by years of living south of the border. It came from directly behind the desk, startling the girl who lay crushed upon it. Then with a hearty chortle the man generously added, “And I’d probably give *you* a job as well, Lee – that was one hell of a show. If you ever get tired of teaching then give me a bell.”

“What’s going on?” asked Stella in a panic. “Oh God! Is there someone in the room?”

“No!” assured Lee. “And don’t worry, Stella. Just go with the flow. Trust me – it will be well worth your while.”

Lee slowly pulled out of Stella’s tensing pussy, the teacher feeling mightily pleased with himself. What a ride he’d just had. What an incredible session of violence and sex. And what a nice thing for Angus to say about his performance, the man being a legend in his particular field and certainly well placed to comment.

Once he was out of Stella, his cock now waning having shot two loads, Lee pulled up his trousers and moved to the side so the unseen man could check out the girl again via the camera that he’d earlier attached to the opposite wall, cunningly hidden behind a coat-stand that concealed without obstructing the view.

“Nice. Very nice!” announced the voice on the speaker that was part of the video cam Lee had set up. “Why bother about sloppy seconds? I’d be up that gash in a flash and happily ride it till I added a portion of my own. But don’t you worry, young lassie – there’s no obligation to put out for me – though few of my girls have ever said no, or regretted that they didn’t. Now take a few minutes to pull yourself together. Clean yourself up and then get dressed. Stand if you want to, or sit down on that lovely caned arse if it’s not too sore. Either way – turn to the camera so I can see your face for a change. You and I need to have a wee chat.”

Ten minutes later, a very shocked and confused Stella Marshall was sitting uncomfortably on a chair beside the teacher who had just caned then fucked her, facing a camera she hadn't spotted before. She was pouting her lips, still smarting from the trick. It had taken Lee some time to calm the girl down, but Stella finally agreed to hear what the man who had spied on them had to say.

"The Dark Side? And it's a club? What sort of club?" Stella asked, after Angus MacLeod had introduced himself and explained he was the owner of this illustrious establishment, sited in the heart of Soho – a once seedy but now ultra-chic part of London.

"I'll make no bones about it. It's a sex club – a BDSM sex club to give it the full description – where the members are all extremely wealthy men, or personal friends who have done me a great favour. There're only a few of the latter type, but I'll hopefully be adding one more for the next two months."

"So you want me to work there and sell myself for money?" asked Stella, sounding more than a little put out. But she wasn't totally appalled at the notion despite her next protestation. "And why do you think I would want to do that?" she snapped. "I know I've presented myself as a bit of a slut, but that doesn't mean to say I want to work as a prostitute."

"Don't be too hasty, girl. Hear me out," answered the voice of Angus MacLeod. "Now, I can't deny that I'm impressed by what I saw. You're a beautiful young woman and have a very fine body. Most of my members would definitely pay extra to have a go at it. But I've got more than enough house slaves to keep their cocks happy when they want some straightforward sex. The thing is though, Stella – The Dark Side offers a lot more to its fortunate members than the opportunity to fuck beautiful women. You have to understand - a night at The Dark Side is a thrill filled adventure, and that means there's more than just young female flesh on show and available for use. My members want to be entertained, often in extreme and novel ways, so new forms are constantly being offered. And I have to cater for a wide variety of tastes. I know it all sounds a bit seedy, but trust me - it's a very classy place – not some cheap brothel. Let me assure you, there are thousands of girls

who would give their right arm to work there. But I only take the best – and for one particular job, you definitely fit the bill.”

It was all a bit much for Stella to take in. A couple of hours ago she was in the library dreaming of a steamy sexual encounter with a Highland theme. Now she was sitting beside her conniving teacher who had come in her mouth and come up her snatch; a man who had severely caned her bare buttocks, then fucked her over his desk. That in itself was mind boggling. But to then find out that all of this was done in front of a camera, watched remotely by some unknown man! That was truly shocking and an abuse of her trust – Mr Baxter having proved to be a major disappointment in that respect at least. Being tricked was bad, but being observed having sex was infinitely worse. Stella found the notion strangely abhorrent. And now the man who had shamefully spied on her was offering her a job in some high class sex club. Well that was simply outrageous.

Or was it so shocking?

If the truth be known, having calmed herself down, there was an element of appeal for Stella Marshall. For one thing, she would be based in London, a thriving city of endless excitement, instead of sleepy Tunbridge Wells, under the roof of her bitch of a mother. And whilst it was hardly the career she'd always aspired to, getting paid to have sex could be a lot more fun than working in a boring office or the horror of serving burgers to the riff-raff at McDonald's. But sex with who – that was the issue? Now that she had tasted the bitter sweetness of a real man, she wanted to fool around with more hot horny studs of similar stature and skill. Surely men who paid for it weren't like that.

Despite her annoyance with the unscrupulous bounder, Stella looked to her teacher for some support. Lee gave her an anxious smile and an over-enthusiastic nod of his head which she didn't find in the slightest bit helpful. That man had seriously gone down in her estimation, although that probably wouldn't stop her from enjoying some more sex with him.

“It sounds a very interesting place,” Stella eventually replied, then she threw up another objection. “But I'm sorry – I don't

want to be a prostitute, even a well-paid one... I want to go to university – that's if I get the grades.”

“That's fine! It's perfect in fact!” Angus shouted down the line, ignoring for the time being the first of Stella's concerns. “The job is for three months only... beyond that, I'm sorry, but you wouldn't be fresh enough for the role I have in mind. Three months – during which time I'm sure you'd have a blast. And listen, Stella - you could earn enough cash to put you through college, and still have a tidy sum stashed away to start you off when you graduate. Either that or buy yourself a fabulous wardrobe so you could strut around campus like a catwalk model.”

Now that grabbed Stella's attention. Having attended a posh school and all that went with it, the idea of poverty in the adult world didn't appeal at all. If only her father hadn't been such an asshole and actually won a fortune instead of losing it, then she could have looked forward to a pampered life. But that wasn't the case, and she had to fend for herself as her embittered mother certainly wouldn't help. It was sounding more and more interesting – but there was still that lingering question. “So what would I have to do if not sell my body?” asked Stella suspiciously.

“Just be yourself,” said Angus, again being economical as he lured the girl in. “For the rest of the summer, carry on being what you are at present: a toffee-nosed English public schoolgirl who's a bit of a slut on the side. Some of my members have been crying out for one. The genuine article of course – a lot of them have come from that sort of background and they would spot a fake a mile off. I want a properly posh public schoolgirl – one who can talk the talk and walk the walk. And of course she has to be a sexy little minx with a great pair of tits and a cracker of an arse – and you fit the bill perfectly as far as I can see. I want the skirt and the blouse plus an old school tie, a bonnet might be nice, and gymslips perhaps. Jolly hockey sticks and all that crap. You've got the gear and all the accessories – we'd try everything out and see what works the best.”

“You mean you just want me to wander around the club dress up in my school uniform?”

“Don’t be daft!” Angus chortled as he prepared to tackle the stickier issue. “That certainly could be part of it – a real tease for the cocks. But I expect more than some posing – I want you to perform.”

“So you do want me to sell my body! I knew it!” snapped Stella, glowering in the direction of the camera.

“Calm down, will you!” snapped Angus in return, unused to taking impudence from some slip of a girl. “Stop pretending to be so bloody puritanical. You’ve no cause to be acting so high and mighty after that sluttish performance I just saw. Now I won’t deny that it would make you more valuable to me if you were to include ‘selling your body’ as you so subtly put it. But it’s not a show stopper if you won’t, although your body does have to feature, in particular that very fine arse that you have... You see, Stella, as well as the main room where the female house slaves are freely available, I have a special room where some of my more discerning members like to watch or engage in particular fetishes.”

“A special room!” exclaimed Stella somewhat shocked. “What – for schoolgirls!”

Angus laughed, knowing fine well what Stella was thinking. “Not for actual schoolgirls!” he assured. “Only legal-aged adults work at the club. Eighteen and over – that’s the rule, and I always abide by it. No, Stella – the room is where various forms of fetishes are catered for, the most popular by far being spanking.”

“A spanking room! Good Lord!”

“That’s right: a spanking room – or at least that’s what it is several nights a week. A place where men can take pleasure in spanking women, or in watching the act being performed.”

“You mean spanking them with their hand – like Mr Baxter did to me?”

Macleod let out a hearty chuckle. “That’s certainly a popular one,” he said once the laughter had subsided. “I enjoy it myself from time to time, putting a girl over my lap and walloping her bare arse with the palm of my hand. You said so yourself - it’s very intimate, especially if you take the time to

give the buttocks a good feel in between the smacks. But spanking can take many forms, Stella. By definition - a spanking involves striking the buttocks repeatedly, either with your hand, or with some sort of implement – like a cane, which is the English school tradition. In American schools they used a paddle, and still do in quite a few of the Southern States. In Scottish schools it was the tawse - a leather strap the teachers used for corporal punishment. In France they used a martinet, a sort of short whip with a wooden handle. There are lots of different things you can use, each having its own special effect. I could go on and on. It's quite a fascinating subject.”

“Lord!” exclaimed Stella, totally intrigued. The prospect of working at this club was getting much more appealing. Even if the men were unattractive, it wouldn't bother her to be caned by them, even on her bare ass, as long as they didn't hit her too hard. She had wished the headmaster had taken such a liberty and Stella certainly hadn't fancied that old codger. Perhaps this could turn out all right.

“And there are so many ways a girl can be spanked,” continued Angus MacLeod, who was an authority on the subject and an accomplished exponent of the art. “Covered or bare arsed. Across the man's lap, one or both knees, or bending half over like you were when you were caned. The Americans normally have the kids holding their ankles, or leaning on a bench for a locker room spanking. Sometimes the girl being spanked is restrained in some way – like tied to a bed. And there are a whole variety of restraining devices specifically designed for that purpose. They were used mainly in prisons and reform schools when corporal punishment was legal. Of course now they're used mainly by deviant men – and I've got a whole range of equipment at the club... I'd very much like for you to try a few out and have that lovely arse of yours spanked in a whole variety of ways.”

“So I wouldn't just be caned?” asked Stella, the girl almost hooked by Angus's patter. The idea of trying out some of these methods of spanking was very appealing to someone who really enjoyed having her ass smacked. If only the man

spanking her could be someone with the looks of her devious history master then the job would be perfect.

“Oh aye, you’d be in line for a lot more than caning!” confirmed Angus, sensing the girl was almost landed. “It would be fair to say that getting caned would be your main trick. Let’s face it – if you accept the job then you’d be my English public schoolgirl, and that’s what most of the men would want to do – cane you. But I would imagine that a fair few would like to mix it up and take something else to your arse occasionally. It would make it more interesting for you as well, do you not think? I’d say it’s an experience not to be missed – and of course you’d get paid a fortune for having so much fun.”

“Well – it does sound like a wonderful opportunity!” agreed Stella. “And how does this happen... I mean, is it a big room, will I be alone with the man or will other people be watching? Would there be some control over how hard they hit me? There would have to be a limit, surely. And will I just get caned, or spanked in whatever way, or will I get touched – intimately? Would I have to let them, even if they were repulsive? Sorry, but there’re so many questions... and I’m still a bit shocked.”

“I can appreciate that, Stella. And don’t worry – we look after our girls, so there is always a limit that is vigorously controlled. As for the rest, I’ll make sure all your questions are answered. You can spend a couple of days seeing what goes on before making a final commitment. If nothing else, it would be an interesting experience to visit the club... But to cover the other big question: how far will things go on the sexual front? That ultimately is up to you. Let me say this, though... the members who come to the fetish room, or spanking room in your case, fall into two categories – those who watch and those who perform. I know the sort of men you’re worried about – those fine portly gentlemen who come to my establishment to take a well-deserved break from the House of Lords or the Old Bailey. Well they come to watch a show – they never perform for others. Oh, they might like to do some spanking in private, but in those situations a limit can be set: spanking – no more! But the show performers are a different breed – and most

would want to take things further. They'd want to take it all the way and fuck you at the end of the spanking... maybe even add another twist and bugger the arse that they'd spanked."

"But..."

"Now don't dismiss the idea straight off," said Angus, giving Stella no chance to raise her objection. "You'd be surprised how many of these men are handsome big hunks – well hung studs like your teacher there – and that was hardly a chore putting out for him. Believe me, Stella... the men who perform at The Dark Side are all connoisseurs of the art. They're a bunch of horny studs who have a passion for kinky sex. They're not fumbling amateurs out on a stag night too pissed to get it up. Oh no – when you put out in The Dark Side – chances are you're in for one hell of a treat! So maybe you'd be happy to go a bit further."

Stella gulped, quite taken with the notion. It was exactly how she wanted to spend her summer, and she would get paid handsomely as well. There was still a problem though. "I probably would by the sound of things, but..."

"But that would be extras," interrupted Angus again. "To be agreed upon up front. You wouldn't be compelled. As I said - I don't want you in the main room and getting used as a house whore. Your role would be restricted to the fetish and private rooms, where you would act the hoighty-toighty schoolgirl, who's forever being naughty... and as a result of this misbehaviour... is forever getting caned, or spanked in some other way! And maybe... hopefully... getting fucked as well!"

"But..."

"But what, Stella?" asked Angus, finally allowing the girl to raise her concern.

"But in public!" blurted Stella, shocked at how appalled she was at this repressed fear that had suddenly burst into her mind. "I'm not sure I could do that... in fact I'm certain I couldn't..."

Stella paused for a moment to allow her racing heart to slow down. She stared at the camera then looked across to her teacher who saw the panic in Stella's eyes. The girl was so

confused. She took a few deep breaths as she tried to gather her thoughts, hands fanning her flustered face. Finally she looked back to the camera behind which Angus MacLeod was watching intently.

“...Sorry,” Stella muttered then she tried to explain. “I don’t really know why it’s such a big deal – being watched, that is. I’m sure I wouldn’t mind an audience watching me get caned, or spanked in any way, even on my bare ass. I wouldn’t mind some hunk like Mr Baxter taking things further. Of course I wouldn’t mind... I’d love to get fucked by some horny big stud after he’s tanned my ass... But in public! I’m not sure about that. If it was done in private, just me and the man – then fine. But you said it was a show – a spectacle – I would get fucked with men watching. I don’t think I could do that... I’m sorry.”

Angus made no immediate response.

In the silence that was left to hang heavy in his study, Lee Baxter looked at his pupil, horrified that she was failing him at this final hurdle, over something so silly, a piece of modesty that seemed so incongruous with her adventurous nature. He pleaded with his eyes, not daring to use words, knowing that he was still out of favour with the girl.

Stella ignored him. She lowered her head, crushed by her own irrational sensibility. She was turning down a golden chance to have incredible fun, make an escape from the bitterness of her resentful mother, and earn a small fortune in the process. But she couldn’t agree to that final part – she couldn’t make a public spectacle of herself, getting fucked by some stud whilst watched by other men. It had been galling enough to find out that she’d been spied on today – but to know that people were there – she couldn’t accept that.

Minutes passed. Stella knew she was being given time to mull it over and hopefully to change her mind. But the more she thought about it - the more awful it seemed. She was an adventurous girl and would push the boundaries – but having sex in public as part of a show! No, she couldn’t possibly bring herself to do that. She had never considered such an act before – but now that it was put to her, she found it oddly

repugnant. Was it some sort of phobia? Stella couldn't be sure. But whatever it was – it clearly affected her.

“I'm sorry,” muttered Stella. “I won't change my mind. I don't know what it is, but I'm sorry – I can't have sex in public.”

Another minute passed. The wait was excruciating.

“All right, I'll go along with it,” Angus eventually said, his voice calm and assuring. Stella jerked up her head and looked to the camera, stunned but overjoyed.

“You mean...”

“Aye! If you insist, then I'll give it a go. I'll agree to the condition: there will be no public sex acts. Unless of course you get over this silly mental hurdle and agree to an audience. How does that sound?”

It sounded too good to be true.

“So just to be clear,” Stella said, her spirits now revived. “I would get paid shit loads of money to get caned, or spanked in some other way – earn more than enough to put me through college and buy some designer clothes. I would get paid even more to be fucked by some of the members in private – at my discretion and no audience unless I agree, which I know I won't... Of course I'm interested! When can I start?”

“Lee?”

“She must sit her final exam tomorrow,” said the teacher, suddenly all caring for his pupil. “Technically the term ends in eight days' time, but most of the six formers leave early.”

“So I could have her in two days' time,” stated Angus, the man a wizard when it came to numbers.

“That would be improper,” said Lee guardedly. “I would suggest she stays at least a couple of days more then go visit her mother to feed some story before moving to London for the summer.”

“Of course, Lee,” said Angus quietly chortling. “You're still her teacher, and it's your duty to safeguard her welfare. No doubt you'll want to give her some private tuition – before and after this exam tomorrow... Aye, all right. You deserve it! Take a couple of days and break her in for me. That's

assuming she lets you after the stunt you just pulled... But whatever happens, there should be no more caning. I want a clean canvass for her debut night at The Dark Side.”

“Understood,” agreed the teacher.

“Oh and Lee... If you do convince her to have another round or two - make sure you don't take anything else to her arse. I want that delivered intact.”

## Chapter 4

It was less than a week later when Stella stood outside a rather non-descript door in the centre of Soho, about to start her new career, playing the role she had played for most of her life – the mischievous English public schoolgirl who enjoyed getting caned.

She wasn't dressed as a schoolgirl, however. Stella had debated long and hard on what to wear for this moment, but her old school uniform was quickly rejected. That was something for inside, a costume to put on, but not for walking through the fashionable streets of central London now that she was an independent young woman. Stella loved dressing up. Sadly her finances had never allowed for too much in the way of designer clothes, but she still had an extensive wardrobe to call on. Perhaps too extensive, as it took an eternity to settle on a look that she felt was right for a first encounter with her employer who happened to own a high class sex club which was her destination and place of work.

She went for a low cut creamy silk top that was just loose enough to show off her bra cupped breasts without advertising them like a desperate hooker. This she wore above a black and white skirt that was a little more clingy to show off her fabulous ass. The four inch heel black shoes had leather strapping halfway up her bare calves and looked good with the fake Celine handbag she carried. To round it all off she had a black Fedora on her head, topping her free-flowing long blonde hair. Her face of course had been painstakingly made up, with eyes especially intricately worked on – dark to match the colour of her lipstick and garishly painted nails.

All in all, she thought the look was casual yet modern and sophisticated – a monochrome vision with just a touch of colour in the sapphire blue of her irises. And in a way it portrayed her rather well, speaking volumes for her current state... Stella Marshall might have left her schooldays behind, but she had still a lot to learn.

Checking her appearance a final time and subduing the doubts that were too late to worry about, Stella took a deep breath and rang the intercom. She waited anxiously, feeling eyes upon her

as people walked past: lust and admiration from most of the men; envy from women, and admiration as well from the less insecure of the sex. Another ring was felt necessary then thankfully there was a click as the front door of the club was unlocked.

Stella pushed it open and entered an empty foyer, her eyes rapidly taking everything in. It was a well-lit space that looked decidedly innocuous, not in the slightest bit gaudy like the bordello she had feared. It was smart and relaxed, with comfortable seating and three innocent looking doors. It was more like a swanky City bank reception area than the foyer of a sex club, only there wasn't a desk with a receptionist to greet her.

