



# Westbury

Discipline and bare-bottom canings

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# **WESTBURY**

**by**

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## A VISIT TO WESTBURY

'Darling,' Myra said, smiling sweetly, 'I'm going to have you thrashed.'

'Oh!' the girl exclaimed, and then hesitated before asking, 'Have I done something wrong? I don't remember breaking any rules.'

'No, darling, you've done nothing wrong; it will simply be good for you. A healthy young woman like you needs to be whipped from time to time, to calm her blood and to keep her manageable. After all, you're nineteen now, and I have no intention of allowing a man between those lovely young thighs for quite some time yet. However, while you're not being serviced by a penis you'll need another form of discipline to help keep you in line. The feel of a strict rod on your tight little buns will be nearly as good as a stiff prick in helping to keep you docile.'

Amy looked down at her suede-clad toes. Ever since she was sixteen, and Myra had taken over her upbringing after the death of her parents, she learned to accept corporal punishment from her godmother as a natural part of a relationship between a loving adult and a teenage tearaway like herself in need of discipline. She came to feel that it was much to be preferred to the lack of affection no discipline at all would have implied. However, this was the first time she was to be whipped purely for her own good rather than as punishment for an actual offence. Yet she did not argue, for in her heart she knew that Myra would not ask her to endure anything that was not ultimately for her own good. Besides, she had long ago fallen so deeply in love with her godmother that she found it impossible to deny her anything. Therefore, her shapely breasts swelled gently as she drew in a deep, steadying breath and asked, 'When are you going to do it?'

'You've not been listening to me, child,' the older woman rebuked her sternly. 'I said I was going to *have* you thrashed, not do it myself. It will be done tomorrow. You will report to the porter's lodge at Westbury School at exactly five minutes to four, and ask for Paul Chaters.'

Amy looked up in apprehension. 'Who is he, aunt?'

'You really must learn not to be so inquisitive, especially about men,' Myra chided her. 'I can see this whipping is long overdue. Paul is a senior prefect at the school. That is all you need to know. Now, no more questions.'

Five to four found the girl at the porter's lodge, dressed in a cool summer frock over a virginal white bra and panties, in accordance with Myra's instructions to present herself smartly dressed for the occasion of her punishment, in white stockings and leather sandals with three inch heels. She carried a slim envelope purse and nothing else.

Paul Chaters turned out to be a tall young man of approximately her same age, but he possessed an air of authority that made him seem older.

'Miss Parton, I presume.' He took her in approvingly. 'This way, please.'

She followed him obediently to a small hall located in an isolated part of the grounds away from the main buildings. Inside the vestibule, he stopped and indicated that she should sit on the bench there while he continued to stand. And as she lowered her thinly clad buttocks onto the hard seat, she was suddenly acutely aware of why he had brought her there. Would this tall young man standing before her ask her to lower her panties and take a caning on her tender bottom *for the good of her soul?*

'I presume you know why you are here?' he asked.

As was her wont, she stared down at her feet, yet she answered him firmly enough. 'I understand I am to be thrashed.' She had learned the hard way not to mumble when she was asked a question; Myra had taught her to speak firmly but politely in response. 'I was instructed to be here by five to four. I was not told anything else except that I would learn all I needed to know from you.'

'Very well then, I'll explain. John Emery, who you will meet in a minute, and I are the school's senior prefects with special responsibilities in the department of corrections. As you may know, Westbury still holds to a belief in good old-fashioned corporal punishment, and it is our duty to carry it out, and to handle all matters pertaining to it. That includes this hall, where the punishment takes place. And from now on,' he continued while Amy shivered slightly, 'we are going to admit girls into the program. The senior girls begin next term, and we want to make it clear from the outset what their position is going to be as far as discipline is concerned. They will have to accept it,' he declared firmly, 'just as we have accepted the principle of absolute equality between the sexes. However, we have no experience in caning girls, which puts us in the position of having to determine whether they can take as much punishment as the boys do, or if we should consider making allowances. That is where you come in.'

Amy's stomach gave a sickening lurch. 'But why me?' she asked, pressing her knees tightly together to steady herself. 'What do I have to do?'

'It is not really any of your business,' he replied sharply. 'It was my understanding that you had been told not to be inquisitive. However, I suppose there is no harm in your knowing that your aunt is acquainted with a prefect's mater, and that she offered us your services as a form of guinea pig, so to speak. You have been caned before, I hope?'

'Yes, often.'

'At school?'

Amy blushed slightly. 'Yes,' she admitted, 'we did suffer the cane at school, but I have been caned several times since then as well.'

Paul raised an eyebrow. 'How old are you?'

'Nineteen,' came the soft reply.

'Well, some of the senior girls will only be a year younger than you, so it should be all right, but we will have to be a little harder on you to compensate for the age difference.'

Again her tummy turned over; this was all beginning to sound too serious. Apparently, when Myra told her she was to be thrashed, she meant just that; she was not merely going to suffer an experimental stroke or two. She had taken up to a dozen strokes of the cane from her guardian before, yet there was a world of difference between a beating given and taken in love, and a cold clinical beating inflicted simply to prove a point about the suitability of girls for corporal punishment.

'Stand up, please, and lift your dress from behind,' Paul commanded abruptly. 'I'd like to get an idea of how you're shaped there.'

Amy blushed furiously, but she rose without hesitation and pulled the hem of her dress up from behind as instructed, exposing her slender thighs and pert cheeks, only partially concealed by the tight cotton panties slipping into her cleft. They clung to her flesh like a second skin and clearly outlined her pudenda's plump little purse. She glanced back at him, and saw that he seemed as interested in this piece of feminine topography as in her nearly bare buttocks, on which the fading spoors of Myra's last correction still showed on either side of her panties.

It was a long moment before the tall young prefect tore his eyes away from the delights of her nether regions, and walked over to the door leading into the main hall. 'Thank you,' he said politely, 'you will do nicely. John Emery and the discipline subcommittee are waiting inside, ready for the trial. I will just go and have a word with them. Sit down until I come back for you.'

Her face still warm from his casual inspection of her most private parts, she was even more conscious now of her tender, vulnerable bottom as she smoothed her dress down over it and took her place again on the hard wooden bench.

It was a long ten minutes before he returned, ten minutes during which the icy dread in her belly thawed into nervous yet strangely excited butterflies. She jumped when the door finally opened, and Paul came to stand before her again.

'Right,' he said, 'we're ready for you now. I've explained your position to them, and my estimate of your potential, and it's been decided to try you out on six of the best. That's the standard tariff, though sometimes it goes up to a dozen, but we'll take it one step at a time.' He indicated that she should precede him.

The hall was not very large, perhaps twenty feet by thirty, with a row of chairs lining each wall leaving a clear space in the middle. Half a dozen young men stood together in a group watching her enter, and one of them had a bundle of professional-looking canes tucked under his arm. Her mind reeling beneath an intoxicating mix of trepidation and anticipation, Amy guessed that he must be John Emery, Paul's co-prefect in charge of correction.

Trying not to look either defiant or frightened, she stared straight ahead and kept her chin up even though she could not stop her lower lip from

trembling at the prospect of suffering the cane in front of all these young men.

Paul introduced her all round as if she had merely come to take tea with them. John Emery looked very much like his fellow officer, only dark-haired whereas Paul was blond. The introductions complete, John suggested they begin. 'By the way, are you wearing panties?' he asked her.

Amy lowered her eyes as she mumbled that she was.

'They will have to come off,' he said. 'The boys aren't allowed underpants in the gym shorts they wear in correction.'

She laid her purse on a nearby chair, and then reached under her dress, somehow getting her trembling fingers into the elastic of her panties. She drew them slowly down her legs, balancing carefully as she stepped out of them, one foot at a time, and laid them on the chair as well.

'Right, stand here.' Paul indicated a point on the floor where a white line, much scuffed, was painted on the boards. 'You have to keep your toes on this throughout, or you'll earn yourself extras.' He waited while she placed her sandals where generations of feet had stamped and writhed in pain. 'Now bend over and grip your ankles, and don't let go until you're given permission to do so. I'm sure you know the drill from your days at school.'

She did, and bending over, steeled herself to stay down no matter what. It was a year or so now since she had left school, but receiving extra strokes over and above one's sentence for rising prematurely was a lesson that, once learned, a girl did not easily forget. Besides, Myra had adopted a similar rule, but with added spice; her godmother had promised her that if she ever got up before permission was given, she would have to take the beating all over again from the beginning. Needless to say, Amy had taken great care never to let this happen.

Hearing movement behind her, she bit her lip in anticipation, but a member of the committee abruptly postponed her torment.

'Look here,' he said, 'we can't have this. That dress is far too loose. The folds will wrap round the cane and absorb the cut, especially the lower ones, which are the ones that really count. She'll have to take them on the bare.'

There was a quiet discussion, which she was not invited to join, and then hands took hold of the hem of her dress and pulled it up across her back, leaving her buttocks bare. The cool air in the hall caressed her naked flesh, making her intensely conscious of the fact that young men were treating themselves to the appealing sight of her smooth white bottom, enticingly bare and tightly stretched as a result of her position, her peach-shaped cheeks and the slenderness of her thighs accentuated by the taut nylon of her stocking-tops. Nor was that all they could see; the air felt even cooler on her lightly haired, plump little vulva, pouting and mysteriously moist despite her fear. Moreover, the way she was bent forward pulled open the deep space between her buttocks and revealed the delicate, lightly browned

whorl of her anal dimple, the exposure of which filled her with an even hotter shame than the baring of her virgin slot.

'That's better,' Paul said from directly behind her, 'and this way we will be able to see the effect of the cuts as well. Six of the very best coming up,' he announced. 'You take the first three, John, and I'll finish her off.'

This time there was no interruption; she heard footsteps on the parquet behind her, the sound of a quick step, something whirred like a wasp in the air above her, and the blow fell.

She bit down hard on her lip, and groaned. *Oh, this was really going to be bad!* She had thought Myra could cane, but this was at least three times worse. For a start, this cane was heavier than anything her guardian had ever used on her, and these were men - strong young men. Both principal actors looked as though they could be the captains of games with their muscular shoulders, firm forearms and strong wrists. They were also, in a sense, professionals. But she was forced to cease this breathless analysis of her caner's skill when the next stroke landed, just like the first one, excruciatingly low on her bent hinds, printing a thick angry line just above her highly sensitive crease. She gasped, and her head strained back as she fought to overcome the agony surging through her.

Again the thump of trainers behind, and the rod lashed into her a third time. After an initial shocked intake of breath, she whimpered from the pain blinding her, and her fingers fluttered on her ankles as she resisted an overwhelming desire to stand up straight.

There was a slightly longer pause between strokes than as Paul took over for John, and then the pattern resumed. If she had hoped for even the slightest diminution in severity, she was doomed to be disappointed.

Paul had viewed her baring with interest. It was not the first time he had seen a female naked below the waist, but never before under these circumstances, with her bent over and awaiting correction. Her firm, pale rounds swelled invitingly, deeply cleft and showing below and behind them the pouting plumpness of a well grown pudendum, fleshy lips fringed with soft brown curls, all the more on display because she had instinctively taken a wide-legged stance, undoubtedly learned at school as the one affording the most stability under the disorientating blaze of strokes from a cane on raw flesh. Now three thick parallel welts marked her pale rounds, their heat almost palpable as her burning cheeks writhed slightly despite her admirable control. Paul was determined that his cuts would be at least as well defined; John had set him a challenge he was happy to take up.

He measured his distance with a practiced eye, picking his mark where John had left a pulsing welt across the girl's cringing buttocks. It was placed quite low, the tip of the cane biting in on one end leaving a particularly angry plum-hued lump. Two steps, and he unleashed his stroke, driving his shoulder down and, at the last moment, imparting added velocity with his wrist. The thud of the impact jarred satisfactorily up his arm, telling him he had struck true, although just above where he had aimed the blow. Never

mind; he had the range now, he could place his shots where he chose, and she would not complain he had not done her justice with this first cut.

She did complain, but only to herself. Pride kept her from crying out, but her knees quivered as she absorbed the waves of pain that continued to surge through her seconds after the rod bit deep into her tender flesh. Then the sound of footsteps behind her heralded another of the same, and this time when Paul stepped back he was gratified to see her knees turn in and rub briefly against each other with a slight rasp of nylon. Yet she straightened her legs again without being spoken to, and with two springing strides forward, he delivered the last cut.

The cane sank deep into her soft flesh, and a new burning weal sprang up to join the others. Now she carried six thick pulsing welts across her throbbing hinds, evenly spaced in the lower part of her pert cheeks so that they would be directly beneath her when she sat down. He watched the involuntary clenching of her beaten flesh for a moment, admiring his handiwork and giving her a chance to show what she was made of. He had to give her credit; those were as tight a six as he had seen, and she had taken them well - as well, or better, than any boy. And she was still bent over, awaiting permission to straighten up as she had been trained to do.

'All right, you can get up now,' he said. 'Go and sit on the bench outside while we decide how much more you should have.'

Red-faced, Amy rose, and her dress fell back down over her bare and beaten bottom. She walked to the door with as much dignity as she could muster, endeavouring to control the wide-legged, bent-kneed gait her sore buttocks demanded, her hands clenched into fists at her sides from the effort she had to make to move gracefully.

'And keep your hands off your bottom,' one of the other young men called after her. 'You haven't been dismissed yet, and no boy would touch himself there until he was home.'

She closed the door behind her, and then sank down onto the bench, carefully adjusting her throbbing cheeks against the hard wood. She would have preferred to stand, but they had told her to sit, and she wasn't about to give them the satisfaction of faulting her for disobeying orders in an effort to relieve her pain. So for about five minutes she endured the discomfort of her aching flesh against the unfeeling timber. Then Paul came for her again.

'We've decided you could go the full dozen without harm,' he announced, 'so you've another eight coming. The boys have to take theirs in one go, while you've been given time to rest, so there will be two extra to compensate.'

'Oh,' her mouth fell open in dismay. Eight more strokes from that frightful rod would be hell on a bottom already ridged with welts.

'What's the matter, can't you girls take it?'

By way of an answer, she struggled quickly to her feet and limped back into the hall.

Once again, Paul pointed to the worn white line on the floor and she resumed her position, her breath catching as her tightening marks protested when she bent over and stretched them out again.

'Eight strokes,' Paul announced formally while flinging her dress up across her back. 'I shall give you the first four, and then it will be John's turn.'

It was twice as hard this time; she had lost some of her resolve, and it was difficult to get her courage in hand again once she relaxed it believing the ordeal was over. The very first stroke had her moaning and whimpering in agony, and by the time Paul had laid four hard cuts into the swollen and bruised patch of skin at the base of her buttocks, her whines had become a keening wail interrupted by gasps of shock at the searing impact of each new assault. The other committee members watched in fascination as her cheeks writhed and clenched almost with a life of their own as again and again the cane bit into their tender skin. The prefects were cutting her low, just behind her cleft.

By the time John had delivered his quartet of blistering blows she was sobbing rather than groaning, and when she was allowed to stand, there were tears on her flushed cheeks as she shuffled stiffly towards the chair on which she had laid her panties.

'You won't need those yet,' one of the committee members informed her. 'Leave them, and wait outside.'

Barely able to contain the sobs betraying her, Amy hobbled out of the hall and knelt down on the bench. She was too sore to sit down but she needed support for her trembling legs before they gave way beneath her. It seemed ages before the door opened and Paul came to stand before her again.

'You've done quite well,' he said almost kindly, 'but the committee still isn't satisfied. What with the breaks you've had, and your being older than the average girl we'll be punishing, we feel it's necessary to see just how far you can go. Besides, some of us hold that a girl's bottom, being softer, absorbs the cane better, and that's an advantage we need to consider when matching like for like. Anyway, you can go another six at least.'

'Oh, no, I can't,' she gasped. 'You can't ask me to take any more! I've done enough!'

'I don't think your aunt will be very pleased to hear that. She told us we could test you to the limit, and gave us her full permission to make you take as many strokes as we wanted.'

Very slowly, Amy pushed herself off the bench, and staggered back into the scene of the flogging. With fourteen hot bars stiffening across her hinds now, walking was not easy. She kept her eyes lowered as she shuffled over to the all too familiar mark, where Paul pulled her dress up across her back yet again.

The agonising ritual was repeated. John laid three excruciating cuts across her defenceless buttocks, which flinched and writhed beneath his delivery. Her gasp at each impact was now more of a small cry, and although she would not allow the screams that rose up inside her to escape, she could not

help making a whining sound through her nose as tears made it hard for her to catch her breath. Her lower lip was bitten almost to the point of drawing blood as she desperately held out against the torture of a rod lashing into her tormented flesh over and over again. After the third stroke in her third beating, those observing her suffering could gauge its intensity by the large plum-like blister on her right hip where the end of the cane penetrated most deeply. A member of the committee drew Paul's attention to it as he took the cane from John, and prepared to lay on his share.

'Not to worry,' he said, 'I've seen worse. She only has three more coming. She won't suffer any damage. Maybe she'll boast a small scar on the beach this summer, but it'll be gone by the next holidays.'

Bent almost double, tears stinging her eyes, her face a mask of blind anguish, all Amy really heard were the dreaded words, 'three more'. *Oh Myra, I'm doing this for you, but I'm not sure I can bear it!* And yet, her knuckles white, she clung grimly to her ankles praying it would all be over soon.

It was not over soon enough. Paul took his dreadful time with the last three blows, spacing them out and delivering them with the same deliberate force as all the others. After the first one she shook uncontrollably, snorting salty tears through her nose, and then she nearly fell over from the impact of his second lash she was so weak from the strain of resisting the pain by not screaming. One of her knees bent in against the other as she tried crossing her thighs and turning her right hip away from the dreadful stick. Paul immediately commanded her to straighten up again, but the third stroke proved too much for her and she sank to her knees. She retained enough control, however, to resist the overwhelming urge to cradle her wounded buttocks in her hands by planting them on the floor in front of her instead.

'That one doesn't count now,' Paul informed her. 'Get back in place.'

She moaned, yet there was still enough strength left inside her in the form of pride, and the knowledge that it was Myra who had wished this done to her, for her to pull herself together and slowly push herself back up onto her feet. She took up the position again, her legs braced, her hands gripping her ankles, as Paul stepped forward and impatiently flung her dress up out of his way.

He kept her waiting for the longest ten seconds of her life as she moaned softly, her legs trembling and the cheeks of her bottom clenching and unclenching in anticipation. Finally, he delivered the last cut, and it joined the other twenty in a royal twenty-one gun salute of explosive misery. And yet she still did not scream as she hung on grimly, mysteriously suspended on the awful power of the pain as she forced herself to let it flow through her as her shoulders shook from the effort.

'That's it,' Paul said at last, and his reluctant admiration for her performance was evident in his tone as he added, 'you may go now. Thank you for your cooperation.'

She snatched up her purse and her discarded panties, and she was still holding on to them outside on the pavement as she waved down a taxi.

## A WOMAN'S PRIVILEGE

The young woman reading at her desk looked up from her book at a light tap on the door. 'Come in,' she called.

Another young woman, a girl of about her own age, eighteen years old, or perhaps a little younger, entered the room and carefully closed the door behind her. She was tall, with sleek, dark hair framing a face as apprehensive as it was beautiful. She was dressed in a T-shirt and shorts that did more to reveal than conceal her well developed figure. Her breasts were full and her hips round and soft. 'Miss Fairchild told me to report to you at nine-thirty,' she said quietly.

The seated girl picked up a sheet of paper and gave it her careful consideration, even though she had read it twice before already and savoured its contents both times. '*Jenny Field*,' she read aloud, '*bathtub left dirty*.' She looked up at the tall brunette standing timidly before her. 'Since Terry Fairchild has sent in a ticket, I assume you admit to the charge?'

'Yes,' she answered reluctantly.

'You're new here, aren't you?' her senior queried. 'You do know what this is all about, I hope? You understand you're here to have your arse tanned?'

The girl nodded dumbly, her mouth tight.

The older girl rose and pulled the chair away from the desk before opening a drawer and extracting a heavy rubber plimsoll. 'Messy hygiene is frowned upon here,' she explained. 'It's going to cost you eight with the slipper. It should be a dozen, but since you're new, and it's your first offence, I'll be lenient.' She slapped the slipper against the padded seat of the chair with a flat cracking sound that made the waiting girl flinch. 'You bend over this, take down your shorts, and then grip the edge of the seat. And don't get up before I tell you to, or we'll have to start all over again.'

Gnawing anxiously on her lower lip, the dark-haired girl bent over the chair as instructed, and then reached behind her to slide her shorts down to her knees, leaving her buttocks covered only by a small triangle of thin white cotton.

'What about your panties?' the girl in charge challenged.

'I thought I could keep them on,' the bent girl replied. 'They said you didn't *have* to take it on the bare.'

'You don't *have* to,' her superior confirmed, 'you *can* keep them on if you prefer, but anyone who is anyone here makes sure she has them well down, and takes what she has coming to her on the bare.'

The girl hesitated for a moment, but then her hands rose to her waist again, and the scant undergarment joined the shorts hanging around her knees. Her panties would have afforded her no real protection anyway as they had worked themselves almost entirely into her well-defined anal cleft. However, they had concealed most of her healthy young vulva's tender fullness, which made her feel twice as vulnerable and defenceless without

them. Her lightly fringed slit was framed by a plump labia she was not ashamed to reveal, but what humiliated her was that her dimpled anus, that utterly private part of her body which for eighteen years had remained concealed from everyone, including herself, was now casually on display. She had caught a glimpse of it in the mirror once, and then blushed at her own wicked curiosity. Now it was openly offered up to another girl's gaze, a girl who was obviously enjoying the enticing vision of her bared flesh. She shuddered slightly with shame, and with fear of the heavy rubber sole she was about to be beaten with.

The older girl kept her waiting a moment, *for the good of her soul* as it was usually expressed, the waiting serving to inspire a proper sense of fear and repentance, and then the first blow fell.

The heavy rubber cracked across her bare flesh, and the force of the impact pushed her forward so that the back of the chair jammed into her belly. *Ow, that stung!* A fiery sensation swept over her, and she gasped beneath the realisation that this ordeal was going to be every bit as bad as she had feared it would be. When she had collected her *ticket*, the older and more experienced girls mocked her because she was only going to suffer a slipper. Wait until she had to take the cane, they told her. Yet, in her opinion, this was quite bad enough, thank you. More than bad enough, her mind screamed as the next blow fell on her already sore flesh. The area covered by the slipper was considerable, and it felt scorched every time the stinging sole cracked across her cringing and throbbing cheeks.

By the fifth stroke she was breathing heavily, and her gasps of pain were escalating into anguished cries. Again and again the slipper fell over the same oval patch of skin spreading across both cheeks of her flaming bottom, which felt hot enough to fry eggs on. She squealed beneath the eighth blow and made as if to straighten up, and her hands were halfway to her burning buttocks when the prefect stopped her.

'Get down!' she snapped. 'You haven't been given permission to rise yet.'

With a choked sob, she bent over again, her hands gripping the sides of the chair even though they longed to grab and protect her aching cheeks instead.

'Rising before permission is given constitutes a very serious offence,' the prefect warned. 'By rights, you should take all eight strokes again. However, since this is your first time, I'll let you off with just two more, which will still leave you two short of a dozen.'

The last two blows were the hardest ones of all to bear. She had braced herself for eight blows, counting them off feverishly, and yet now she had two more to go, and the prefect was unfailingly successful in laying the fiendish slipper on exactly the same tormented area of her buttocks every time. She squealed as the first extra stroke landed, and beneath the final impact her legs buckled and rubbed against each other as she fought to stay down, gasping and whining. The pain was seriously getting to her now, sapping her strength and leaving her defenceless. When at last she was

given the order to stand, her face was nearly as flushed as her bottom, and tears shone in the corners of her dark eyes. She wanted to caress her aching cheeks, but she didn't dare. She had already incurred two penalty strokes for breaking a rule, and she was not about to risk the possibility of suffering yet more searing smacks across her raw flesh.

'Okay,' the prefect conceded, 'you can pull up your panties now, but any girl who's got the right stuff around these parts keeps her hands off her bum until she's in her own room.'

Permission to so delightfully redden a girl's tender buttocks, to make them smart furiously from the attentions of a heavy rubber sole, had been granted by a meeting of all the girls of the first intake two terms ago. The boys, at their school meeting at the end of the previous academic year, had voted overwhelmingly for the retention of corporal punishment, indeed for its enhancement and extension. They reaffirmed the rule that, for particularly serious offences, the *school beating* - bare-bottomed before the entire alumni - which had never been formally abolished, should be revived. The girls were then faced with a dilemma. From the moment they arrived at the school they had been fierce feminists, asserting their right to share in every activity on an equal footing with the boys, and protesting vehemently if there was any infringement on their right to do so, be it real or imagined. By mid-term, the girls could no longer ignore what the boys were saying amongst themselves. The boys argued that if the girls really wanted to share equally in everything, they also had to be prepared to bare their bottoms and offer them up to the admonishments of a slipper, or a cane.

An extraordinary meeting of all the girls was called for to try and resolve the matter. Annabel had her own special reasons for believing they should vote to accept corporal punishment on the same terms as the boys. As she explained to the others, her distant cousin, Penny, had found herself in an almost identical position when she pioneered the introduction of girls to a previously all-boys school where the cane was in regular use. The difference, in Penny's case, was that the feminist female staff had not even consulted the girls on the matter, let alone given them the chance to make up their own minds about it. They had arrogantly taken the decision from them, scorning the opinions of the male staff by condemning all men as brutes. They insisted, quite vociferously, that the female body was much too sacred to be subjected to such barbarous treatment, although it might well be appropriate for the lower and coarser male gender. As a result, the school became deeply divided, with the boys refusing to accept the girls as equals, fraternising with them only in the hope of receiving sexual favours in return, and forming their own exclusive semi-secret societies to impose and maintain the segregation by establishing entry qualifications that automatically excluded girls. The most elite of these societies was the *Eleven Plus Club*, for which candidates qualified only after receiving a total of a dozen swishes, namely two sixers, or three fours, an impossible feat for

the girls given their faculty-imposed immunity to the cane. That was where Annabel's cousin, Penny, came in.

The *Eleven Plus Club* was meeting for the first time that term in the big study room of Blue House when the knock came. Eight or nine boys, all sixth-formers, were sitting around drinking coffee and discussing plans for the term's activities. Before any permission was given, the door opened and Penny walked into the room. Paul looked up to see who the intruder was as she closed the door behind her.

'Hi, Penny,' he said in a friendly voice. Penny was a particularly desirable young woman, and no man in his right mind would blight his chances by offending her. 'It's nice to see you, but you can't stay, you know; this is a private meeting.'

'Yes, I know,' she replied. 'This is a meeting of the *Eleven Plus Club*, and that's why I'm here.' She paused a moment before declaring, 'I've come to join.'

'You know the rules,' Paul said impatiently. 'You girls chickened out of getting your bums licked the same as us boys, so you can't join.'

'We didn't chicken out,' Penny argued, 'we were never given a choice.'

'Well, whatever, the fact is you girls don't get caned so you don't qualify. You have to take at least a dozen lashes to make it into the club, and we intend to keep it that way.'

There was a murmur of approval all round, but Penny stood her ground; she was not finished. 'I'm not asking you to change the rules,' she persisted. 'Is there anything in them that says you have to get the whacks as part of a punishment?'

'What do you mean?'

Looking a little flushed, Penny took a deep breath that lifted her generous breasts, and stiffened a few pricks in the process.

'Why can't one of *you* give me a dozen with the cane? Then I'd be fully qualified and there'd be no reason why I couldn't join.' She got the words out in one brave rush.

A stunned silence followed her request, and then a ripple of murmurs went around the room again. Paul looked at his friends. Amidst surprise and confusion, there were clear signs of doubt on most of their faces. 'Don't be silly, Penny,' he said quickly, 'you could never take a proper caning.'

'I could too,' she insisted, holding her chin up defiantly.

'You don't know what you're saying,' he assured her firmly. 'Caning is no love tap, and we're not about to change that. You'd give up after the first cut.'

'Why don't you try me and see? You've got nothing to lose. If you're right, I'll leave and you can go about your business again. But if you're wrong, and I prove that a girl can take a caning the same as a boy, then I get to be a member of your club. Okay?'

Her challenge stirred up another excited murmur as rampant young imaginations warmed to the idea of putting Penny's lush body under the rod. One of the boys said, 'Seems like a good sporting offer to me,' and the others immediately voiced their approval. Some of them admired her spirit, a few hoped this would teach her a lesson, and the rest just wanted to see a girl caned. Paul lusted after the sight himself, but he remained aware of his responsibilities as leader. It was one thing to seize the chance to watch a girl bare her bum and take a lashing, but how would they feel when they found themselves committed to accepting as many girls into the club as had the courage to suffer a beating?

'Wait outside, Penny,' he said, 'we need to discuss this properly. I'll send for you when we've made our decision.'

Penny looked a bit put out about having to wait for a decision; she'd had to struggle with herself just to get this far. She had no doubt a caning would be hard to bear at the best of times, but to willingly take a dozen strokes at once in front of all these boys would make the ordeal even more intensely difficult. And now she would have to hold on to her resolve even longer while she waited out in the corridor, her knees growing increasingly weak at the prospect of a cane biting into her soft buttocks. But at least she had succeeded in getting their attention, so she put on a brave face as she left the room.

'Well, what's it to be, chaps?' Paul enquired as soon as the door had closed behind the slender figure, her straight back and unsteady steps betraying her anxiety. 'Do we agree to let her try one dozen of the best for the privilege of joining the club, or should it remain boys only?'

Everyone tried to speak at once. One member remarked that this was no place for sissy girls, to which another replied that sissy girls would not be able to take a dozen cuts of a school cane. In other words, a girl who could stay down for a dozen could not be considered a sissy.

'Besides,' contributed Ginger O'Malley, 'girls have such lovely bottoms, far nicer than horrid little juniors' bottoms. A girl's bottom is round and soft and looks quite lovely when you lay a cane across it. And there's always a chance of catching a glimpse of her fancy bits, too. When a girl bends over, it's not like when a boy bends over with their legs together. Girls like Penny have a gap between their thighs, and you can see their pussy through it. I say we shouldn't turn down the chance to see Penny's hot cross buns.'

There was a chorus of approval.

'They do have nice soft buns,' Roger agreed. 'When my sister gets it from dad, she has to bend over a chair with her knickers down. Dad really lays it on, and the cane sinks right in. Girls are much softer than us, and you should see the welts my sister gets - so thick and tight.'

'How come you know so much about it, Roger? Do you get to watch?'

'Not officially, but she has to go to the stable for her beatings, and I always make it a point of passing by and watching through the window. Then I slip up to her room and she shows me the results,' he added, smirking.

'How old is she?'

'Oh, she's nearly twenty now, but she got it right up until she left for university. We've been best mates ever since we were kids; we never keep anything from each other.'

There was some more discussion, but no further objections to girls being allowed to try for entrance into the club. The thought of watching white female bottoms flinching beneath the cane was enough to outweigh any doubts, and Ginger's promise that they would get to see her pussy clinched the matter. After a few minutes, Paul declared that there was a consensus and sent one of them to open the door and invite Penny back in.

'All right, you're on,' he said. 'Are you ready now, or do you want to come back later?' He suspected she would take the opportunity to withdraw, which would give her a chance to change her mind as she reflected on what she was getting herself into, but Penny's determination surprised him.

'I'll take them now,' she said. 'How do you want me?'

Paul refrained from replying, 'On your back with your legs open,' and said instead, 'Come and bend over this chair, and flip your skirt up over your back.'

Without another word, the girl walked up to him where he was holding a straight-backed chair and bent gracefully over it, so that the top rail pressed into her lower belly just above her thighs. She wore a white blouse and a tight green miniskirt that revealed every curve of her delicious bottom. How short it was suggested she was wearing pantyhose rather than stockings, and Paul's suspicion was confirmed when she reached behind and pulled it up.

'Those will have to come down,' he informed her.

'But I'm not wearing any panties,' she protested.

'Too bad, boys report for canings in their gym shorts, and no one would be naff enough to wear underpants with their PT shorts. On the bare is the rule around here.'

Penny hesitated.

'Of course, if you can't take it...'

She quickly thrust her thumbs into the waistband of her pantyhose, and peeled them off her hips. She pushed them down, and bared herself from her waist to her knees. Her bottom was smooth and full, her taut hemispheres divided by a deep cleft that opened up just above the crease of her thighs to form a neat oval through which the plump purse of her vulva was clearly visible. She gripped the edges of the wooden seat and nipped her lower lip between her even teeth, attempting to prepare herself for the coming ordeal.

She did not precisely know what she was in store for, but she knew it would be no picnic. She had seen the looks on boys' faces when they emerged from punishment. Their code of honour obliged them to face their comrades afterwards; they could not crawl away and tend their wounds in private as they might otherwise have done. Soon she would be standing before them

with that same look on her face as she bravely shrugged off the unbearable, but if that was the cost of breaking down the barriers between the sexes, then she was willing to pay it.

She could hear Paul moving behind her, and the faint rattle of something hard touching the table alongside the far wall. Then she flinched at a sharp whirring noise. She didn't have to look to know exactly where it came from. Paul had extracted a cane from the tall cupboard in which they were kept, and made an experimental cut through the air to get his hand in. The room quieted in anticipation, and in the sudden hush her fear felt loud as a scream.

There was a soft ripping of the air behind her and the cane fell abruptly, an icy lick across her bare buttocks that sent pain blazing through her. She gasped 'Oh!' in shock, because it was even worse than she could ever have imagined, and sucked in her breath as the fiery sensation raged through her flesh.

Paul watched her writhing bottom with a connoisseur's eye, admiring the welt rapidly developing exactly where he had intended to place it, just slightly below the widest part of her luscious rounds and well above her crease. He gauged the moment when she would feel the highest level of pain from his next stroke before he calmly struck her again.

When the rod sliced into her flaming cheeks the second time she was better prepared, yet she still could not suppress a groan of pain as it bit deep into the resilient yet intensely sensitive flesh just above her thighs, which trembled in agony. Her body forced her to stamp one foot in indignant response, but she held her position.

Once again, Paul bided his time before he sent the third blow whistling in just slightly below the ripening dark bars decorating the luscious white hemispheres he had the privilege of torturing. Her moan expressed the effectiveness of his next stroke, and he built on his success by laying the fourth cut right in the faint crease where her delicious cheeks merged into her slender legs. He was rewarded by another pained 'Oh!' and by the sight of one of her long legs kicking out frantically. He stepped back to admire his work.

Four bars burned across her skin as if laid with a ruler, three evenly spaced in the lower curve of her bottom, and the fourth showing as two thick halves either side of the gap framing the purse of her hair-fringed vulva. A nice tight four, if he didn't say so himself, and he had to admit she had taken them well. Many a hardened male sinner would have made more fuss under the circumstances, and this was a whole lot more fun.

'Well done,' he said, rewarding her with a little praise, 'now let's see if you can take the rest as well. Here, Roger,' he held the cane out to one of his mates, 'you seem to know a bit about girls and their bottoms. Let's see if you can make her smoke with a feisty four.'

Nothing loath to accept the challenge, Roger took the cane, along with Paul's position behind the welt-marked peach halves of Penny's bottom. She

was still bent submissively over the chair, clinging tightly to the edges of the seat. He measured his mark carefully enough, but then enthusiasm got the better of him. Whether he was distractingly excited by the sight of a girl's flesh bent over for his enjoyment, or simply inexperienced, his effort could only be described as rough and rushed. He laid each stroke on hard enough to make Penny gasp and groan as fervently as before, but he failed to time his strokes for maximum effect, and his inaccuracy left his tracks straying wildly over two-thirds of her ripe young feminine buttocks. His delivery was furious, lacking in finesse, and probably came as a relief to her after Paul's excruciatingly professional job.

The cane was then passed to Ginger, who made no mistakes. With pinpoint accuracy and perfect timing, he kept the girl at the peak of agony for well over a minute with only four strokes. His first lash had her squealing as he bisected the ripening weal of one of Paul's earlier cuts. His second had her hissing through her teeth in disbelief that anything could hurt so much without killing her. His third made her jack her legs closed and rub them miserably together, lifting each knee in turn as she twisted her wounded cheeks this way and that, moaning all the while. She was not defeated, however, she had herself under control; without being told she kept her sore, striped buttocks well presented for the final stroke.

Like Paul before him, Ginger used his last blow to slice into her tender crease, swollen and red from the earlier strike, testing her to the utmost. She screeched and twisted her hips around wildly, but she stayed down. All eyes in the room were on her, and Paul said nothing for a moment so they could all continue enjoying the sight of her half naked contortions. She had made an exciting and arousing picture from the start, but now, with her luscious moon tiger-striped and slightly swollen, and her whole body emanating a mysterious aura of beauty only women who willingly allow men to make them suffer possess, she was something else. It was a real effort for him to tear his eyes away from her and pronounce the blessed word, 'Permission.'

She immediately straightened up, wincing in discomfort, and faced them. 'So, am I in?' Her eyes were wet and shining, and her voice was challenging. 'You certainly are,' Paul answered for all of them. 'Bloody good show, there's not many could take a dozen at one sitting like you just did.' 'Don't even mention sitting just now, please,' she declared, smiling ruefully through her tears. 'I think I shall be *standing* for meals this week.'

## MORE TRIALS FOR AMY

After Penny, a handful of other girls sought admission into the *Eleven Plus Club* and were readily accepted by the boys, both for how courageously they paid the excruciating entrance fee, and for how good they looked, half naked and bent over a chair, while making the payments. For it somehow became accepted that not only must girls take it on the bare to qualify, but that, like the boys, they could opt to pay the fee in instalments of three fours, or two sixers. This concession was not entirely altruistic, as it delightfully multiplied the number of times the boys were treated to the sight of a pretty girl pulling down her panties, and to arousing glimpses of a pink and pouting pudenda between soft white thighs.

However, although this eased the tension between the sexes somewhat, it could not wholly bridge the gulf set up by the dogmatic feminists who ruled the common room and who never considered alternative views to any of their policies, much less consulted either the male or female students for their opinions, an atmosphere detrimental to social development on both sides. Annabel was determined that nothing of this sort should mar relations between boys and girls at Westbury.

So now all the girls were assembled to debate the issue of whether or not they should accept equality of punishment with the boys so they could enjoy being treated like true equals. Of course, there were those girls who sided with the feminist faculty and argued that, being women, they were entitled to have their cake and eat it too in the time honoured feminine tradition. Other girls were more honest, especially Annabel, who had been elected head girl at their inaugural meeting. She was one of a handful of girls who, prior to transferring to the Westbury sixth, attended a very exclusive and expensive girls' school where the rod still ruled.

One girl suggested it was a woman's privilege to be inconsistent, but she was overruled as being facetious. In the end, it was agreed they had to stick by their principles and accept the cane. The decision caused considerable argument, so it was put to a secret ballot, which is just what the boys had done.

As Annabel pointed out, 'It isn't as if there are any youngsters here. I might feel differently about it then, but we're all over seventeen, and most of us are eighteen. We should be able to cope with it.'

'Should we vote to get it from the masters too, or just the mistresses?' one girl asked.

'I think we should get it from each other,' Annabel replied, 'but if the staff have to be involved, there are plenty of precedents for the girls having separate arrangements. After all, we don't sleep with the boys.' She blushed; it was well known the liaison meetings between herself and the head boy sometimes lasted all night. 'Well, not officially, anyway. What I

mean is, it's not compulsory, like taking our panties down for the cane would be if we vote for corporal punishment.'

Eventually it was agreed that a vote should be taken that would be binding to all, but at the last moment there was a further objection. 'It's all very well for you, Annabel,' Tara, one of her two deputies said sharply, 'you went to a school where you got beaten all the time, as you never tire of reminding us. But some of us haven't the faintest idea of what's involved, or even if it's fair to ask a girl to take it. Besides, as you have outlined, it's going to be you and me and Penny delivering the punishments. You've swished a girl before, but Penny and I don't even know if we could handle it, much less do a good job.'

'You do have a point there,' Annabel conceded, 'but what do you expect me to do about it? I can hardly lay on a demonstration.'

In the end the discussion and the vote were held over for another meeting, and Annabel went off to find her opposite number, and significant other, to seek his advice and comfort.

She had not still been a virgin when she came to Westbury - virgins were rare among the three-dozen nubile females who made up the first contingent - and she lost no time in finding a bed mate to keep her company at night. Being elected head girl had made it even easier for her, as one of her privileges was a private room. Conveniently enough, it was the head boy her lustful eye had fallen on, and he too had his own room.

They were lying naked together in his bed discussing the day, a happy blend of business with pleasure. She was giving him the gist of the discussion relating to the adoption of corporal punishment for girls. 'The trouble for some of them is that they don't have any idea what to expect,' she explained. 'Some of us have been there before. We were flogged like mad where I came from, I can tell you that, but most of the girls here haven't had the privilege.'

'And that makes them hesitate to commit themselves, despite their determination to be as good as the boys,' he concluded.

'Exactly. They admit to the principle, but they want convincing about putting it into practice. I can't think of what else I can say to persuade them. It's not as if I can just produce a volunteer to pull down her panties and take a tight sixer so they can all see a beating won't kill them.'

'Hmm,' he mused, adjusting his position alongside her so she felt his long, hard erection pressing into her naked back, 'I just might be able to help you there. Leave it to me, and I'll see what I can do. And speaking of what I can do for you,' his voice became husky with excitement, 'let me demonstrate. You've gotten me quite horny thinking of bent bare bums and lickerish stripes. No,' he commanded as she made to turn towards him, 'lovely bums tonight.'

'Oh, you Westbury boys are so backward,' she protested. Then she felt his hardness pushing in between the cheeks of her bottom. 'Hey, wait a minute,' she cried, 'you can't go in there, not without a little preparation

first.' She reached over and grabbed the Vaseline jar from his bedside table. 'If you're going to bugger me, you might at least be gentleman enough to put some of this on first.'

'I don't see why I should,' he argued. 'I like hearing you squeal, and a little soreness in the morning will remind you of what a good time you had.' But he obliged her by scooping a large dollop of the greasy jelly onto his forefinger, which he then thrust into her reluctant anus, drawing another sharp cry of protest from her. She made no move to pull away, however, and even pressed her bottom back against his invading digit, wriggling her hips to work it well into her dark, hot depths. She gasped again when he presented his much thicker penis in its place, and thrust it into her hole. He sank deep, his belly pressing against her buttocks, and she gave a sigh of contentment that deepened into a moan, and then became a series of gasping cries as he rode her vigorously. 'Oh, God!' she exclaimed. 'I feel stuffed to the gills. More! Give me more!' And her own climax overcame her as she felt him shooting thick hot jets of fluid deep into her pulsing rectum. 'You really are a noisy little beast,' he panted. 'I think I'll have to gag you in future so the whole school doesn't hear you dying your little death!'

His efforts to find a solution for her difficulties was no less successful than his sodomistic endeavour, and she was still slightly sore from it when he was able to give her good news. After hearing it, she quickly called another meeting of the girls.

Amy was by turns rebellious and tearful. 'You can't ask this of me,' she protested. 'I've already been once and done everything they wanted. Surely they don't need me to do it again?'

'That was the boys,' Myra explained patiently, 'but now the girls want a demonstration. And I want it to be a good one, Amy, it's important they accept corporal punishment. It will do them good. They'll be much happier, and more fulfilled females in future, if they receive proper discipline now, as you should be the first to know. So, no flinching or screaming, just bend over and take the blows as if they're nothing more than flyswats. Understand?'

Amy understood. She had calmed down a little, and thinking about it objectively she could see the justice of Myra's argument. Indeed, it would be selfish of her not to give these young women the chance to vote for a regiment that, she had to admit, suited her very well, although how much her Sapphic love for Myra had to do with that she could not say. Therefore, acutely consciousness of her bottom, which was about to be assaulted again, she reported to Westbury for the second time.

She sat blushing beside Annabel as the latter introduced her to the roomful of girls who had come to watch her demonstrate her fortitude under the rod. She hoped they would be satisfied, and would not notice the way her buttocks were flinching even as she pressed them against the hard wooden chair.

'I've called you back,' Annabel announced, 'because I've been able to come up with a solution to our difficulties.' She refrained from telling them what else had come up, and where, on the occasion when she had been offered this solution; some things were best kept private. 'Miss Parton, Amy has kindly consented to give a demonstration of how to properly receive a beating. You will see it administered, observe her reactions, and examine the results. I hope you'll then feel able to vote in favour of our adopting the practice ourselves, in the interest of school harmony.'

There was a polite burst of applause.

Feeling like a sacrificial victim invited to approach the altar, Amy got nervously to her feet, and walked over to the chair that had been placed in the centre of the room.

Meanwhile, Annabel explained what would happen. 'First, you will see the slipper used, in this case one of the rubber-soled shoes used in PT, actually a boy's size since that's what they get. As you've probably heard, the slipper is used for minor transgressions, and handed out by the prefects as often as they think necessary for the maintenance of discipline. Six whacks should be enough to give us an idea of what is involved. After that, Amy has agreed to take a classic six of the best, which is likely the most any of us will ever have to suffer, unless you go completely off the rails and do something really dreadful. It isn't, at present, our intention that cuts should be taken on the bare, but Amy agreed to dispense with panties for the occasion so we may better see the marks, and their impact.' She turned to the waiting girl. 'If you wouldn't mind?'

Her mouth set in a grim line, Amy put her hands up under her skirt, and pulled down a pair of cotton panties that would, in any event, only have served to cover her sex and afforded no real protection, other than visual, to her buttocks. She then bent over the back of the chair, reached behind her to pull her skirt up across her back, and grasped the sides of the seat. Full and bare, her buttocks stood out roundly, waiting, and on their pale surface faint lines showed where Myra had laid out last month's refresher strokes. The marks were still visible even though the underlying bruises had all but faded.

Annabel held up a rather scuffed, rubber-soled plimsoll. 'I borrowed this from one of the male prefects,' she announced. 'They've been working very closely with us to make sure everything is satisfactory.' Some quickly suppressed sniggers suggested more than one member of her audience was aware of just how close one particular prefect had got, but she ignored them. 'It's a size nine, which, I gather, is what they regard as optimum, and it's seen a bit of use, enough to give it plenty of flexibility without wearing the sole so thin it loses weight. They're willing to give us girls a few like this if we vote for CP.'

More giggles greeted her remark, but again she pretended not to hear them. She hefted the slipper, her fingers only just reaching around far enough to get a firm grip on it as she turned towards Amy's bent and bare

buttocks. She laid the sole gently against the girl's pale flesh, which clenched involuntarily, and then drew her arm back and brought it down hard with a smacking sound like the crack of a pistol.

Amy's full buttocks bounced, spread, and fell back into place again as an instant red patch blossomed across the fullest parts of her cheeks. She gasped in surprise at the sudden blast of sensation, and moaned beneath the deep burn that followed it, but held her position.

Again the slipper fell. There was another loud report like a gunshot, a strangled gasp, and the red patch deepened and spread where the second blow overlapped the first.

*Whack! Whack! Whack!* Three more blows followed one right after the other until the once white cheeks flamed an angry red in two large patches on their crowns. Annabel raised the slipper well above her shoulder for the last blow, and brought it down with renewed force a little lower on the girl's buttocks, catching the base of her twin rounds just behind her prominent vulva.

Amy cried, 'Oh!' and then relaxed, so relieved the first part of the ordeal was over. Yet even as she rested, the patches on her cheeks continued to spread and deepen in time with the throbbing burn. The imprints left by the heavy rubber sole were now a scorched red, the mottled centres so pale by comparison that they seemed almost whiter than before.

'Thank you, Amy,' Annabel said, 'you can stand up now and take a break. Would you say that was a proper whacking compared with others you've received?'

Amy's flushed face seemed to turn a little redder. 'Actually, I wouldn't know. That's the first time I've ever taken the slipper. My guardian always uses the cane, and it's what the boys used when I was sent to give them a demonstration. They didn't even mention the slipper.'

'Oh?' Annabel looked a little taken aback. 'Well, perhaps you could give us the benefit of your experience and tell us how the two compare with each other.'

Very reluctantly, Amy bent over the chair again.

'This is a standard school cane,' Annabel held it up, 'standard to Westbury, that is. I would rate it as quite severe compared to the one used at the school I came from, although we did go even tighter at times, and for a school beating, if you were ever so foolish as to earn one, you'd get something even longer and heavier than this. Still, this is a good rod, and I think Miss Parton will be well marked by the time I've finished with her.'

They were all crowded closely together in the room, so everyone saw how Amy's bent buttocks cringed a little during this lecture, but she kept quiet and held her place, awaiting the first of her six cuts.

She did not have to wait long. Annabel briefly rested the cane across the proffered buttocks to mark her place, took two short steps back, and then sprang forward, her arm moving from the shoulder with her wrist making its contribution to the rod's velocity so that it lashed squarely across the

fleshy bottom, just below its trembling centre. She then stepped back to admire her handiwork.