But Stella wasn't left on her own for very long. Once the door to the street had closed behind her, the central door of the three facing her opened and a massively built black man came striding through.

"Mr MacLeod?" Stella asked as she stared in wonder at the enormity of the man.

He gave out a hoot of laughter, throwing his shiny shaven-head back and flashing a set of dazzling white teeth as he loudly guffawed. Then having regained his composure he asked, "Tell me, Sweet Ass - do I look like a pale-skinned Jock?"

Stella shook her head, very much in awe and more than a little afraid.

"No, that's right – I'm not Big Bad Angus, or Mr MacLeod to you. I'm the manager of The Dark Side, not the owner, but that still makes me your boss. My name is Charles – you can call me Mr Charles... or sir!"

Charles took a moment to look Stella over, and made no attempt to disguise his appraisal, or the massive boner that was forming rapidly in his pants, a physical testament to what he then declared.

"The boss was right – you are one sexy young lady. Quite classy as well, although it needs some refining. Turn around."

Stella did what she was told.

“My! Oh! My! That is one tasty looking ass! And still to be busted, so I hear. Sadly it won’t be me who gets the pleasure, but I look forward to seeing it in the flesh. Turn back round.”

Stella turned and let out a gasp. Charles had taken out his cock and was holding the phallic monster in his hand – a huge black shaft the size of a small arm with an apple sized knob at the end.

“I like to let the new girls see this on arrival – the ones that I want to fuck that is. And I sure do want to fuck you, Sweet Ass – but don’t feel threatened or obliged in any way. Lesson number one: you’re not a house whore, so it’s for you to decide who fucks you and who doesn’t, including me and even Mr MacLeod.” He nodded downwards to his monster of a dick and gave the meat a shake as he let out another chortle. “So the choice is yours if you want to try this for size sometime. Now put your eyes back into their sockets whilst I stuff this thing away. It’s time for me to show you around and introduce you to some people.”

Well that was one hell of an introduction to the club – and one hell of a proposition which Stella would certainly give some serious consideration – her pussy was pulsating as she wondered what it would feel like to have such a monster inside it and stuffing her so fully.

Knowing fine well what Stella was thinking, Charles opened the central door which led to the check-in area. He ushered the teenager through, taking the opportunity to have a gratuitous feel at the young girl’s ass – making it blatantly clear that this sort of familiarity would be part of the deal of him being her boss.

“This is where we check in clothing,” Charles said once he had led Stella through. “There’s no dress code as such, but the members and their entourage tend to make a bit of an effort. Some go way over the top, the slaves in particular being shown off by their masters in outlandish outfits that would get them arrested if worn out on the street, so we have changing rooms as well. We also make a note here of the member on the system and start the account for the evening.”

“Account? So no money is involved?” asked Stella.

“That’s right, Sweet Ass. No money, no cards. We know all the members. If they want a drink, it gets debited – if they want to fuck a worker other than a house whore, then that gets debited and a share gets credited to the girl. If they want to indulge in a little play, like spanking a specialist worker or taking in a show, then that gets debited. It ain’t cheap here. But we never deal in cash or cards – because that would make it feel cheap. So lesson number two: you quickly learn every member’s name and report all extras to me.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Sir!” exclaimed Charles, his massive hand back on Stella’s ass giving it a congratulatory pat. “Well done. I like that – you learn quickly. And that’s another rule - you call all the members and their male quests ‘sir’. That should be easy for a schoolgirl to remember. Now let’s go into the main room and you can get a feel for the place.”

With another gratuitous grope at the teenager’s ass, Charles showed Stella into the main room of the club. It was here that the new employee started to appreciate fully the sort of place she was going to be working in – that there was a lot more to The Dark Side than seriously big men with massive cocks and mischievous hands.

The main room of the club was a sight to behold. The lighting was subdued, but there was sufficient to give an overall impression of stylish opulence and sophisticated class – black leather and chrome metal being the predominant theme, interspersed with areas of vibrant colour that were works of modern art – the whole thing having a sort of balance that was both challenging yet soothing. The spacious room was arranged with a central stage, over which thick chains hung from the ceiling. Comfortable leather chairs and tables were irregularly interspersed around the stage, and there were a variety of rugs on the floor.

As they got further into the club, Stella noticed that to the left and right there were numerous play areas, some public in full view, others private behind closed doors. Stella passed the public areas with wide eyes and an open mouth. Nothing was in use, but there was plenty of equipment to fire her

imagination. Stocks and a bondage table, a whipping post and an X-frame, racks of whips and other implements of torture, gave Stella a fair idea of what went on late at night. And she would be part of it – she would play the schoolgirl and be caned by the members – a comfortable role for her in this incredible place.

It all beggared belief. Then credibility was stretched to breaking point when Stella was led towards the gleaming bar at the far end of the room, for it was there that she saw the most amazing sight of all – two stunning looking women who could have easily held their own in a Miss World contest, or on a Paris catwalk modelling the latest in designer fashion. Casually, but very stylishly dressed in clothes that hugged their incredible bodies, they had been sitting on stools at the bar, sipping drinks that were non-alcoholic and watching Stella as she took in the scene. When Stella approached with Charles, the women got off the stools and stood to attention, hands clasped behind their backs which accentuated the swell of their incredibly pert and generous busts. Stella gawped at them. She flicked her eyes from one to the other, trying to take their magnificence in.

Normally so assured of herself amongst her schoolgirl peers, suddenly Stella was questioning her worth, in beauty, and even more so in sensuous style. Everything about them screeched class in her face and made Stella feel inadequate in their presence. Hair was better cut and faces less made up allowing their natural beauty to shine clearly through. The dresses hugged their incredible figures but somehow didn't look in the slightest bit sluttish. Jewellery was there, but not in excess. Earrings that dangled, shone and sparkled, brighter than the silver and glass that Stella possessed, but then platinum and diamonds had that effect. And there was an identical chain round each of their necks – more platinum to be sure and a sign of their rank, although Stella was not to know this as yet.

Stunning was the verdict, and one that was reached with a fair amount of envy, a mass of admiration, and something rather new for young Stella Marshall – the first tingling of desire for members of her own sex. Both the women were in their early to mid-twenties, unbelievably gorgeous but in a different way.

One was a five foot ten Nordic beauty with long blonde hair and piercing blue eyes, light golden skin and dazzling white teeth – the smile she threw Stella was absolutely breath-taking. The other was an equally magnificent creature, a smouldering Latino, perhaps a fraction shorter, with shoulder length black hair smartly cut, dark chocolate eyes and rich tan skin – she also had a perfect set of teeth and a smile that spoke of hot dirty sex. It was more than a tingle that Stella felt when on the receiving end of that!

“Relax ladies,” said Charles, addressing the women who remained standing at attention. “No need to act so formal.”

They both visibly eased in their stance, hands coming forwards, although those spectacular breasts didn’t seem to drop in the slightest and it wasn’t brassieres that were holding them up. Stella carried on gawping, unable to credit the women’s sensuous magnificence.

“Stella,” continued Charles, “let me introduce you to Frida from Sweden and Lucrezia from Italy – I’m sure a smart schoolgirl can work out who’s who.”

Each woman in turn approached and warmly embraced Stella, kissing both her cheeks in Continental fashion. In addition to the friendliness of these total strangers, Stella was struck by the scent each woman bore, subtle and expensive, one fresh the other fiery, the perfume suiting each one to perfection.

“Now, we’re going to the fetish room in a couple of minutes,” said Charles to Stella. “That’s where you’ll spend most of your time at the club, and you need to get a feel for the place. Then I’m going to leave you in these charming ladies’ capable hands. With the help of someone else, they’ll give you a sort of induction course in spanking. From what I understand, you know about getting caned, and that’ll prove very popular with a schoolgirl. But I want you to be prepared for some other forms of spanking. Before I launch you, I need to know that you can handle it all, or if there’s anything we need to shy clear of.”

“Okay,” said Stella scarcely able to hide her excitement.

“A quiet word first,” said Charles as he put his massive arm around Stella’s shoulder and led her away.

“Now, I’ve been told about the condition that’s been agreed to – no audience if you decide to have sex with a member,” Charles said when they were out of earshot. “Can’t say I’m too happy, but if that’s the way it is, then I’ll have to work with it.”

“Sorry,” said Stella.

“But are you sure?” quizzed Charles.

Stella nodded her head. She’d thought about it a lot, but she still felt the same – the notion of having sex in public terrified her.

“But you’re okay about making a show of getting spanked?” asked Charles, the manager seeking confirmation of what he’d been told by the boss.

“Yes,” answered Stella. “It’s strange – I feel fine about that. But whenever I think about taking it further and have men watching me having sex. I don’t know – it just scares me. I’m not being prudish or anything – it’s just...”

“...A block!” stated Charles. “I’ve seen it before. I’ve known quite a few girls who’ve had a block about something – but they usually manage to get over it. And when they do, they look back and think how silly it was. Do it once and I bet you’ll be fine after that... and you could earn yourself a lot more money.”

“Sorry...”

Charles huffed out a breath from his barrel chest. “Okay, Sweet Ass, I’ll let it drop. Just as long as there’s no problem about showing you get caned... as I said, most of the time you’ll be in the fetish room, either performing in private or as part of a show. But to make sure the members become aware of new specialist workers, I like to put on a more public show on their first night – here in the main room.”

“Oh, I see...” said Stella, a little panic now rising.

“It’s been a few weeks since we did anything involving a spanking,” continued Charles. “Would it be okay to have a main stage show featuring you?”

“I suppose... as long as...”

“Oh don’t worry. In your case it will be a simple caning – be like falling off a log, Sweet Ass. Normally I would spice it up at the end with a bit of raunchy play, but I suppose we’ll have to do without.”

“So who will be involved?” asked Stella, thinking that perhaps it would be the manager himself who took on the role of headmaster; or perhaps the owner, Mr MacLeod, who Stella was yet to meet.

“Ah! Now that hasn’t been decided for definite as yet, but it could be the other person I mentioned. A nice young man who works for the boss and helps out at the club on occasions. You’ll meet him shortly. He’s been tasked along with the girls to get you ready for the job.”

Stella glanced back to the bar where those girls were waiting. “Frida and Lucrezia,” she said in awe. “They’re the most amazing looking women I’ve ever seen! Are all the house girls as gorgeous as they are? Mr MacLeod said he only employed the best, but those women are just ridiculously beautiful... and so classy as well.”

“House girls!” cackled Charles, bringing Stella’s attention back to him. “You are one silly little schoolgirl! They’re not house girls – or house whores to be more accurate, although we prefer to use the term ‘house slaves’. But whatever you call them, those two ladies are definitely not in their ranks. Our girls are all good, but not that good, or anywhere near it. No, those lovely ladies are proper slaves, not workers at the club. They’re the boss’s personal property – the best of the best. You should feel privileged that he’s released them for part of your induction... Now let’s head off to the fetish room and meet the other intriguing individual that the boss has released for your further education.”

## Chapter 5

CRACK!

Stella sucked in a gasp and reached out for support, finding Frida's arm. The Nordic goddess took the girl's hand and drew the enthralled teenager close so she could whisper in her ear.

"It is a thing of beauty, is it not?"

"Beyond beauty," Stella answered.

They were standing at the rear of the fetish room, which was larger than Stella had expected. She had it in her mind that it would be something like her old headmaster's study because that's where she'd always been caned in the past, and she wasn't sure what other fetishes were catered for beyond her speciality of spanking. This place was much bigger than a study, however. It had to be to accommodate the viewing area with its tables and chairs, the stage, and the wealth of equipment that lurked behind the curtain at the back of that stage. Like the main room of the club it was stylishly laid out with the same flair for design in evidence, although hardly something that merited the description of 'beyond beauty'.

But it was what was happening on the stage, not the room itself that the women were referring to, and even there they might have had different notions on the exact nature of the beauty on display.

Frida was describing the act in general. A connoisseur of fine art and an expert on the subject, as well as being the club's interior designer, she had the eyes and the gift to see the whole picture; and as a professional slave of the highest quality, she could appreciate every aspect as a treat to the senses. Even the crack she could feel on her rarely struck back despite it having landed elsewhere.

Less refined and infinitely less experienced, Stella missed many of the nuances on offer. But she still felt it was a thing that went way beyond beauty, mainly because of the man.

He stood on the stage almost in a trance, seemingly oblivious to his audience of four – a thing of beauty being one way to

describe him, although devilishly handsome, unbelievably hunky and magnificently masculine, would fit the bill as well.

“His name is Paddy... Paddy McGuire, an Irishman from Dublin,” Frida whispered, answering one of the many questions that was racing through Stella’s mind.

And he looked every bit the typical Celt, with his dark ginger hair that could arguably be termed auburn, emerald green eyes that shone like the jewels, and a splattering of freckles on his otherwise pale-skin. The nose was prominent but not overly large, the lips were pale and not overly generous, and the chin was strong like the rest of the man and covered by a five day stubble. Nothing exceptional in any of that, but the package of features when brought together made for something very special, a degree of handsomeness that was far from classic, but was all the better for it.

Then there was the body that was casually dressed in tight hugging jeans and a plain white tee-shirt which showed off an incredible muscular physique. Standing at six foot three, Paddy McGuire was a hunk and a half, naturally broad and wonderfully proportioned from head to toe. But there was no air of arrogance about the man. He carried his splendour as if ignorant of his worth. He also carried a bullwhip in his hand which added significantly to the interest.

“The crack of the whip,” whispered Charles who had sided up to Stella as she gazed at the spectacle now stationary on the stage. “Some men say it’s the sweetest sound there is. There are others I prefer, female sounds, but there can be no denying the appeal of a whip crack. It’s the epitome of our world here in The Dark Side. I was told by the boss, who enjoys a bit of flowery language, that yielded properly, the whip should explode like lightening from the hand of a god, and snake through the air like a dragon’s claw. Can you imagine that! Now watch Mr McGuire who is a master of the art...”

Stella watched with eyes agog as if on cue Paddy awoke from his trance and sprang into action again. He spun the whip in a circle above his head, round and round like a slow turning propeller. Then the motion ceased and Paddy’s hand came

forward as if he were casting a fishing line. The whip followed and he snapped his wrist.

CRACK!

It was sweet indeed, an orgasmic noise. Stella couldn't help but let out a moan as she imagined the thrill of being on the receiving end, instead of the mannequin dummy that Paddy McGuire had struck. And struck very true from what Stella could see. A little shoe polish on the fall and cracker at the end had left a mark on the mannequin's back: a kiss, not a lash, on the right shoulder blade, matching the one he'd earlier place on the left.

"Very impressive, Paddy," called out Charles with a round of applause. "There are few men that can do that trick with any degree of accuracy. I would have the poor girl's eye out if I tried it myself on some poor slave. But enough of the practice. It's your knowledge of spanking, not whipping that's needed now. Let me introduce you to Stella, our new naughty public schoolgirl who needs some guidance."

They stepped forward towards the stage, Charles escorting Stella with Frida and Lucrezia a few steps behind. Paddy stepped down and formally nodded his head with a stern expression – his face an unreadable mask as he looked Stella over.

No words, no handshake, no kiss on the cheeks – no friendly embrace and the smell of the man. Stella felt cheated and totally in awe. Excitement raged nonetheless, and the first pang of annoyance twisted her stomach. So this was the man who might possibly cane her on the debut night in the main room of the club. And this was the man who she was therefore rejecting. Her fear of an audience meaning they wouldn't have sex.

Timing things to perfection, Charles attacked her phobia from another angle. He placed his hand on Stella's shoulder and turned her around to look away from the stage. "Normally when we do a show, the lights are way down low," the manager explained as Stella took in her surroundings from this different viewpoint. "Most of the dudes who come here like their privacy - so they prefer it dark. Some even stay behind a

one way screen. The people on stage aren't really aware of them."

It was a good try, but Stella still wasn't convinced. *She* would be aware of them, of that she was certain. That block couldn't be removed simply by low lighting, even with someone like Paddy McGuire about, infuriating as that was becoming to a girl who had just experienced lust at first sight.

"And how many times will I get caned each night," asked Stella, purposely moving to another aspect of the job. "I mean, I do quite enjoy it – but there has to be a limit to what I could handle."

"Of course, Sweet Ass," replied Charles, taking the opportunity to have another grope at Stella's fabulous bottom. "Don't worry – we won't allow for these lovely cheeks to get damaged in any way. Five nights a week is what you'll do, and one serious spanking per night is the maximum you'll be given. That will usually happen in here, although some members may want to use a small private room. And as one of the perks of the job, I get to inspect your ass before you start work each night. If I don't think it's recovered and ready to take more, then I'll send you home with a caring pat on your cheeks... I'm looking forward to that!" Then with a final lusty grope that made it clear that Charles was hoping for a darn site more, he added, "Now, whilst I'd love to stay here for the induction, sadly I've got other matters to attend to. So I'm going to leave you with Paddy and the ladies. Once they've explained a few things, you'll be taken to the flat where you'll be staying for the next three months. Your bags are already there. Be back here tomorrow evening at eight. There's a private viewing area where you can watch the early show. That'll be your final chance to back out. Otherwise you'll be making your debut on Saturday night – centre stage in the main room, getting caned by someone or other."

## Chapter 6

“Okay kid, I’m going to give you a lesson,” announced Paddy as he ominously circled Frida and Lucrezia who stood a yard apart near the centre of the stage. He was now carrying a cane which he swished through the air. It was a noise Stella knew very well.

“And as you’re the schoolgirl,” continued the Irishman, “we’ll start in the classroom.”

It didn’t feel like a school classroom – at least not one that Stella had ever been in. She was the lone pupil seated at a table in a comfortable chair with a glass of diet coke to sip. And unlike most of the classrooms where she had sat bored and daydreaming, Stella was listening intently, eyes fixed on her hunky new teacher who made Mr Baxter seem ordinary in comparison.

“You’ve had this administered,” said Paddy as he swished, “and I’m told you can take it pretty well. But in here – a caning is an event to be savoured, not some quickly delivered punishment like your headmaster would have dished out. And it should be savoured, by the audience, by the caner, and where possible... by you.”

That took Stella by surprise, and Paddy noted her puzzlement.

“Yes... you as well. I hear you quite enjoy getting your ass spanked, and there’s no reason why you shouldn’t take pleasure from a caning, especially in this room. The men who come here aren’t a bunch of savages. Many will want you to enjoy it. They appreciate a woman who can take pleasure from pain, and will want to explore that if possible. It’s something they can do at leisure with their proper slaves, but not so easy with a specialist worker they only have at their disposal for a short time. It can happen though.”

There it was again – ‘worker’ versus ‘proper’ slave – Stella was intrigued. Hundreds of questions raced through her mind but she held her tongue as Paddy continued – this was a lecture, not a discussion, and Stella instinctively knew her place in this weird and wonderful setting.

“Now, the cane itself,” explained Paddy as he stroked the long thin object in his hand. “It’s made of rattan, which is actually a grass, not wood as most people think. It replaced birch as the tool used in English schools during the Victorian era when it started coming into the country from South East Asia to make furniture. The main reason birch went out of fashion was Victorian modesty. The blow from a bundle of birch isn’t that severe, so it had to be done on the bare ass. Whereas the cane...”

With the speed of a striking cobra Paddy pulled the cane back, and with a flick of his wrist brought it whishing through the air to land squarely across the centre of Lucrezia’s delectable butt. The Italian hissed in a sharp breath of air as the cane made a thud on her rear.

“...The cane can be very effective when applied to a covered backside... a fact that you’re no doubt well aware of. The rattan is very flexible, and that allows for dramatic speed. A well yielded cane can strike its target at two hundred miles per hour. The resultant blow can cause severe penetrating pain without causing too much surface trauma. Six of the best is usually enough to give a naughty schoolgirl a very sore bottom and several days of discomfort when she parks that lovely bottom on a hard wooden chair.”

Paddy moved off the stage and grabbed a chair which he took with him as he returned. It was placed before Lucrezia.

“Of course the tradition is for the girl to bend over,” said Paddy, “which Lucrezia is going to do now.”

The beautiful Italian duly obliged and bent over the chair, resting her hands on the seat.

“There are a few reasons for this,” Paddy continued. “Firstly, and if you ask me, most importantly - it looks so much more inviting to the man who’ll do the caning. See how Lucrezia’s ass juts out, and the seat of her dress is pulled tight against her rounded buttocks, and the vertical indentation of her crack becomes very clear.”

Taking full advantage of the licence the boss had given, Paddy ran his hand over Lucrezia’s buttocks, stroking the covered ass as he spoke. Stella watched open-mouthed and very wide-

eyed, the front of her thong beginning to moisten as her pussy opened wide as well.

“Of course that sort of reason would never be offered up in schools, but I bet it played a factor,” continued Paddy with a deadpan expression. “The main reason though, is to remove the lower back from the strike zone, so any missed swipes will go over rather than hit that more delicate part of the body. A whack to the spine or the kidneys could be very nasty... Another reason for bending is that it also tightens the flesh of the buttocks so that the stroke is felt more keenly.”

Paddy took aim again, and with another flick of his wrist the cane cut through the air and struck Lucrezia’s ass for the second time. She let out a yelp. Stella could see the buttocks clench. The Italian juddered then with a deep intake of breath she found her calm. She found calm quicker than Stella, whose gasping was clearly audible.

“Different from there, isn’t it!” stated Paddy as he looked at Stella. “Remember, there are three different experiences going on in this room – the giver’s, the receiver’s, and the spectator’s... Are you getting wet, by the way?”

That took Stella by surprise and it took a few seconds for her to find her voice. “Well yes... I am finding it rather arousing.”

“That’s good!” exclaimed the Irishman, keeping a straight face to hide his private glee. His first impressions of the girl were very positive and he was itching to play with her and find out exactly how wet he could make her. But that was for later – a treat to look forward to. Right now there was another pleasurable aspect of this job to be done. “You won’t necessarily be alone up here,” he continued. “Some other girls might be getting spanked along with you. So I’m glad you don’t find it off-putting to see someone else getting thrashed.”

Other girls! Now that was an interesting prospect for Stella. But what else might happen beyond spanking these girls who wouldn’t be as shy as she was when it came to an audience. A scene suddenly burst alive in Stella’s imaginative mind: her up there on the stage with another women, someone gorgeous like Frida or Lucrezia, and this big hunky Irishman caning them both. Then after the caning with rattan, Paddy used another rod

of the fleshy variety, first to whack the other woman's buttocks then place it inside her to give her a fucking. It would be wonderful to see, yet so frustrating as well, missing out on what would undoubtedly be an amazing treat, not being able to allow the same for herself.

Why oh why did there have to be an audience?

She knew the answer. It wasn't difficult, even for a schoolgirl who had never exerted herself when it came to classroom learning. No audience meant no show, and Stella was here to perform, not find the lover of her dreams. If only she could get over this silly phobia then perhaps she might get... Well... Get a moment of bliss with this incredible Irishman. And get a fortune as well from having sex in public with lesser mortals, wealth being another of Stella's dreams. This stupid block was such a pig – the girl silently cursed her sensitivity and wished with a passion it could be blown away.

Paddy seemed oblivious to Stella's inner turmoil and moved quickly on with his lesson. "Right, I'll come back to caning in a few minutes," he said as he placed the rattan on the seat of Lucrezia's chair. Then picking up an implement which he'd placed earlier at Frida's feet, he added, "The other form of school inspired spanking is paddling. Not something you'll be used to, though I'll wager you'll get familiar with being paddled over the coming months. Most of the American members prefer this to caning, and we get quite a few rich Yanks flying over just to come here for the weekend. It's dying out in most American schools now, but down South it's still quite a popular academic sport. So, how does it differ? First of all, there's the stance. Frida... if you would be so good as to assume the standard position."

Frida immediately spread her legs to shoulder width then bent over and touched her toes, quite a display of flexibility given the high heels she was wearing. Her ass jutted out even more than Lucrezia's and was raised slightly higher.

"Touching the toes or grabbing the ankles is the normal way," reported Paddy. "As you can see, it presents the bottom beautifully, stretching the flesh tighter and making it more vulnerable."

As he had done with Lucrezia, Paddy stroked Frida's rump as he praised it, caressing the swell of each buttock with his palm, and teasing the crack with his fingers. Then he waved the paddle in the air at Stella.

"Another difference is obviously the weapon," said the Irishman. "Unlike the traditional school canes which tend to be a uniform thickness and length, paddles come in all sorts of shapes and sizes. It's made of two parts: a handle and a blade. Most are designed to be held in one hand, but some bigger ones are designed to be held by two hands. This one is fairly typical – made from hardwood half an inch thick, with a four inch wide blade, two feet long. Some come with holes in the blade, which can cause blistering on the skin, but the main reason is to cut back on air resistance, so the paddle can be yielded faster. And faster means harder!"

"Lord!" exclaimed Stella whose juices were flowing – the girl needy of some Irish attention.

"And yielding the paddle is different as well," continued Paddy, who was far from oblivious to Stella's state. He could practically smell her easy arousal, and it was an allure that was making her all the more attractive and causing his cock to stiffen in his pants. Not bothered that his own arousal might be noticed, he casually proceeded with the lesson. "With the cane, a wrist flick is usually enough to make a girl holler, and the blow should come across horizontal. The paddle, on the other hand, should be an extension of the arm, come down in a curve then slightly upwards as it hits the lower part of the ass, like this..."

Paddy made the motion, hitting the mark perfectly, sending the paddle flying back off Frida's shapely rear end, and creating a blistering explosion of sound that flew around the room. Frida let out a yelp as she was almost lifted off her feet by the severity of the blow.

"There should be no messing around with the paddle," said Paddy. "A good hard whack is what's needed - or a 'lick' as the Americans call it. Hard and upwards! Not down! Not sideways! But hard and up! Just like a good fuck!" yelled Paddy as he landed another thudding blow which did indeed

propel Frida upwards so that she was actually raised off the stage floor as she yelped again.

Paddy allowed Frida and Stella a moment to regain composure before he continued with his fascinating illustrated talk. “Now, the big difference is the effect on the ass itself... Ladies – if you wouldn’t mind... Hitch up the dresses and drop the underwear. Then assume the position again!”

Both women obeyed without question. They straightened up, hitched the dresses as far as the waist and removed the thongs that both were wearing before bending over again in their respective positions. Stella was presented with two beautiful asses boasting full rounded globes: one light brown with two purple horizontal welts across each buttock: the other golden with a broad splash of red on the lower part of each cheek. The bent over position and spread of the legs, parted the buttocks so both the women’s assholes could be seen: a pair of lovely starbursts, Lucrezia’s a shade darker than Frida’s vibrant pink flesh. And more pink could be seen at the top of the legs, with two beautiful shaven pussies that looked recently fucked, ripe and juicy with petals like flowers. For a moment Paddy lost his prime place in Stella’s mind as she wondered what it would be like to lick those delights and have her first taste of another woman’s cunt.

“Come here, kid. Have a closer look,” Paddy told her.

With her cheeks reddening in excited flush, Stella came onto the stage and stood beside Paddy to the left of Lucrezia.

“That’s how it should be done,” the big Irishman told her. “See how the welts are even on the cheeks. Most people end up favouring one buttock or the other, and the welts slant, sometimes even cross, and that’s very bad form.”

“I used to get that,” said Stella, staring at Lucrezia’s lovely caned ass and the two equally lovely holes her buttocks framed. “The headmaster used to hit me all over the place.”

“Then he wasn’t very good at his job,” said Paddy. “That’s what happens when things get banned. The skill disappears. An ass after six of the best should have twelve neat horizontal lines evenly spaced, six on each cheek. Like this...”

Paddy picked up the cane. Stella quickly got out of the way, as just as speedily Paddy brought the cane down in four rapid strokes onto Lucrezia's bare ass. Stella watched as the cheeks violently shook, wobbling under each impact. She watched Lucrezia jerk. She heard the woman cry out. Then she looked in amazement at a perfect set of welts.

"Now that's how it should appear at the end," said Paddy without a hint of arrogance. "Of course I did it way too fast, but it was just for demonstration. If I was doing it for show, then I would have Lucrezia count them out for me. I'd get her to thank me after each stroke and have her ask for another. I would take my time, and build the suspense, milk the audience like I'll do if I cane you."

Stella almost came at the notion. Mr Charles's words tormented her mind. "*Normally I would spice it up at the end with a bit of raunchy play, but I suppose we'll have to do without.*" What a tragedy it would be if Paddy were to be the man playing the headmaster role and Stella had to do without the raunchy play. Could she really say no to this god of a man even if it meant having sex with him in public?

Sadly the answer was yes. Her phobia was still intact. But perhaps there might be a chance to engage with him in private during this induction she was getting. Stella prayed with all her heart that it would happen. Mr Baxter had been good and taught her a few things, although his deceit had soured the memory. But even without the duplicity, he was nothing in comparison to this hunky Irishman who seemed annoyingly immune to Stella's girlish charms.

Paddy was far from immune – Stella only needed to look down to his straining crotch to see the attraction that was snarling at his loins. But then it wasn't just the schoolgirl who was getting him excited. The job he was doing was playing a big part, as were the subjects he was demonstrating on. And there were also some liberties he was authorised to take beyond the thrashing of Frida and Lucrezia – something he fully intended to enjoy to the max.

"Now, you see here," said Paddy as he dropped the cane and spread Lucrezia's cheeks even wider. No marks in the crack.

That's important. Bad form again to strike in there. It's too sensitive for caning."

Stella looked in wonder. She looked at Paddy's unquestionable skill, and she looked at Lucrezia's beautiful asshole – a glistening dark pink anus that seemed to be winking at her, raising more questions in Stella's mind. What would it be like to give that a lick, as well as the beautiful pussy below it?

"Now, it's tradition to shake hands after a caning to show there are no hard feelings," continued Paddy. Then almost mocking Stella by reading her mind, he added, "Personally I prefer to do this..."

Paddy sank to his knees behind Lucrezia. Stella watched transfixed as the hunky big Irishman tenderly licked the marks he had created. He ran his tongue leisurely across each of the welts. Then he ran his tongue up and down the deep crack, pausing at the asshole to give it a rimming, lapping at the flesh and getting his tongue right up the hole. Lucrezia purred out her appreciation throughout – she swayed her hips under the bliss of the soothing tongue on her aching flesh, and all the more so when it tackled her anal orifice. Then she moaned even louder as Paddy moved south and tongued his way round her puffy snatch, making a real feast of the Italian's shaven pussy, and making Lucrezia come if Stella wasn't mistaken – it certainly sounded like she'd been brought to climax by the Irishman's skilful tongue. Stella was shaking as Paddy finally stood up, the man grinning as he smacked his lips.

"Do you always do that?" Stella asked with a trembling voice.

"At a bare minimum," replied Paddy. "Assuming I'm allowed of course, which isn't always the case. I think it's only good manners to lick the ass you've just thrashed and treat the lady to a little extra lashing. Now, let's move back over the Atlantic and take a Swedish slant on paddling again."

Stella's legs barely supported her as she shakily accompanied Paddy to where Frida was waiting. She gazed at the ass and the snatch before her.

"Now here you see the difference," explained the Irishman. "With a paddling, it's a throbbing mass of red the girl ends up with instead of stinging welts. The paddle's blade is broad and

flat, so the contact is more spread, and the paddle hits the same spot repeatedly, so it quickly reddens - especially when it's done to the girl's bare bottom."

Paddy picked up the paddle and took a position to Frida's left where his aim would be all the better.

"I want you to take these properly, Frida. Normal rules – if you fail to say what's needed, or make a mistake, then we go back to the start. You can pick it up at three," said Paddy. He gave it a moment then brought the paddle curving round again, finishing by coming upwards at Frida's naked butt. It sounded like a rifle going off when it hit the bare flesh. Frida let out a loud yelp. Her ass wobbled under the impact then the red on her skin deepened and spread. Through a hissing breath she managed to utter, "Three. Thank you, sir. Please hit me again."

Paddy did as Frida asked. Stella watched aghast as the next lick struck. Frida squirmed and cried as her ass caught fire – the scarlet spreading further up her lovely full cheeks.

"Four. Thank you, sir. Please hit me again," Frida somehow managed to force out.

Paddy thundered another one onto Frida's ass. The Swede hollered out her pain. She shook her ass around in an attempt to throw off the agony that was eating at her flesh. "Five," she said through choking tears then she added, "Thank you, sir."

Stella was surprised. She didn't ask for another. Lucrezia had got six, as was normal with caning. Was Frida being defiant? Would Paddy get genuinely angry with her? Would they go back to one and start over again? The answer appeared to be no.

Stella watched with aching lust as Paddy again sunk to his knees. Tenderly he licked all over Frida's flaming red buttocks and ever so delicately he spread the cheeks apart. Stella noted the pale unmarked skin in the crack as Paddy licked there as well before rimming around her little pink asshole. Then to give her the treat that was definitely deserved, he drifted downwards to Frida's pussy and spent a good five minutes licking it out. The Swede moaned throughout it all – moans that turn to gasp of orgasmic delight as Paddy made her come as well with his obvious flare for cunnilingus. By the time the

big Irishman got to his feet, grinning again as he smacked his lips, Stella was ready to faint on the spot and her own orgasm was only a tongue flick away.

“It’s the tradition in America to only give five licks with the paddle; or multiples of,” said Paddy in explanation whilst feigning disinterest over Stella’s state. “Now I think that’s enough schoolwork for the time being. We’ll come back here tomorrow and I’ll show you the equipment. That will be the final lesson in spanking: the real heavy stuff – judicial punishment. But next up we’ll cover parental spanking, and that we can do better in your new flat.”

## Chapter 7

Stella was struggling to take everything in. The flat was amazing, so spacious and stylish, with sleek modern furnishings and hi-tec appliances in the open plan living area, a fully equipped kitchen and utility room, and a massive communal bathroom that boasted a Jacuzzi for six to supplement the en-suite facilities she had linked to her own bedroom. All of this in central London, ten minutes' walk from The Dark Side.

And if that wasn't enough to impress a young girl, then her three new flatmates certainly clinched the deal.

First there was Anastasia: an icy cool blonde Russian with cheekbones to die for and skin that looked like it had never seen the sun. First impressions hinted at haughty aloofness, but in actual fact she was welcoming and friendly, suggesting they go shopping at some point in the near future, Camden Market being her recommendation as fashionable clothes could be found there on the cheap.

Next she met Sally, a bubbly young Aussie with curly brown hair who was equally hot in the gorgeous looks stakes. In contrast to Anastasia, Sally was very healthily tanned. She also sported a dragon tattoo on her shoulder, although with her curvaceous figure and surgically enhanced tits, she looked nothing like Lisbeth Salander. She too suggested that they go out on a date, to Earls Court where the Aussies tended to meet and enjoy a few drinks in the many bars.

Finally there was Amal – a rather sultry lady of Sudanese origin, tall and statuesque, dark chocolaty skinned with short cropped hair, styling herself on the supermodel Alex Wek, although lacking her countrywoman's friendly smile. Unlike the other girls, Amal was rather stand-offish towards Stella, disappearing into her room shortly after the introduction. Perhaps it was an age thing, Amal being the oldest of the three – in her mid-twenties, whereas Anastasia and Sally were barely out of their teens.

It was explained to Stella that these women were the latest recruits at The Dark Side. It was the club's policy to

accommodate the new girls in this flat for the first three months of their employ – after that they were on their own and required to make alternative arrangements.

The explanation and introductions were made by Paddy who had brought Stella to the flat - Frida and Lucrezia having said their farewells at the club, the slaves obliged to return to their master and his needs, which from what Stella could discern were voracious to say the least. The big Irishman had been very formal with Stella, asking clipped questions as they strode along the streets of Soho. Stella felt too intimidated to give anything other than clipped responses in return. She kept thinking about Saturday when Paddy might cane her. She kept thinking about what Paddy had done to Frida and Lucrezia after he had spanked their asses in different ways. She kept hearing the words: *“At a bare minimum. Assuming I’m allowed of course, which isn’t always the case. I think it’s only good manners to lick the ass you’ve just thrashed and treat the lady to a little extra lashing.”*

After ten minutes of pleasantries and showing around, Paddy said they should adjourn to Stella’s room. It was time to move on to her next lesson in spanking.

“I wanted to give you some privacy for this part,” said Paddy as he sat down in the room’s only easy chair. Stella stood at a distance, excited to be alone with the hunky big Irishman, but wary of him as well.

“Why?” asked Stella, hoping that it was so the lesson could involve more than just a spanking – that Paddy wanted some privacy because he knew of Stella’s problem with an audience, and that a fucking from this gorgeous brute of a man was coming her way. Stella certainly wouldn’t refuse the offer if made. Quite the opposite – she would leap at the chance, sure it would be the happiest moment of her life. Just being here alone with him was up there as a serious contender, such was the impact he had managed to make.

“I was told about your father,” Paddy continued, disappointing Stella with the answer. “I didn’t want anyone else around in case I aggravated any sensitivity there might be about the subject.”

“I don’t know what you mean, Paddy,” answered Stella a little frostily. “I never really knew my father, so it’s not a sensitive issue for me.”

Paddy was far from convinced. Parents were tricky, even if dead. He certainly was touchy about his old man, and had no idea if the bastard was still alive. “Well, I’ll still tread carefully,” he said. “Let me know if there’s any awkwardness. Sit down if you want.”

Paddy had pointed to the bed, and that’s where Stella went and sat on the edge, although she would have much sooner sat on Paddy’s lap. Her practical lesson on schoolroom spanking had aroused her mightily and Paddy was such a horny big hunk – so physically fine and so commanding in his manner.

“Right,” said Paddy, once Stella was seated but far from settled. “Now before we move on to the next lesson in spanking - are there any questions you have from what we’ve covered so far?”

Stella had hundreds of questions, mainly about the Irishman and how he fitted in to this incredible new world that she was becoming part of. But like Paddy, she decided to tread carefully in case there might be some sensitivity. The last thing she wanted to do was offend. “I’m still a bit confused over the roles people have,” she tentatively opened with. “My new flatmates for example – how do they fit in?”