At the moment of impact the track left by the cane was bleached white, all the blood driven out of the skin as the prostrate girl gasped beneath the shock of the assault. But even as everyone watched, the mark turned a bright red from the returning onrush of blood, the bruise spreading and swelling until it rose above the surrounding skin in a clearly defined welt. Amy groaned from the rising pain but remained motionless, determined to show all these girls how a beating should be taken.

Satisfied that both Amy and her audience had fully benefited from their contemplation of the cut, Annabel took two prancing steps forward again, and sent the second lash home. Another gasp from her victim, another flaming track followed by another miserable groan, and the bruise thickened perceptively. She felt a surge of lust, and of pride at how well she was striking the flesh at her disposal. Her arm and her wrist had not lost their cunning despite prolonged absence from the sport since leaving the strict academy where she learned this deadly trade. With her eye fixed firmly on her squirming target she started her run again, and thrashed the rod home directly between the two close parallel tracks already throbbing across the deliciously submissive buttocks.

Amy managed to absorb the third blow as stoically as the rest, her teeth sinking into her lower lip to hold back a scream of agony as Annabel paused to let the cuts sink in, and to let her audience savour the full extent of the suffering they were committing themselves to should they choose full equality with the boys by voting to accept corporal punishment. When she was satisfied the latest welt had matured into a thick, rope-like bruise, and the other girls truly appreciated the nature of the beast, she struck again, this time aiming a little lower to catch the bent and tormented girl exactly on the faint crease separating her buttocks from her thighs. It was a cruel blow delivered to the most tender area of her cheeks, but she judged that Amy could take it, and she wanted to demonstrate the ultimate cane stroke, at least as far as the buttocks were concerned.

True to her resolve, Amy absorbed the searing anguish of this vicious cut without crying out, but her hips writhed and the muscles in her upper thighs twitched in distress. Only two to go! Her lower lip was almost bleeding now, but she couldn't help sinking her teeth into it again hearing the thud of Annabel's rubber-shod feet behind her as the head girl made another run. Oh, just above the last one! A full-blooded stroke across the fattest part of her bent hinds would be a kindness compared to these slices into the sensitive skin underneath her fleshy mounds, but Annabel was not about to let her off with anything but the tightest sixer she could manage *pour encourager les autres*.

When the last stroke fell, it too landed right in her overhang. She whined as the pain rose in time with the swelling welt, but held her position as she had

been taught to do. She would not let Myra down; this had to be a perfect demonstration.

Annabel stood back, and surveyed her work. The fleshy buttocks were thickly scored. The six were tight indeed, hard, swollen and laid close together in a restricted area that would be directly beneath the girl when she sat down. For lasting effect, there was nothing like a well scored *sit-upon* whose soreness would produce flinching reminders of the beating for several days to come, reinforcing the disciplinary message of the cane.

'There now,' she said, after an interval long enough for the other girls to take in the ravaged bottom on display before them, 'I think that should serve as a sufficient demonstration of what we would be committing ourselves to. Quite a deterrent, I think you'll agree, but nothing to threaten a girl's health, and as far as her dignity is concerned, that's up to her. As Miss Parton has so ably shown us, such a test of fortitude and bearing can be endured without forfeiting feminine dignity.'

There were murmurs all around, mainly of assent, and some of relaxation after the tension of an exhibition not entirely innocent of lust. Annabel turned to her still bent victim. 'Thank you, Amy, please rise now and take your seat again. We are about to vote on the issue, and there may be other questions you can help us answer to everyone's satisfaction.'

Not trusting herself to speak, Amy straightened up painfully and pulled her panties back up over her hips. She would have preferred to discard them completely, but she was mindful of her promise to Myra to do everything she could to win these girls the benefit of a regiment of rod and slipper similar to the one from which she herself benefited. Limping slightly, she walked back to the chair allocated her, and sat down gingerly. Those nearest to her detected her slight gasp as her bottom came in contact with the unyielding wood, and everyone could see her crimson face and tear-filled eyes.

As the formal proceedings developed Amy sat silently, but she could not hold herself still; the fiery throbbing in her skin where it pressed against the unforgiving seat caused her to wriggle and fidget in an effort to ease her intense discomfort, but Annabel's skilful placing of the cuts made it impossible.

'Before we vote, Annabel,' Toni spoke up abruptly, 'what about the other problems we raised at the last meeting? You were going to look into the matter of us deputies being totally inexperienced in this sort of thing.'

'And so I did,' the head girl replied smugly. 'I think the solution is here at hand. We have the rod, and we have Miss Parton. Let's see how you make out in putting the two together as I just showed you how to do. Perhaps you would take your panties down for us again,' she turned to an appalled Amy, 'and resume your position?'

'Oh no!' the stricken girl protested.

Annabel raised her eyebrows in mock surprise. 'I thought you had agreed to give us an adequate demonstration, Amy. Surely it's not unreasonable to ask that the deputies be allowed to try their hand?'

Amy pulled herself together. She had promised Myra she would not let her down, and that she would do her best to make sure all the girls were convinced of the suitability of corporal punishment. 'You're right,' she admitted, 'I'm sorry I made a fuss.'

Annabel made a quick assessment. There was nothing to be gained by pushing the girl too far, and everything to lose if she could not take it. 'I think three apiece will be enough for each of you to get the feel of things,' she informed her deputies.

Amy got up, and once more bent over the chair.

'You seem to have forgotten something,' Annabel told her as she tossed Amy's skirt up over her back with a contemptuous flip of the cane. 'Those have to come down again. It wouldn't do if we couldn't see those lovely thick lines to help us determine if Toni is caning you tightly enough. But cheer up, it's only three.'

Amy's hands trembled as she reached behind and pulled down her scant cotton protection, leaving herself quite bare again and completely vulnerable to the vicious rod. Three, only three... but then she would have to do it all over again.

She heard a murmur as Annabel handed the cane to Toni with instructions to, 'Put your weight behind it, but don't forget, the wrist is what really counts. The run up helps, but don't overdo it. Make sure you catch her right in the crease. That's where she's the most tender, and it does the most good.' These statements did nothing to assuage the involuntary cringing of her already tortured buttocks, which longed to fold in on themselves and avoid the coming onslaught. She felt the lick of the rod on her already scorched flesh, and shivered as she heard the squeak of Toni's trainers beginning their run.

Two thudding steps and the air ripped behind her, followed by the all too familiar blaze of agony she would never get used to no matter how many times she felt it. Toni might be inexperienced, but whatever she lacked in technique was more than made up for, in Amy's fervent opinion, by her athletic robustness. She moaned beneath a rising tide of torment, and then heard footsteps coming again, the ripping of the air above her, and another searing blast of anguish broke against her flesh and surged through her blood. This time she gasped at the impact, and her groans during the throbbing aftermath were almost sobs. When the last blow fell her whole body jerked beneath it and she all but let go of the chair. Yet pride, and her promise to Myra, held her down even as her shoulders trembled from the strain and tears blinding her.

The rigid stripes on her bottom had increased to nine, taking up most of the available space in the preferred target range; preferred, that is, by the ones inflicting the punishment. The victim would have much preferred a more

generous area of her flesh be targeted. She was intensely sore in that narrow band of excruciatingly sensitive skin where her buttocks curved in and her thighs began and which was fast becoming one livid bruise.

Her eyes wet, her lower lip puffy from where she kept biting it in desperation, she was allowed to stand up straight and told to put her dress in order. Nearly blind with pain, she slid her panties up from around her knees again, wincing even at their soft caress against her beaten flesh. She had not forgotten she still had one more beating coming, but in her dazed state she did not think to question the order to rise and pull up her undergarment. It was a short cruel break, because the moment she was up, Annabel took the cane back from Toni and handed it to Josie.

'Your turn now,' she said. 'Take it from the top. Get her in the proper position, ready for the rod, and then lay on three whistlers just like Toni.'

Now Amy had to go through it all again from the beginning, the humiliation of removing her panties, the submissive bending over the back of the chair and lifting her skirt to reveal her ravaged buttocks, and worst of all, once again exposing her pouting vulva and the tight little dimple of her anus cowering between her burning cheeks. The welts were thick and stiff now, causing her to groan as her bending stretched them out into a new and throbbing life.

All the girls present were watching Amy very closely, for any one of them might one day soon have to assume this position, or be granted the dark pleasure of wielding the rod themselves. They could detect a frightened twitching of the muscles of her inner thighs, and a tendency for her knees to turn in on themselves only to be forced apart again as her will stubbornly overcame her body's fear.

Perhaps Josie was not quite as athletic as Toni, but what she lacked in strength she more than made up for in dexterity, and Amy would have been hard put to judge who hurt her more. Toni had spread her strokes a little; one found her crease exactly, but the other two were some way off, and one was quite high by the standards of the day. In contrast, Josie was a natural hitter in that she found the painfully receptive crease in her flesh every time. Amy all but screamed beneath the last cut, which fell on a welt already crossed by another one. She sobbed as she hung over the seat, and her humiliation was intensified when Annabel invited anyone who wanted to come see for themselves just what a proper dozen did to a girl's bottom. After all, they were about to commit themselves with their forthcoming vote, and it would do no harm to put the fear of God, or at least of the rod, into them by letting them see the damage it inflicted in all its colourful glory.

It appeared they all wished to see. Amy had to stay bent over and bare while thirty to forty girls filed past her and commented on the state of her flesh, the thickness and hue of her welts, and on how hot they blazed. More than one girl actually touched her purple bands to assess their tenderness and bruising, disregarding, or perhaps even enjoying, how the caress made her

flinch. But at last it was over and she was permitted to rise, sniffing back tears as she struggled to get into her panties again without aggravating her misery.

As she stood by waiting to be dismissed, red-eyed and wet-cheeked, Amy almost laughed through her tears as Annabel proposed a vote of thanks for their brave volunteer, for all the world as if she was thanking the mayor's wife for opening their garden fête. She stood before them - for she had politely declined the seat she was offered, for obvious reasons - the image of a well-thrashed young woman as Annabel called for a vote on the issue of whether or not to adopt corporal punishment for their own discipline in keeping with the practice on the boys' side. The motion was carried with scarcely a dissenting voice, quite enthusiastically in fact. Perhaps the lust inspired by the sight of bent and bare buttocks whipped to the raw overrode any fears they might have had about potentially suffering such punishment themselves. At least when Amy limped painfully from the room, she had the satisfaction of knowing her mission had been a success even if her bottom was a disaster.

## TRADITIONS OLD & NEW

And so at Westbury began the era of the cane and the slipper that resulted in the painful reddening of Jenny Field's tender young bottom. The matter was not settled all at once, of course. Subsequent discussions determined that, although the norm would be a beating inflicted by their peers, the staff might be allowed to intervene in serious cases, especially those involving insolence to teachers. Also, every girl could, at least in theory, be subject to a bare-bottomed beating in front of the entire school where the offence was so serious, and of such import to positive relations between the boys and the girls, that nothing less would suffice.

While, normally at least, the girls were to receive routine beatings over their panties and thus be spared the indignity of bare flesh, it very soon became the accepted practice that a girl sentenced to six of the best, or to a good round with the slipper, would in addition to removing her jeans or skirt voluntarily take down her panties as well. Not to do so became considered very poor form, and no girl could live down the shame of it. Thus, bare-bottomed became the *de facto* rule, an instant tradition soon joined by another.

It became just as much of a no-no to rub one's buttocks after a beating as it was to keep one's panties on during it. Girls were expected to walk back to their rooms wearing a calm expression, and keeping their hands in front of them no matter how much they longed to caress and soothe their beaten flesh. This tradition resulted in many comical expressions on faces struggling with anguish, and in restless hands kept off burning bottoms only by fear of ridicule. And, moreover, even once they gained the privacy of their rooms, they were expected to continue this performance of stoic endurance before anyone who chose to call on them to ask after their health. In practice, this resulted in a recently corrected girl spending the next hour or so lying face down on her bed, her panties off again, her skirt discarded so she was naked from the waist down, while anyone who wished to do so dropped by for a chat to ask how she had felt during the beating. Sometimes they wanted a blow-by-blow description of her ordeal, making it impossible for the victim to put those painful moments out of her mind as she undoubtedly longed to do. Young women are capable of a deep and unconscious cruelty to each other, and not many girls escaped without a score of visitors who had to be entertained.

On the boys' side there were also innumerable hallowed practices, some tracing back for many generations, all the way back to the school's founding fathers. The fact that there were no founding mothers left the girls feeling a bit deprived, and made them eager to devise new traditions of their own. One of the first concerns was the wearing of panties. Although the girls were generally monogamist rather than promiscuous, they were not shy in taking lovers, merely discreet in how they did so. One such well serviced

girl was one day noticed to be without panties, and subsequent enquiries unearthed the fact that she had lost them in the undergrowth in the course of some *al fresco* amatory exercise, after which she hadn't bothered returning to her room for another pair. The idea appealed, and the tradition was born that from now on any girl who'd had intercourse in the last twenty-four hours went without panties, and there were some girls with generous dispositions, or exceptionally active hormones, who scarcely needed to pack panties for the term so seldom did they wear them. Female lovers didn't count even though they were common, most of the girls being bi-sexual to one degree or another.

Another more gruelling tradition was borrowed from an earlier one rather than invented from scratch. Although Annabel had come to Westbury at the age of seventeen, with two years to term, some girls were to leave the school after only one year in the sixth form. Among them was Wanda, a very beautiful half Dutch girl who exercised quite an influence on the other girls, being something of a natural leader and fashion setter. As the end of term drew near, the girls who were leaving would often speak of what they planned to do, and how they wished to spend their remaining few days there.

'Are you looking forward to your last day?' Annabel asked by way of making idle conversation. A group of the more senior girls were lying around in her room in a state of undress that would have brought any boys present to rigid attention and was having a somewhat lubricious effect on many of the females.

'I think it may be an anti-climax, really,' someone answered. 'When you think about it, it's just a day like any other, and then it's over and you're out in the world with nothing to mark the transition.'

'You couldn't have said that at *my* old school,' Wanda declared. 'Your last day was a day to look forward to, although with mixed feelings. Mainly you were afraid it would leave a mark on you forever.'

This remark was too intriguing not to be pursued, and pressed to do so, Wanda continued, 'I ought to explain that we were a flogging school, although I think many of you know that already, as I've made no secret of it.'

Everyone nodded, and once more encouraged her to go on.

'Well, it was all pretty serious stuff. It was considered very good for the character to undergo a good whipping from time to time even if you didn't commit any offence to justify it. Old Mother Strickland, the headmistress, would take you aside, asking if you were satisfied with your own behaviour, etc., etc., until you finally broke down and volunteered for a good thrashing by way of penance for all your forgotten sins and omissions, or even just for the good of your soul.'

'What? You had to volunteer even if you hadn't done anything?'

'Well, be honest, do you really suppose a healthy young woman can go for six months without doing something to deserve a beating? It's usually just a

matter of not being found out, and when faced with the force of Stricky's personality, it was easy to confess and just get it over with. Anyway, I'm only telling you this by way of introduction, the real point concerns the time when each senior girl was scheduled to leave. What happened then was entirely voluntary, except that if you didn't *volunteer* your name would be mud forever. It went like this...'

It was her last night at the school. Clad only in a long white slip, her feet bare, her face scrubbed, her hair tied neatly back with a velvet ribbon, Wanda walked proudly down the corridor to say goodbye to Miss Strickland, and to honour the coll. On her way, she passed a score of friends and contemporaries gathered to witness her rite of passage, or at least her anxious entry into the room, and then later, perhaps, her anguished exit. All conversation ceased when she appeared, each girl turning her head to watch her walk up to the green door guarding Miss Strickland's inner sanctum, where she would offer up her sacrifice of pain and fortitude.

She knocked, but permission to enter did not come at once; she was left to wait, trembling slightly before the baleful green door, with the silence in the corridor almost a tangible thing behind her. And then, finally, she was bidden enter.

As the door closed quietly behind her, there was a collective sigh from the girls assembled out in the hall and conversation resumed, although in hushed tones as they all listened for sounds from the dreaded chamber where all of them, at some time or another, had bared themselves and received the flaming brands of the cane across their cringing bottoms.

Inside the room, Wanda found Miss Strickland waiting behind her desk, its top cleared of all but the thick amber cane that was the highest accolade, and the most dreaded terror, the school could confer. 'Good evening, Miss De Witt,' said the headmistress.

Equally formal, Wanda replied, 'Good evening, Miss Strickland.'

'Your last night, I believe, Wanda.'

'Yes, Miss Strickland.' She drew in a deep breath, as if she were a swimmer about to dive into chilly waters. 'I have come to honour the college, salute the founding mothers, and take away their blessing.' She recited the formula in a steady voice, but she was trembling inside. Every girl at the school knew what was implied by this commitment, even though none of them had experienced it firsthand.

'Good,' the headmistress replied, 'it's right you should go out into the world marked and suffering to prepare you for what it has to offer. Uncover yourself, please, and stand where I can inspect you.'

Without another word, Wanda slipped off her only covering, and then went to stand in the clear space before the desk.

Miss Strickland promptly rose and came to stand beside her. 'How old are you, girl?' She looked the well-formed young body up and down slowly.

'Seventeen, madam.'

'Hmm, a little young to be paying leave dues like these. You're going on, I believe, rather than completing your schooling here?'

'Yes, madam, I applied to be one of the first girls at Westbury now that the barriers are coming down. But it isn't as if I've any wish to leave the college,' she hastened to add. 'It's been a real home to me, and an experience I would never have missed, even if it was a bit tough at times, so I feel I should do the honours just like the fulltime leavers.'

'You could always accept a junior six, you know,' the grey-haired woman offered kindly.

'If you please, madam, I don't think that would do at all. I'll take a senior eight, if that's all right with you.'

The older woman resumed her inspection without answering. Moving in closer, she grasped a handful of the girl's buttocks and squeezed, none too gently. Then she cupped one of her full breasts and, weighing it, seemed to come to a decision. 'Hm, you're well developed beyond your years,' she pronounced, 'I don't see why you shouldn't go the distance. You realise if you take the senior eight you will have to salute the mothers as well to complete the rite? Three crackers, one across the points?'

Wanda gulped, but held her ground. 'Yes, madam, I quite understand.'

'And I'm making no allowances for your age; I never hit less than hard.'

'I wouldn't expect you to, madam.'

'Then please take up the position. I'm sure you know the form; legs well spread, no hiding your fig, your hands on your ankles. It won't count if you get up, and you'll have the choice of admitting defeat, or trying for it again from the beginning, although no one has done *that* for a long time.'

Wanda was not sure if she meant no one had gotten up and had to try again, or whether she was saying that, once you were up, you had practically no chance of beating the rod a second time. Either way, it was not a reassuring statement, and she was beginning to feel slightly sick as she separated her feet, and bent over to grip her shapely ankles.

Standing with her legs spread wide and completely bent over she felt horribly exposed. It wasn't that she was afraid Stricky was likely to be sloppy and catch her pussy; the headmistress had too much control of the deadly rod for that. But with the cool air caressing her moist labia, she mysteriously felt *all* pussy, and shamefully on display, as indeed she was. Stricky always appreciated a fleshy pudenda, and made sure she got a good view commensurate with the quality of the thrashing she was about to administer.

It was a severe ordeal, but the girl responded in kind. To say she coped with it comfortably, or that it was easy for her, would be ridiculous. It was almost intolerably painful, and it took all her courage to stay down and accept the horrendous cuts delivered to her bare bottom without screaming, allowing herself only a spasmodic flexing of her knees and twisting in of her thighs as she fought each flaming wave of agony that followed the shocking impact of the cane across her tender flesh. And all the time her mind could not shut

out her real fear - the salute to the mothers that would have to be offered up afterwards.

Beatings, even ones as deliberately exacting as this one, were nothing new to her. In her years at the college she had endured many such experiences, from the slipper on her delinquent junior bum, to lashes as strict as these on her more mature cheeks, although the formality, and the voluntary nature of the present beating, lent it a keener edge than most. But at least she knew what she was up against. The cane on her naked breasts was unknown and frightening territory, a prospect that filled her with terror. How would she, how *could* she, cope with cuts like the ones now torturing her bottom scorching her soft bosom and her firm little nipples? Yet she *must* endure them for the honour of the college and her own.

*Oh, that was a beast!* Right in the crease, and with all of Stricky's power and skill behind it. She whined in protest, but stuck to her prescribed pose. That made six. All she had to do was grit her teeth for two more and she could have a breather. Already she was panting and sweating from the exhausting cocktail of pain and fear; eight would be as much as she could bear.

The seventh stroke whistled in, lifting the scored and stretched meat of her hotly throbbing cheeks, and she gasped as the tip of the cane crept a little further around her hip. She longed to straighten up, to shriek in pain, to grab her beaten flesh in her two hands and squeeze in a desperate effort to put out the fire in her flesh, but she had come this far... She took the last stroke gasping like a landed fish, but stayed down until Miss Strickland's steely voice told her she could rise.

'Well done, Wanda. The honour of the college is well served by the way you took those. You may have a minute's rest.'

The sixty seconds passed as though they had never been. No sooner had she straightened up, arching her back to get the stiffness out of it, than the headmistress was calling her to attention again.

'You're nearly there, dear,' she said encouragingly, 'just the salute to the mothers left, and you may go with honour.'

Dazed, the thoroughly frightened young woman moved a little further away from the desk to the centre of the room, where there was space to give the rod full play.

'Now, just in case you are not familiar with the rite, let me explain. You must stand here with your feet well apart, because you'll need to brace yourself firmly to get through the next few minutes successfully.' Miss Strickland flexed the menacing rod between her capable hands as she spoke. 'Then you must clasp your hands behind your back, pulling your shoulders back, and thrust your breasts out as far as you can.'

Wanda obeyed slowly, throwing out her chest and bringing her ample bosom into prominence, her fear-hardened nipples standing proud and erect.

'Now, when you're ready I shall give you one cut across the tops of your breasts. Then, on the command of two, you will raise your arms high above your head to lift your breasts and bring the nipples up. I will then give you a cut across both nipples as best I can. I seldom miss.'

Wanda felt sick, but she said nothing.

'On the command of three, you will take your nipples between the thumb and forefingers of each hand and pull them firmly up and out. I will then cut you under the breasts. That will complete the salute, but you will hold the position until you are dismissed. I'm sure I don't need to tell you that true women do not touch their breasts afterwards, however much they may be tempted to do so. You are expected to simply replace your slip, thank me, and leave quietly.'

Wanda nodded to show she understood, and because she did not trust herself to speak.

'Very well then, we shall begin... *One!*' The headmistress's shoulders went back, the cane flashed, and a terrible burning sensation seared across the tops of Wanda's tender breasts. She choked back the cry that rose in her throat, and concentrated on holding herself steady.

'*Two!*'

Wanda brought her arms forward and lifted them over her head. She could feel the motion drawing up her breasts, lifting her teats to where the rod could cut them best, and her body shook as she awaited the stroke.

It cut her just as Miss Strickland had promised, exactly across her straining nipples, and the shock was so great it numbed her for a blessed instant, before an unbelievable agony kicked in. She didn't dare look down as she waited, moaning, for the next command, which came with military precision. Miss Strickland was very wise in these matters, and well aware that this test was almost beyond a girl's endurance. The only way to get her through it was to snap out the orders before she had time to weaken, taking her through it like a drill sergeant ordering troops into almost certain death, giving them no time to think about what they faced.

'*Three!*' she snapped, and Wanda gripped her throbbing teats, adding to her agony as she hauled her breasts up and out. The rod flashed for the last time, coming up on the underside of her taut globes. This time she did cry out, a little scream she managed to strangle almost at once. All women who have been hewn like this, where their breasts meet their chest, agree it is the cruellest cut of all, worse even than the suffering induced by a stroke across the nipples. The latter is inevitably feared the most beforehand, but the former is remembered long afterwards as cutting through to the soul. The girl hung there, still gripping her nipples, still drawing out her aching breasts, her face set in a rictus of pain.

'You are dismissed, dear.' There was genuine affection mixed with pride in the older woman's voice. 'The mothers would be proud of you.'

The girl sobbed her thanks for the honour of the ordeal, which had given her the chance to show what the college had helped make her, and then

struggled into her slip. Usually it was a simple matter, but with her breasts so tender even the soft brush of cotton was painful, and her buttocks were clamouring to remind her that they too had suffered, and continued to suffer, causing her to move stiffly and awkwardly. The sweat drenching her body did not help either as it caused the fine material to cling to her ravaged and burning skin.

The small crowd outside Miss Strickland's door had grown quiet while she was inside, latecomers hurrying up to hear descriptions of the faint sounds penetrating the heavy wood - small cracking noises, muffled groans, and once, the small beginning of a scream. Now everyone fell silent as Wanda reappeared, and closed the door carefully behind her again.

She limped through the crowd as it parted silently to let her pass. From the look in her eyes it was obvious she had done honour to the college and to the mothers. There could be no doubt about it.

As Wanda warmed to her tale, everyone listened in a mesmerised silence that remained unbroken for several seconds after she finished, until a voice said, slowly and thickly, 'Oh, sweet Jesus!' It was Claudia, one of the girls leaving that term. 'How could any girl go *through* that?'

'With difficulty,' Wanda admitted soberly, 'but it *can* be done, and I'll tell you something else. When it was over, I really felt I'd accomplished something. It was a mixture of pride in myself and in the college and in just being a young woman able to bear suffering like that, the way women have done all through the ages.'

Everyone fell silent again, lost in private thoughts, and then Claudia spoke again softly. 'Annabel, darling, do you love me?'

'You know I do,' came the prompt reply.

'Prove it,' Claudia challenged.

'How?'

'Tonight's my last night here. Let me honour the college just like Wanda did, and salute the founding women, which would be *us*.'

'You can't mean what I think you mean.' Annabel was aghast, and her concern was echoed by a tense and subdued murmuring as the import of Claudia's words began to register in incredulous minds.

'Yes, I do. Wanda made it quite clear how it should be done, and you know exactly what's involved. You've used the cane more than anyone else here, so don't pretend you're not competent enough.'

Wanda looked seriously concerned. 'You don't know what you're suggesting, Claudia. I'm afraid I made it all sound too easy. I didn't dwell on the details because I didn't want you to think I was boasting, and because, frankly, it still gives me the shivers just to think about it.'

'Of course I don't know what it's really like, but I want to find out. After all, you didn't know either until you tried it.'

Wanda could think of no satisfactory response, so she gave up the argument.

Annabel was tempted to rebel, but she forced herself to relax. It was Claudia's choice, and she had no right to protest further. After all, her lover had been warned, and yet she still looked quite determined. 'All right,' she said at last, 'here, or in private?'

'I think in private, if that's okay,' Claudia replied in a frightened voice. She had committed herself now, and the brave attitude she had sported to get her way evaporated the second she came face to face with what she had willingly elected to put herself through.

There was another girl present who would be leaving the school tomorrow, Penny Thorpe. She was a shy, well-liked girl, but she had made no special mark on their group. 'You say we're the founding women, and that there should be a salute for them. Well, I agree, and I think we should set an example for those who'll follow us. I think before she leaves every girl should be offered the chance to make this gesture to prove she's truly a woman now.'

'You too?' Wanda asked in disbelief.

'Yes. If Annabel is willing, I'll stand with Claudia and take the stripes for the honour of the college and to salute the founders.'

Again there were astonished and anxious murmurs.

'In that case,' Wanda declared, 'since there appear to be no dissenters, and Annabel hasn't refused the appointment, I'll do it too. If all of us who are leaving stand beneath the rod, it will set a precedent.'

'But you've already done it once,' someone objected, 'you don't need to do it again.'

'Yes, I do,' Wanda corrected her. 'It was a different college I honoured the last time, and different founders I saluted. This is another day, another place, and it deserves another whipping. I won't say I'm not frightened, but I know it can be done and that I can handle it.'

'The thing that worries me,' Annabel broke another long silence, 'is that I've caned a lot of bottoms but I've never hit a nipple. I don't know if I'm up to it.'

'Yes you are,' Wanda assured her. 'You can practice on mine. I'll go first, and show the way.'

By mutual consent, the gathering was temporarily adjourned so Annabel could straighten up her room, and get out the penal stick with which she dispensed high and low justice amongst her sisters. She wondered if the girls who had committed themselves to its venom were half as nervous as she was at the prospect of what she was about to do.

The three candidates for honours each retired to her room, and stripped in private. They each then slipped into a plain white slip, the required attire for this fearful rite, while the others girls drifted about in small groups outside Annabel's room, talking nervously amongst themselves.

After about ten minutes, they were rewarded by the sight of Wanda clad only in a thin slip. She was barefoot and pale as she walked past them without a word and knocked on the head girl's door. When it had closed

behind her, there was a low buzz of speculation, but no one seemed to dare raise their voice above a whisper.

Nearly fifteen minutes passed. The door to Annabel's room was undoubtedly thinner than Miss Strickland's had been, for a succession of small noises could distinctly be heard coming from within. No sound could be identified with certainty, but for those who understood such matters the auditory clues could be pieced together to give a pretty accurate picture of the solemn rite taking place inside. There was the low murmur of female voices, the faint but unmistakable sound of rattan striking bare flesh, accompanied by a variety of groans and gasps, and the keening of a young woman in great pain. The pattern was repeated seven more times. Then there was a slight pause, during which the sharpest ears thought they detected a small moaning sound, and everyone heard the gasp of pure agony followed by two strangled cries, and then more low voices.

A few minutes later Wanda reappeared, and walked past them all with a stony expression on her face. She carried herself stiffly, her hands clenched at her sides, her eyes fixed on a point in space just above their heads. Her slip had a low scoop neck, exposing the livid purple bar running across the swelling tops of her breasts.

Claudia appeared then, also clad in a plain white slip, and by tacit consent no one followed Wanda but instead remained outside the door to see how the second victim fared.

She did not seem to do as well as the first girl. The eight strokes she took across her buttocks were marked by vicious cracks of the cane against bare skin and gasps and groans of pain, but it was the three cuts she took over her tender breasts that really tested her. The rod itself made hardly any sound at all as it ploughed into the soft cushions of her generous bosom, but she gave a stunned shriek as it forged a crimson path across the snowy tops of her swelling mounds. And then the cane must have cracked true across her teats, for this time she screamed. Yet she held on to her courage long enough to grasp her tortured nipples, evidenced by her third cry as she was agonisingly hewn just below her globes.

When she reappeared, her face was wet with tears and she carried herself stiffly and awkwardly. Her slip was, for all intents and purposes, made almost transparent by the sweat soaking her suffering body, and all eyes were drawn down to the thick purple bars clearly visible on the pale skin of her bosom beneath it. As she walked away down the corridor, all eyes lingered on her buttocks, to whose generous rounds the moist material of her slip clung just as transparently as over her breasts, and where the eight bars of her thrashing were fused into a solid mass of welted flesh.

Clearly Annabel was taking no prisoners tonight despite the novelty of the situation, and the fact that each one of her victims had volunteered for the suffering. They could respect her all the more for that, because it would have been easy for her to hold back and ease her own discomfort at the torment she was putting her friends through. It would not have been the

honourable thing to do, however, as it would have devalued their brave gesture.

Now there was only Penny to go. She had longer to wait and think about what she had committed herself to. No doubt she had gone over Wanda's account in her mind again and again, feeling sicker each time, because she was visibly shaking as she walked towards the head girl's room. Despite the instinctive ban on speaking, her special friend, the girl with whom she shared a warm and loving bed, touched her as she passed and whispered, 'I love you!'

The same pattern of sounds from behind the grimly closed door was repeated - the muffled cries, the cracks of the rod, the three crisp commands at the end followed by unmistakable screams of pain, and then Penny staggered back out into the hall, her hair matted with sweat and her face streaked with tears. But despite her awkward gait she looked proud to have come through the ordeal. She sobbed as her friend put an arm around her but didn't pull away, and the two lovers went off to seek what comfort they could from each other.

It was morning, and the last breakfast of the term. The three girls who had suffered the rod last night looked pale but serene. Each one of them winced as she set her welt-decorated buttocks on the hard wooden bench that served in the dining room, but they ignored their discomfort and chatted animatedly about the life ahead of them, excitedly speculating about what lay in store for them out in the world. After a while, the bolder girls plucked up the courage to ask them how they felt, and pressed them to describe what they had each experienced the night before as they honoured the coll. They were happy to oblige, and it became obvious they all regarded the ordeal as something mystical they had passed through which had led them to a new understanding of themselves; to a new maturity that set them slightly apart from the younger girls yet to experience the cane's tempering flame. They might be stiff and sore, but they carried their wounds with pride because they felt as though they had indeed passed out of girlhood into womanhood by way of that fiery rite. Their listeners shuddered as they described the experience, but recognising the change in them they too resolved to submit themselves to the trial when the time came for them to leave. And so was born what was to become one of the school's most enduring traditions.

The rite was borrowed from Wanda's old *alma mater*, but elements of their own were soon added to it that made it uniquely theirs. Whereas at Wanda's school it was the headmistress who conducted the scorching rite, at Westbury the head girl did the honours. Annabel was the first, but when her time came the following year she delegated the task, which included her own sacrifice, to her heir, even though her position had still to be confirmed at the first all-girls meeting next term. As she remarked at the time, this lent continuity to the process, a kind of symbolic passing on of the torch.

Privately, Annabel felt that *torch* was a good word to describe it; her nipples felt just like little flames after the cane's cruel kiss.

## BARE BEFORE THE SCHOOL

From the beginning the girls had demanded total equality with the boys. There were reservations amongst the boys about this, and they were only partially allayed when the girls agreed to corporal punishment on the same scale. Some boys claimed that a girl's sexual power gave her an unfair advantage, and that the emphasis on women's rights laid boys open to charges of harassment which were almost always impossible to disprove, given the basic ethos of the school in matters of discipline: that no punishment could be avoided or mitigated no matter how good the excuse or the appeal against it. The matter was not long in coming to a head.

Drugs were always a problem at the school, and the staff adopted a pragmatic approach in dealing with them. The use of grass was forbidden, and anyone caught smoking a joint was expected to take down their knickers for six of the best, no more, no less. For any other form of drug use, the penalties were much more severe.

One day, a group of boys and girls was caught sniffing coke from a generous supply. The girls immediately claimed the boys had coerced them into trying the drug by mocking them, and even threatening them with physical violence if they refused, undoubtedly hoping the drug would render them easier to seduce.

The boys told a different story when first questioned, but once faced with the girls' accusations, and the feminist claptrap in which it was framed, they made a formal admission, retreating into sullen silence, and sentence was meted out accordingly.

For such a heinous offence, the headmaster seriously considered expelling the boys in disgrace after a public flogging. As it was, he took into account their previous excellent records and decided to allow them to stay. However, they had taken advantage of these girls in an unforgivable way, they had not behaved like gentlemen, and so they would suffer the school flogging of a dozen strokes each.

The sentence was severe; eight was the norm for such an offence. Clearly the fact that girls were concerned had influenced the decision. However, the punishment was never carried out. A few hours before it was scheduled, one of the girls involved in the ill-fated party went to the deputy head, a woman, and confessed. She admitted the girls had supplied the drug with the intention of seducing the boys, but they had panicked when they were caught, and so blamed it on the boys. Pressure had been brought to bear on them, however, by other girls, who knew what had been going on, and so she had come to confess.

At first the deputy head was sceptical, because it was hard to believe such attractive girls needed chemical aids to seduce healthy young men, but this was soon explained. As it turned out, the boys involved each had a

girlfriend, and the party was the result of a bet the girls had made that they could seduce them into being unfaithful.

The situation was critical. The episode seemed to confirm all the worst fears with which the boys had greeted the proposal to introduce girls to the school. Annabel called for an emergency meeting of all the girls, and as a result of the discussion, led a deputation. She asked that, in accordance with their consent to submit to corporal punishment, and in keeping with their commitment to absolute equality, the girls involved should be handed over to the boys for justice: they should suffer a caning, bare-bottomed, before the entire school, the punishment their male counterparts had been about to receive.

And so it was that, two days later, the whole school assembled to watch as the deputy head appeared on the raised dais at the end of the main assembly hall, followed by the three delinquent young women. As the condemned went to stand with their backs to the curtain concealing the stage, the deputy advanced to the lectern and recited the names of the accused, their crime and their sentence. She then turned towards them. 'You first, Janice,' she commanded, 'panties off, girl, and up to the chair.'

Keeping her chin pointing stiffly upwards, Janice put her hands under the short pleats of her skirt, and hooked her thumbs under the elastic at her waist. She drew the thin cotton down her hips, and still gazing fixedly before her, slid the material down her legs to the floor and stepped out of it. She dipped in a sort of curtsy to retrieve the crumpled garment, and laid it on a spare chair beside her. Her mouth set grimly, she then walked over to the chair the head indicated, and bent over the back of it, extending herself to grip the sides of the seat near the far edge.

Miss Hawker then touched the insides of her thighs. 'A little wider, please,' she ordered, and the girl shuffled her feet sideways, very conscious that this position would open up her slot and expose her vulva to the entire school as her dress was lifted. She felt the cool air on her bare buttocks as it came up, but especially on her pussy's moistly pouting lips, and a deeper shade of scarlet suffused her cheeks and neck, giving her fair skin a fiery glow even as she shivered.

'School caning, twelve of the best,' Miss Hawker pronounced. 'Carry on, please.'

The school prefects, including Annabel, had formed up to the left of the stage. Paul, as head of the school, stood at the top of the line flexing a *proper* cane. In private beatings, a *form* cane was used (the girls had adopted the same for their own internal discipline) but for a serious beating like this one, a more stringent weapon was called for. The custom was recorded in accounts detailing previous school beatings before the practice went into dormancy, and the description of the cane to be used was quite clear. It was to be thirty-three inches long, one-half inch in diameter, of the best quality dense rattan, lightly varnished and heavily waxed, with a straight handle that could be bound with tape for a better grip. It was an

instrument designed to inflict severe punishment with a modest number of strokes that would both sting and bruise. Six of the best with one of these was a prospect to make even the toughest delinquent apprehensive, quite apart from the disgrace and shame of displaying their naked buttocks before the entire school. Twice that number, and even the most stoical would be overcome with fear, for such strokes would indeed be of *the* best. The culprit would not only feel them intensely, but he or she could expect to remain stiff and sore for days, wincing every time they sat down, and limping as they walked.

Though she tried to hide her reaction, Janice's skin blanched beneath its furious blush when she saw the rod in Paul's hands. She had been warned what to expect, but the sight was worse than her most dire imaginings, and her stomach contracted with fear even as she lifted her buttocks into position.

The silence in the hall deepened, enabling the prostrate girl to hear the soft sound of trainers moving on the boards behind her. The sound stopped, then resumed as a trio of swift thuds. Her bare buttocks cringed as she felt the air split behind her, and then an icy coldness permeated her shrinking flesh for half a second before turning to fire, as if a red-hot iron had been laid across her bottom. The conflagration of pain through her buttocks elicited a breathless gasp from her, and she clung to the chair, moaning softly as the sensation became a penetrating, pulsing anguish.

While she fought the rising tide of misery in her hinds, Paul stepped back from where his prancing run had carried him right up to the girl's side, and handed the cane to Annabel, the next person in line.

Annabel was tempted to be lenient, but there were important principles at stake, and if she was seen to hold back, to give anything but her athletic best, it would be said that girls couldn't take it *or* dish it out, and their position in the eyes of the boys would be undermined even further. If they wanted the boys to take them seriously, her strokes had to be well given, and well taken. She walked up to the point where Paul had started his run. She moved her weight from one foot to the other a few times, and then took three prancing steps towards the bare buttocks before her. That was all she could see of her target, two stretched rounds framing a down-fringed plum split gently open between them. Across soft mounds, a thick red track flamed an inch or so below the centre, and she added the strength of her wrist to that of her shoulder to drive the whistling cane deep into the soft flesh, just a touch below Paul's spoor. The stick seemed to burrow and cling to the sensitive skin before she peeled it away and turned back toward the waiting line of prefects. Meanwhile a fierce hissing sound came from the wounded girl as she sucked her breath in between clenched teeth.

Annabel handed over the gently vibrating rod, and stepped to one side. One by one, the remaining four prefects took their runs and thrashed the cane's cruel length into the girl's cringing bottom, held bent and bare for their onslaught. Each time there was the menacing thud of running footsteps, a

sharp crack and an agonised gasp as rod met flesh, and the soft whimper of a female in distress filled the gap before the next assault.

Then Paul took the rod again, and the whole torturous cycle was repeated. The girl's gasps were more like small cries now as the mounting agony of more cutting blows to her already savaged buttocks became almost too much to bear. Only her stubborn pride carried her through the ordeal; she still hadn't screamed when the last of the dreadful dozen sank into her tumescent behind.

She was left bending over the chair for a full thirty seconds, so the pain could mature and so her striped bottom could serve as a warning to other girls not to abuse their privileges, as well as a pledge to the boys that from now on they would be protected from the kind of injustice that had led to this demonstration. When she was at last allowed to rise, she was red in the face and her eyes were brimming with tears, but her pride was intact. Paul was once again in possession of the cane, and now he held it up before her so she could kiss the rod in recognition of the justice of her punishment.

Corinne was next. Her face ashen from observing Janice's awful trashing and the humiliating picture her friend made exhibiting her naked bottom to the entire school, she almost fell over as she balanced on one trembling leg to remove her panties at Miss Hawker's command. She stumbled on her way over to the chair, and kept her eyes off the menacing yellow rod as she bent over obediently. She moaned as Miss Hawker pulled her skirt up across her back to reveal her bare bottom, and suppressed a sob when she was made to spread her legs and also expose her pussy from behind, her total abasement a perfect expression of the seriousness of her offence.

Once more the prefects formed a line, and each one did their three-step dance again to drive the whistling rod into bare and outraged flesh. Poor Corinne was not as strong as Janice; she was sobbing openly by the fourth lash. Yet she resisted the desire to scream and simply gasped in shock as the rod bit into her tight little rear, painting vivid scarlet lines across her flesh that became painfully three-dimensional, turning into finger-thick pulsing welts as the entire school watched in fascination. But by the eighth stroke it was all too much for her and she screamed beneath each cut across the lower half of her already bruised young buttocks. Finally allowed to straighten up, she limped back into line, her shoulders heaving from the sobs wracking her body, and stood with her head bowed, tears streaming from her tightly closed eyes.

Sue had to endure the sight of both her guilty partners suffering whilst anticipating her own coming torment and the shame of baring herself in front of everyone. She was proud of her body, and liked to exercise its power, a fact that had contributed to her current plight, but to offer her nubile young figure up to the eyes of spotty boys was totally humiliating. She cringed at the thought, but when the time came there was nothing she could do about it. Down came her shorts, followed by her panties, and her ripe flesh was on full view. She could almost literally feel the eyes on her,

hungry gazes mysteriously devouring her round cheeks as well as her plump pudenda, visible between her thighs below the thick, dark patch of her pubic hair. Then she was forced to bend over the chair and open herself up in the process, permitting the caress of cool air laden with hot stares across her moist vulva. All those little brats would catch a glimpse of her glistening juices and snigger even more loudly, especially afterwards when back in their dorm rooms wanking their pricks whilst conjuring up visions of her wantonly exposed pussy. But now her hinds were not only on display, they were vulnerably offered up to the rod, positioned in such a way that it could rip into her with maximum effect. The force and bite of the penal cane had reduced poor Corrine to screaming sobs, and she was next. *Well, she would show them what she was made of!*

Her pride-stoked resolution barely survived half the ordeal. On the seventh stroke she let out a desperate groan of pain as the rod bit deep into her skin, and then she could not stop an even higher pitched moan from escaping her as the terrible after-burn consumed her buttocks. She completely forgot the gazes she had so resented before her punishment began; the thought of their lecherous leers was completely submerged by the waves of agony that flowed through her body after each stroke, and by her wild effort to withstand them without dissolving into tears. But when the eighth stroke struck home she broke down and howled. From then on, a humiliating wail of agony was ripped out of her as she rode the appalling wave of torment crashing through her blood after every incendiary cut. She managed to regain control of herself on the tenth stroke, but the eleventh undid her again and she screamed, and then screamed again beneath the last devastating lash that made up her dozen. Her eyes nearly as red as the stripes on her poor bottom, she stumbled back into line, sniffing and weeping beneath her breath.

This school beating was a very solemn occasion, and it did much to repair the damage that had been done to relations between the sexes. Though two of the three girls had broken, they had done enough to convince the boys they were not sissies, and to make them a little more confident about getting a fair deal from now on. Altogether, the punishment was considered a success even by the unhappy victims themselves, for not only had they been spared the disgrace of expulsion, they also gained something of the status of heroines for enduring such a terrible beating, bare-arsed, before the entire school. And from that day forward, their behaviour towards the boys was exemplary. Indeed, more than one young man was heard to remark that it might be a good thing for all the girls to be given the same treatment 'for the good of their souls'.

Another time, another place, and one girl is about to discover if such a trial is in truth cleansing to the soul.

It was Friday night, duty night, and Barbaranne was feeling slightly sick to her firmly muscled stomach. She was an exchange student from the United

States whose parents were wealthy, and more importantly, highly placed in the American administration, so they had no difficulty obtaining influential introductions that gained their daughter immediate entry into Westbury. Not that she was a spoiled brat - far from it. Almost everyone liked her because she accepted the ways and traditions of the school without question, showed herself to be gifted academically as well as in sports, and yet she was not in the least bit conceited. She also accepted the fact that once she turned eighteen she too would be subject to physical discipline. Her excellent disposition and talents meant she went almost two full terms without facing the rod, but her reprieve could not last; the disciplinary code was too strict. So one Friday evening, she stood looking at her name where it was printed on the duty sheet pinned to the notice board in the corridor outside the dining hall.

*Barbaranne Kelper, it read, late to class.*

Well, she *had* been late, all of five minutes late, but she'd had a good excuse. Except that one did not make excuses at Westbury, especially if a girl, particularly an American girl doing her best to conform to the local customs. It just wasn't done, and *her* excuse was particularly unacceptable. She had believed her period was over, but just as she was running to get to class she felt the telltale wetness between her legs and realised she was leaking. She was obliged to turn back, slip off her stained panties, thrust a tampon into her swollen vagina, and quickly pull on some fresh underwear. As a result she was five minutes late to class, and this was not the sort of excuse one shouted out. It was not just a case of being embarrassed to mention it in a room full of boys, it was also necessary to avoid any excuses that might be seized upon as smacking of special treatment for girls, which would thereby conflict with their demands for absolute equality.

So she accepted the licking coming to her, but she could not help her legs feeling a bit watery when she thought of taking her panties down and accepting that wicked length of thick rattan on her naked flesh. Six cuts was the minimum penalty for a duty, and she was not looking forward to it. Was it worse not knowing what it would feel like, she wondered, or being experienced and knowing just how much it really hurt? She was more than likely to find out before her year was up.

'Bad luck, Barb,' Jenny commiserated. 'Still, it *could* be worse. You're a virgin, so it won't be more than four.'

Before Barbaranne could ask what her mythical virginity had to do with it, Cicely Parton, the housekeeping and hygiene monitor, pushed her way through the little knot of anxious girls standing in front of the notice board, and thrust a pink slip of paper into Barbaranne's hand.

'Glad I found you, Kelper,' she said. 'I've been meaning to give you this, but I haven't seen you for a couple of days.' And with these words she turned away to hide the triumphant smirk on her face, leaving the American girl looking bemusedly down at the piece of paper in her hand.

'Oh, the bitch!' Caroline exclaimed with feeling. 'I bet she's been saving that up especially for tonight. No maiden now, Barb. I'm afraid you're in for it.'

'What's it all about?' Jenny begged to know.

Barbaranne obliged her by reading the contents of the ominous ticket out loud, 'Kelper, B, hygiene delinquency, tampon and soiled underwear left in waste bin.'

'But that's not fair, you've got to put them *somewhere!*' one of the girls protested.

'No, the rules say you have to use the disposal unit in the bathroom,' Caroline corrected her.

'Actually, it was worse than that,' Barbaranne admitted. 'I should have gone back at lunchtime and cleaned it up, but I forgot when we went to eat sandwiches with the boys in Hinsley wood. I didn't think about the mess until later that afternoon, and by then Cicely had made her rounds and seen the dirty underwear.'

'I still say she's being beastly,' Jenny insisted. 'She could have just told you off, or at least offered you the chance to take a licking from her, with a lighter cane. She didn't have to give you a duty.'

'She was within her rights,' Caroline pointed out. 'You *can* appeal though, Barb. I would if I were you. If you don't you've got a real licking coming to you. It'll be six on each count, and with two offences on your sheet you can't claim a maiden and get a reduction.'