Paddy looked at her while drumming his chin with his fingers. “That’s the sort of stuff Mr Charles would normally cover,” he said after a moment’s consideration, “but I suppose as I’m here, I might as well fill you in... Workers at The Dark Side fall into three categories. There’s the male staff, like Mr Charles the manager, maintenance, set designers, and his security team of course – a bunch of highly trained men who you would do well to make friends with. Then there are the specialist female workers like yourself and Amal. She’s a masseuse based in the spa...”

“Spa!” exclaimed Stella, surprised yet again.

Paddy smiled, clearly very proud of the club he was associated with. It was a smile that melted Stella’s heart, the boy in the man coming through for a moment, adding another layer to his

many charms. “Yes, there’s a spa,” the Irishman told her. “Not overly elaborate, but fancy enough. Members usually go there to fool around in the Jacuzzi, or have a massage. There’s a Thai girl works there as well, who if you ask me is a lot better at the job, but that’s just a personal opinion.”

“And is that all they do – give massages?” asked Stella.

“Hell no!” chuckled Paddy. “In a club like The Dark Side, extras are expected, at an extra cost of course... although some specialist workers get to pick and choose, which to be honest, I don’t approve of.”

Stella visibly winced at this obvious dig.

“Sorry,” said Paddy, raising his hands in apology. “I’m supposed to be sensitive here, but speaking plainly is one of my many faults... Anyway, that’s the specialist workers for you: girls who have a specific role, and who might extend their role at an extra charge. The rest of the girls are what we call house slaves, Anastasia and Sally being part of that group. Speaking plainly again - they can be used at any time by the members for their pleasure. They’re whores basically, and unlimited usage of them is included in the membership fee, so they tend to get used a lot.”

“And you? Are you part of the management like Mr Charles?” asked Stella, daring to touch on the matter that interested her most.

“Me,” snorted Paddy with a shrug of his broad shoulders. “I don’t work at the club as such. I just help out from time to time... Like I’m supposed to be doing now. So, are there any more question or can we get back to business?”

Of course there were more question – she wanted to know everything about the Irishman, but the tone in his voice made it perfectly clear that no personal questions would be welcome. She also wanted to know about the ‘proper’ slaves, Frida and Lucrezia, and their master Mr MacLeod. That was a whole area that fascinated Stella, but again she didn’t think Paddy would appreciate being quizzed on something that wasn’t directly related to the club and the role Stella would play, so she shelved all those questions for the time being.

“No, let’s move on.”

Paddy nodded his approval, making it clear that Stella had made the right choice. “Okay... The second type of discipline that we need to cover is parental – and that’s a whole different ballgame to the schoolroom thing, which is formalised and has clearly defined limits. Of course these limits can be broken when taken out of context – two consenting adults can go way beyond what would be allowed between a teacher and a schoolgirl.” Paddy noticed Stella blush and had to bite his cheeks to stifle a laugh. “Well, between most teachers and schoolgirls...” the Irishman stated, pausing for a moment to heighten Stella’s torment before he added, “...I hear there are exceptions.”

Stella lowered her head like the naughty schoolgirl she was. But unable to resist the glory before her, she raised her eyes to look at Paddy again as the Irishman continued with his private lesson.

“Anyway, the same applies to parental punishments – there should be limits. But traditionally parents, normally fathers, would take things a bit further than a teacher might.”

“I wouldn’t know,” said Stella.

“That’s why I’m treading carefully,” replied Paddy, looking intently at the girl.

Stella shrugged her shoulders to indicate she was fine. “So this parental type of punishment – I take it that there’s more involved than a straightforward spanking using only the hand. Mr MacLeod told me about some of the things.”

“A belt is the traditional weapon to be used. But there are plenty more. I’ll show you the different sorts tomorrow. And some of the members will probably ask to use them on you. Tomorrow evening, when you’re at the show, you’ll see an example – a barnyard scene is lined up, which is usually fun.”

“A barnyard scene?” asked Stella.

“Yeah, we like to make it real. Apparently that’s another common thing in parts of America – for a man to give his children a leathering out in the barn. We do the stage up as realistically as possible – lots of cowboy type props, most of

which are authentic. We bring in bails of straw which the spanker can have the girl lie over with a horse blanket on top; or maybe he'll put her over a saddle, or a water barrel – anything that takes his fancy. There's one guy who prefers to have the girl strung up and takes a razor strap to her ass. Now that makes for a serious beating - but we've got this big girl called Tess who can take it well, even on the bare butt. Her ass is red raw at the end.”

“Lord! Will she be getting spanked tomorrow?”

“For sure!” laughed Paddy. “Tess will be there, along with a few other girls. It should be quite a show.”

“I'm sure it will,” replied Stella shifting awkwardly on the bed, her tingling pussy salivating again. “So, is belting the main form of parental punishment – is that what the men like to do most when they play daddy?”

“No! No! The more violent men like it, but they're in a minority. Although it makes for a better spectacle for the audience, so we do like to encourage a good thrashing now and again. But the majority who actually do the parental spanking prefer the good old OTK.”

“OTK?”

“Over the knee.”

“Like a little girl.”

“That's right... And it can be a very sensitive thing to have done to you... it's the mental aspect that can be tricky to handle. You see spanking is associated with children – and the strongest image is of a child being put over his or her dad's lap and having their bottom smacked. When that's done to a grown woman it can be seen as demeaning – a lot more humiliating than being caned or paddled. And with the ass bared, flesh makes contact with flesh during the spanking, which makes it a lot more intimate. And of course with some clothing removed so that the bottom is bare, the girl is naked at the front as well, which can add another level to the intimacy of it all.”

Stella shifted again. She looked at Paddy with raw hunger and lust. Paddy looked back, judging and assessing. When he was

sure all was fine, he pressed on with his lesson.

“So, the paternal theme that most members ask to perform is an over the knee scene, with the bare hand being used, or a belt, maybe a paddle or a brush - a slipper perhaps. Some men like to use a whole variety of things.”

“Does that not push the girl too much?” asked Stella. “I thought there would be a limit to the number of strokes – that’s what Mr Charles implied.”

“Not so much in this case. They would start with the skirt and knickers on, and the clothing can absorb a lot of the sting. And over the knee spanking restricts the stroke, so the whacks aren’t too hard. Whereas if they lie you down on a bed, which some men like the girls to do – or have the girl bend over a couch and take a belt to her ass – then they can take more of a swing and crack you harder. It’s then that we have to be more careful with the number of strokes.”

“Lord!”

“But we wouldn’t allow anyone to do that to you straight off. Caning, paddling, and over the knee spanking would be the limit to begin with. Then if you’re handling it okay, we might move up a gear... So, do you want to give it a go?”

“What?” asked Stella, shaking with excitement.

“An over the knee spanking,” Paddy nonchalantly declared. “I’m sure you can handle the pain – but it might be best to check that there’re no emotional issues.”

Stella was convinced there would be none. But she was in full agreement with Paddy – it would definitely be best to try it out – just to be sure – just to feel Paddy’s hand striking her ass... here in private and not as part of a show. Then hopefully – just to show there were no hard feelings at the end – a little parental type kiss to make the sore flesh better... *‘At a bare minimum... Assuming I’m allowed.’* And here in private, Paddy would certainly be allowed – allowed a kiss, and allowed a lick – allowed to do whatever he wanted.

A few minutes later, Paddy seated himself on a basic wooden chair that he had fetched from the kitchen. He explained to

Stella that they should try both methods out – the single and the double knee.

They started with the double – Paddy sitting straight with his legs close together. Without a word, he pointed to his lap. Stella positioned herself dangled over, her hands and feet resting on the floor, her ass centred over Paddy’s lap.

“How does that feel?” Paddy asked. “Answer me honestly!”

“It feels fine,” she replied, trying to sound calm. “More than fine - it feels great – really kinky. I see what you mean about the mental aspect. I do feel like a little girl. But I like it!”

Paddy brought his hand down and made contact with Stella’s skirt covered ass. He caressed the full mounds. He squeezed the tightly encased flesh. Stella writhed around, unable to control herself – this was definitely turning out to be the happiest moment of her life. Who wants to be good when you get this for being naughty?

Then the hand was raised and it came back down. That first slap was more of a gentle pat - it caused no pain at all; but Stella moaned nonetheless, because Paddy’s hand stayed where it had landed and caressed her buttocks again.

“I’ll give you this, kid. That is a cracker of an ass you have! I think I’m going to enjoy this!”

Then another slap came, this time harder, and again Paddy’s hand stayed on Stella’s ass, caressing more forcefully, groping the flesh. It was utter bliss to the draped young girl. Stella couldn’t help but respond and writhed around on Paddy’s lap.

“I’m pleased that you’re getting off on what’s happening,” said the Irishman as he fondled away. “That’s good from the mental point of view. But this is supposed to be a punishment for you, so a bit of contrition might be in order instead of writhing around like a whore.”

Paddy gave Stella another hard whack – really walloping her this time - a firm crack on the centre of her ass that echoed around the room.

“Ohhh!” Stella groaned as she absorbed the impact.

“Still okay?”

“Yea..” Stella managed to get out then the word trailed off into a yell, “...arrgh!” the girl howled as Paddy smacked her again. Stella squirmed under the blow and wriggled her ass. Paddy gave her a few more strokes, good and hard, kneading Stella’s ass cheeks at the end of each one. Stella was huffing and panting, bucking on his knee, unable to obey the Irishman’s order.

Paddy grinned, knowing that he could without her spotting. He wasn’t in the slightest bit bothered about Stella’s failure – though that was something he would keep to himself.

“I told you to lie still!” Paddy yelled, forcing some annoyance into his voice.

Stella did her best and came to a halt for a few seconds, then she started writhing again as Paddy resumed his fondling of her skirted buttocks. That was bad – disobeying a direct order. But the Irishman elected to let pass the appalling lack of control. He was enjoying it in fact. Enjoying it very much. Paddy McGuire was a man who loved everything about women, but of all the wonders of female anatomy, it was the ass that he especially liked. Stella’s rump looked absolutely stunning, and all the better when writhing like that, inviting more attention. He knew her state and that added to the allure. Self-control might prove a problem, but he had to see it naked and have himself a play.

“Right, that’s tendered you up,” declared the Irishman as he battled to stay outwardly calm, “Now I think we should move on to the more serious stuff. Get off my lap and take off your clothes. Let’s see if you’re still happy about having your bare ass spanked. Over one knee this time – I can get a better strike at you that way.”

Stella was thrilled that Paddy had issued a command and not a request. It made it all the more exciting for her to be bossed about with such sure authority. She did as Paddy ordered and scrambled off his lap, stripping in front of him with indecent haste. She first removed her top then peek-a-boo bra to show the Irishman her fabulous tits, full pert orbs crowned with coral coloured nipples, the buds hardened to a pair of little bullets. He seemed unimpressed as he looked at the breasts,

silently scanning them with his emerald eyes. Hoping for better, Stella kicked off her shoes then unfastened the zipper to remove her skirt to be followed by her thong that was sodden at the front. Now fully naked she stood trembling before the seated man, praying with all heart that he found her attractive – that he liked her juicy snatch with its little strip of fair hair and would take advantage of what would happily be offered.

Again the Irishman gave little away as he inspected the ripeness of Stella's sex. His handsome face remained infuriatingly unmoved, unlike his legs which widely parted.

Stella's eyes were drawn by the movement. Now there was a clue and a welcome relief! Stella was treated to the sight of an impressive packet, a huge bulging phallus straining out Paddy's jeans above a pair of balls that looked wonderfully full and in serious need of being emptied. Stella gazed at it all hungrily – hoping for a taste, hoping for a fuck, hoping for the Irishman to drench her in his muck. That could be her reward for learning her lesson, but in the meantime she'd like all that meat on display so she could feel the erection hot against her hip as Paddy spanked her bare ass. Hopes were raised as the Irishman unbuckled his belt, but sadly the jeans weren't removed. They stayed on the man with his cock inside them. The belt however was taken off, to be placed across Paddy's chunky right thigh.

“Get over the left leg, kid. It's time for you to get a proper spanking.”

His restraint made her want him all the more. Stella was snarling with need as she assumed the position. She got between Paddy's wide spread legs and arched over the left - first supporting herself by her hands and feet before lowering her groin, placing her snatch against the inside of Paddy's thigh. Unable to resist, she squirmed around, riding the leg, rubbing her drizzling cunt against it.

“Lie still!” Paddy snapped, and Stella obeyed.

With Stella unable to see, another grin spread over Paddy's face as he gazed down at the splendour before him. It was an ass that lived up to all his hopes and expectation: fully rounded buns, flawlessly creamy, and as peachy as any he'd ever

encountered. He couldn't recall seeing a woman's ass that looked finer – and Paddy was a man who had seen plenty of female bottoms! Even Frida's and Lucrezia's, who were up there with the best when it came to sexy rears, would be placed second behind this fabulous rump. It really was top class, a hell of an ass, and something that the members of The Dark Side would want to do more to than turn red with a spanking. Despite the promiscuous life that the Irishman led, and the nature of the environment he led much of that life in, he felt a pang of jealousy for something yet to happen. It was quickly brushed aside – emotions like that had no place in his world. It was better to think of all the good things he had rather than fret about something that would sadly be denied him.

Taking his time, building the suspense for the girl over his knee, Paddy ran his palm appreciatively over each of the cheeks. He could hear Stella moaning and felt her thrust gently with her hips – a reflex reaction that would have been unforgivable in a trained slave who had just been ordered to keep still, but from this novice girl at the outset of her adult life, it was a wonderful thrill.

Breaking from the norm, happy to do so, Paddy edged his hand towards the depths of Stella's crack and tilted it sideways so the blunt end forced it. He pressed down firmly enjoying the girl's heat, and the clear groans of her obvious need. Paddy's fingers found the pucker and circled around it. He teased the hole gently as Stella moaned out her yearning, swaying her hips on Paddy's lap, begging him silently to push the fingers in and give her ass a first ever frigging.

Calling on all his willpower, Paddy resisted, having been given a clear order. The snatch however proved too much of a lure and he drifted round to what wasn't forbidden to his mischievous fingers.

“Oh God!” cried Stella as her pussy lips were stroked then spread apart as Paddy inspected her petals that glistened with need. “Please! Please!” she pleaded, words that were music to Paddy McGuire's ears. But this was a punishment, or a lesson on one, not a treat for the schoolgirl – that could come later.

“It’s not your place to ask for anything!” Paddy shouted in fake anger. Then he withdrew his hand and picked up the belt from his thigh. He used his left hand to double the leather then placed it on the centre of Stella’s back, holding her in position. The fleshy buns were stroked with the belt, stoking Stella’s excitement to a fever pitch. Flaming her further, Paddy rode the deep crack with the edge of the belt before he laid it flat again. Then pressing harder down on her back, so Stella would be held in place, Paddy raise the belt up and brought it crashing back down, the leather hitting Stella’s ass with a resounding crack. The whole ass wobbled like a jelly and Paddy wanted to eat it. The part he’d struck turned into a band of scarlet and Paddy wanted to lick it.

“ARRRRGH!!!!” screamed Stella as she absorbed the fiery pain. A moment later she was struck again.

“ARRRRGH!!!!” the girl yelled then yelled again and again as Paddy walloped her time after time. It was seemingly untamed and dangerously unrestrained, but in actual fact the blows were highly controlled as they thrashed down across the centre of Stella’s wobbling buttocks – Paddy doing an excellent job in testing Stella’s limits.

Stella jerked around as she howled under the attack. She bounced up and down on Paddy’s lap as she screamed for all her worth. Instinctively her right hand came off the floor and went to her ass in an attempt to protect. It worked against her. Paddy caught Stella’s wrist and held the arm in a lock, pinning her on his knee even firmer.

The belt came down again and again. Stella hollered and she cried but she made no plea for mercy.

There was a momentary pause. No question was asked. Paddy listened for a plea. He was stunned when it came.

“Thank you, sir. Please hit me again.”

Happy to comply, Paddy struck out again, spanking Stella in a steady rhythm. After twenty or so blows Stella was squirming and whimpering on Paddy’s lap, rubbing her face against the denim covered leg, wiping the tears that annoyingly flowed. Her ass was on fire from the belt’s repeated smacks across her flesh – nothing had ever hurt as badly before.

It came to an end as suddenly as it started. The belt was cast to the floor. Stella lay whimpering as she absorbed the delicious pain that still tore through her body from her scorched and battered ass.

“Sorry, but I needed to do that,” Paddy said with a hint of apology for the violence of the test. Then he touched the tender flesh - a gentle caress across the left buttock. Stella flinched then groaned – she writhed on the leg, grinding her snatch into Paddy’s thigh.

“You took it well. And from the feel of things, you quite enjoyed it, despite all those cries.”

Stella squirmed all the more as Paddy stroked her fiery buns.

“How does it feel now?” the big man asked.

“Oh God! That was amazing. My ass is so sore. I’ve never been hit anywhere near that hard – but it was such a rush! It still is.”

“No hard feelings then?”

“Of course not.”

“So, you’d have no problem shaking my hand... or am I allowed to do things properly?”

“Oh God, Paddy... please... yes... do it properly... do whatever you want.”

“Get up.”

Stella struggled to her feet. She stood naked between Paddy’s spread legs and gazed at the Irishman’s obvious erection that was still bulging out his jeans. It would appear he quite enjoyed it as well.

Paddy looked at the girl quivering before him and this time a smile passed over his handsome Celtic face. He reached out to touch Stella’s bloated sex, running a finger along the gash.

“Now that’s what I call a nice juicy cunt!” Paddy gleefully announced. “Yes, you certainly enjoyed that spanking.” Then looking to his jeans where a large stain had formed where Stella had leaked, he added without any malice. “I’m not too happy about that though.”

“Sorry,” said Stella, grinning madly.

“I doubt it. But there are no hard feelings. Go lie face down on the bed. I’ll be with you in a minute to show you that there aren’t any.”

Stella did as Paddy instructed, thrilled yet again to be told what to do. Then she watched, looking over her shoulders, as Paddy got off the chair and walked to the end of the bed where she lay on her front.

“Do you mind?” Paddy asked as he inched up his tee-shirt.

“Not at all,” gushed Stella, again grinning wildly.

Holding his tee-shirt at the base, Paddy pulled it upwards. Stella watched in delight as Paddy’s hard ripped stomach and big solid pecs were revealed. The pecs were stretched upwards by his arms as he pulled his tee-shirt over his head then settled thick and heavy on his rib cage when he lowered his arms to his sides. He dropped the tee-shirt on the floor then stood still for a moment as Stella admired him. There was no suggestion of vanity – just acceptance of what he possessed and the reaction it caused in impressionable young women. And it was an impressive sight. Stella gawped at the naked flesh with pure lust etched on her face. Paddy was beautifully proportioned. Not perfectly chiselled, but really sexy - raw natural ruggedness was the effect created rather than gym forced perfection – a ruggedness that was enhanced by the covering of neatly trimmed auburn hair that sprawled across most of his chest and tapered off to a thick line that ran down his stomach and disappeared under the jeans.

Smiling at the girl’s obvious yearning, Paddy kicked off his shoes. Stella craved for more – for those jeans to come down and his cock to spring out, but sadly she was denied the pleasure of seeing it. Instead Paddy climbed on the bed with his jeans still on. He gently spread Stella’s legs apart, so he was able to lie between them – his face positioned over Stella’s hot fiery ass. He kissed one cheek and then the other, brushing his lips so softly over the tender reddened skin. His tongue came out and made a teasing lick. It trailed over a cheek, the broad flat flesh thrilling and rough as it washed the scorched rump with saliva. The smoother underside slowly

came down then a flick and a dab made Stella moan out. Her ass was so sensitive and the tongue was so fine – Paddy using it with wonderful skill.