Barbaranne would have liked to appeal the duty; she hardly relished the thought of suffering a dozen lashes when her friends looked sick at the idea of taking six. But she was well aware of the tradition against filing an appeal. If she appealed and lost, the penalty would be even worse, possibly double the count, whereas if she appealed and won, it would seem to her companions that she wasn't truly committed to the school. Either way she lost, so an appeal was out. 'No, I won't be appealing,' she said, and then added mockingly, 'not the done thing, eh?'

'Good for you, Barb!' Caroline wrapped her arms around her friend. 'You'll make a good Brit by the time you get out of here.'

There were two other glum looking girls outside the duty room that night, and Barbaranne found herself standing between them. Her reluctant companions were experienced transgressors who put on a good pretence at bravado in front of their friends earlier, laughing as they rubbed butts in mock anticipation. But now, with the awful damage the penal rod could inflict on their buttocks literally just around the corner, they were silent with apprehension, while the inexperienced American awaited her coming trial with all the fear of the unknown.

Annelise Braun, a tall blonde from northern Europe, was the first to enter the room in answer to Miss Drayton's call. Her two companions remained outside, backs to the wall, their arms at their sides as the rules prescribed. Very little of what passed inside the room was audible through the heavy oak door, until the first crisp snap of the cane penetrated the wood,

followed by a low groan. The series of sounds was repeated five times. The flinching listeners kept expecting the punishment to end and for their comrade to emerge, but to their horror the count picked up again. A seventh lash was heard, accompanied by an increasingly loud noise from Annelise, followed by an eighth.

'Oh, *Christ*,' one of Barbaranne's companions whispered passionately, 'she's making it *eight* tonight! She always was a Tartar! And I got six this morning after breakfast; I'm sore as hell!'

Barbaranne felt a touch of sympathy for the girl's bruised bottom, but she could not spare much feeling for she was so busy anxiously calculating her own score... it was likely to rise to *sixteen* if she made no appeal! Could you take sixteen all at once, or did you have to come back later? She didn't know, and she didn't dare ask. Talking in the corridor was strictly forbidden and she had no desire to make things even worse for herself. As she mulled over her dismal prospects the doorknob rattled, as though someone was groping for it blindly, the door swung open, and Annelise stumbled out of the room. The well-built blonde dragged the door closed behind her and immediately went to rest her forehead against the wall across from it, her hands rising behind her and cradling the back of her skirt.

'Oh!' she moaned. 'Oh!' and furiously rubbed her buttocks in complete disregard of protocol. Later, she would keep her hands well away from her beaten arse, but here, with only fellow sufferers to witness her transgression, the need to grasp her beaten cheeks was irresistible. 'Oh, *Jesus!*' she whined, gripping them as if trying to squeeze the agony out of them. 'She's hitting like stink tonight! I've never had it so hard!'

The door suddenly opened a crack. 'Next!' came a voice from inside.

This was it; she was about to find out what CP was all about, and whether or not she had it in her to emulate the famous English phlegm. That is, if her legs didn't give way beneath her as they suddenly threatened to do. Only the thought of what might ensue if she behaved in a difficult fashion carried Barbaranne through that fateful door into the duty room.

Bare, dour and comfortless. These words could have been used to describe the room as well as the woman presiding within it. Miss Drayton was a spare, athletic woman somewhere in her thirties with whipcord muscles showing in her thin arms, and strong, shapely legs. She was wearing a short skirt, and plimsolls for better run up during the execution of her duties, and her pale blonde hair was tied severely back into a tight little bun that fully revealed her stern and uncompromising features. 'Ah, Kelper,' she said, looking up from the piece of paper she was consulting. 'Your first time, is it?'

Barbaranne nodded dumbly.

'Speak up, girl!'

'Yes, madam,' she replied quickly.

'Are you claiming your maiden?'

Barbaranne hesitated. The pink slip was still in her pocket. Perhaps she could claim her maiden, take the reduction, and *then* hand over the slip. Surely that was allowed? On the other hand, it might be against accepted procedure, and make things even worse for her. Besides, the whole ethos of this place was that you took your beatings without question. Appeals, pleadings, any attempt to mitigate one's sentence, however legitimate, would only earn her the contempt of her fellow students. She would hate to hear someone say, 'Of course, what else could you expect, she's an American?' So she reached into the pocket of her skirt, and pulled out the pink slip. 'I don't think I'm entitled to claim a maiden,' she somehow got the words out. 'You see, madam, I was given this on my way here.'

Miss Drayton lifted one thinly plucked eyebrow as she accepted it. 'Hmm, it seems you're in deep trouble. Bad luck, and your first time too, but duty is duty. And even more unlucky for you, the head has insisted that discipline be tightened up, so I'm dishing out eights tonight as part of the campaign. I'm afraid you may find sixteen a bit difficult as a first-timer, so you don't have to take them all now. If you think you might have a problem staying down for sixteen, and I warn you, I have no intention of holding back just because you're in a spot of trouble, then I'll make you a special concession. I'll let you take eight now, then you can wait outside until I've dealt with Monica, after which you can come back in and finish the job.'

*Some choice!* She didn't really have one. If she could not stay down for sixteen, she was sure she would incur an even worse penalty, and she was completely untried; she didn't know if she could stand even one kiss from the cane. Yet if all the girls she loved, lived and worked with had tried and succeeded, some more than once, then why shouldn't she? She hated the idea of leaving the room with eight flaming brands imprinted on her tender buttocks, and being forced to listen to the strokes falling across Monica's bottom before she went back in herself. It would be awful to have to bare her maturing welts again, and hold on for dear life while Miss Drayton did her best to lay on an even more livid set of marks. Yet there was no doubt in her mind that she could not possibly take sixteen at once, so she said, 'Thank you, madam, I'd be grateful for the break.'

'Very well then, let's get started. Bend over the chair, lift your skirt onto your back, and pull your panties down to your knees.'

Barbaranne approached the straight-backed wooden chair, one of the only pieces of furniture in this bleak room dedicated to punishment, until the top rail pressed into her quaking belly. She bent forward over it, reaching behind to flip up the short pleated skirt that was the uniform worn for duty. Then she slipped her thumbs beneath the elastic of her panties, and peeled the thin cotton off the stretched mounds of her buttocks, slipping it down her slender thighs until they hung like soft shackles around her knees.

'First time, eh?' Miss Drayton mused. 'This is going to be bad, you know. I think you deserve a little help. If you like, you can take those off and bite on them to keep from crying out. You'll find it helps.'

'Thank you, madam.' Blushing with shame, she let her panties slide down to her ankles, stepped out of them, picked them up, and clenched the soft material between her teeth. She could smell and taste herself on the moist, warm cotton. Despite her fear, or perhaps because of it, the crotch of her panties was sticky with her juices. She could imagine her labia glistening with her secretions, and the colour in her cheeks deepened as she sincerely hoped Miss Drayton didn't notice.

Her feeling of shame did not last long; it evaporated the instant a short whirring noise behind her exploded in a flaming band across her buttocks. Oh, it was worse than she could ever have imagined! And instead of fading, the initial pain blossomed through her cheeks until they were hot with misery. And that was when Miss Drayton, with perfect timing, struck again. She moaned around the morsel of damp cotton clenched between her teeth, a smothered cry born of despair as much as pain. She had taken only two and already she was in agony. How on earth could she endure eight, and then come back ten minutes later and do it all over again? She would never make it... and yet she must. It wasn't just a matter of avoiding further punishment. Her whole standing in the school depended on it. She couldn't bear this appalling assault on her flesh, but the shame of letting herself down in the eyes of her fellows would be even more unbearable. To be pitied for being *just an American* would hurt more deeply, and for far longer, than any beating, however severe. So she bit down even harder on her wet panties, and braced herself to take the next cut, and the next, and the four that followed them, although by then tears were flowing freely down her cheeks. The smooth pink rounds of her pert bottom were corrugated now with a set of eight thick purple welts concentrated at the level where the thick purse of her vulva peeked out from between her thighs.

So lost was she in her pain, and in her determination to endure it, that she lost count. She had to be told to rise and yield her place over the chair to Monica. She stumbled from the room, her panties in her hand and Miss Drayton's words ringing in her ears. 'You haven't finished yet, so no touching. Keep your hands off your bum until I call you in again.'

Leaning sideways against the wall to brace herself, she scarcely heard Monica's summons to judgement, or the crisp cuts of the cane audible through the closed door. Rather than subsiding as the minutes passed, the flaming misery of her beaten flesh seemed to rise to an even more intense pitch, until she could barely resist the temptation to disobey her instructions and grab her throbbing hinds. She danced from one foot to the other to fight the urge until Monica finally emerged from the room, her features contorted in pain, her hands grasping her ample cheeks beneath her skirt as she mewled in distress.

The sight did nothing to boost Barbaranne's morale, serving only to remind her, as if she needed reminding, of what awaited her inside. An age seemed

to pass before the door opened a second time and Miss Drayton invited her to enter the room again.

Wincing, she bent over the chair, set her panties between her teeth, and flipped her skirt up over her back, revealing the red-hot ruin of her buttocks.

Miss Dayton inspected the results of her handiwork with a practiced eye. 'Hmm, I'm afraid you may find this a little difficult,' she warned, eyeing the livid welts and the ribbed flesh that was beginning to swell angrily. 'A bit tender now, I should think. Still, I can't hold back, it wouldn't be right. I'm duty bound to put everything I've got into each stroke. You do understand that, don't you?'

This didn't seem to be a rhetorical question, so Barbaranne grunted assent through her cotton-stuffed mouth, and nodded her spinning head as she offered her throbbing rounds up to a second assault.

'Good,' Miss Drayton snapped, and drove the rod directly into the fattest part of the girl's ravaged cheeks.

The headmistress had not been wrong in her assessment, although it hardly took a genius to conclude that further strokes on those marks would not be easy to endure. Barbaranne looked back at those next five minutes as the longest and hardest of her life. She stuck them out, but in the end she was wracked by such violent sobs that she couldn't get up. She lay helplessly over the back of the chair, still clinging to it as if her life depended on it.

In a rare gesture of kindness, Miss Drayton carefully wiped the girl's mottled and tear-stained face with a tissue, and then gently helped her straighten up. Taking the sodden scrap of cotton out of her mouth, she wiped her lips with it, at which point the girl instinctively turned to her and slipped her arms around the woman who had just beaten her almost beyond bearing, holding on to her as if she were the only comfort and stay in her life. Miss Drayton let her weep out her distress for a few minutes, and then pulling away slightly, she bent and kissed the pain-twisted lips.

'There, there,' she cooed, 'it's all over now. You did very well.' Then, abruptly, she seemed to recall herself back to normality. 'Come now, you're still alive,' she said firmly. 'Pull your skirt down and get out of here.' But as the girl reached the door, she called her back and pointed to her crumpled panties where they lay on the floor. 'You can take those disgusting things with you. You don't think I want them, do you?'

## THE MATER BARES

Lady Nancy walked down the corridor very aware of the voluptuous way her full buttocks were packed into a pair of tight cotton jeans. Her awareness was so intensely concentrated on her bottom that she imagined all the girls she passed knew where she was going and stared after her, visualising her firm, pink flesh beneath the blue denim and how it would soon be transformed into a raging furnace.

It had all started when Amanda had taken her friend, Jane, back to the family home. Well, she was rather more than a friend. Amanda had fallen for the delicate beauty of Jane's lovely young body the moment they met, and Jane reciprocated her interest. They had been sharing beds and bodies for a few months now, giving and receiving thrilling pleasure between each other's thighs, suckling on eagerly engorged nipples and enjoying all the other delicious activities open to girlish lovers.

Though their tastes, and how they each tasted, were very similar, their backgrounds could not have been more different. Jane came from a working family in an industrial town, where lively intellectual parents had inspired and encouraged her to do well at school, which resulted in her being selected as one of the first girls to enter the sixth form at Westbury. Amanda was old money; her father was a Baronet, and her mother was Lady Nancy, a noted society beauty in her time, and still a stunningly attractive woman.

One night, Jane, Amanda and her mother had all gone to town together, to a night club where they ate a little, danced a little with the men who flocked around the gorgeous trio of women, and drank rather more than was good for them, especially Lady Nancy, who blossomed in the company of two younger women and threw caution to the winds.

In the cold light of a hangover the following morning, Amanda's mother discovered, to her horror, that the valuable emerald earrings she had been wearing, family heirlooms of historic as well as monetary value, were missing. The police were notified, and the jewels were soon recovered from a local pawnbroker, their distinctive design and outstanding value making them easy to spot. The description given of the person who had pawned them matched Jane exactly.

The two girls had returned to Westbury, so the police had not met Jane and made the connection, and Lady Nancy was not about to involve the family in a public scandal. She was of the opinion that such matters were best dealt with privately, but she had no intention of letting the girls get away with Jane's crime. So Lady Nancy rang the girls' head, Ms Taylor, to acquaint her with the facts, and to ask her to avoid publicity if at all possible even while ensuring that the girl received a punishment commensurate with her crime. Ms Taylor needed no urging. Faced with the accusation, Jane simply denied everything and then withdrew into proud aloofness, refusing to justify her

action or to plead for clemency. She was ordered to lower her jeans and bare her bottom, whereupon she received an excruciating six of Ms Taylor's formidable best across her tender flesh in front of all the girls, assembled to witness her humiliation. She bent over, tight-lipped, and held herself perfectly still while the cruel rod bit into her stretched rounds, raising thick dark welts across them, each one laid on with all of Ms Taylor's considerable strength. They drew short gasps of pain from Jane, but nothing more.

When it was over she limped silently back to her room, where Amanda found her lying face down on her bed, her jeans and panties discarded to bring relief to her aching buttocks, weeping bitterly at the pain and injustice of it all. It took loving hands, gently exploring between her thighs, to still her sobs and replace them with sighs of passion, which quickly escalated into a panting release that drowned the pain in the age old feminine way.

Two days later the police contacted Lady Nancy to tell her they had traced the young woman who deposited the jewels. It appeared she had made a full confession, saying she found the earrings in the ladies' powder room at the nightclub. Lady Nancy must have taken them off to relieve the pull on her ears, and being a little drunk at the time failed to remember the incident. In a fit of remorse - realising she had been wearing her hair down and her earrings would not have been very visible in the dark club, so Jane must not have recognised them - Lady Nancy headed straight for Westbury to try and make good the wrong she had done the poor girl. Jane was in favour of forgetting the whole thing, but Amanda was less forgiving. She was determined to revenge her lover's bare-arsed degradation and suffering before a hall full of girls.

'It's all very well you're sorry now,' she told her mum bitterly, 'but words come easy. *You* didn't have to take down your panties in front of all those girls and take a caning you didn't deserve. Her bottom is *still* marked! You can look for yourself if you don't believe me.'

'That won't be necessary,' her mother replied stiffly, attempting to regain parental authority.

But Amanda was not to be put off. 'Come on, Jane,' she urged, 'take them off and show her how they hurt you. She obviously thinks all you got was a little spanking.'

At first Jane protested, but her friend remained adamant, and so she reluctantly turned her back on them as she lowered her jeans, and then her panties. Lady Nancy gasped in shock as the ravaged buttocks came into view. They were rainbow-hued, still swollen and sore even though a few days had passed since poor Jane bared herself before the whole female sixth and bent over to take Ms Taylor's excruciating strokes. It had been a formidable sixer, delivered with all the considerable skill and experience at Ms Taylor's command.

Shaken by the evidence so blatantly on display, Lady Nancy seemed at a loss. 'Well, what more can I do than I already have?' she queried uncertainly. 'I can hardly take a beating myself in order to make it up to Jane.'

'I don't see why not,' Amanda snapped, 'it would only be fair.'

'You're talking nonsense, dear,' her mother protested breathlessly.

'I am *not!*' Amanda cried. 'You're just too big a coward to do it! You couldn't take it!'

Emotionally overwrought and stung by the accusation of cowardice, Lady Nancy reacted impulsively. 'That's what *you* think,' she almost shouted. 'We were beaten quite as strictly as you girls are in my day. If that's the only apology that will satisfy you, and make us all friends again, then I'll do it!'

Beyond reason now, Amanda pressed home her attack. 'Jane was humiliated, you know, and got really hurt. You have to agree to the same.'

'Anything you say, but not in front of the other girls, please. I don't think it would be good for them to see a mother getting it.'

'Okay, but you'll have to agree to take extras to make up for that. I think eight should do nicely.'

Lady Nancy nodded dumbly, and Amanda quickly headed for the door before her mother could change her mind. 'Give me a minute to make the arrangements,' she said. 'You're sure you're not going to chicken out if I leave you alone for a bit?'

Lady Jane was committed now; pride forbade her withdraw. 'I said I'd do it, and so I will. I'll do anything if it will make us friends again.'

It was some twenty minutes later before Amanda returned. She found her mother very agitated, but still determined to go through with the ordeal.

'It's all arranged. Evening Duty is nearly over, and Paul will be ready to deal with you straightaway.'

'Paul? A boy?' Lady Nancy was aghast. It was hard enough to submit to a caning in order to assuage her daughter, but this was just too humiliating.

'That's right,' Amanda sneered, 'a *teenage* boy. He's only eighteen, younger than your own daughter.'

'But why does it have to be a boy? I thought you would get one of your prefects to... to do it. Or perhaps a member of the staff?'

'Because, mumsie dear, you didn't just get Jane whipped, you made sure she was humiliated and degraded as well, and now you're getting the same treatment. Besides, boys hit harder, Paul especially. On a bare arse he can sometimes draw with one stroke, and with what you're getting they're bound to cross each other.' She looked delighted.

Lady Nancy whispered in shock, 'I have to take it on the bare?'

'Oh yes, mumsie, naked as a slug. You drop your jeans, pull down your knickers, and let him get a good view of your matronly charms.'

For a moment it looked as though the older woman might rebel, and then suddenly all her protests just seemed to cave in on themselves and she merely looked resigned. 'All right, I agree. What now?' She managed to

keep her voice steady. She was not about to show fear in front of these two young devils, who had her just where they wanted her.

Amanda glanced at her watch. 'It should be clear now,' she said. 'Duty is always over by half past. You have to go to room 4B, at the end of the second corridor. That's where duty's held, and Paul will be waiting for you. He knows basically what's expected of him, but it's up to you to give him the details of what we've agreed on.'

Lady Nancy moved towards the door.

'Report straight back here,' Amanda called after her. 'We'll want to see the evidence.'

Her mother did not answer, simply closed the door behind her with as much dignity as possible.

The two girls watched her go. She was going to feel this all right. Amanda had made Paul swear he wouldn't hold back, and she had further ensured his cooperation by promising him unlimited use of her pussy for a week if he could make his mature victim get up before permission, which would earn her extra strokes. Since becoming Jane's lover, she had refused him the use of her young slot, and he jumped at the chance to get back between her legs. Once she hooked him with her luscious bait they went through the stock of punishment canes together and selected a real brute - longer, thicker and heavier than anything used on the pupils. She convinced him that a mature woman needed a stronger rod to cut through her more solid padding and raise true welts.

Lady Nancy hesitated for a moment outside the wooden door before knocking on it smartly. A young male voice called, 'Come in!' and she entered the room. While she was relentlessly manoeuvred into accepting punishment, she had given little thought to the actual person who would inflict it, but now her shame was intensified tenfold when awaiting her in the duty room she discovered a fresh-faced youth. Her anxious pallor was instantly replaced by a deep blush as she realised she had committed herself to stripping before this boy, and to bending over and taking a beating from him on her bare buttocks. She recoiled inwardly, but braced herself to go through with it. 'You must be Paul,' she said lamely. 'I was told I would find you here.'

'Amanda's mother?' he asked, in a self-possessed manner as she closed the door behind her. 'I think we both know why you're here, but just so there aren't any misunderstandings I'd like to hear it from your own lips, including what your tariff has been set at.'

This was getting worse, but she had every intention of seeing it through so she and her daughter could be friends again. 'I am here to atone for a wrong I have done by accepting a caning in the same style my daughter's friend suffered.' She managed to get that much out before she had to clear the humiliation out of her dry throat. 'It was agreed that eight strokes would settle it.'

'Eight?' He cocked an eyebrow. 'Yes, I think I can make you very sorry with eight. Please stand by the desk over there.' He indicated the heavy table over which the more severe punishments were taken.

When she was facing the wall, the edge of the desk close to her belly, he gave the command she had been dreading even more than the cane's bite.

'Lower your jeans, please,' he requested nonchalantly, as if merely asking her to hand him a tissue.

Mysteriously unable to look directly at what she was doing, she closed her eyes and bared herself in front of a youth young enough to be her son, shoving down the tight denim clinging to her until it was a wrinkled blue ring around her ankles.

'Your knickers as well, beatings here are taken on the bare.'

A hot flush of feeling suffusing her neck and burning in ears, she pushed her flimsy silk panties down to her knees, intensely aware of what she must look like from behind showing a pair of fleshy buttocks blushing with shame. Though maternity had put a little weight on her hips, she was far from fat. Her haunches had always been naturally well padded, but they were also nicely separated, for she was endowed with a fine child-bearing pelvis, and the cool air caressing her vulva told her it could already be glimpsed between her still shapely thighs. And when she bent over the desktop, the rich lips of her sexual purse would be cheaply exposed to a teenage boy.

The inevitable did not come at once; Paul needed to mark out his ground before commencing. Flexing an evil length of thick yellow rattan in his competent hands, he approached her to get a closer look. For a minute or so she stood stiff beneath his regard, trying not to let her face betray any of her feelings. Her body rigid with shame, she stood at attention while he prodded her buttocks with the tip of the cane, assessing their firmness and the fatty depths into which it would soon be sinking. Fine, firm meat, he thought, and wondered if he could strike it painfully enough to make the woman rise before permission. His contract with Amanda required he do so, otherwise he would not win the use of her tight warm pussy for a week. At the thought, lust ignited his blood and fired him with the resolve to thrash these mature buttocks as he had never thrashed flesh of any gender before.

'Right,' he said in a thick voice, an iron-hard erection seeking room in his trousers, 'let's get on with it. Bend over the desk and reach out for the far edge and stay like that for a count of eight. Take your hands away, and you could be made to suffer the cane on them, and the last stroke won't count. Get up before permission, and your remaining cuts are doubled. Leave the desk, and we start all over again, except that it will be sixteen instead of eight. Is that clear?'

It was all coming back to her now. The ritual phrases were the same ones she had heard over twenty years ago when she recited the statutory warning to her own victims. And before that, these words had rung in her ears more times than she cared to remember every time she reported for the dreaded duty. She attended a school that regarded itself as *la crème de*

*la crème*, and maintained formidably high standards in the department of correction in keeping with its reputation. This strict ethos included making sure no girl escaped a regular taste of the rod, however careful her behaviour. As their revered head was wont to remark, 'All girls are wayward at heart, and if they are not actually caught committing a crime, it does no harm to beat them for the sake of their undetected offences, or just for the good of their souls.'

Now it was all going to happen again, but she was twenty years older and out of practice, and the rod this young man was holding looked the very devil compared with even the worst rod she had suffered in school as a girl. She remembered enough to know that this stick would bruise her to her very soul, and shuddered at the prospect of its imminent impact across her bare and fleshy bottom. 'I understand,' she said, and bent over the table.

The sensation of offering her mature nudity up to his gaze and to the rod in his hand was every bit as bad as she had feared it would be as the submissive position opened her up completely. And to make matters worse, she tripped over the jeans caught around her ankles, which forced her to set her feet as far apart as the denim allowed in order to balance herself. She started to pull her feet together but he checked her, ordering her to keep that pose. She would be more stable, he told her, and the rod would do its work better. She surrendered to the authority in his voice, and the flood of mixed feelings between her thighs told her just how vulnerably exposed she was to a strong young prefect contemplating his target.

They were mature white buttocks, with a certain breadth and weight to them, but they were still tight and smooth, and the deep anal cleft was drawn open slightly by her position, so that the pinkish whorl of her little hole could be glimpsed at the bottom of the narrow valley. Lower still, just where the labial cleft ended, he spotted the tip of a bright pink button, the seat of her feminine pleasure exposed to his juvenile gaze. He took a last appraising look at the full cheeks, and the thickly pouting maternal fig peeking through the pronounced gap between her thighs, sizing up his target with a practiced eye before he stepped back. A week's use of Amanda's clinging pink pussy was a formidable incentive to do his best, and he promptly launched into a short run - one step, two steps, another half step, and the rod sang through the air to impact in the solid flesh awaiting it. The cane bit deep, penetrating its own thickness into the meat before springing clear. The woman gave a shocked gasp as the blow fell, clenching her teeth as her buttocks shuddered for a full second or more after the stroke fell and she fought to resist the devastating pain. She thought she remembered her strict schooldays, but either she had put the true awfulness out of her mind, or the combination of a strong young man with an inordinately cruel rod was a step higher on the severity scale than she had ever been.