Over to the other cheek, Paddy meandered. He kissed with his lips, he blew on the flesh. He licked with the flat and he circled with the tip. In what seemed like an eternity of heaven on earth, he washed every inch of the flesh he had struck whilst Stella purred, wiggling her hips.

Having salved the hot flesh with his beautifully delivered saliva, Paddy took the buttocks, one in each hand. He spread them wide and gazed at the luscious pink pucker that was nesting inside.

“Now that is one beautiful asshole,” Paddy declared. “And never been fucked, or so I’m told. It’ll be a very lucky man who gets to bust it – a very rich man as well, if you’ve got any sense, because there are plenty who’ll pay well for the pleasure of being your first.”

Stella wanted to cry out and tell Paddy to be that man. She wanted wealth, but she wanted him more. If he wanted to bugger her and pop her anal cherry then she would happily let him do it. But before she could make the generous offer, Paddy gave her another lesson.

“And don’t you do anything stupid like giving it away for free to some undeserving punk, or the likes of me. If you’re going to work at The Dark Side then you need to know your value... and this has a value to both you and the boss. I’m sure he’s already thought about how to make the most of it.”

A reality check. Stella was a commodity, and Paddy was clearly a dutiful employee. But not to worry. Buggery sounded interesting and a treat for the future but surely it wouldn’t be a match for a good honest fuck which Stella was hoping to get. But before his cock went up her snatch, she would first be treated further to the Irishman’s tongue.

“Turn over. The next part will be easier if you lie on your back with legs spread wide.”

Oh what happiness! Stella quickly got into position, spreading wide and offering herself up.

Happily grinning like a hungry man about to feast, Paddy lowered himself down to meet what was being gifted. Stella gasped as Paddy's long dexterous tongue flicked out and made a first contact with her pussy lips. Her whole body shivered as he lapped his way slowly up the gash, making small repetitive licks, dipping inside to taste the juicy folds, prodding at the entrance to her vagina, then finding the clit to lash around that. He worked up and down again and again, varying his technique with each oral journey, flicking and lapping, kissing and nuzzling, driving young Stella absolutely wild.

Wild! It was driving her crazy in the best possible way, bringing her to climax after climax until she had no idea if she was coming or going. The ecstatic girl could scarcely believe what was happening. In the sex she had allowed after the spied-upon audition, her teacher had licked her pussy a couple of times, but it was nothing like this unbelievable treat. All Lee Baxter had given her was a few minutes of cunnilingus before he had selfishly fed Stella his cock and set off on a fuck that was all about him. Not big on the foreplay was Mr Baxter. Whereas Paddy McGuire! What Paddy was doing in the way of foreplay was an event in itself, and Stella made her appreciation clearly known as she moaned louder and louder, until she was unashamedly screaming out her pleasure at the Irishman's skilful work.

Paddy gave her pussy such a thorough licking. For half an hour the Irishman ate her out and drank of her nectar, giving her orgasm after orgasm, making Stella weak by the time it came to an end. Then having licked her out to the point of fatigue, Paddy started to ascend, using his seemingly inexhaustible tongue to lead the way. He licked along Stella's flat girlish stomach and up to her pert teenage breasts that heaved with excitement as they were grazed by his stubble. The nipples were licked and deftly chewed sending Stella into another orbit of bliss.

Five more minutes were spent on her tits, the Irishman smothering his face in them, ravishing the flesh. Then Paddy moved upwards yet again, bringing his tongue to Stella's mouth for a kiss. Tongues fenced and tonsils were tickled as passions blazed face to face. Paddy devoured Stella's mouth in

reciprocated union as his manly hairy chest rubbed against her breasts and his denim covered groin pressed down between her legs. She could feel his cock throbbing inside the jeans, so wonderfully large and clearly in need.

It was all too much for Stella. Her pussy was on fire, inside and out. Her whole body was ablaze with a screeching hunger to be fed that piece of meat.

“Oh God, Paddy! Please! I know it’s not my place to ask, but I can’t bear it any longer. Pleeeeeease! Take out your cock! Put it in me! Fuck me! Fuck me! I need you to fuck me so very much!”

“Shit!” said the big Irishman. Then he bit on Stella’s neck as he thrust with his hips. He grinded his covered cock into Stella’s snatch. He humped her hard as he growled and growled, gnawing on Stella’s neck.

“Shit!” Paddy cried again as he relaxed his teeth. He licked the skin that was turning red from the bite.

“Shit!” was groaned out a third and last time before pushing himself off. “I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have got so carried away. But I just couldn’t stop myself.”

“Then fuck me!” cried Stella as she stared at Paddy standing in all his glory before her – his hunky chest glistening with sweat, his cock a raging erection in his jeans, his eyes staring back at Stella’s gaping pussy with all the hunger of a wolf about to pounce upon a lamb.

“I can’t,” Paddy snarled. Then he snapped his head away as if breaking from a bond. He spotted his tee-shirt and went to pick it up.

“I don’t understand,” said Stella, her pretty face a picture of despair.

“No, I don’t suppose you do,” replied Paddy bitterly as he put on the tee-shirt then stepped into his shoes. “I have to go now.”

“But...”

“No buts!” shouted Paddy with anger on his face. He strode towards the door then turned almost in a rage. He came back and snatched his belt from the floor. “I have to go!” he

growled as he put the belt on. “Your flatmates will help you settle in. Come to the club tomorrow at noon. I still have to finish your induction.”

Paddy threw Stella a look that didn't bode well. “Judicial punishment!” he announced with a cynical yell. “Yeah, that'll be right – a punishment for me... Christ Almighty! What the fuck did I do to deserve being tormented like this? Life can be a right bitch at times.”

Then Paddy opened the door and without a word of farewell he was gone, leaving Stella naked, sore and aching – struggling with a lesson that had been cruelly given, and unlike her spanking, not well taken.

## Chapter 8

Paddy was the one who came to the reception area when Stella arrived at The Dark Side the following day. She'd dressed down for the occasion, or so she thought: no hat on her confused head and less make up on the worried looking face; a light summer dress that showed off her shoulders but not much of her breasts, tied at the waist and coming half way to her knees; legs bare and a simple pair of shoes with not much of a heel. With her long blonde hair freely flowing, she looked younger, more innocent, less of a tease. She looked like a million dollars but Stella didn't know it.

It was very strained when they met. Eye contact was avoided, so it was with furtive glances that Stella checked Paddy out, noting that he was in Chinos rather than jeans, and just as magnificent as the day before. Having made his own stealthy assessment and arrived at an even more favourable conclusion, Paddy nodded his head in acknowledgement of Stella's presence then led her into the club. They went straight to the fetish room without a word being said.

"We have an hour before the design team will arrive to set up the stage for tonight," Paddy stated coldly as the silence was broken. "I suggest we make the most of it. I'll give you the talk as we look at the equipment."

"Yeah. Of course," replied Stella, not sure how to act. There were so many questions she wanted to ask, but she was too in awe of the man to pose them, too fearful of provoking his anger again.

"It's important you try some of this stuff out..." said Paddy as he walked over to a thick cord at the edge of the stage. He pulled it and the curtain at the back opened to reveal a storage area. "...As you can see, we've got quite a stock. Come over here and have a look."

He wasn't joking. The back wall was covered with implements of torture hanging from hooks, and there were a dozen or more weird and wonderful contraptions situated around. Stella approached with wide open eyes and joined Paddy at one of

them. It was a very sturdy wood and leather affair with restraining parts for wrists and ankles.

“This is a basic spanking bench as used in Wandsworth Prison,” said Paddy. “It’s a genuine antique, and still functional.”

“It looks awesome.”

“It certainly serves its purposes,” mused the Irishman as he stroked the leather edge of the bench. His tone softened slightly as he told Stella about it. “For one thing, it positions the receiver ideally for the spanking, bent over with her ass sticking nicely out. It also makes her feel very vulnerable, being restrained and unable to escape the punishment. Of course that was needed in judicial punishments. At the club we use it with women and everything is controlled with a degree of safety built in, but originally it was male prisoners that this was used to restrain, and the beating might have been so severe the man wouldn’t be able to hold the position without restraints, even if he was willingly accepting the punishment, which was rarely the case.”

“Does this still happen?” asked Stella with genuine interest, and thankful for something to take her mind off the events of the previous afternoon.

“Not in Britain,” Paddy answered, his tone softening further. “Judicial punishment was abolished here just after the Second World War. But there are a few countries that still use it. It’s quite common in the Arab world – but they tend to use a whip on a clothed back. Far more interesting are the likes of Malaysia and Singapore, who cane the bare ass.”

“Good Lord! And would they use something like this?”

“No. They would use something like this...”

Paddy walked off and Stella followed - her mind still in turmoil from the previous day, wondering why the Irishman had reacted the way he’d done when everything had been going so well. Her poor girlish heart was aching, wanting him so much, wanting him with a hurt that oddly transpired the purely physical, although that would do for a start. She had determined never to fall for a man, at least not for a while until

she had garnered some experiences and enjoyed an exciting life for a number of years. But this unfathomable Irishman had got under her skin. A few hours was all it had taken and she'd been struck by a crush that was now crushing her and tearing her soul apart.

In this sorry state Stella was brought to an intriguing device. Paddy explained that it had come from Singapore where it was used in judicial punishments. It was made of sturdy wood and was like two door frames leaning together to form a triangular prism. One frame had a padded bar across the middle.

“This is a caning trestle,” Paddy said. Then a suggestion of a smile cut his lips as he stroked the padded bar. “The prisoner would bend over this,” he explained with a twinkle to his emerald eyes. “As you can see, it can be adjusted so that the prisoner’s ass is presented at the perfect height for striking. The ankles would then be trapped in that stock-like box at the bottom, shoulder-width apart. The wrists would be cuffed at the foot of the opposite frame, so that the poor sod would also be positioned in a triangle – head half way to the floor. A padded shield would then be placed around the ass to prevent any misplaced strokes hitting the spine or near to the kidneys. Only the bare ass would be sticking out.

“Lord!” exclaimed Stella, her mind thankfully distracted once again.

Paddy grinned at the girl – his outward demeanour now completely changed. “It’s quite a sight,” he said, his smiling Irish eyes twinkling away as he absorbed another impressive sight, taking a moment to properly look Stella over before forcing his eyes back to the trestle. “It’s my favourite way to spank an ass.”

“And this is authentic?” Stella asked, delighted that Paddy was now being a lot friendlier.

“Oh yes, it’s authentic all right. Some members like to think it was the one used when Michael Fay was caned.”

“Who’s he?” asked Stella as she unconsciously took a step closer, coming within breathing distance of the Irishman’s musk, filling her nostrils and basking in the stuff.

Paddy breathed deep as well before he answered, detecting the freshness of Stella's scent, the perfume more subtle and sparingly applied today. He liked it. He liked it a lot. There was so much he liked about the girl, although he kept that from his voice. "Some dumb American kid who got lifted for theft and vandalising cars back in the nineties," he told her. "That's a big offence in Singapore, a caning offence, and foreigners aren't made an exception. He was given four months in jail and four strokes with the cane – it was reduced from six as a concession to President Clinton who pleaded on his behalf. There was apparently quite a fuss about it at the time."

Stella was confused. "What – for getting only four strokes? How old was he?" she asked.

"Eighteen."

"Well, that's ridiculous! He must have been a real wimp to have made a fuss over four strokes from the cane. I'm a girl and was able to take six strokes before I was in my teens."

Unable to stop himself, Paddy let out a chuckle. "I'm sure your headmaster controlled things accordingly. And I think you might have a little more sympathy when you see the cane that they use in Singapore."

Still chuckling to himself, seemingly a new man with his sour mood now shaken off and cast to the wind, Paddy went to the wall and fetched a scary looking tool – a rattan cane four feet long and half an inch wide. It was a foot longer than the canes used in schools, and twice as thick – a lot more severe a weapon than the ones that had whacked Stella's covered ass during her years at school.

"Big bugger isn't it!" Paddy gleefully announced. "And before the caning, they would soak it in water to make it heavier and more flexible. The requirement is for the bloke doing the caning to put as much force as possible into the blows, so four strokes would be a hell of a punishment. Six would be a nightmare. A doctor has to be present to ensure that the prisoner can take it. But it's not unheard of for permanent damage to be made."

“And is this done here at the club?” asked Stella with a degree of concern. She had her limits and that sort of torture was definitely beyond them.

“Oh yes! But never with one of these,” said Paddy, swishing the huge cane.

Stella looked at the trestle again. Like Paddy before her, she ran a hand over the padded bar. “I wonder what it would feel like to be in the contraption... Do you think I might try it?” asked Stella, feeding off Paddy’s obvious enthusiasm for the device.

Paddy’s face broke into an incredible smile, clearly liking the idea. “Well, I’m supposed to check that you’re okay about being restrained, so we might as well use this as anything else. But...”

Then suddenly that smile was wiped away to be replaced by a grimace.

“But what?” asked Stella, totally confused by Paddy’s swinging mood that seemed to have flicked over to the negative again.

Paddy scowled – it looked like he was in pain, battling an inner demon. “But we’d have to do it properly,” he said. “It would be stupid to do it otherwise, and that means...” The Irishman paused. He stared at Stella. The hungry wolf was back in his eyes as he seemingly weighed things up in his mind, the beast in the man eventually winning. “Oh fuck it... why not!” he finally snapped out. “Take off your clothes and I’ll put you in it.”

Five minutes later, Stella was certainly feeling very vulnerable. Shackled at the wrists and ankles, she was totally helpless. Bent over the bar, her ass was sticking out - the cushioning around it making her feel all the more naked and exposed. And her position, the vulnerability, and most of all Paddy’s presence standing behind her, made Stella feel incredibly aroused. She could sense the Irishman’s stare burning her ass.

“It’s still a bit red,” Paddy growled, confirming that he was indeed gazing at Stella’s rump. “But it’ll be clear by tomorrow.

Thank God I stopped when I did or else the colour would linger to Saturday night.”

“Yes, I remember Mr MacLeod saying that he wanted a clean canvass for my debut. I suppose that means you can’t cane me now.”

“No. Definitely not.”

Stella felt a hand make contact with her right buttock. The mound was caressed then the hand centred and stroked along the crack, a finger teasingly entering the depths.

“God, it’s so lovely!” groaned Paddy as he ceased the fingering and resumed the caressing of the buns, moving between the two, covering every part of the highly praised flesh. “It’s a shame I can’t cane it then I’d be able to show you there are no hard feelings. It blew me away licking you yesterday.”

“Do it anyway,” encouraged Stella. “I’d really like you to – it blew me away as well.”

Paddy let out a moan. He invaded the crack again and centred his index finger on the pucker, rubbing the flesh and teasing the hole by gently prodding, threatening to enter and give Stella a frigging.

“No! That’s wrong!” exclaimed Paddy. “That has to be saved for a very lucky man. But this...”

The finger came out and joined the others in slipping between Stella’s legs to find her bloated pussy. Paddy stroked the inner folds and rubbed the hardened clit, enjoying the moistness and the girl’s obvious desire.

“But even this is still gratuitous,” the Irishman said, although he made no attempt to stop himself, “and... well, let’s just say that for me there has to be a reason to play with a club worker like this.”

“Really?” quizzed Stella, confused, needy, dangerously spiralling into an abyss where she would surely lose herself.

“Well, I suppose a finger’s okay,” chortled Paddy, “but I’d sooner get down there and have another go with my tongue. You certainly have a sweet little pussy – I could happily lick it

all day... But that would be wrong unless I spanked you with something first. Then it would be fine for me to lick what I'd spanked and to show there are no hard feelings by giving you an added treat... A cane would be dangerous as that would mark you. Maybe I could use this instead.”

The finger was removed from Stella's snatch then she felt the slap of a long hard rod on her ass. It struck her buttocks and remained where it hit. Stella could feel the heat. She could feel the life. She could feel the glory of Paddy's big dick. And in that moment of sensuous ecstasy, she could feel the abyss take her and claim her, capturing the girl in an invisible bondage that she hoped she would never be freed from.

“Oh My God!!!” Stella yelled, overjoyed that the cock was finally out in her presence, so vibrantly aroused and wonderfully large.

“What shall it be? Six of the best?” asked Paddy laughing.

“More!”

“No! Six will do.”

The cock was removed then it hit Stella again – a playful slap that hurt not a jot, and thrilled the girl to the very core of her being. Her whole body shook under the soft blow.

Paddy struck again thrice in rapid succession. Holding his shaft at the base, he swung it at Stella, smacking the right cheek, followed by the left, then over the crack hitting both buns. He held it there for a moment before rubbing the hard flesh into the yielding firmness, applying a coating of glistening pre-cum to the skin.

Another blow came down on the centre and the cock was quickly manoeuvred so that the shaft was wedged into Stella's ass crack. The girl let out a loud groan as the hot hard meat rode up and down. And then wonder of wonders - the velvety glans was pointed lower and aimed at her salivating pussy. It spread the lips that slurped around it and the tapered head prodded at the entrance to her vagina. Stella was violently shaking, needing this more than air in her lungs. She braced herself for what she so desperately wanted. All the fire from

yesterday that had smouldered overnight suddenly erupted into a flaming inferno.

“Paddy! Please! Pleeeeeease! Do it!”

“I can’t!” the Irishman yelled – his voice croaking with frustration. “I bloody well can’t!” he snarled out as he prodded the entrance harder, but not hard enough to forge through – his hips shaking with the struggle of restraint.

Stella could feel her entrance open. She felt Paddy’s cock enter a fraction, the tapered head pushing through. Then her disappointment knew no bounds as Paddy jerked away.

“I can’t!” the big man bawled. “Don’t you realise? I’m not a free man when it comes to this club and the girls who work here. I have a boss and I do what he says. I can’t fuck a club worker without his permission, no matter how much I want to, or how much she wants me to. One bloody chance - and even that I might not get... One bloody chance, if he decides to give me it! AND I CAN’T!!! ONE BLOODY CHANCE, BUT THERE’S NO CHANCE WITH YOU... I’m sorry. I knew this would happen. The lesson’s over... Judicial punishment – a real bitch, wouldn’t you say?”

## Chapter 9

From the private viewing area above the fetish room, Stella looked down on the scene below her. The stage had been transformed. Wooden panels had been erected to suggest a barn wall, farming implements hung from hooks or leaned against the beams. There were ropes as well, some hanging from the rafters – a lasso of course, and plenty of leather on display – a crop, a horsewhip, a razor strap and some belts. It looked like a busy night of spanking was in store. Bails of straw added to the effect. There was a horse blanket on the floor and a wooden barrel on its side. All that was needed was a farmer and his cowgirls.

“What do you think, Sweet Ass?” asked Charles who stood at Stella’s side.

“It’s very realistic.”

“Yeah, we like to make an effort,” said Charles with a snigger. “There’s a couple of Dutch girls we’ve been using lately to help with the sets. I’d say they’re doing a good job... So tell me - how’s the induction going?”