She had only just regained control of herself, lowering her head and slightly relaxing her miserably clenched buttocks, when the prefect started his

second run. She gasped again as the cruel length of whippy cane wrapped round her haunches, digging deep into her bottom, and then sucked her breath in through her teeth as she rode the hot agony that followed the lash.

Three strokes sank solidly into her generous rounds, leaving thick, throbbing spoors, and the fourth had her groaning desperately. All thoughts of shame and modesty were driven out of her by the well-nigh unendurable cuts of the rod. Her entire being was concentrated on holding on to the desk and praying for the strength to endure the full dose. Four more of the same to come; she was only halfway there. She bit her lower lip and ordered her passionately reluctant body to stay down.

Lady Nancy's awareness of her blatantly exposed vulva was driven from her mind by the sheer hell of the cane's vicious biting kisses, but her assailant's awareness of her thick maternal fig was heightened by the excitement of the moment. Much as he desired access to her daughter's slighter vagina, it was this thickly lipped and darkly moist organ he desired now as he wound up his next stroke. Damn, she looked luscious. Did he dare take her afterwards? He would love to bugger the tight pink anus he caught an occasional glimpse of as her fleshy cheeks cringed and writhed. Her bottom looked as if it would offer a man a hot, buttery ride straight to heaven, and women were very often in a receptive mood after being thrashed... Suddenly, he saw his own mother bending there like that. His father had thrashed her soundly more than once while he looked in at the study window, watching as she writhed in agony, and then in the throes of an altogether different feeling afterwards, howling out her exultant passion as he reamed her from behind... Paul shook his head to clear his memory in favour of the present task, and eased the rock-hard bar in his pants to one side.

Five strokes thwacked home, lifting the fatty cheeks and leaving another track to join the four already ripening across them; thick, hot, throbbing purple welts that would be hell to sit on for hours, if not days. They had chosen one of the heaviest rods in the armoury for her, and it showed; she was deeply marked. Another blow fell, six of the best to match Jane's tally. And she still had to take the two extras she had agreed to on account of her maturity. They were likely to hurt almost as much as the first six put together. Her marks were all low, nearly parallel with the sensitive crease where her bottom flowed into her thighs, for Paul knew his business and how to treat the female posterior with its succulent overhang. This highly sensitive part of her body was now laced with finger-thick weals, the blood swelling them producing a painful, pulsing ache. But with the prospect of unlimited access to Amanda's humid love tube beginning to recede as her mother continued to stay down, he was determined to put everything he had into his last strokes.

The seventh fell right over the most serious of her welts. She let out a small cry and her pained intake of air afterwards sounded very much like a sob.

Paul watched her for a full five seconds, while her tormented buttocks writhed as she fought to contain the agony consuming them, willing her to rise and make her daughter's little pit of bliss forfeit to his lust.

Disappointed, he turned away to wind up for the eighth lash and his last chance to gain that nubile prize. But as he turned back to start his last run, his cock jacked up painfully in his trousers as he could scarcely believe his luck. While his back was to her, the woman had lifted her body off the desk, and unable to contain her pain, her hands had risen behind her to cradle her tormented bottom. He savoured the sight for a long moment, his mind dwelling on Amanda's sweet pussy, and the use he would make of it for seven days and nights, before calling Lady Nancy to order.

'Get your hands off your bum,' he snapped, his voice heavy with triumphant lust. 'That'll cost you extra, and you'll get your hands caned as well. I warned you not to get up before permission.'

With a desperate moan she spread her arms back over the desk and rested on it, weeping silently. He allowed her only a few seconds to collect herself; if he waited too long she might gather her wits enough to rebel. 'On your feet,' he commanded, 'and stand before me. That last stroke doesn't count, so you still have two coming. With a double penalty, that's four extras. Now hold out your right hand.'

Totally helpless after her defeat, she bent her right arm and offered him her palm, trembling with apprehension. He laid the rod across the meatiest part at the base of her fingers, lifted the rod, and struck. She gave a small, stunned cry as the cane lashed into her vulnerable flesh, and then promptly thrust her wounded hand under her left armpit to shield it.

'Again!' he demanded fiercely.

Sobbing openly now with pain and fear, she held up her aching hand a second time. She shrieked as the cane struck it again, and promptly clasped it against her chest. It took him a few moments of threatening persuasion to get her to offer her left hand to the rod, and she had to support it with her aching right hand before she could find the strength to lift it. Twice more the cane flashed, and left her with both her hands thrust beneath her armpits as she rocked back and forth in abject misery, tears streaming down her face. When she had stilled a little, he ordered her back over the desk.

She had to force her utterly reluctant body to obey him. She resumed her position to suffer more of the rod's unbearable attention, totally naked from the waist down, for she had kicked off her rumpled jeans and panties when she turned to offer him her hands. Paul watched her with a bulging crotch, not only on account of her daughter's guaranteed yielding, but also because he found it perversely erotic having the mother bending over and surrendering herself to him as well. Her lush flesh was immensely exciting lying stripped and vulnerable before him, with angry welts he was responsible for flaming across it. The woman, old enough to be his mother, was totally at his mercy now, whimpering with anguish and terror. She had

completely surrendered her will to him after the humiliation of having her hands caned like a schoolgirl, and of crying out beneath the cuts. He observed her flinching, clenching rounds with relish, and seizing his advantage, he aimed for the same track as before and found it, laying on all his weight, as well as all the strength of his arm and wrist. She could not hold back a sharp cry as the rod fell on her nearly raw flesh, and she whined deep in her throat as she sought to master the unbearable pain.

And she still had three more coming! Why had she given way to her weakness and put her hands behind her like that, hands that now throbbed and ached quite as much as her red-ribbed bottom? Squeezing her eyes shut and biting down on her lower lip, she steeled herself to avoid any more extras. Crying out at each cut, but maintaining her position, she took the last three. With brutal precision the penal rod bit deep into her matronly meat, lifting her soft flesh while burrowing into their tender undersides, laying more thickening weals directly over already throbbing welts. Her hapless buttocks writhed in agony entirely of their own volition, well beyond her control but unfortunately not beyond her consciousness as she felt each harrowing slice of the cane.

When it was over Lady Nancy lay moaning and sobbing on the table, all dignity gone. She had been hurt, and she showed it, but excruciatingly conscious of her predicament she maintained her position, clinging desperately to the heavy desk even as her knees turned in and rubbed frantically against each other as the agony continued to mount until it was off the scale of what she could possibly bear. It was not until some fifteen seconds after the final stroke that the torment finally began to ebb, and gave her the opportunity to try and recover herself.

Having observed many females under correction, her young assailant knew not to release her until he sensed she had passed the crisis, and then he uttered one curt word, 'Dismiss.'

The agony had peaked, but not receded. She stood up, but then arched her body back like a bow in response to the pain lancing through her entire body while her hands reached for her riven bottom.

'Hands away,' he barked, as if he was merely addressing one of the girls. 'Anyone under correction cannot touch themselves until they have left the duty room. I suggest you get your clothes back on and go find Amanda. I imagine she will be awaiting your return with interest.' He wondered if Amanda's interest would be mixed with apprehension or with anticipation. Did she fear what the price she had to pay might mean, or was she secretly thrilled to give herself like that to him, unconditionally?

'Thank you,' Lady Nancy said stiffly, her lower lip slightly swollen from where she kept biting down on it during the ordeal. She said nothing more as she stepped into her knickers and pulled them up over her hips, wincing at the caress of even that silky fabric against her ravaged skin, and then struggled into her jeans. The gruelling task elicited even more gasps from her as the rough material put pressure on her burning buttocks, and it was

not made any easier by her sore and swollen fingers. She cursed the dictates of fashion that demanded pants fit like a second skin; her cheeks felt twice as big as usual as the tight denim pressed down on her throbbing welts in an unbearable way.

She gratefully left the room, and quickly found her way to the nearest female lavatory. With cold water and tissues she attempted to relieve the red puffiness round her eyes, and then she placed her aching hands under the cold tap for a few minutes, until the worst of the throbbing had subsided. Very cautiously, she lowered her pants and knickers again, and set her striped bottom down on the hard toilet seat. It was not exactly comfortable, but the strain of the encounter was too much for her bladder and she desperately needed to relieve herself. As she stood up again, wiping her wet vulva with a tissue, she caught a glimpse of herself in the wall mirror, still flushed and breathing hard. Slowly, she turned and surveyed the damage.

A dozen stripes cover a lot of ground, even on mature lush buttocks like hers. The marks stretched out in a solid red mass, ridged and swollen, from just below the broadest part of her cheeks to the crease where her bottom merged with her thighs. Paul had hit her hard and well, finding her most sensitive spots. She winced as she moved, forced to walk with that distinctive limp that revealed to the knowledgeable when a woman had received a suitably severe corporal correction.

She found Amanda with Jane in her room. 'All done?' her daughter asked. Nancy nodded dumbly.

'You felt it, then?'

With great deliberation, forming each word by some great effort of will, Lady Nancy replied, 'I cannot believe that anyone could ever, *ever*, be beaten more tightly than that.'

'Show!'

Her mother looked at her in dismay. 'What do you mean, *show*?'

'I mean justice has to be seen to have been done,' Amanda stated.

'I assure you, I have been very well beaten.'

'That's as it may be, but I'll only be satisfied when I've seen for myself,' the girl insisted.

Nancy looked from her daughter, to Jane, and then back again before dropping her eyes and lowering her jeans. When they were around her ankles she hesitated. Amanda raised her eyebrows, as if to ask what she was waiting for, and the crumpled pants were joined on the floor by her knickers. She stood rigid, her aching hands at her sides, while the two girls examined her ravaged bottom. It was still throbbing as intensely as when she left the prefect's room, but she was not about to rub her cheeks now under the eyes of two schoolgirls. Standing at attention like a guardsman, she endured their inspection.

'Oh, wow!' Jane looked impressed. 'Paul certainly laid them on, and with the heavy rod too.'

'You're right,' Amanda agreed. 'Paul got out all the specials, and I thought this one would be best for mummy's fat bum.' But she seemed preoccupied. She had been counting the welts, and although some were obscured by later cuts that fell on top, they seemed to add up to more than eight. 'I see you managed to earn yourself some extras,' she remarked coolly. 'How come?' Her mother flushed at the memory of her humiliation and how painful it had been. 'I got four extra for putting my hands on my bottom,' she said through clenched teeth. 'He caned my hands too.'

It was Amanda's turn to blush now. What would Paul demand of her during the week she had promised her body to him as his prize?

Jane seemed happy and relaxed as she stared in fascination at the beaten buttocks with their purple ropes criss-crossing the ample flesh. 'I don't know about you,' she said, 'but I'm quite content to let bygones be bygones now.'

At last, Amanda relaxed. 'Me too,' she said, and put her arms around her mother. 'Give me a kiss, mummy, and lets all be friends again.'

## DETENTION

Prevalent as caning was for the correction of faults, it was not the only form of discipline. Apart from the cane's little sister, the slipper, there were lines to copy out in a neat hand, an infinitely tedious task when valuable free time had to be devoted to it, and almost as dreaded as the rod itself, there was detention.

Detention at Westbury was a euphemism for punishment PT. Girls were forced to attend on Saturday morning in what was otherwise free time, and were put through some seriously painful paces by Miss Johnston, a steely Scot, and a one time international athlete reputed by those she supervised to have a wrist like a steel trap and a mechanical pump where her heart should be.

For a full ninety minutes, with no rest periods, this heartless and unrelenting creature drove her charges with an acid tongue and a thick strap of supple black leather, to greater and greater levels of exertion on balance beam, horse, rings and the medicine ball, until sweat-soaked muscles screaming and legs like jelly, they were ready to collapse. However, they resisted the urge, merciful release though it would be, for they feared the lash of that brutal strap on their exposed skin even more than the suffering of their aching limbs.

There was plenty of flesh exposed, for detention was served not in standard gym clothes but in a uniform all its own. Trainers yes, no deviation there, but gone were the neat pleated skirts and the cotton blouses that tucked snugly into their waistbands. All these delinquent maidens wore below the waist was a skimpy pair of cotton panties pulled up tight so it disappeared into the deep crack of their bottom, whose tender flesh was left utterly at the mercy of Miss Johnston's *starter* - the black snake of leather that seemed to grow naturally out of her competent fist. Above the waist, the girls wore only a thin cotton crop-top. They were not allowed an athletic bra to support their breasts, meaning that after ninety minutes of vigorous exercise their bobbing breasts hurt like hell.

Hillary, with her exceptionally well-endowed chest, suffered more than most. Her heavy globes jounced and bounced with every move she made, their unrestrained motion causing a rippling convulsion inside her top like two rabbits copulating in a sack. Her fleshy dugs ached, and her teats were sore from rubbing against the slightly rough cotton of her crop-top, the constant friction keeping them totally erect and sensitive so they stood out vulnerably through the sweat-soaked fabric.

This tormenting exposure of her breasts compounded her embarrassing knowledge that her nearly naked bottom was displaying the vivid lines of a recent caning, thick marks that were a slightly darker shade of purple now than when they were fresh twenty-four hours ago. She knew all the other girls had seen them and were whispering about them amongst themselves.

She had earned these marks the day before when she was condemned by her peers, in the form of the girl's prefect committee, for immodest behaviour. She had been caught sunbathing topless on the heath by a passing photographer whose lens made the most of her oversized breasts where they lay glowing in the sunshine under a film of oil, her nipples vibrantly erect.

There was no ban against sunbathing topless within school grounds, or in front of any boys who happened to walk by, but the heath was public, and the school had had to deal with enough rumours of immoral behaviour within its walls from the local press. The last thing they needed was one of their more well-endowed students appearing on the front page of the *Reporter* wearing only a pair of thong panties that barely covered her sex. She was condemned out of hand for reckless behaviour as far as the school's reputation was concerned, and awarded a whistling sixer right on the spot across her bare bent buttocks. Moreover, as an added humiliation, she was obliged not merely to drop her panties but to strip completely and take her beating naked. As Annabel said, 'You are so fond of showing off your big boobs you might as well have them out while you're taking your licking.'

Later, as Hillary straightened up painfully, desperately resisting the temptation to grab her throbbing buttocks, Annabel added, 'And you can go on detention Saturday as well. The exercise will do you good.'

Detention was beastly. She could accept corporal punishment for breaking a rule, she could even accept the humiliation of being thrashed naked for her transgression as a form of poetic justice, but they needn't have given her detention as well. Now she had to endure the other girls' eyes on her fresh welts, and the uncomfortably liquid oscillations of her unsupported breasts. Yet other girls were not her chief source of embarrassment; the gym was equipped with a spectators' gallery that had its own separate access. Although detention was meant to be a private affair, no special steps were taken to bar access to the gallery, and any uninvited visitors were unlikely to be turned away provided they kept their presence discrete. Hillary spotted several heads behind the front rail in the gallery, both male and female, before Miss Johnston called the girls to order and started them on their painful progression of perspiring efforts with cracks of her fearsome leather strip to their exposed thighs and buttocks.

*It wasn't fair!* There had been no need to add this humiliation and torture to her punishment. She actually felt that, given the choice, she would prefer to take another six of the best across her already caned bottom if it would get her out of bloody detention.

From their vantage point, the voyeurs in the observation gallery could watch the nubile figures sweating as they made their arduous rounds across the gym. The girls began with some simple stretching exercises to loosen their muscles, and from the first Hillary was conscious of how her full bosom shifted under her tight tank-top as she lifted her arms above her

head, revealing a generous curve of sumptuous white flesh above a lush mound that positively cried out for a strong male hand to cup it.

After the stretches the real work began. There was running in place, some toe touching that pulled the skimpy panties they wore up into the humid crack between the cheeks of their bottoms, so that they might as well not have been wearing anything at all. Nudity might even have been preferable to the thin strip of cotton cutting distractingly into their clefts; by the end of the session it felt like a knife cutting into their tender flesh.

And from the very beginning, Miss J is using her strap to fearsome effect. Her policy is to strike first and explain later. A girl will feel a cracking flame sear the backs of her thighs followed an instant later, when the stinging sensation is at its painful peak, by a command to lift her knees higher during a full circuit of the gym prancing like ponies. Or the strap will crack across their shoulders as a prelude to being told to keep their body in a straight line when struggling to do the last of twenty push-ups, the muscles in their arms screaming, their unsupported breasts aching as they hang towards the floor, the muscles in their chests throbbing from all the vigorous motion sustained without benefit of bra.

Under the combined lashes of Miss Johnston's acid tongue and asp-like leather strap, the delinquents, sweat-soaked strands of hair clinging to their hot faces, their panties cutting into the hot lips of their pussies, force their tired limbs to keep moving. They are not even thirty minutes into their penance and already they are worn out, their cotton tops soaked through and clinging to their dark nipples; roused to aching solidity by a mixture of friction, fear and pain, salty perspiration stinging their tender points. Their breasts throb in protest at all the violent bouncing and shaking, twisting and turning to which they are subjected, and yet the girls dare not ease their pace for fear of that vicious strap falling across their backs and their thighs and their buttocks, even sometimes even across their bellies; whatever area of their flesh presents itself to their sadistic coach, who always makes them pay dearly for stopping to rest.

Meanwhile, in the observation gallery, the unofficial visitors sit back and enjoy the show. There's still an hour to go, and who would miss a moment of this delicious exhibition even at the risk of being put down for detention themselves if they are caught? The slight risk only gives added piquancy to the affair, making it a popular pastime with both sexes.

Miss Johnston is really putting the girls through it now - continuous circuits of the gym with an occasional barked command as the leading girl passes the starting point again. 'Knees up! Hands on your heads!' The strap cracks against bare thighs and across buttocks into which panties have all but disappeared, shrunk into the hot and humid crack between sweat-polished cheeks and cutting into sore, moist pussies; digging in so deeply that the fleshy lips are quite bare on either side of the taut strip of cotton fabric. And then the next round begins with, 'Halt! Run in place, hands on hips!' A minute of this and then it's, 'Bunny jumps, feet together, hands behind your

necks!' It takes an age to make a complete circuit of the gym jumping like a rabbit, and imagine the havoc the motion causes on tender teats. Apart from the agony of their nipples rubbing against the sweat-salted fabric, their whole bosom aches and throbs from the constant unrestrained bouncing. Their breasts have scarcely had a rest for almost an hour, and this bunny hopping is the worst activity yet. The motion throws their milky meat into wild contortions, brought to a brutal halt each time their heels hit the floor again and the weighty masses of their feminine tissue are suddenly caught short at full stretch, dragging on their supporting ligaments until the girls want to scream in frustration and pain.

But, needless to say, screaming is not allowed. Miss Johnston has been known to call a girl out for making too much noise and to give her something to really shout about - a stinging half dozen of the strap across the backs of her thighs, or what some claim is even worse, across tender palms held up for the blows under threat of even more strokes if they shy away.

Finally, the girls get the nearest thing to a rest during detention. The vaulting horse has been pulled out and they will be able to catch their breath as they each wait their turn to jump. Legs are feeling rubbery by now, but Miss Johnston has an answer for everything, although it is pretty much the same answer every time. As a girl lands on the springboard in front of the horse the black leather strap curls up from underneath to propel her across. Sometimes it strikes the length of a bare thigh, at others it will seek out the gap between them and salute the pubes themselves, all but uncovered now by the burrowing cotton panties. Either way its effectiveness is evident in the shrill cries and energetic leaps that result. You might think the girls would be grateful for this support in their fatigued state, but gratitude is the last thing they are feeling.

The session in the gym is drawing to an end, the agonising ninety minutes prescribed by their sentence is almost up, but there is one last little treat for the visitors if they are prepared to risk it. They have to be more careful now because this part of the exercise is strictly off limits. The voyeurs have to keep their heads down while slipping into another gallery above the swimming pool. It is a certain *six* if they are caught, and probably detention as well, but girls often dare each other to risk it, and for the boys this part of the show is the cherry on the cake and they are quite prepared to risk a beating for it.

To end the session, each girl must strip off her sodden panties and sweat-drenched top. She must pull the cotton, stretched and rolled into a slicing hard string, from between her sore labia, simpering as tender tissue is relieved of the pressure, and then wrest her clinging top over her head so her raw teats feel the fresh air on their cruelly abraded peaks. Now she is ready to plunge into the icy pool, and swim to the far side where Miss J and her strap are waiting. As the girl heaves herself out of the water, for no ladders are permitted, she is poised naked over the edge for a moment, and

that is when Miss Johnston strikes. A final salute, more vicious than any that has gone before, is delivered full force in a vertical sweep across cold, wet and tenderised flesh that feels it twice as keenly. With a squeal of pain each girl leaps to her feet, a flaming brand across her bottom as she races for the changing room, and freedom.

## THE ANGEL'S FIST

With any group composed of such diverse backgrounds, informal gangs were bound to form. Girls, even more than boys, tended to form cliques and closed, secret societies, although few were quite as outrageous as the *Angels*. How Annabel and her friends conceived the idea of creating terrible ordeals to foster unity among the girls as well as create a sense of tradition, and what their own part in it was, is not clear, but the *Angels* were an overtly sexual and highly exclusive organisation that limited its membership by, amongst other things, the viciousness of the initiation each girl had to endure and pass in order to gain admittance. Though they kept their activities hidden, some of their practices were bound to be gossiped about, which is how they came to be known as 'the fisters'.

Girls did not apply; they were approached. This was a true classic coven in that it possessed no more and no less than thirteen members. When a vacancy arose and one of their number spotted a likely recruit - someone with the same promiscuous and vicious turn of nature as themselves combined with raw courage - the name of the possible candidate would be kicked around for a while amongst them, and if it received sufficient support, the girl would be approached. She would be invited to submit herself to the ordeal that marked the painful entrance to this highly prestigious gang. If she paid her initiation dues without screaming or begging to be released, thereby departing in disgrace, she was accepted as a member. The gruelling procedure for admittance was known to be open to abuse, however. An enemy, biding her time until the girl was committed to try, could attempt to, in effect, blackball her by inflicting such torment upon her that she could not possibly pass the test.

The *Angels* did not content themselves with secrecy, and with punishing rituals of acceptance. Their preoccupation was with sex, and their habits were promiscuous. They preyed upon more innocent girls and gave themselves to any boy who wanted them. Although they managed their entrance rites with sufficient discretion to avoid attention from the authorities, their other activities became more and more daringly unchecked. Discovery and disaster became inevitable, and they finally struck on the occasion of the great *fuck fest*.

It is an inescapable fact of life that girls deprived of the company of young men will inevitably get into mischief. This is not to say that they avoid it altogether when men are present, far from it, only that in the absence of their sexual opposites it becomes no longer a probability but a certainty. This theory was never so well expressed as on a certain evening when the *Angels* gathered in one of the larger dorm bedrooms to share a bottle of vodka and pass round a few joints. The combination of alcohol, cannabis and nubile young women was bound to lead to trouble, and it was not long in coming.

With minds beginning to fly, there was some coarse talk about boys and the joys of possessing power over these poor penis-driven creatures. Freddie boasted about how much she liked to get a cock between her thighs and milk it dry, and Georgina, always spoiling for a fight, said she was surprised Freddie knew anything about it seeing as she had a slot like an old fire hose.

Both girls were infinitely relaxed and yet also full of energy from the heady cocktail of smoke and alcohol, so her rival promptly claimed she was in much better shape than her detractor.

'You've got a belly like a jelly, Georgie, and the boys have to use satellite navigation to find their way out of your great slack snatch!'

They taunted each other in this way for a while, getting more and more vicious, until Freddie declared, 'I could milk off a dozen while you were still trying to coax your first reluctant lover to put his thing in your huge wet gash!'

'Ha! That's what you think! I'd still be calling for more when you cried uncle and went to soak your little girl's pee-hole in a hot bath,' Georgina countered lustily.

'We'll see about that! I'd challenge you to a match, but you wouldn't have the guts!'

Still surfing a wave of dope and drink, Georgie rose recklessly to the bait. 'Oh, don't I? You're on! Any time, any place, any way you want it. I'd get through more boys faster than you ever could!'

In the sober light of dawn, one might have thought that headaches and hangovers and better sense would have prevailed, but it was an old rivalry, and neither girl was going to have it said that she was the one to back down. And plenty of their friends were now looking forward to the excitement of a *fuck fest*, so they quickly sat down to work out the rules of engagement. At first it all seemed simple enough - two girls lying on their backs with their legs spread open taking on all comers. But there was the problem of each keeping an eye on the other, as well as of preserving their anonymity. It was all very well to fling caution and modesty to the wind, but they would have to live with themselves afterwards, and they didn't want everyone concerned to know whom the insatiable females had been who had willingly offered their crotches up to half the school. Eventually, a satisfactory compromise was reached.