“Fine,” Stella lied then she offered up a truth. “I’ve certainly learned a lot over the past two days.”

“And you think you can handle it all?” Charles casually enquired.

“I think so.”

“Paddy thinks so as well,” Charles informed the girl. “He said he belted your ass real good and you took it like a trooper. Restraints seem to be no problem either, but we’ll leave that stuff for a couple of weeks. Are you looking forward to tomorrow night?”

“Yes,” said Stella, which was partly true. “I’m a bit nervous, but really excited as well.”

There was silence for a moment then Stella finally broached what had been on her mind all day since Paddy had freed her from the caning trestle. “Mr Charles - about tomorrow night... Has it been decided who will do the caning? I kind of assumed

it would be Paddy, because he's done the induction... but no one has actually said for sure."

"I've not been told, Sweet Ass, but you'll find out very soon. Paddy was certainly lined up for it. He usually does the induction for the fetish room workers, then the show on their debut night. Normally it's his reward for being a good boy. This time I reckon it was a punishment. He must have really pissed off the boss to have him put Paddy through this."

"What do you mean?" asked Stella feeling increasingly uncomfortable.

"It ain't really my place to gossip," replied Charles. Then after a moment's reflection he changed his mind – or at least that was the impression he purposely gave. "Oh heck, why not! You'll find out about him anyway if you stick around for a few months... You see, Paddy is a rather extraordinary man."

"I'll say!" uttered Stella.

Charles let out a hearty laugh and patted Stella on the back. He made to slide his hand down and sneak a feel at the girl's incredible ass, but oddly enough he forced some restraint and pulled it away. "Taken a liking to him, have you?" Charles asked. "I suppose that would make it a schoolgirl crush!" Then he laughed again, guffawing at his own joke. Stella turned beetroot – she was sure that her cheeks were lighting up the viewing room. Finally Charles calmed himself down and with another pat on Stella's back he added, "Oh no need to be embarrassed, Sweet Ass! It's no surprise. He's a sexy big brute – most of my girls take a liking to Paddy... But he's a promiscuous sod who'll never be tied down to only one woman, so don't go getting any silly ideas."

"No. I'm not stupid," replied Stella accepting the reality of Paddy's lifestyle and her own soon to be embarked upon career. "But other than his obvious physical charms - how is he extraordinary?"

"It's tricky to explain," Charles answered. "I don't know the exact background, but for some reason or other Paddy has an allegiance to the boss that goes way beyond that of an ordinary worker."

“And what exactly is his role?” asked Stella.

Charles considered this for a moment. “Minder!” was what he came up with. “Yeah, if pushed for a job description, I’d say he was ‘minder’. A bodyguard, so to speak, who looks out for the boss’s back. And believe you me, he’s more than capable of doing the job. That man is a lethal fighting machine. You’ve seen him with a whip – well that’s nothing compared to what he can do with his hands and feet. He’s an expert in Martial Arts. But to be honest, Mr MacLeod doesn’t need much in the way of protection – at least not most of the time he doesn’t, so Paddy is given other things to do.”

“The new girls,” chipped in Stella.

“That’s one area where he’s useful,” chuckled Charles. “The new girls certainly are made to feel welcome when Paddy’s showing them the ropes. But that’s just one aspect. I probably shouldn’t say this, but I know you won’t blab... You see, Paddy’s involvement goes much further than most people suspect. In some ways he acts like a second in command – the trusty lieutenant and all that sort of crap. I doubt if there’s an aspect of the boss’s businesses that Paddy doesn’t know about, or could manage if the need arose. And that business empire stretches way beyond this club where you’ll work. But he would never look to challenge for the top spot. In some respects he’s more of a slave than Frida and Lucrezia. Those two lovely ladies will move on at some point, when their contract expires, or if the boss tires of them beforehand. Paddy won’t move on. He’s not bound by any contract, but he won’t move on. His loyalty is absolute. And he gets his rewards, but only on the boss’s say so. And Paddy always obeys the boss, no questions asked.”

“Wow!” exclaimed Stella, stunned by what she’d heard – about Frida and Lucrezia having a contract for one thing, but it was the insight into Paddy that dominated for the moment. “And is there... I mean...”

Charles let out another of his famous guffaws. It took him a few moments to recover. “Oh don’t go racing down that track, Sweet Ass. There might be a bit of bromance going on, but those two dudes are as straight as they come. As I said, Paddy

gets his rewards, like the new fetish room workers. And anyone who's ever seen that big stud in action would know that he's seriously into women."

"But he said he wasn't allowed to fuck the club workers," Stella protested, recalling her anguish at Paddy's refusal to give her what she so desperately wanted.

Charles had to battle to stop another guffaw, but managed to do so, playing his part. And at the end of the day it wasn't a lie he answered with, just muddying the waters by encouraging a little bit of misconception. "Not without permission," the manager stated.

"Oh yeah, he did say that as well."

"And he does get permission," Charles continued. "The boss is no fool – it would be like keeping a tiger and not feeding it meat. I don't know what happens outside of the club, but he certainly gets to fuck girls in here. As I said, it's his reward for good behaviour – to fuck a new fetish room worker."

"But you said he's more likely to be getting punished this time."

"Sure. I bet the induction is driving him nuts."

"Well yes!" agreed Stella, recalling again the two afternoon scenes when Paddy had seemed truly crazed. "It does appear that way. One moment he's being really nice to me then the next he's angry. I'm never sure what's going on. So I take it he's not been given permission this time. That's what he said..."

"Oh, so you've offered it up to him have you?"

"Well..."

Charles let out another hearty laugh, and gave Stella another pat on the back. This time he did lower his hand and patted her ass as well. "Of course you have – you must have been gagging to have your sweet little pussy fucked by the big stud after the licking he gave it."

"How do you know about that?" asked Stella rather miffed.

"Did Paddy tell you?"

“No need,” replied Charles. “He gave you a spanking, so he would have given your ass a licking afterwards to show there were no hard feelings. Then he would have drifted south to do the same to your pussy. It’s a tradition with Paddy. He always licks the ass that he spanks then treats the girl to some serious cunnilingus. And there’s no way he passed on the chance to treat you. I bet he licked you out real good.”

“It was quite an experience!” Stella confessed, blushing again at the memory of how wonderful it had felt and the countless orgasms she’d enjoyed.

Charles sniggered. “I’m told he’s like Southern Comfort – a real fancy liquor, or licker in his case. It must have been really frustrating for you both not to follow it up with a fuck. But that’s always the way.”

“But you said he gets to fuck the new girls. I thought it was only me he wasn’t allowed to – that that was the punishment.”

“Oh that’s the beauty of it,” sniggered Charles. “He’s got the same guidelines as always from the boss when there’s a new fetish room worker to be taken care of. He does the induction, shows the equipment, he spends hours talking about really kinky stuff. He gets the girls naked, he spanks their bare ass or does other such stuff, and he spends an eternity licking their pussies. He gets all fired up, he gets horny as hell – but he never fucks them because that’s not allowed. By debut night he’s climbing the walls – and it’s then that he’s let off the leash and puts on a hell of a show.”

“He’s only allowed to fuck them on debut night!” cried Stella as the penny finally dropped. “That’s what he meant by the only chance!”

“That’s right, Sweet Ass! Bummer or what?”

“Lord! No wonder he’s pissed off with me. But you said you weren’t sure if he’ll be doing the caning.”

“The boss could still change his mind. He might relent and let him off the big event. But then again – the big brute left here today with a heck of a sour face. That wouldn’t have pleased the boss if he took it home with him. You’ll find out in a few minutes.”

“Oh yes?”

“Yes, Sweet Ass. I have to leave you now and get the show on the road. But the boss is sending you some company whilst you watch it. He’s sending you his decision... I hope you’re not disappointed with whoever arrives!”

It was five minutes into the show when the viewing room door opened and Paddy walked through. The light was low, so Stella couldn’t clearly see his face – she couldn’t see if there was anger, or disappointment. She couldn’t work out herself what she felt – it wasn’t disappointment though.

“Red Long Johns! Now that’s an original twist,” snarled the Irishman as he came beside Stella.

“Hello, Paddy,” she replied, looking to the man who was driving her wild, seeing him now in a whole new light even though it was dark inside the viewing room.

“Watch the show, kid,” Paddy snapped back, his voice chilling. “Watch a real trooper at work.”

Stella turned her head but closed her eyes. In total darkness she could sense Paddy better: the fiery heat of his sexual passion; the musky scent of his pure masculinity, the dizzy attraction of his pheromones wafting and doing what nature intended; the angry rage that brewed inside him. This was a real man, the finest she’d ever met. He was a highly skilled fighter – a bodyguard no less, who would perhaps lay down his life for the man he protected. He was the unofficial second in command to a business empire that permeated through the dark side of life, yet he’d been described as a sort of slave, one that was more loyal than the females who claimed the title and were under contract. What story lay there to have brought all that about?

Shelving the questions for the time being, Stella opened her eyes, finally obeying, and returned her attention to the stage. A rather hunky looking man in a pair of jeans and a checked shirt was berating a young redheaded woman wearing blue dungarees over what Paddy had commented on – a pair of bright red Long Johns! It was impossible to work out what was being said, Charles having turned the sound system off in the viewing room, but Stella was sure it was pretty contrived. The

end result was that the girl removed the dungarees and then lay over a bale of straw, stretching out her arms and legs. The man came to her side and undid the buttons around the waist and pulled the seat flap down to reveal the girl's bare ass beneath – a very tasty pair of full pale cheeks.

“Look at that,” muttered Paddy. “She’s got a beautiful ass. I certainly enjoyed putting my cock inside it. I think that was after I fucked her cunt. Maybe it was before, but I know for sure I screwed both her holes.”

“You mean...”

“Just keep quite...” snarled Paddy. “I’m not in the best of moods, so consider yourself warned. I was told to keep you company, and I always do what I’m told if it comes from Mr MacLeod. But he never mentioned anything about being polite.”

Down on the stage, the action moved on. Having fondled the girl's cheeks, the man gave them a few slaps. Then he went to the wall and selected a tool – it looked like two broad strips of leather on top of each other and joined by a handle.

“A double strap,” muttered Paddy, “and straight to the bare ass! That’s going to hurt. The bloke’s obviously in a mean mood to open so viciously. It’s a theme that’ll probably carry over to tomorrow in the main room.”

Stella was hurting as well, hideously discomfited by Paddy's anger and coldness. She watched the action but her mind was elsewhere, wondering, wondering – What did the Bard say? Unlike for her exam that she sat a few weeks ago, Stella managed to remember... *‘All the world’s a stage, and all the men and women merely players...’* And she wondered and wondered. Could she play her part on a stage in this new and exciting world of The Dark Side? Could she change the ending to the script that was written? Could she turn punishment into reward?

Down on the fetish room stage, the man took his time as he played his own part in a script of his own creation. He toyed with the double leather strap he held in his right hand, gripping it with his left then letting it go, draping it over the girl's naked butt, teasing her with the build-up – teasing the spectators as

well. Then he drew it back and brought it round over his shoulder, crashing the straps onto the girl's bare ass. She was facing the audience, so they could see her face – it grimaced with the pain, her mouth opened in a yell.

“Yeah, she's going to suffer tonight,” growled Paddy. “And she won't be the only one...”

She did suffer. And Paddy was right, for Stella suffered along with her. Down on the stage the man set about his thrashing. He walloped the girl's buttocks, to within limits of course, making her jerk and squirm as she screeched out in not overly exaggerated pain. The girl was left with an ass that blended perfectly with the shade of her hair and the red Long Johns she wore.

After playing with the scorched flesh for a few minutes, the man left the girl lying where she'd been beaten.

“She'll be getting fucked later, bugged as well, no doubt,” snarled Paddy. “And she'll give a hell of a good ride despite the agony she's in. Christ, I wish it was me down there. I wouldn't bother waiting. Just look at her ass – it's ripe for the taking. I'd fuck her up the back alley straight away whilst her cheeks are still piping hot.”

Stella cringed. The words were stinging. But it didn't make things easier: Paddy being so cruel and so crudely descriptive made Stella want him all the more.

Down below the action moved on. A really big girl with yellow-blonde hair was brought onto the stage, wearing only her dungarees. This one was first spanked with a paddle whilst clothed – the man resting his foot on a bale of straw and draping the girl over his knee. Then for part two of the action the man tied the girl's wrist to a rope suspended from a pulley on the rafters. The rope was pulled up till the girl was fully stretched. Then the man unfastened the dungarees at the front to let her spectacularly large tits fall out before moving to the rear, which was the view the audience had, and pulling the dungarees all the way down to puddle at the girl's ankles. She was naked underneath and her rump looked fantastic – a fact that Paddy was keen to point out.

“Bloody hell! That is one cracker of an ass!” growled the Irishman, stabbing Stella with the words. “And I remember it well. Tess from Texas – the Lone Star State! She really can take a beating...” Paddy paused then twisted the knife, “...and as you’ll shortly be seeing - she can take a public fucking as well!”

“Paddy, I’m sorry!” Stella cried. And she felt some tears scalding as they ran down her face.

“Shit!” exclaimed Paddy. “Shit! Shit! Shit!”

“I am, Paddy – I’m really sorry.”

Once again a hand was laid on Stella’s back. Her body shook under the gentle touch.

“Don’t be...” said Paddy. “Look, kid – it’s me who should be sorry. And I am... I’m acting like a spoilt brat, and I’ve no business doing that. I’m taking it out on you when it’s not you who’s toying with me. It would be like Tess down there blaming the razor strap for the stinging in her ass, and not the man who’s whacking her with it... I’m sorry.”

Then Stella felt the hand on her back circle round her body to rest on her stomach. Another joined it and held her in a hug from behind. Stella moaned at the embrace, so protective and strong – safe in the arms of a bodyguard who was a lethal fighting machine. And she moaned again as Paddy hugged her tighter and she felt the swell of the Irishman’s crotch so hard and needy pressing into her lower back.

“I understand,” said Paddy. “And I’m not angry with you. I’m not angry with the boss either for playing me like this. I’m angry with myself for being so easy to torment, because I want you so much and I can’t have you. I’m a man... and as you can probably feel, I’ve got a man’s passion. I should take this like a man as well – instead of acting like a petulant boy... Are you all right with me holding you like this, by the way – a friendly hug to show there are no hard feelings?”

“Yeah,” Stella said, finding no better answer to describe her state. She was more than all right – she was in heavenly bliss as she happily fell back into the abyss. “Yeah, I’m fine... and of course there are no hard feelings, Paddy.”

Bliss upon bliss came with a kiss, Irish lips on the top of Stella's head.

"Good," breathed Paddy into the girl's hair. "Because I did something today that could have caused some - and I haven't yet properly addressed it."

Melting faster than the Polar icecaps, Stella found some resolve in the heat of the embrace. "I told you, Paddy - no hard feelings. I understand as well. It's finished with. And I've been thinking, maybe..."

"No!" he cut her off. Then another kiss was planted. "Don't say anything. Don't make promises you can't keep, or force something that doesn't feel right. I wouldn't want that. Let's just wait till tomorrow and play it by ear."

"Okay," agreed Stella, appreciating the lack of pressure. "So what was it you were going to say?"

"I was going to point out that I spanked your ass earlier... not very hard, but it was still a spanking. So we should either shake hands or..."

"Or I could lift up my skirt..."

"Which I would definitely prefer..."

"And it would only be good manners..."

"To lick the ass that I spanked..."

"Whilst I stand here and watch..."

"A Barnyard Lickin'..."

"Whilst you keep me company..."

"And do some lickin' as well..."

"How long does the show last?"

"I couldn't give a toss! But I reckon I could last at least an hour."

Paddy sank to his knees and lifted the skirt for her, kissing both her buttocks before moving round to the front where he tackled her pussy.

'But you want to do more than lick it,' thought Stella as Paddy started his happy task. 'And I want you to do more as well. I

want you to fuck me so much it hurts.’

Down below there was more licking going on as a man took a razor strap and lashed it across Tess’s ass. He licked her good till her ass was red raw; then licked another girl over the barrel, spanking her with a horsewhip. He then got out his fat cock and fucked the three of them, bugging them as well to add to the fun before finally blowing his wad over all of their faces, spraying it liberally around. He spun it out for almost an hour. A hell of a barnyard lickin’! But it was nothing compared to the licking Stella got – though sadly she didn’t get fucked at the end, like the girls on stage had been, for of course that wasn’t allowed.

‘Not tonight!’ thought Stella as the stage lights dimmed and Paddy finally surrendered to exhaustion of the tongue. He got to his feet and arms again circled and held her in a hug.

‘No, not tonight...’ Stella thought as she savoured the moment, ‘...but tomorrow – in the main room, in front of a big crowd?’

Well that was another question, and Stella would worry about it then. Right at that moment she was happy to be simply held, wrapped in the strong arms of a truly extraordinary man.

## Chapter 10

Bang!

It hit Stella like a slap, hard across the cheek, and heightening her awareness all the further. There was the sound of voices: laughter, lust and occasional cries of pain. There was the heat of bodies: passions stoked by heady sex and the sting of whips kissing female skin. There was the scent of men and women at sensual play: sweat and spunk and the juice from cunts, pheromones heavy in the conditioned air. There was the sight of fine flesh, both genders on display: glistening bodies, hard and soft; manly pecs and beautiful breasts; rock hard cocks and bloated pussies all brazenly on show. There was music but not loud. There were steam clouds all around, emanating from hidden dry ice. There was a buzz of excitement that was sharper than a knife. There was the thrill of people living well lived lives. There was an atmosphere made rich from an intoxicating mix that took hold of Stella and carried her mind away like some psychedelic drug. She was transported on the narcotic that is extreme sexual pleasure, and boy was it being copiously consumed! It was the ultimate high. It was the hit to end all hits... It was a naughty schoolgirl's wildest dream – more wonderful in its reality than any fantasy she could conceive. It was a beast gnashing its teeth and bearing its claws. It was The Dark Side roaring out loud and proud!

“Ready, Sweet Ass?”

Stella took a deep breath and inhaled the buzz. She shook her head in disbelief then looked to Mr Charles.

“Yes, sir. I'm ready,” Stella assured him. Ready for what, she wasn't too sure, but she was ready to give it a try.

At a nod of Charles's head the atmosphere changed as suddenly Alice Cooper blared out his famous line...

“SCHOOL'S... OUT... FOR... SUMMER!”

And indeed it was. The term had ended, but one naughty schoolgirl was still wearing her uniform and a spotlight beamed down to show her to the crowd, standing beside a scary looking teacher who was holding her by the ear, his hand submerged in locks of blonde hair. The other lights around the

club dimmed except for a spot on the centre of the stage which partially brightened to show the vague shape of a man seated at a desk, formally dressed in a suit and tie, over which he wore a black gown, and to top it all off he had a black mortar board on his head – the headmaster in his open study.

An eerie silence descended. Chatting voices hushed and agonised yells were halted, while fornicating groans came to an end. Then as Alice bawled again his school rebel anthem, the men at play returned to their tables and arranged themselves comfortably for the evening's show, most with a slave kneeling between their legs and attending orally to their cock and balls.