Both girls were to be in the same room, both bent over the back of a single divan, bare-arsed and gripping each others nearest hand, the first to let go forfeiting the match, while the first one who could snatch a lead of three complete seminal discharges would be declared the winner. The other girls undertook to discreetly approach the boys without giving away the exact nature of the event. With the promise of free pussy and no questions asked provided they kept their mouths shut afterwards, the organisers didn't think they would have a problem finding as many takers as necessary. As a vacancy arose, the next boy would be ushered into the room, already

aroused and prepared by one of the other girls who would direct him to the waiting bottom, and invite him to plug the weeping sex visible between the spread thighs - an anonymous vulva in which to make his own viscous contribution of lust. For added anonymity, a blanket would be thrown over the contestants, all the more reducing them to a pair of unknown buttocks patiently accepting each and every prick that lodged itself between their pouting, swollen lips. While some of the gang went out to recruit the lucky lads, the rest of the sinful coven gathered around the two contestants, who were still engaged in trading insulting descriptions of each other's sexual apparatus and prowess.

They were still putting up a brave and brazen front although secretly both girls were nervous as hell, wondering whether or not they had bitten off more than they could chew.

The match had been set for the weekend, allowing some four days to round up recruits among the lecherous lads. While Georgina and Freddie purported to treat the forthcoming event with casual nonchalance, in private they each used the time remaining to undergo a crash course on the subtleties of their sexual equipment, the better to wring the desired seminal contribution from the boys who would invade their bodies, and quickly outdo their rival's efforts. Georgina enlisted the help of her best friend, and together they worked on the muscles of her vagina, accustomed to the lazy reception of numerous males who pumped away while she simply received their tribute without particularly exerting herself, accepting their panting efforts as her woman's due. Now she would have to work for her pleasure if she wanted to win, and she did. She was not about to let Freddie humiliate her by being the first to fail, or to get so far behind in her score that the contest was awarded to her rival. She practiced for hours, working the muscles of her pelvic floor while Betsy slipped a dildo in and out of her slick hole, until she could grip it so tightly that her friend and ally felt the pressure resisting her outward pull.

'Well done,' Betsy congratulated her, 'you're sucking on it like a babe on a teat now. The boys are going to think they've put their pricks into a Hoover by mistake.' She giggled.

Freddie's approach was different, but aimed at the same results. Naturally secretive, she retired to her own room with a bottle of wine. When it was empty she set the bottle on a low table, pulled down her panties, and squatted over it, lowering her body until the lip nosed between her labia. As she settled further, bending her knees and opening her thighs, she thrust down and felt the smooth glass neck penetrate deep inside her, until the shoulder of the bottle was pressed tightly up against her vulva. Now she worked her muscles, gripping hard on the smooth glass neck as she slowly straightened her legs.

At first she could not maintain enough pressure on the slippery surface, and try as she might, the bottle slipped slowly from her grasp as she rose. Time and time again she tried to lift the bottle with her clenched pussy, gripping

and concentrating harder and harder until sweat was trickling down her face and between her breasts, and her belly and her legs ached from the strain.

That first evening she was not successful, and the next day she could feel her efforts as a slight stiffness in her groin and thighs, but she had made progress. On the second evening, vulva bared again and the bottle in place, she succeeded in lifting it off the table, albeit only for an instant. Encouraged by her success, she kept at it for her self-imposed hour of training. The next night she registered further progress in that she could lift the bottle, and gripping it only with her pussy shuffle across the room, and back, without dropping it. She felt confident now that she could see off any efforts Georgina made in the coming *fuck fest*.

'Time to go, girls,' Toni announced, effectively calling to order the feverishly buzzing room. 'Get your kits off, if you've still got the guts for it, that is.'

It seemed they had, for both girls stripped without delay, their breasts bouncing as they quickly shrugged off their shirts and bras before unzipping their jeans, and peeling them down together with their already wet panties. Toni directed the naked girls to stand in the centre of the room, then to bend over and touch their toes so their aromatic vulvas pouted open between their thighs; gaping hungrily in anticipation of the parade of probing shafts they had been promised, their excitement reflected in the glistening droplets visible along the pink fattiness of their slightly engorged labia's.

Each girl had chosen seconds from amongst her supporters. These now came forward and intimately examined her opponent's pussy, thrusting deep with probing fingers to ensure she was as nature had endowed her and had taken no precautions that might give her an advantage in the coming test of endurance. Nor were the two tight pink anuses neglected. It was a well known trick in some circles to stuff marbles, beads, or similar hardware into one's bottom so their pressure against the penetrating cock through the thin membrane separating rectum and vagina provided added stimulation, bringing about the pumping prick's hot discharge more rapidly than if it was gripped and caressed by muscle power alone. When each contestant had been pronounced clean, clear and fit to fuck, they were ordered to take their places.

'Don't waste time,' Toni advised them. 'Those randy young rams outside have been promised pussy, and pussy is what they want. I'm sure they'll be breaking the door down if we don't let the dog see the rabbit soon.'

The two girls hastened to position themselves, their feet widely spaced to open up their thighs and reveal the moist, fatty lips glistening between them, as well as to help brace them against the coming onslaught. Bending over opposite arms of the settee that was to support them through the coming *fuck fest*, they reached over to grasp the other's wrists as guarantee that they were still in place and not evading any probing pricks. The blanket that would safeguard their identity was laid over them along with last

minute instructions to hold tight, since the first to let go would forfeit the match, and then Joyce came forward with a jar of petroleum jelly.

'I know we agreed they have to take the pricks *as is*,' she said, 'but we don't want any actual damage done. Besides, I've just taken a peek at the holding room. Those boys are really rampant, and we'd do well to take precautions against too much enthusiasm. One dollop each won't effect the overall issue.' She moved to Georgina's buttocks and pressed a generous wad of the pale lubricant into her gaping vulva, which twitched beneath the ministrations. But when she came to stand behind Freddie's more restrained rounds, their owner demurred.

'Up the bottom for me,' she directed. 'I'm always ready in front, but these Westbury boys are so impetuous, not to mention backwards, that in the position we're in they're just as likely to bugger us as fuck us.'

'Nobody said they could use the backdoor,' Georgina's second objected.

'Just try telling them that when they're in rut,' Freddie replied grimly. 'You can always pull them out by the balls, of course, but by then the damage will be done. No, I'd rather be safe than sorry, so put some in my bum.'

Georgina cursed beneath her breath for not having considered this possibility herself, but it was too late now; she had her ration melting in her hot cleft and trickling down one of her thighs. Now all was set, and the battle was about to commence.

The first wave of horny young men had been organised into groups of two and three in the adjoining rooms along the corridor. Toni put her head out, and signalled to the girl guarding the nearest door. In a matter of seconds she entered the room in which the competition was being held accompanied by two very healthy specimens of rampant young penises. Their flushed owners had been well prepared, mentally and physically, by their conscientious guide, and they needed no more instruction or encouragement. With whoops of glee they took in the sight of two bent bare bottoms, and two fatty labia's well exposed between widely spaced thighs glistening in readiness for sexual congress - two nameless holes only wanting their natural plugs. More than pleased to supply them, they threw themselves over the beckoning buttocks, thrusting deep into the engorged humidity of anonymous vaginas.

Georgina felt the solid male rod slide home, expanding the walls of her waiting slot as his hairy balls swung between her thighs, and thankfully accepted the invader. She had become aroused by the waiting and the preparations and the bent exposure, so she sighed now with contentment as the long hard length sank home again, and then began to thrust vigorously back and forth inside her. She rode a wave of rising lust feeling the boy's prick begin to swell and pulse as his crisis approached, and then suddenly ejaculate, shooting thick hot wads of sperm into her womb, which instantly went into orgasmic convulsions beneath the delicious sensation. It was only as the spent prick withdrew, and she became conscious again of her

surroundings, that she realised she had made her second mistake of the evening.

After the tedious period of waiting, she had relaxed under the welcome impalement and the boy's thrusting attentions, letting him do all the work; giving him time to rouse her to a climax and then savouring her own orgasm as it built and burst, completely failing to remember the contest that was the whole reason for this exercise. Freddie, however, had not forgotten why they were here, and she was concentrating on her belly in a very different way, squeezing down on the cock filling it every time it thrust into her, milking it as firmly as a machine sucking on a cow's teat. By the time Georgina's first customer was pulling out of her, Freddie was accepting her second, and clamping down on his rigid length as soon as it had sunk completely into her avid sheath.

Georgina cursed her thoughtlessness, but promptly set out to rectify the situation. It was early yet, and she was confident her daily drill with Betsy and the dildo would gain her the advantage she needed. She thrust her pelvis back eagerly to accentuate the promise of her swollen fig and ensure a swift entry, and then she clamped down hard on the fresh erection, whose owner responded with a gasp that spoke volumes about the sensations she caused him. She squeezed and squeezed and squeezed in rhythm with his relentless thrusting, clamping the muscles of her vaginal walls, which were wonderfully fit and strong after her arduous training sessions. Success was not long in coming. Though Freddie's second customer dragged his dripping weapon out of her clenched sheath with an audible sucking sound seconds before her own spent youth disengaged himself wetly, she had at least managed to narrow the gap. Heartened by her success, she settled down to work the next eager cock into a quick and satisfactory discharge.

For half a dozen apiece the two rivals slugged it out neck to neck and prick to prick, their sucking pussies milking the thick hot cream from their lodgers within seconds of each other. Freddie's seventh, however, nearly elicited a gasp of protest from her that she quickly suppressed lest it serve to encourage her rival. The headstrong youth behind her ignored her vulva in favour of the more delicate opening above it, and she winced as she felt his thick helmet pressing into her dimpled anus as it strove to make a forced entry. She had been bugged before, of course - a passionate young filly like her would try anything once - but she had never really taken to it, apart from enjoying the excitement of being so depraved, and she had no desire to add the reaming of her anus to the wear-and-tear she was already suffering in her natural sexual channel.

She was very glad she had opted to have her one dollop of lubricant pushed into her anus instead of her pussy. The boy was uncaring; he shoved himself into her tight hole until her ring gave way beneath his assault and he sank deep into her bottom. She felt stuffed to the gills by his solid baton of flesh even when it was at rest. When he began moving in and out of her with all the speed and force of a piston, she nearly choked. But this was war, so she

steeled herself to accept his ruthless invasion without protest. By the rules, she might have been able to get him ejected, but she would waste valuable time mounting a replacement, and she was prepared to suffer a little discomfort to keep up the pace.

She had pushed back her inner muscles as he was entering her, making her rose blossom to facilitate his penetration, but now she clamped down on him hard, clenching her inner muscles around his thrusting shaft in an effort to make him give up his juices quickly, to maintain her position against Georgie and get this enthusiastic bugging over with as soon as possible. The boy was huge, and despite the welcome lubricant, she could not help letting her rival hear her groans as she tried to bring him off. At last his crisis came, and she felt him convulsing deep inside her as his discharge seeped out of her clutching orifice.

The next boy in line was on her before her stretched ring had the chance to shrink back to its normal tight, nearly closed, state. Inflamed by the sight of her available anus, he too ignored her ready pussy and opted for the tighter delights of her nether region. Once again she found herself groaning in discomfort as she made an effort to accept the shaft impaling her bottom, losing time against Georgina, who was instantly speared by her next client. Freddie's second backdoor man was not as well endowed as the first, but he was big enough, so she was very glad when the next erection in line went easily in by her front door, which nature had properly equipped to facilitate his eager plunge into her slick hole with one smooth thrust. By the time he was lodged inside her, Georgina had gotten her new customer to shoot his seed into her, and he was already pushing himself off her to make way for his replacement.

She did not enjoy her advantage for long, however. Her next taker was another devotee of the bum fuck. In fact, he'd not had the opportunity before, only the desire, and even now when presented with the lips of her vulva, he almost missed his opportunity to indulge his dearest dream and plug her engaging pinkish orifice instead. It was well for her he hesitated, and in so doing dipped his throbbing purple helmet briefly into her wet pussy, thereby acquiring a modicum of seminal lubricant to ease his impetuous and inexperienced foray into her tight passage. As it was, Georgina couldn't help screaming as he impetuously ravaged her sphincter. Freddie recognised what was happening at once, and eagerly doubled her vaginal contractions, hopeful now of gaining the advantage.

And so went the *fuck fest*, hot semen shooting again and again into slick and clinging clefts, the deflated penises withdrawing and others instantly taking their place. There were variations, including more than one more bugging for each of them. One boy was fascinated by pubic hair, and seemed to be content with tugging on Freddie's rich bush while she writhed and squirmed beneath his attentions, desperate he get on with shafting her and make way for another taker after he made his contribution to the sticky flow of fluid down the inside of her thighs. Another boy seemed to think he

was there for a do-it-yourself class on female anatomy, exploring Georgina's parts with his fingers, finding and nipping the swollen bud of her clitoris, until she yelled at him to just put it in her and get on with it.

After two hours of hard slogging by all concerned, a stalemate still existed as two deflated members were dragged dripping from each sex simultaneously. Toni looked down on the two apparently insatiable girls.

'We're going to have to call a halt sometime,' Joyce said anxiously. 'They can't just go on like this all night. Besides, we're running out of boys, and it takes them at least an hour to reload after they've fired one shot.'

'Those two greedy holes don't seem to have lost their appetite yet, but it will have to stop soon,' Toni agreed.

'It will have to stop right now,' a decisive voice said firmly from behind them.

Jaws dropping, they spun around to find Ms Taylor, the girls' head, standing in the doorway, a bleak look on her face and a riding crop tucked under her arm. She had snatched it up when disturbed by sounds of a furtive coming and going suggestive of burglars, or worse. 'To your beds at once!' she commanded. 'Tomorrow, I want to see every girl in any way involved with this revolting episode in my study at nine o'clock sharp!'

The two figures hidden beneath the blanket remained motionless as their sisters fled. Ostrich-like, they desperately wanted to believe that if they could not see their accuser, then she could not see them. But they were soon disillusioned; they leapt to their feet with an outraged scream as Ms Taylor brought her trusty, and very vicious crop down hard across each bent buttock in turn, striking downwards and inflicting an excruciating cut across the top of each bottom.

'Stand still!' Ms Taylor snapped as the two desperate culprits tried to make good their escape. 'Let's have a proper look at you. Not that I won't be able to identify you easily enough come morning; those bars I've just given you will be proof enough.' Very slowly she walked around each girl where she stood, her arms at her sides, her feet slightly apart, her body shining with exertion. It had gotten hot under the blanket cooped up so close together, and the smell of sweat and staling semen filling the trapped air clung to their bodies now as they shivered, partly from fear, and partly from the sudden cold as their naked flesh was exposed to room temperature.

As Ms Taylor had pointed out, the flaming brands across the tops of their generous buttocks marked them for the guilty twosome they were. The nature of their crime was also as evident now as it had been when she entered the room. Their cheeks were red from the repeated pummeling of rutting males, and their equally reddened pudendas glistened with mixed male and female secretions. Caught *in flagrante delicto*, their guilt was plain for all to see.

'Take yourselves to matron,' Ms Taylor commanded, 'and tell her what has happened. She can douche you out, fore and aft, and give you morning-after pills. Yes, I know,' she snapped as they seemed about to protest, 'you're

both on the pill, or something equally effective, already, but I'm not taking any chances. Back passages too, mind. I want you cleaned out and then cleaned out again.' Ms Taylor was carried away on a wave of growing indignation imagining the risk to the school's reputation should this ever come out. 'I want you scoured. Your souls need cleaning as much as your bowels!'

The girls did not dare argue; the stakes were too high already. They slunk off silently and stiffly to find matron, and reluctantly request the treatment prescribed.

'And, for good measure,' Ms Taylor called after them, 'ask her to give you a double dose of castor oil before breakfast to make sure you're clean right around the bends.'

## RETRIBUTION

Matron was not in the least amused, and it showed. Called from her bed, and her current little blonde pet, she was uncomfortably conscious of the moist hair between her thighs and her still pulsing clit yearning to be tongued again in the deliciously soothing way that had lulled her into a deep sleep no more than an hour ago. Now, dragged unwillingly back to consciousness by the untimely call, she was in a mood and intent on taking it out on *someone*. And what more appropriate hides to tan as punishment for disturbing her pleasures than the hides of two feckless, half naked hussies?

She listened to their tale of depravity and discovery with widening eyes. She thought she had seen and heard it all in her years in the nurses' home during her spell looking after the reckless young women in the army where she had served, and then in her last school and the equally torrid behaviour of the girls there, but this took the biscuit. Full of righteous indignation, matron set about her mission to flush them clean of the sticky harvest they had reaped whilst milking countless pricks between their thighs, and in the process to make them as sorry for themselves as she could manage short of flogging them. A beating inevitably lay in their future, but at someone else's hands. She would have the pleasure, however, of inspecting the damage later, and adding what she could to their misery with stinging styptic and biting alcohol rubs.

There were more ways of skinning a pussy than taking its fur off with a whip. Stripped again, the girls were made to bend over in the shower while matron forced a large nozzle up their sore vaginas, thrusting it in without ceremony. 'No need for any jelly here,' she pronounced, 'you're both leaking semen like gushers in Texas. And not just from your lusty twats, either,' she observed. 'Those are bugged bottoms if ever I've ever seen one. Have to clean those too.'

After they had each received three generous fillings of hot flushing fluid that flowed down their thighs and into the shoes they were still wearing, compounding their humiliation, matron led them over to a high stool boasting a menacing vertical nozzle. The older woman did not believe in half measures; she did not utilise the narrow, finger-sized nozzles that were in vogue with the health farmers who purged royalty and the poor souls that aped them. She had installed *man-sized* tubes in her nursery whose bullet head proved a considerable trial for a tight feminine anus to accept, even ones with rings as well stretched as those she was treating tonight. The delinquent girls each took her turn sitting on this painfully thick nozzle. Its unfeeling plastic column distended their abused bottoms as widely as the pricks they had accepted earlier, but caused them even more discomfort now that they had lost the exhilaration of competitive lust. Georgina groaned as she felt the hot soapy fluid rising up into her for the third time.

'Ten minutes this time,' Matron announced, 'and God help you if the liquid isn't clear when you're allowed to release it.'

Her bed was cold by now, and her little blonde too; she would have fallen asleep and matron was not happy about this at all. She would have to rouse her, and then wait before she could resume her amorous exploitation of the lovely young body. Meanwhile, however, she could amuse herself by inflicting the maximum possible woe on these very deserving victims. She watched with grim satisfaction as Georgina writhed and moaned on her stool of repentance. Clear or no, she'd make the little bitch go back for a fourth flush, and she'd make the dose twice as big and twice as strong. If she thought she felt stuffed to bursting with two quarts inside her, wait until she felt a gallon distending her belly and the caustic soap solution irritating her bowels. She'd feel as though she was nine months pregnant and about to start her contractions. And she would have plenty of time to think about what was coming. She would make the girl stand in a corner and clench her sphincter in dread anticipation while her sister in crime took her place on the stool, lowering her reluctant hips until she felt the nozzle touching her anus. Urged on by matron's powerful hands pressing down on her shoulders, she would then be forced to drop her weight so the plastic rod thrust up into her rectum and made her howl from the sudden shocking penetration.

While Georgina contemplated her next session, she could listen to Freddie moaning and writhing as the monstrous load of hot soapy solution rose up into her bowels, distending her belly and cutting short her breath until all she could do was pant from the intensity of her discomfort. She would teach them to disturb her rest and her pleasures. She had been working on her little blonde for weeks, gradually gaining her trust and winning her confidence until she could control her as she willed. Tonight, she had ordered her to her bed for the first time, and then these two young bitches interrupted her long awaited sexual sport. Well, she would make sure they paid for their effrontery before she was finished with them.

'All right, Georgina,' she snapped, 'you can cease that silly cavorting now and go and stand in the corner. And *you*,' she turned to Freddie, 'get your bottom over the bucket again and let's see what you've got up your bum *this* time.'

It was a miserable night for Georgina and Freddie, and things did not get any better in the morning. Before they could go down to breakfast they had to report to matron again, who measured out two formidable doses of thick revolting castor oil and stood over them while they swallowed the nauseas substance. Each mouthful made them gag, and Freddie felt her stomach heave as she brought the glass with its revolting contents to her lips. Closing her eyes, she determined to swallow the disgusting stuff in one quick gulp, but it could not be done. She could swallow half a pint of best bitter like that, but castor oil was different. For a start, it was so thick and oily it clung to her tongue and her throat, not to mention it tasted awful and

smelled just as bad. It took her half a dozen swallows to get it all down, each one requiring a fresh effort of will, an effort spurred on by matron's threats to double the dose and throw in another half pint as an enema if she didn't swallow every last drop, and fast.

The girls then hurried to breakfast, acutely aware that their time would soon be upon them. They were just able to get down their cornflakes and coffee before the call of their bowels became too urgent to ignore, and they fled for the lavatory. Time and time again on that horrible day they had to interrupt whatever they were doing and dash to the loo. At least it kept them occupied while their accomplices made their painful visits to Ms Taylor's study, where they would soon face an even tougher sentence.

Meanwhile, it almost goes without saying that the boys involved in the *fuck fest* were not punished. After all, they played no part in organising it, and it was unreasonable to expect any red-blooded young man to forego the offer of free sex with no strings attached. It would be flying in the face of nature and constitute a denial of their basic human rights. For girls, however, such behaviour was inexcusable. They had taken responsibility for their bodies and their fertility, and so they must pay the price of abusing the responsibility they had accepted for their sexuality. The unpunished boys were free to find their way to the paths surrounding the girls' house, and listen in. It was a lovely day, and the windows of the headmistress's study were half open...

Clearly audible were the measured beat of plimsoll-shod feet, the whirr of a rod ripping the air, and the meaty smack of stripes well laid on. Intervals of five to ten seconds passed between each one as the headmistress assessed the girl's needs, closely observing the fatty quivering of her beaten bottom to determine the best pace at which to make her climb to the peak of misery with every excruciating stroke. Ms Taylor believed in corporal punishment and in its expert application. As she was wont to say, 'If it isn't hurting it isn't working, and I have no intention of wasting my time. This is going to work, and that means *hurt*. Panties down, and prepare to suffer for the good of your soul.'

So suffer the girls did as the boys grinned beneath the windows, vicariously enjoying the strangled screams while speculating on which one of their sexual partners was at present in the hot seat. They claimed to be able to recognise a girl from her moans of pain, which were very similar to her cries of pleasure in the heat of passion, and they were looking forward to a private inspection of her wounds later, if they were lucky. Because, come evening, the beaten girls would be in need of solace and thus especially receptive to sexual advances.

Inside the building, an unhappy line had formed up outside Ms Taylor's door, eleven very apprehensive young women preparing to enter the room and lower their panties to take a wicked rod full across their cringing buttocks. After the first girl had gone in trembling, they silently counted her

dole, and some of the youngest went so pale they seemed about to faint as the count rose above the traditional sixer, mercifully stopping at eight.

Selina emerged from the punishment room, her back arched in pain as she clutched her still bare bottom, her panties dangling from one of her hands, her skirt tucked up into her belt to keep her cheeks exposed to the rod. Two more girls followed her out, red in the face and with tears in their eyes as they limped down the corridor, and then Ms Taylor herself appeared in the doorway.

'I'll take you next, Joyce,' she said, 'while my arm's still fresh. I intend you should have a really rigorous beating, and I've got my eye in now. You're going to feel these, my girl.'

Suppressing her anxiety, Joyce entered the room with all the dignified nonchalance expected of a gang leader, but she was no match for Ms Taylor.

'I hold you more than a little responsible for this disgusting and dangerous affair,' the older woman stated, standing with her feet well apart, the rod that had done so much damage to the first three lacerated bottoms flexed between her capable hands. 'I know very well that you're the leader of this dishonourable coven, and I intend for you to remember this lesson for a very long time. You'll be spared the humiliation of a school flogging, which is what awaits your two friends before they are expelled, but *you're* going to be one sore young lady for days to come after I've finished with you. Get your panties off and bend over for a good tight dozen.'

Joyce gave her an appalled look, shocked into immobility. She had been frightened enough when she heard the count rising through the closed door knowing she would be getting more than just six of the best, and she had not been looking forward to eight at all, but a *dozen*?