Once the club had settled, to the accompaniment of Alice yelling out the truth, Charles dragged Stella gently by the ear into the bowels of the club. The spotlight followed their indirect path to the stage. As did hungry masterful eyes belonging to men who were suddenly thinking that some spanking might be in order before the summer was out, for that was one very tasty looking schoolgirl who was now a worker at their favourite nightclub. She wasn't cheaply done up in mock imitation, or a sluttish pastiche copied from St Trinian's. Angus MacLeod didn't serve up tawdry fare to the men who paid handsomely to be entertained at his club. This was the genuine article on show - eighteen and beautiful, shy and clearly nervous – almost perfection in many of the men's eyes.

After a meandering route to show off the goods, Charles and Stella reached the stage. The headmaster ignored them on arrival, keeping his gaze fixed downwards to his desk. Alice stopped singing and all the onlookers waited. Charles cleared his throat and set the scene.

“School's out!” he yelled in echo of the song. “But this naughty schoolgirl who has just turned eighteen has earned herself three months of detention, and she'll be serving it here at The Dark Side where she'll also be getting caned...”

Charles paused and forced Stella to bend over. He slowly turned her full circle and patted her buttocks as he continued, “...and paddled, and belted, and slipped no doubt. I'm sure

lots of things will happen to this very fine ass - I know you gentlemen have vivid imaginations, and this is an ass that deserves creativity.”

Charles paused to allow the men to gaze and dream up some lewd scenarios. Ripples of lust found Stella’s ears. She could feel the hungry eyes burning her rear. She sensed the gnawing of a phobia fear but she washed it away, cleaned by the memory of a tongue that was near and the promise of its return. If there was only one chance then she had to be strong – but did she have enough strength to do this on her own? Play it by ear – that was the only way.

“Gentlemen,” yelled Charles, picking up again, “meet Stella. Appropriately named as she’s destined to become a star. Our English public schoolgirl who’s a very naughty girl and will be featuring in the spanking shows over the next three months as well as being available for private tuition and disciplining of course... But tonight she’s starring in the main room where she is going to take her first public caning from a headmaster most of you know.”

The spot shining down on the desk brightened and Paddy McGuire looked up, his handsome Celtic features stern and foreboding. The masters in the crowd made a roar of approval while most of their slaves cooed in delight. Tradition was being adhered to, and that they liked – the big Irishman being notorious for putting on a hell of a good show.

“Headmaster,” said Charles as he again took Stella by the ear and dragged her to the desk, “this naughty schoolgirl needs to be punished. Cane the little minx! Give her six of the best!”

With a soft swipe across the back of Stella’s head, Charles took his leave. He went to a table with an excellent view of the stage where a man was already seated with two beautiful slaves kneeling either side of his legs - the women attending to his impressively large and very hard cock whilst keeping one eye on the stage, permission having been given to watch the show. At a snap of Charles’s fingers a house slave rushed over. She was set to work on an even bigger piece of meat, to which she gave her full attention, knowing that a poor performance could cost the woman her job.

On the central stage Paddy rose to his feet.

The crowd cheered. Stella gasped. For sticking out of his flies was another impressive piece of meat – it was big and hard and drizzling juice from the eye. Stella gazed at it in wonder and growling lust. It wasn't the biggest cock she'd ever seen – Mr Charles's easily won that accolade. But it was still a heck of a size – a real beast of a prick, gloriously long and beautifully thick. Perfection on perfection in a smitten schoolgirl's eyes.

“Are you prepared to accept your punishment, girl? Six of the best... with this of course!” said Paddy as he picked up the cane that had been resting against the edge of the desk. He swished it around for dramatic effect. Then giving his cock a gentle stroke, he added with a mischievous grin, “I wouldn't dream of hitting you with anything else... unless you specifically asked for a different type of rod.”

The crowd laughed, but Stella didn't hear them, she was too mesmerised by what was before her. Paddy came closer. Stella quivered, her legs turning to jelly. She had wanted to feast her eyes on this so much, and now she was seeing it, she was transported by the bliss.

“Answer me, girl!” demanded Paddy. “Do you willingly accept your punishment?”

“Yes, sir?” Stella stammered.

“Then so be it. Take off your blazer.”

Stella obeyed. Like she had done on countless occasions before, she removed her school blazer as she prepared to be caned. But unlike those other times, the anticipation wasn't there. She was already in sensory heaven as she stared at Paddy's rock hard meat.

“Assume the position!” Paddy ordered.

Automatically, as she had always done, Stella tucked her school tie into her white blouse. Then she bent over and gripped the edge of the desk. Paddy came and stood to her left. Stella gazed at the glorious erection that looked so wonderfully threatening.

“Count the strokes for me, girl – you’ve attended my class – you should know what to say. And at the end of each stroke, I want a demonstration that there are no hard feelings. A handshake will do... if that’s the limit you choose to set for the gesture.”

“Yes, sir,” Stella cried in a trembling voice. Then remembering her lessons, she added, “Please hit me, sir.”

Paddy made a few trial swishes then patted Stella’s ass gently with the cane, building the anticipation like he said he would do. Stella was barely aware of the contact – all she was conscious of was that beautiful piece of meat sticking out of Paddy’s trousers. Stella purred as Paddy patted, she drooled inside her mouth as Paddy drizzled from his cock, a strand of pre-cum growing from the eye. Stella looked at it in fascination, the pendulum swaying like a jewel on a chain and sending her into a trance. Suddenly the crowd became irrelevant as she was hypnotised by the silvery splendour. The eyes upon her didn’t matter as she yearned to taste and know the flavour of that mesmerising juice.

Trapped, tricked, cleverly played – a part of her mind might have been aware of all this, but Stella was hooked and put it aside for the moment. She had come here with resolve, and it was being made easier for her with Paddy’s cunning help. Just how far she could go she still didn’t know, but for the time being Stella was more than happy to carry on with the manipulated show. She watched the cock with its oozing juice as it turned to the side. Then she watched it come back to the forward position as Paddy walloped her ass, a hard stinging stroke on the upper part of the buttocks. Stella threw back her head and she sucked in a breath. She bit her lower lip as the fiery sting bit her flesh. The girl paused for a moment then she loudly shouted, “One!” before returning her look to the object of her new obsession.

Following the stroke, Paddy had transferred the cane to his left hand and now held his erection in the right, pointing it tantalisingly in the schoolgirl’s direction. Stella stared at the glory of the long thick shaft gripped by a big bodyguard fist – two impressive weapons that made a lethal combination, helping to destroy a girlish phobia. Then the cock was freed

and the hand came forwards. Feeling mildly disappointed that nothing else was being offered, Stella reached out with her right and accepted the shake. A rush of adrenalin flooded her body as she felt the heat of Paddy meat still warming the palm of this enigmatic man. Once again Stella's legs almost betrayed her as she thankfully remembered her lines.

"Thank you, sir!" she said, doing her best to project her voice to the spectating crowd whilst blanking them from her mind. "Please hit me again."

Paddy sternly nodded. He freed Stella's hand and both resumed their positions. The cane swished down and landed a half inch lower, as true a blow as ever delivered, slicing parallel to the other.

Stella hissed again and tossed back her head with her eyes tightly shut. "Two!" she called out then she sighed at the bliss, the pain so delicious in the context that had been so craftily contrived. Again the crowd were invisible in her self-imposed momentary blindness; their existence nullified by the presence that was close – a presence she breathed, his scent now so familiar, forever ingrained in her mind.

Her phobia controlled for the time being, the moment embraced, Stella felt her pussy throbbing inside her white cotton panties as she responded to that presence and the wonderful hurt he had given. Then she practically came when she turned her face to the left and opened her eyes. A loud groan of whorish yearning was emitted as she watched Paddy McGuire run a finger along the length of his long fat shaft then gather the pre-cum that dangled at the end. Stella watched transfixed as the Irishman stepped forward. The glistening finger coated with his cock juice was teasingly offered to her parted lips.

"Shake it if you want," Paddy whispered, so only Stella could hear. "I won't make you do anything you're not comfortable about. But I'd prefer it if you sucked it. I'll leave it up to you."

There was no churning in her stomach – no fear of other people watching the performance that was taking a decidedly sexual tone with Stella an active partner. She had no thoughts other than one: how delicious it would be to taste that juice

and suck it from Paddy's finger. Without any hesitation she opened her mouth wider and Paddy fed her the shimmering digit. Stella sucked it in and thirstily drank, thrilled by the sweet salty flavour she found. And as she sucked she gazed at the Irishman's eyes that in true Irish fashion seemed to be smiling. And true to the lyrics of that famous song, on the stage of The Dark Side with a crowd looking on, those smiling Irish eyes stole a heart away.

The crime committed, the heart now his, Paddy finally pulled the finger out, and then Stella managed to find her tongue. "Thank you, sir!" she said to the thief. "Thank you so much. Please hit me again!"

Paddy fully intended to, but not before he had removed some clothing to make the swing all the easier. The mortar board came off his head and the gown from around his shoulder. The jacket and the tie and then the shirt were casually removed in a teasing strip to the waist. From her bent over position, Stella watched it all, in no way alarmed. It was a joy to see Paddy's chest again, so wonderfully manly, so grippingly arousing - his lewdly exposed cock looking all the more appealing when it was joined by so much glorious bare flesh.

Pleased with the reaction he could see in Stella's eyes, Paddy picked up the cane and firmly yielded it. A blow was landed across the middle of Stella's ass, making her yelp and shut her eyes again. "Three!" the schoolgirl blindly cried. Then she re-opened them to see Paddy playing seductively with his cock, squeezing out more juice from the underbelly tube and capturing it again on a fingertip. Stella wondered if another offering would be made – repetition, but that hardly mattered. Her mouth was watering in anticipation. But she should have known better. Paddy McGuire was a creative man who liked variety. Instead of offering it to Stella to be sucked as before, this delicious finger-load was coated onto his left nipple – Paddy teasingly circling the generous sized aureole and dabbing the big fleshy bud in the centre. Throughout it all, he flicked glances between the nipple he suggestively played with, and Stella's face that gazed in awe. The job done, Paddy pulled his hand away and fixed his eyes on the glistening man-

teat. Then he looked at Stella and silently asked the question. It was answered without a moment's hesitation.

Her mouth might have been watering, but Stella was still parched with a thirst that needed to be quenched. Immune to other eyes, seeing only one thing, Stella came over to the Irishman. She stared at the nipple and the mass of pectoral muscle on which it sat, covered by mat of trimmed auburn hair that she yearned to bury her face in. Then her eyes were dragged down like iron by a magnet to the cock that towered over Paddy's stomach. She let out a groan of tortured yearning as she surrendered to the fire that burned within her. Without needing to be told, Stella smothered her face in the brawn of Paddy's chest and tenderly licked the proffered nipple. She sucked it into her mouth and gently chewed the big bud, tasting once again the flavour of his dick. As she did so, Paddy tenderly stroked her long blonde hair then bent his head down to plant another kiss there.

"You're doing great, kid," he whispered. "But don't let me push you into something you don't want."

Did she have the will to resist? Certainly not any of this. Stella carried on sucking the cock juice smeared nipple, glad to have been pushed this far. Then she happily allowed Paddy to draw her closer, and for the Irishman's cock to press against her body. And she was more than happy for Paddy to take her hand and place it between them where her fingers made contact with that glorious erection and felt its burning need. Equally needy, Stella grasped the fat shaft, her small girlish hand unable to circle it, such was the impressive girth the man boasted. Crazy by the intimacy that was public yet private, she sucked all the harder on Paddy's nipple as her hand felt the mass of the throbbing erection, touring along the shaft, up to the glans where she used the pre-cum that continued to flow to massage the silky head.

Delighted by the stripping away of her fears and the promise of where it was hopefully leading, Paddy stroked her hair again and whispered, "Thank you. That feels beautiful. Now before you make me come and give you a handful of spunk, go back to the desk and stand straight in front of it. The final three strokes need to be on your bare ass."

Stella did as she was told. It would never occur to her to disobey the Irishman if he asked for something within her capability. Reluctantly she released her concealed grip on Paddy's cock then tore herself away from his manly chest, returning to the desk where she stood waiting. Darkness was all around the light in which she stood. Shapes could be seen – seated men who were not clearly defined, and women on their knees attending to their masters, the actions lewd but blurred. She could hear sounds as well, but the groans and slurps were muffled. A stolen heart was pounding, carrying out its biological function. But it wasn't with fear or hideous repulsion – it was with a pure undiluted yearning for an enigmatic Irish thief who was now standing behind her.

Strong hands that were apparently lethal, were put to more basic use as buttons were unfastened and Stella's skirt was removed, falling to the floor and gathering at the girl's ankles. The panties came next and Stella stepped out of them, although her treasures as yet were unrevealed. Under a blouse, out of sight of the crowd, Paddy's cock forced its way between her legs and prodded at her pussy.

“No one can see,” Paddy whispered in her ear. “But even so - tell me to stop now if I'm pushing too hard.”

A soft moan was the answer. How could she ask for Paddy to stop when that cock felt so good, when she wanted it inside her? Stella still wasn't sure if she could actually go there, but this hidden contact was certainly okay.

Accepting the moan as consent, Paddy stepped up a gear. “Oh God, that feels so good,” he groaned into Stella's ear as he gently sawed between the girl's legs, riding her pussy lips with the end of his cock. “Thank you for letting me take things so far. And I would settle on this, frustrating as it would be. But you must know that I want to take it further. And I don't know if I'll get another chance,” he added as he started to unbutton Stella's blouse from the top. “I want to slip my cock inside and slide it all the way up so I can feel your sweet pussy so tight around it. I want to fuck you so much it's almost killing me with the hurt. But I'm not going to force you. I'll only do it if you want me to. Don't feel pressurised by anything that

happens. If you say stop, then I'll understand, and I'll take the disappointment like a man."

At the end of his talk that only Stella could hear, the blouse was open and Paddy slid it off Stella's shoulders and pulled it from her arms. Once cast to the floor alongside the tie, Paddy looked over Stella's shoulder to see her frontage – fabulous breasts that quivered with yearning and bloated pussy lips spread by his cock but sadly not penetrated by it.

A kiss on the head then more words in her ear. "Thank you again," Paddy whispered. "That looks as beautiful as it feels. A few seconds more and I'll be spurting on the floor, so I'd better back away now. You should bend over for the rest of your strokes. Assume the position and count out the next three."

In a daze, in a craze, in a maelstrom of emotion and crippling yearning, Stella somehow managed to move her muscles and follow the order. The crowd behind her let out a gasp when Paddy stepped away and Stella bent forward to show them her ass. Stunning it was – totally top class. And every master that saw it was thoroughly impressed. Even those who weren't all that fussed about spanking schoolgirls, made plans to be spanking one very soon, such was the quality of the flesh being presented. And it wasn't just spanking they were planning to do, unaware as they were of another man's plans.

Now fully naked, Stella was conscious of the stares and the admiration, but her mind was dominated by other matters. She took up her station and looked to Paddy who stood gloriously waiting, swishing the cane and stroking his rod.

"Are you ready, girl?" he called out, moving the show on.

"Yes, sir," said Stella, gazing in lust. "I'm ready."

The cane was tapped on Stella's bare ass. Paddy toyed with a spot below the third pair of welts then with a quick sudden flick the cane was drawn up and swished back down. It recoiled off Stella's buttocks which shook and wobbled under the impact. She clenched them tight as she let out a yelp. "Four!" she screamed out. Then a few moments later she screamed again as the fire in the new welts was tenderly soothed by a lapping Irish tongue.

“Thank you, sir!” Stella cried as Paddy licked her buttocks. “Oh thank you! Thank you! Thank you!” she yelled as Paddy moved from one welt to another until all four pairs of parallel lines had been covered.

“Thank you, sir!” Stella said as Paddy finally got up and resumed his position to the left. “Please hit me again!”

Paddy did - another thundering stroke near the bottom of her butt. The new welts being placed to either side of her anus. “Five!” Stella hollered in her delicious agony. Then she knew utter bliss as those welts were kissed before a tongue circled her little pink pucker then boldly trailed down to her gushing pussy and gave it a thorough licking.

“Oh thank you, sir! Thank you! Oh God, thank you!” yelled Stella as once again she experienced the heavenly sensation of having Paddy McGuire feast at her snatch. All around men were watching, some coming in slaves’ mouths, but Stella knew nothing of this – only that wonderful tongue existed for her, and the burning fire it ignited.

“Thank you, sir!” Stella shouted in all sincerity as Paddy took up his station for the final stroke. Stella stared at him with a ravenous hunger as she asked for the final time. “Please hit me again!”

Paddy delivered the stroke. The final pair of welts cut just above the back of Stella’s thighs making a perfect set on her ass. The schoolgirl screamed out, “Six!” as she tightly gripped the desk.

“Stand up, girl!” Paddy yelled, his voice assured and confidently demanding. “Stand up and face me and give your final thanks.”

Stella shakily complied. She stood and turned round to see Paddy waiting – the moment of truth having arrived. His right hand was stretched out offered to be shaken. His left hand held his cock which was being offered as well.

“So?” the big man asked.

“Thank you, sir!” Stella shouted. She looked at the hand and she looked at the cock, her stolen heart racing and burning inside.

“A shake will do,” said Paddy, flicking a glance to the proffered right hand. “A kiss would be even better, if you can find that in you,” he added with smiling eyes. There was no need to flick them to the left. The emeralds were directed to a pair of sapphires and Stella fell to her knees, her fears having evaporated like the morning mist under the power of a fiery Irish sun.

The kiss was gentle - soft ruby lips that were moist and glistening brushed the tapered head of Paddy’s oozing dick, whilst a hidden tongue gathered the juice in a lick that was almost reverent in its worship. Kneeling naked before this extraordinary man, Stella found an odd sort of peace, despite all the eyes that she knew were upon her. If this was the abyss, then she had found a place where she truly belonged... at the feet of an Irishman who could never be hers beyond a moment of passion. She kissed him again and took in part of his glans to tenderly suck on the object of her obsession. Nothing was forced, it was her actions now, all Paddy did was stroke her hair as she wrapped her lips round the end of his cock.

In an act of devout worship Stella took more in, bloating her mouth with the mass of Paddy’s knob which she sucked with all the skill she could muster. There were noises now, cheers from the crowd. Encouragement to swallow the whole of the length and gag on the meat as it went down her throat.

“Don’t!” said Paddy. “Not here. Not now. This isn’t the time for trying something like that.”

Leaving the suggestion floating that there might be a time, he eased the kneeling girl away from his cock which now glistened with a coating of teenage saliva. Reaching down, he helped Stella to her feet, and smiled again with eyes and lips – a master thief if ever there was one. “There is one thing you could do, though... or I could do to you... What do you say?”

“I say yes!” Stella yelled, unable to resist.

His heart almost bursting with joy and excitement, Paddy wrapped his arms around and held her tight as he again whispered his thanks. Then driven by need – his own and the show’s - the randy big Irishman lowered his hands. He cupped the bounteous pair of buttocks, wallowing in their feel that was

so full and pert, holding them firm so he could hoist Stella up until he aligned their sex.

As his cock once again came into contact with her pussy and spread the lips apart with the rock hard shaft, Stella let out a scream of whorish need, wrapping her arms and legs around the Irishman who held her weight with his strong lethal hands. They kissed with a passion, lips and tongues, mingling saliva as juices flowed elsewhere, preparing the way for the consummation that was long overdue them both.

Growling out his hunger, needing to feast with more than his tongue, Paddy took a few steps forward carrying the girl wrapped around him. He arrived at the desk and lowered her onto it. Tossed more like - Stella releasing her grips to land spread-eagled on her back, arms and legs wide apart, totally surrendered and ready to be taken.

Wanting to engage with every part of his body, Paddy tore open his trousers then pushed them down along with his pants to rest at his thighs. He grabbed Stella by the ankles and pulled her to the edge. Then fighting the impulse to plunge straight in, he took a moment to scan what he'd won: the beautiful face that was so young and fresh; the fabulous breasts that were full and heaving; the flat girlish stomach with its blonde landing strip at the bottom; the long shapely legs that he held by the ankles; and there between them, the sweet little pussy he so enjoyed tasting and would enjoy even more publicly fucking.

Grinning at Stella, Paddy rested her calves on his broad shoulders. He took hold of his cock and ran the glans along the girl's gash. Held by his gaze, Stella gasped and moaned. She returned Paddy's look with burning sapphires and saw the wolf again in his emerald Irish eyes. The burning ignited into an explosion as hips strained forward and the object that had become a schoolgirl obsession, slid a fraction into her body. There was no tension at all or hint of resistance. Stella wanted him so much she easily relaxed around the invading flesh.

"Are you certain?" Paddy whispered with his glans half way in.

Stella frantically nodded. "Yes, Paddy," she answered, totally forgetting her role in the show.

It was a huge risk, but Paddy was certain. “I’m still the headmaster,” he corrected. “I expect due deference... as does the audience.”

Stella smiled. “Yes, sir,” she cried out. Then she cried again as with a stab Paddy was finally in her.

“YES!!!” Stella hollered as Paddy’s cock head slid through and rested in her vagina. The girl convulsed around him and yelled out with whorish joy. There was chortling in the crowd, but Stella was immune to it. All she could sense was Paddy, his cock head inside her and his face staring down, primal lust etched over his strong Celtic features. Stella was panting, her body screeching for more. She desperately wanted Paddy to push deeper and feed her the entirety of his long fat shaft, but she would never dream to ask. It wasn’t her place to make such requests. So she waited, blissfully happy.

It was hardly a surprise that she didn’t have to wait long. A lusty grin cut across Paddy’s lips as he pulled back a fraction then thrust slowly forward, gazing down at Stella as he sunk his manhood all the way home.

There was a cheer from the crowd but Stella didn’t hear it. All she heard was her own screaming voice as her whole body spasmed under the thrill of the entry which was so delicious – the depth and the stretch blowing her mind and tripping her switch with consummate ease. On the stage of *The Dark Side*, watched by many eyes, Stella the star burst into light as she was consumed by an orgasm that would define her life, something to be searched for but never quite matched unless it would be gifted by the same smiling Irishman. It swept her away with its cataclysmic power. A single thrust was all it took – a single thrust after two days of unbelievable foreplay, so perhaps there was a bit of a cheat. Nothing though mattered as Stella came and came, wonderfully impaled by a big Irish dick.

When Stella’s climax was finally over and her yells had faded to happy moans, Paddy plunged his face down and silenced the schoolgirl with a kiss. It was hard and full of raw snarling passion. His tongue invaded and Stella happily fenced with it, wallowing in Paddy’s masculine taste where a hint of whisky

flavoured the breath – a little Dutch courage that was hardly needed. Paddy devoured the girl's mouth that was sweet and fresh, mint rather than whisky being the taste he received. Then slowly, slowly, as the kiss came to an end, Paddy McGuire set off on some fucking. A few easy strokes to get the measure of things, sliding his length leisurely in and out. Then surrendering to the passion and his snarling need to fire off some seed, he broke into some serious pounding, slamming it home, rutting away like a manic beast.

Stella screamed out her pleasure once again, oblivious to everything other than the fucking that was bringing her back to a climactic edge. The young girl lost her senses, her mind consumed with the incredible sex. She hollered out her pleasure for all to hear. Playing a role but not acting at all, clawing at the desk, tossing her head, crazed by the shafting the big stud gave her.

Mr McGuire didn't need to act either, although as a regular performer on the stage of *The Dark Side*, he was conscious that eyes were upon him. Sure of his worth, but not giving a damn if it didn't measure up, the Irishman rode Stella with wild abandon. With no care for finesse he rammed his cock home, punching his throbbing fuck-starved meat into Stella's pulsating snatch with a rapid and brutal rhythm, driven on by the hot and heavy load in his balls that he'd been carrying around for far too long.

As Paddy growled through the fuck, wasting no words, Stella yelled out her praise. "Yes! Yes! Oh, God! Yes!" the girl cried.

And the crowd cried as well – they cheered the Irishman on and offered their suggestions.

"Hump the whore harder!"

"Fuck the floosie faster!"

"Ride the schoolgirl rougher!" were all yelled out.

Through her own whorish screams, Stella somehow heard the cries, and had no problem in the slightest. She actually welcomed the audience's calls, for they all sounded like excellent advice.

“Make the slut come again!” was the best of all, and Stella was certain it would happen.

Taking his own initiative, Paddy tackled Stella’s breasts as he carried on fucking, groping the orbs as he mightily rode the howling schoolgirl, adding some hurt by tweaking the nipples.

“Oh God! Yes! Oh, sir! YESSSS!!!” Stella screamed as her tits were pinched and her pussy was plundered.

Paddy carried on slamming and riding her hard – his features contorting with savage lust and a need to release the mounting pressure that was building up with every thrust of his cock into Stella’s succulent pussy and slap of his balls on her soft peachy buns. It was so bloody good – his whole body was on fire as he rode her like crazy. A voice in his head was telling him to slow down, as Paddy was getting there faster than normal. For a main stage show he was expected to spin it out. And by God he would – he would screw her for hours, but first he needed to empty his balls. After all he’d been through, there was no way he was going to hold back now, just to please a crowd.

Stella could tell that Paddy was almost there and while she wanted more, she wanted him to come. “Yes!” the girl cried, egging the brute on. “Yes! Yes!!! YES!!!! Please, sir, please! Give it to me!”

In his own burning lust which he kept to himself, Paddy gazed down at Stella’s face which was contorted with yearning as he carried on violently humping, getting nearer and nearer to the climax he so desperately needed.

The look on his face peering hungrily down, and the friction of his fat cock pounding away at her, was more than enough to set Stella off again. She screamed so loud the noise filled the club as she came again much to the delight of the crowd. They roared and cheered and congratulated Paddy on a job well done whilst Stella’s vaginal muscles clenched orgasmically around his plundering shaft.

That was more than enough to do the trick! With a loud yell of his own, Paddy was there as well. The big Irishman swelled inside Stella’s vagina, and with a final thrust he buried himself deep as he blasted out the first of many spurts – this one fired

into Stella's womb. He roared as he came, climaxing in union. Then putting on a show for the girl and the crowd he pulled his hard dick out of her pussy and sprayed some of his wad over her body, lashing the girl with rope after rope of thick Irish semen. It landed on her tits and it landed on her face, Stella opening her mouth to capture a taste of a drink that would forever be an addiction. Then having patterned her in white and fed her some cream, Paddy rammed his spurting meat back into her cunt and finished where he'd started, squeezing out the final drops of spunk from his balls to add to the volume already in there.

Spent, but by no means finished, Paddy carried on fucking for several minutes with a cock that remained impressively hard. The crowd cheered him all the way.

"More!" was shouted.

"Encore!" was roared.

"Make way you greedy bastard, and let someone else have a turn!"

Well that wasn't going to happen... at least not here in the club tonight. Stella was his, and Paddy had no intention of sharing his reward for a job well done. Finally he fell on top of the girl, crushing Stella into the desk with his weight.

The lighting changed, music came on, the crowd accepted the main event was over and alternative play resumed.

Minutes passed.

On centre stage but no longer the only big attraction, Paddy stayed hard inside Stella's pussy. His cock was so hungry after its lengthy fast he was ready to roar again with another carnal feast of teenage flesh.

"Thank you, sir," Stella whispered, sensing the big man's need and wanting it just as much. "That was amazing. And I hope you're going to fuck me again. Do it here, I don't mind. You've sorted out my mental block, that's for sure."

Never shy of an audience, quite liking it in fact – the man a true exhibitionist at heart – Paddy McGuire was happy to oblige. In fact now that he was in her after days of yearning, a stampede of wild horses wouldn't have stopped him from

having another ride. Only one person had the power to prevent him, but that wasn't likely to happen.

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As he watched the action and enjoyed a house slave's tongue lashing at his cock, the manager of The Dark Side raised his glass of rum in salute to the man beside him. It was responded to in a silent toast then Charles took a sip of the fiery brew, relishing the burn as he swallowed the liquor. There were questions to be asked. But discretion required one less pair of ears in the vicinity before they could be posed with any hope of an answer. So he tapped the slave's head and sent her on her way, returning his enormous erection to his trousers.

"God, the big brute was desperate to unload that," Charles finally said. "I don't think I've ever seen him fuck a girl so wildly – or seen a girl enjoy it so much. Good call, boss. I reckon now that she's done it the once, our naughty schoolgirl will happily put out in public from now on. But what would you have done if Paddy hadn't succeeded?"

Angus MacLeod chuckled as he also watched the action. "Paddy McGuire failing to win over a woman! I don't think that was likely to happen. Especially where yon schoolgirl is concerned. You can see that she's nuts about him... And although he'd never admit it – Paddy's keen as mustard as well. He wanted her that much, he would have found a way to overcome her silly phobia. But if not, then I would have let the big animal screw her in private. It would have been cruel not to, given the torture I'd already put him through."

"And if you don't mind me asking," prompted Charles, who was fascinated by the relationship between these two very dominant men.

Angus took another sip of his drink – ten year old Talisker in this case, MacLeod's staple malt of choice. "Well, he might have cheated and disobeyed the order," he answered once the whisky had been swallowed. "But as far as I know, the poor bugger hasn't even had a wank, let alone fuck anyone for the past five days."

Charles sucked in a breath. That was indeed a long time, especially for a man like Paddy McGuire who was known to

have a very healthy appetite for sex. And it was an appetite that normally got regular feeding. In the environment in which he lived, Paddy would rarely spent five waking hours without having his way with some woman or other. Five days of abstinence would have been an agonising torture. It was a mystery how the boss could control such a thing in a man like Paddy McGuire. But clearly he had done so, with the ploy working brilliantly, Paddy having done an excellent job in winning the schoolgirl over.

Mightily impressed and still intrigued, Charles took another sip of rum. He would have liked to ask more concerning the relationship with Paddy, but reckoned it would probably backfire. The boss didn't appreciate excessive curiosity over matters that were deemed private. Club business, however, was entirely different where Charles was concerned. "But what about the job, boss? Would you have kept the girl on if she didn't come through?"

"I made a deal," said Angus. "And I don't go back on my word. I'm sure we could have handled the situation, limiting her to only spanking in public, and doing the extras in private. There still should be a restriction on her though, don't you think?"

"In what way, boss?"

"She's cherry at the rear," stated Angus. "And it's a hell of a rear! Most of the members would pay handsomely to have a poke at it, especially if they knew they were the first. I wonder how we can make best use of the situation... An auction perhaps?"

Charles considered this for a moment. "Tricky to prove. It's not like there's a hymen up her ass for evidence. We would only have her word for it, and maybe the opinion of a doctor."

"It would carry more weight if the members were denied it for a while," mused Angus. "Aye, I think that might be a novel twist we could throw in... Why don't we make her a specialist spanking worker who doesn't take it up the ass, and put the word out that she's saving that delight for a very special man who would be her first."

“That could be mighty frustrating for some of the members,” warned Charles.

“Indeed it could,” agreed Angus with a chuckle. “But it would keep up the interest in her throughout the summer, and add hugely to the value. They’d be like a pack of wolves fighting over a kill if we fanned the flames over the duration and then made her cherry available at the end of her stint here. So that’s what I suggest – they can spank her and fuck, but not up the arse. That stays off limits until a possible auction in three months’ time.”

“What if she meets some dude away from the club who persuades her to give it up to him?” countered Charles. “I wouldn’t feel comfortable about auctioning a fake.”

“Me neither,” said Angus. “So that means we have to try and control things.”

The whisky was placed down and attention turned to the ladies who were working on the boss’s cock. “So Lucrezia, what do you suggest? And don’t pretend for a second that you weren’t eavesdropping. Frida might not have been, but there’s no chance that you didn’t pick up everything that was said.”

Both women stopped and looked up to their master. Frida blushed and offered an apology, for she had indeed caught a few words. Lucrezia nodded her head, accepting full guilt regarding the accusation, but the Italian didn’t look very contrite. That show had put her in the mood for some discipline and with luck she would get her bottom spanked tonight or perhaps even taste the kiss of her master’s whip. “You know me too well, sir,” she said with a mischievous grin. “I am not worthy to be your slave.”

“True!” agreed Angus, a touch of jocular to the gruff Glaswegian voice. “I would sell you tomorrow if I could, but that would mean losing Frida as well and there’s no way I’m doing that. You come as a pair, so I suppose I’m stuck with you... Now answer the question – what do you suggest we do about the schoolgirl?”

Lucrezia’s grin broadened, sure of her master’s affection. MacLeod would happily disparage her, in private and in public, but in reality he placed a very high value on Lucrezia’s

many talents. It was something the Italian slave was fully aware of. And adoring her master like no other man, she happily gave him the best possible service. “It would be nice to get to know her better,” she innocently replied. “We only met briefly, but I took an immediate liking to her. She interests me on a number of levels. If you were to allow Frida and I some time, perhaps we could help her settle in to her new life here in London... and guide her in certain things.”

Angus stroked the hair of both his slaves – women that he considered an honour to own and who he treasured in equal measure. They were different in nature as well as in looks and the skills they brought to the table. Cold calculation being one of Frida’s strengths whilst Lucrezia was a natural schemer. In that way they were like Paddy and himself, their differences making them stronger and more formidable when they worked together. “I think that sounds like an excellent idea,” he said. “She’s busy at the moment, but before we leave you should have a quiet word with our new schoolgirl, and I’ll have a quiet word with Paddy... Aye, I like how this is coming together. If we manage it well and she plays her part, we could have another big event at the end of her schoolgirl career at The Dark Side. An auction before she leaves us.”

Angus looked back to the action that continued on the stage. Paddy was now taking Stella from behind, fucking her pussy with long easy strokes, gazing at her ass, no doubt wishing he could do the same to that. The boss chuckled, knowing the Irishman all too well. A word in his ear would definitely be needed or else the randy big brute might get carried away and claim that anal cherry for himself.

‘Perhaps I should let him,’ thought Angus.

The notion was considered for a moment then the boss brushed it aside. He was a businessman, and his business head told him that an auction would be better for all concerned, the value built up through cunning advertisement and frustrating denial over the course of three months.

‘Aye, that would make the best business sense,’ was the conclusion reached.

But he wasn't totally convinced. He was a businessman, yes, but he was a man first and foremost – a man of power and lusty passions who lived life to the full. So perhaps he would simply assert his authority and take that sweet cherry for himself. He was after all the Master of The Dark Side.

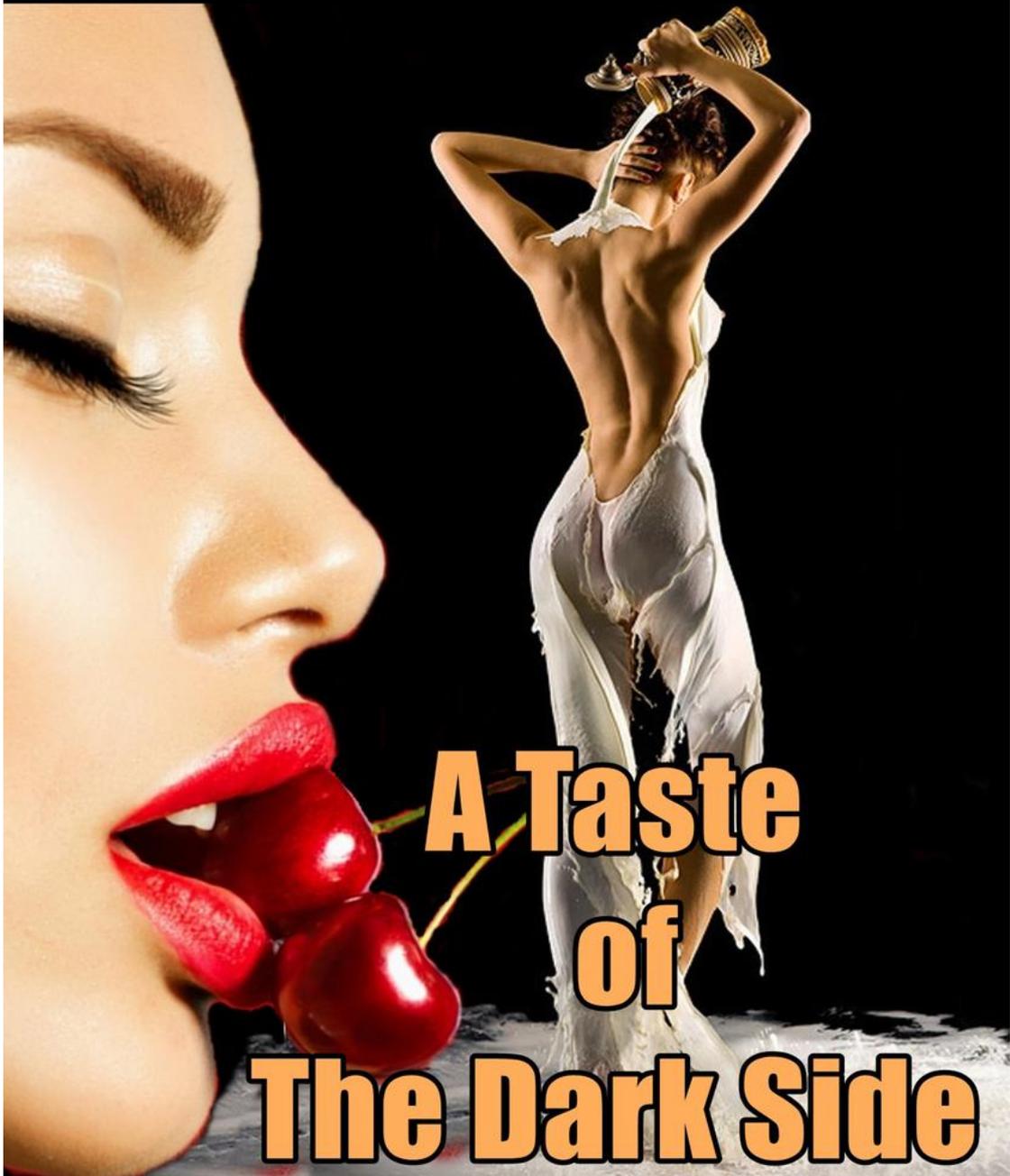
### THE END

The end of this particular tale. But Stella's journey into the dark side of life is far from finished. So she'll be back for more adventures, along with Paddy and the new friends in the making. You can pick up her story in the next Tale from The Dark Side...

**A Taste of The Dark Side**

# **Dan Bruce's**

## **Tales From The Dark Side**



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