'Come, come, girl,' Ms Taylor shook her head, 'are you getting them off, or do you want your companions to know you cheated and kept your panties on for your licking? I don't think you'll have much influence with your followers any more if they think you couldn't take it on the bare like the rest of them.'

Biting her lip, Joyce reached under her skirt and pulled down her panties. She stepped out of them and then moved over to the chair one customarily bent over for a beating in Ms Taylor's study.

'Not so fast,' the lady said, 'come and stand over here.'

*Over here* was next to one wall. Ms Taylor positioned her about a metre away from it with her feet widely spaced, and then made her lean forward and rest her palms flat on the panelling.

'Feet back a little,' she commanded, lifting the girl's skirt off her buttocks and tucking it into the waistband so she was left bare and vulnerable. 'I want your weight on your hands and your body nicely sloped. That keeps a little slack in your bottom, and I'll be able to come into it from underneath, just where it will do the most good.'

It was a hideous attitude for a girl to take during a caning. The strokes lifted the flesh of her cheeks each time, leaving them quivering in agony

while the strain of having to maintain her position sapped her strength to resist the strikes and retain her dignity during the correction. As stripe after stripe mounted across her bouncing rounds, Joyce could scarcely hold back the howls of pain threatening to choke her. The strokes were falling in a narrow band in the clearly defined groove beneath her buttocks, and the highly sensitive flesh there was already torturously sore. Gritting her teeth, she endured the horrific surge of anguish that followed each flaming cut, but she was a defeated young woman after the dozen had fallen. She nearly collapsed against the wall, and then she could not manage to push herself off it when she was dismissed. She sank to her knees, but then quickly forced herself to scramble to her feet in a very undignified fashion.

Out of pity - for even her stern nature recognised she had hurt the girl - Ms Taylor let her have nearly a minute to come to her senses before turning her out into the corridor to face her erstwhile followers, now doubly terrified of the fate awaiting them, for they had counted the dire dozen through the fateful door. Like many a girl before and after, Joyce was too shaken to remember to put her panties back on; she had to go back for them when Ms Taylor called to her from the doorway again and ordered her to retrieve the beastly things.

Eventually, all the delinquents had limped away down the hall clutching their sore bottoms, but not even the last one could complain she had been given short measure. Ms Taylor seemed to hit as hard at the end as she did in the beginning, practice more than making up for any fatigue. Carol, the last one in, sported eight thick purple welts as heavy and as painful as anyone else's when they compared them in the dorm room later, members of a once proud coven all feeling very sorry for themselves.

## A ROYAL FOR TWO

The whole school assembled in the hall later that day, with the depleted coven, their ravaged bottoms hidden beneath their short skirts, standing in the front row suffering a barrage of ribald comments from the massed ranks of boys behind them. They may have been spared a public beating and subsequent expulsion, but Ms Taylor was determined they should share in the shame that awaited the principle sinners, who were about to pay a very public penance on the stage above.

Georgina and Freddie had to endure waiting for the dreaded exposure before the whole school, as well as the demeaning sniggers of the boys audible from the hall, for over ten minutes. Occasionally they caught an odd remark or two, crude comments that set their ears burning. Then they took their place in the small procession that made its way down the aisle from the great double doors at the back of the hall. First came the headmaster, and then the girls' head, Ms Taylor, followed by two very frightened girls in regular school uniform. Normally the girls were permitted to dress however they pleased - within reason - but there was a regulation outfit of grey skirt, white blouse and tie, black tights and medium-heeled shoes, which was required dress for formal occasions, and there were no more occasions as serious as this one, especially for the unhappy pair who were trying their best to hide their fear beneath masks of indifference, and not really succeeding. Last in line were Paul and Annabel, as the heads respectively of the boys' and girls' sides, each carrying under their arm a pair of lean yellow canes the more experienced members of the audience recognised as very serious instruments indeed, ones that would test the condemned girls' courage, and the resilience of their buttocks, to the utmost.

The little column halted in front of the stage and turned to face the assembly. As was customary, everyone had risen as the head entered, and now he invited them all to take their seats again.

'That includes you,' Ms Taylor hissed, her poor excuse for a stage whisper clearly audible as she glared down the unhappy eleven still nursing their sore bottoms in the front row. With small groans and gasps they settled their striped cheeks on the hard bench, flinching as the unyielding wood made contact with their ripening welts, many a mocking laugh contributing to their discomfort. Ms Taylor promptly restored order with her basilisk stare, and then stepped forward to address the assembly.

'I think you are all aware by now that a serious breach of discipline was committed last night. I do not propose to go over the details of the revolting episode, save to say that it reflects very badly upon the school, and in particular on the girls. Since they were responsible for involving boys as well, it deserves to be punished in the tradition of Westbury by a public beating before the entire alumni. I have already dealt, quite adequately, I trust,' she glared down at the squirming front row, 'with the more minor

offenders. The two principal protagonists will now receive two dozen strokes of the cane each.'

A buzz of astonishment rose from the crowd, that nevertheless did not drown out the gasps of shock from the two girls sentenced to this dreadful tally. They had been expecting a severe beating, but *two dozen?!!*

The ranks of expectant boys were equally taken aback, although it was excitement rather than dread that added spice to their surprise. They knew, of course, that they had been called here to witness a school flogging, and that the victims were to be two girls. There had been considerable speculation as to how many lashes they might get, and the general consensus had been that, since they were girls, they would probably be let off with a mere sixer. No one had suspected, even for a moment, that they would receive a royal twenty-four cuts each from a penal rod. Most present had never witnessed such a beating, which was the stuff of legends.

It had been a difficult decision to make, but Ms Taylor's natural anger and disgust at the deed itself, which seemed to betray all her feminist principles in a nutshell, coupled with the need to satisfy the boys that there would be no favouritism shown the girls here, had led her to award the maximum punishment tradition allowed. Yet for the two condemned girls there was even worse news to come.

'Since the offence was of a particularly disgusting nature,' Ms Taylor continued, 'it is appropriate they should suffer humiliation and disgrace in addition to the pain they so richly deserve. They will, therefore, take the strokes on their naked bottoms.'

This time the buzz was even louder, but Georgina could still be heard to wail, 'Oh no...' It was not that she hadn't expected it, for a school beating was normally taken on the bare, but to hear it stated, and in front of the entire school, brought home to her just how much she was about to suffer.

On the centre of the stage sat a heavy wooden chair with a low back and no arms. While the head moved to one side of it, accompanied by the two head prefects, Ms Taylor shepherded her miserable charges to the other.

'You first, Fredericka,' she ordered, 'everything off below the waist.'

The fact that they were wearing the formal school uniform deliberately aggravated their humiliation. If they had been permitted to report for punishment in gym clothes, they could have quickly slipped off their shorts and panties without displaying too much of themselves. As it was, they were forced to undress almost completely before the whole school, including all the juniors. They had to sink to one knee in order to unlace their shoes before they could stand up again and pull off their tights, hopping from one foot to the other as their agitated states affected their balance. Their skirts had to be unzipped with nervous, fumbling fingers that let them fall to the floor, and then their panties peeled down, stepped out of, and discarded.

Finally, both girls were as bare as babies below the waist, though there was nothing babyish about their mature buttocks and shapely thighs or the healthy mat of fur each sported in her fork. In the back row, some of the

boys who had been privileged to take part in last night's sordid proceedings speculated in whispers as to which one they'd had the pleasure of penetrating.

At Ms Taylor's direction, Fredericka walked across the stage to the ominous chair. This special chair, an object of veneration and awe to past and present scholars of Westbury, was heavily constructed of a grim black, and rather greasy, wood. For an ordinary six of the best taken before the school, the victims were expected to bend over and touch their toes, while for a double - a dozen cuts of the penal rod - a light chair was provided which the recipient could use for support while still standing and bending tightly over its back. For a *royal*, however, a different procedure was employed of which this special chair with no arms was the centrepiece. The victim knelt on the seat, lowering his chest, or her breasts, onto the rounded edge of its back, and then reached down to grasp a rail set low at the back. In this position the buttocks were presented at exactly the optimum attitude for the rod to cut into them from underneath, driving up into the soft and vulnerable lower layer of the bottom cheeks. It also gave sufficient support to those unfortunate and sinful enough to be sentenced to endure a tally in excess of a dozen, so that they could take their licks properly despite the debilitating stress of what they had to withstand, and its necessarily long duration.

For her own pride, and for the honour of the girls' side, Freddie walked to her doom with her head held defiantly high even as her stomach turned and her legs threatened to give way beneath her. She knelt on the seat and leaned over the back, reaching down to grip the lower rail. When she had finished stripping, the avid eyes of the watching boys could glimpse her vulva screened by her lush dark bush. Now her position completely revealed her plump, glistening labia through the gap at the top of her shapely thighs. She became horribly conscious of the cool air on her exposed pussy, and of the fact that even her dimpled anus, nestling between her firm cheeks, was on display.

The headmaster confirmed her sentence. 'Fredericka Grafton, for conduct unbecoming to a scholar of Westbury, and for bringing the college into disrepute, twenty-four strokes on your bare buttocks. Proceed.'

Paul took the first of the dozen across Freddie's tender bottom. After measuring her off professionally by laying the wicked rod across her flinching cheeks, he stepped back a calculated pace and a half, and then returned, bringing the cane ripping through the air to bite deep into the succulent flesh.

She was no stranger to the rod and had braced herself to meet the challenge, but now she realised that her experience with Ms Taylor's stinging sixers had not really prepared her for this penal rod wielded by a strong young man. The first stroke is always a trial, until the victim can come to terms with what it actually feels like to be beaten and hopefully fall into some sort of suffering rhythm. As it was, Paul's first venomous stroke took her breath away in a shocked gasp, and she sucked it back in through

clenched teeth as she fought the rising tide of pain that followed as a welt swelled across her bottom.

Paul took his time, giving her adequate opportunity to savour her agony to the fullest before commencing another prancing run, and lashing the yellow rod into her shrinking flesh just slightly below the angry blue track left by his first cut. Again and again he turned, walked back to his mark, and then ran forward to cut her with another measured stroke. As the count mounted she made desperate efforts to hold her position and suppress the cries that clamoured for release in her throat. By the time ten burning stripes had been laid on, she was whining in agony and her bare feet were twisting around and around miserably, her pink toes curling and uncurling as she fought for control.

Eleven strokes sang through the air and lashed her flinching skin. She gasped and writhed, her knuckles white on the bar as she clung to it with increasing desperation. The twelfth blow ripped the air on its way in to bite her clenched flesh, catching her low on her burning cheeks and making her grunt again, and then pant breathlessly as she rode the agony surging through her ravaged buttocks. Then it was over... for the moment. She could get up and limp back to the side of the stage.

It had been a good performance on both sides. Paul had done a workmanlike job of thrashing her buttocks, and Fredericka had yielded to his very thorough performance with the minimum of fuss, going some way to redeeming herself and restoring the prestige of the girls' side, especially in the eyes of the boys, who could appreciate what she had endured.

Leaning against the cool wall for support whilst trying to regain her composure, she was horribly aware of the fact that she had to do it all over again once Georgina had taken her first half. Could she submit her aching buttocks to that fiendish rod for another dozen cuts and still suppress the cries that clamoured for release in her throat? Waiting was the hardest part of all, although she was not exactly anxious to resume the unequal contest between her flesh and the rod. Quietly, she began to sob in pain and trepidation.

Georgina had been waiting in mental anguish while she watched and listened to Freddie's ordeal, knowing it would soon be hers. She had stood imagining everyone's eyes on her bare buttocks, and now she experienced the humiliating sensation for real as she shuffled reluctantly over to the dreaded chair, its seat still warm from Freddie's knees. She could feel all the stares penetrating the blonde hair at her fork, and caressing her bottom's pale cheeks as they anticipated the hot purple weals that would soon mar her snowy flesh. Settling herself on the seat, and then bending over to grip the rail, she could not suppress a small sob of shame and fear as she felt everyone drinking in the captivating sight of her lovely pink labia, pouting open through the gap at the top of her thighs. A good many of the boys would be savouring the memory of penetrating that soft wet

warmth last night, and even more would be mourning the fact that they had not.

Annabel took the first dozen of Georgina's tariff. Like Paul, she sighted her target by laying the rod firmly across the proffered buttocks as they trembled beneath its touch, and then withdrew a measured pace and a half, which gave her enough run to secure the utmost sting from the cane's velocity without sacrificing accuracy. She had been taught well. She knew that control of the stroke's landing, as well as the added impact given by wrist and forearm, were more important than the effect of the run up, however swift. Her very first blow made Georgina's whole body stiffen as she cried out in surprise as much as in pain.

Now both parties strove to put on their best performance, one to demonstrate her control and strength with the rod, the other to withstand its fiery touch. For half a dozen cuts Georgina gave no more away, only clenching in anticipation of each stroke, and hissing as the agony peaked in the form of another throbbing welt. By the eighth lash she was panting from the strain, the sweat standing out on her bare flesh and trickling, unseen, into her armpits to stain her blouse and bra. Nine was a whistler that caught her beneath her fatty rounds, visibly lifting them and eliciting a squeal of protest from her. But she recovered herself before the next stroke, and took the tenth and eleventh strokes with barely a sound, only briefly twisting her buttocks away from the rod's tip where it dug into her hip. Annabel put everything she had into her last blow, forcing another pained cry from her victim, and then it was over, for the time being at least; the distressed blonde was allowed to shuffle, her eyes brimming with tears, to the temporary safety of the wings.

Ms Taylor accompanied her to where Freddie stood, her back to the assembly, bracing herself against the wall. In an almost tender gesture she laid her hand on the girl's shoulder, which flinched beneath her touch. 'Come,' she said, 'be brave for the honour of the school.'

The girl's chest heaved in a great, silent sob, but she turned, drew herself up straight, and walked back to the dreaded chair. She seemed to regain her composure a little when she took centre stage again, the weight of her responsibility to uphold the honour of the girls' side helping to steady her nerves, if not her livid, trembling buttocks as she presented them for the second half of her punishment.

Annabel took her with all the vigour she had exercised on Georgina, but although she wrested a series of gasps and moans from Freddie, she could not break her spirit. The collective sigh when she was finally allowed to rise, and shuffle back to the wall, was almost as loud as applause for her courage.

Now poor Georgina had to face Paul's masculine onslaught as she presented her welted cheeks to another thrashing. Tears streaked down her face as she made her way haltingly towards the chair, and bent over it. Dark patches showed under her arms from how hard she had sweated during the

first half of her punishment, and yet as agonising as it had been, part two promised to be even worse considering Paul's superior strength and experience. His blood was up too, for the sight of Freddie flinching beneath the rod, her bare cheeks cringing and then relaxing to display her seductive peachy vulva and winking anus, had aroused him intensely, and he was in a mood to lash his next victim until she begged for mercy.

The first stroke, which fell across her already stiffening bruises, made her go rigid, and then exhale her indrawn breath in a sigh of despair as the pain climaxed inside her. She took two more lashes in a similar fashion, and then Paul began to work her lower, cutting her right beneath her bottom, lifting her meaty rounds with each stroke and making her groan and choke down her anguish. By the eighth stroke he had reached the delicate crease that marked the junction of her thighs with the softer flesh of her buttocks. The cruel cut, with all his force behind it, bit deep into her tender flesh, and it was too much for her. She let out a thin scream evocative of a small animal caught in the jaws of a predator, a sound expressive of pain too great to bear. She had steeled herself to take her chastisement in silence and not surrender any of her dignity, but it was becoming too much for her. A tough delinquent like her, accustomed to the rod's discipline, could take a sixer without conceding anything to observers. Even eight was not out of the way for a habitual sinner, but the previous dozen had weakened her. She was sweating profusely again, the agony of each sharp bite into her bottom, and the terrible blaze of pain that followed it, sapping her strength and penetrating her resistance, and that last stroke had been fiendishly low. She shook her head as if to clear it, and tried to brace herself for the next blow. But Paul had seen the flinching of her wounded cheeks, heard her cry of distress, and recognised he had found a weakness in her defence. With diabolic cruelty he sent the rod whistling through the air to cut her there again, in the same sensitive crease of flesh.

She screamed and her whole body jerked as if she was about to straighten up and cradle her savaged bottom in her hands, but just in time she remembered what would befall her if she rose before permission was given. As Paul let her anticipate her next cut, the audience could clearly see her chest heaving with the sobs that overcame her even as she managed to keep them silent.

The last three strokes were pure torment. He kept them low, working the same blood-red track he had forged with his eighth lash. She clung to the rail, how much she dreaded even one extra lash holding her rigidly in place, but she was crying openly now, and yelping beneath each cut. When she was finally told to rise, she laid shaking and sobbing over the back of the chair until someone helped her up, and led her away.

It was a solemn moment. The assembly had been utterly silent while the girls were punished, and it remained so as the two thrashed young women were led down one of the twin aisles dividing the rows of benches to the great doors at the back of the hall that were flanked by two pillars. Each

girl was then made to step onto one of the plinths and face the cold marble, her hands pressed against it to brace herself. The position had not been chosen at random; it displayed both pairs of livid buttocks exactly at eye level to the entire school as everyone began filing quietly out of the hall.

On the one side they were rewarded by the sight of Fredericka Grafton's cheeks now no longer smooth but corrugated by the two-dozen welts merging into one thick and angry bruise. Those who could tore their eyes away from her ravaged flesh and turned them towards Georgina Stevens, who was still crying, and found there an even more devastated landscape, for her skin was finer and more easily marked. Her whole body shook with sobs of shame and agony as she endured the caress of hundreds of eyes on her tormented cheeks.

They were left on display until the last junior had filed out of the hall, and even then it was a few minutes before they were allowed to step down and return to the stage to collect their clothing. They were not concerned about their nakedness any more; their embarrassment had dissolved beneath the rod, and they had absolutely no desire to pull even the softest cloth over their devastated bottoms.

A few of their fellow scholars, male and female, lingered near the hall to discuss the events of the last hour in hushed tones, and were rewarded by the sight of the two victims limping out behind matron as she led them to her sanatorium, where stinging styptic and burning alcohol would complete their ordeal while also preventing infection. It was the last time they saw them, walking awkwardly with their thighs wide open and clasping the wrinkled bundles of their uniforms against their naked bellies. In the early hours of the morning they would be roused, forced to put clothes on over their tenderised flesh, and then to sit on their sore bottoms in the taxi that would take them to the station, and the disgrace of expulsion.

Georgina was lucky; her parents merely reprimanded her for her folly in being caught. Her mother was furious at the disgrace she had brought on the family name, especially as she was sufficiently old-fashioned as to still think in terms of her daughter's marriage prospects (it did not even occur to her that rumours of such a sexually adventurous disposition might have men beating down her door), but once she had seen her daughter's ribbed and swollen buttocks, she knew the girl had been adequately punished.

Freddie was not so lucky. Her irate parents agreed the penance for her transgression had been sufficiently severe, but she had committed other offences that had to be taken into account.

'They've whipped you well enough for what you did,' his lordship pronounced, 'but you and I have other fish to fry. I won't have a daughter of mine be so stupid as to start something she's bound to be caught at. Sheer folly, that's what I call it, and you'll report to the billiard room after supper.'

'But daddy, you can't beat me again!' she wailed. 'I'm nothing but raw down there!'

'All the better,' he replied without feeling. 'You'll get the message all the more clearly. I simply will not have you behaving so irresponsibly. In the future, you will think carefully about properly covering your tracks before you commit yourself to any more risky enterprises. A tight dozen, my girl, and I'll do my best to see you feel them.'

Her pride did not permit her to argue further, but her stomach was in turmoil when she reported to the billiard room that evening as she had so many times before in her young life. His lordship was very firm in his opinion that aristocracy should retain its privileges, but equally strict about inculcating a proper sense of responsibility in his children not to let down the image of their class, whether they had any actual honour to defend or not. His daughter had to suffer for breaking the eleventh commandment - being found out. He was not beating her for the sin of fornication, which was a trivial matter, and of no importance really compared with letting your side down.

Supper had been exceedingly trying for Freddie, especially as her mother had repeatedly told her to stop fidgeting and pecking at her food. The older woman pointed out that just because she was expecting a little correction, it was no excuse for forgetting her manners.

'It's all very well for you to say that,' Freddie was stung into exclaiming, '*you* never have to go and have your bare bottom whipped!'

'That's what you think, dear,' her mother replied without the slightest emotion. 'I have an appointment with your father directly afterwards.'

'Well, at least you're not all bruised and tender underneath like I am.' Fredericka persisted in feeling sorry for herself.

'My dear, I have no intention of showing you the state of my bottom, delicacy prevents it, but I can assure you that it resembles an underdone steak. I was properly trained, however, as I hope you will be one day, and I do not let it stop me from sitting up properly at table and eating my meal. Now, pull yourself together.'

When she had mastered her surprise enough to close her mouth, Freddie obeyed. She had always known, of course, that her mother was subject to the same strict discipline she was, it was quite common in old families, but it had not occurred to her that she might be in the same painfully tender state as her daughter. She could not help speculating on what transgression had led to this fiery maternal bottom, and on why it was to be further chastised tonight. She was close to the mark in guessing that a young man was involved. His lordship was indulgent of infidelity in his woman, but he drew the line at twenty-year-old Greek waiters. Freddie did not realise, however - not until after the event, when they compared results in the privacy of her ladyship's boudoir - that the additional dose her mother was looking forward to during supper was on her account, her ladyship being held ultimately responsible for her daughter's fall from grace.

A short while later, a very apprehensive young lady tapped on the billiard room door before entering, and closing the door firmly behind her.

'Right, my girl,' his lordship greeted her, 'you know what you're here for, and why, so I won't beat around the bush... just right behind it.' He chuckled at his little joke.

Freddie did not share in his amusement. She stood looking down at her feet and feeling sick as the hen she'd pecked at during dinner seemed to come alive again in her stomach.

'Well, what are you waiting for?' he demanded. 'Het them off, and get over the table.' His lordship had always insisted that correction was only valid on the bare, and preferably in the nude. 'Takes a bit of the starch out of a girl,' he liked to say, 'and besides, their nice pink bits rouse my ardour and speed the rod.'

Freddie was dressed to oblige. She had known to change into a simple but elegant little black dress with matching heels and smoky stockings held up by a lacy garter belt. A black bra and black panties completed the ensemble. The only way to bare her buttocks was to take the dress right off over her head, which she now did. Discounting her nearly transparent stockings, her remaining undergarments only covered a small portion of her nubile body. His lordship's ardour would indeed be pressing against his pants tonight.

'Panties off,' he snapped, when she hesitated.

Unhappily she peeled the flimsy material down her legs and stepped out of it, placing it beside her dress on the green baize cloth of the table next to the venomous polished length of his lordship's favourite stick - a mean piece of pale yellow rattan that she knew, by painful experience, would bring much grief to her already sore bottom.

'Humph!' he exclaimed. 'Upon my soul, they certainly roasted you at that old school. Couldn't have done it better myself. Don't think that makes any difference, though,' he warned, 'you're still getting the benefit of my best shots to drive some sense of responsibility into your delectable but delinquent hide. Now get your fat bottom over the table.'

It was a deliberate insult, because by no stretch of the imagination could her bottom be described as fat. She filled her jeans well, her rounds were tight and firm and just soft enough to define them as feminine, but their proportions were generous not excessive, a joy to any man who was lucky enough to gain admittance to them.

Miserably, she did as she was told, pressing herself against the hard mahogany rail and bending forward until her well-filled bra cups rested on the green cloth. She turned her head to one side so one of her cheeks also rested on the slightly furry surface, and then put her hands behind her back and gripped her left wrist in her right hand. It was a hideous position for a girl to take a beating in. She was not restrained in any way, and had to hold her position by sheer willpower alone while her hands were left temptingly close to the seat of her problems. Yet she must not give in to the urge to shield them, or ease their torment in any way, or the count would revert to one. One for the first time she broke her pose, two for the second time, and three for the third. No one in the family had ever gone beyond that, but they

were all quite confident the tariff would have kept rising inexorably if they had. It was not a possibility one contemplated with equanimity. In fact, it was to be avoided at all cost. Then her dark thoughts were suddenly interrupted by his lordship's voice at her elbow.

'Here,' he said, lifting her head by grabbing a fistful of her long dark hair, so he could slide a thick rubber mat under her face, 'the last time your sister took a beating her tears quite ruined the cloth. I had to get the table recovered. Besides, your make-up will come off on the baize.' He let her face fall back onto the cold rubber surface, with its distinctive smell, but in a moment he was back again. 'And she squealed like a stuck pig,' he added. 'I dare say you will too with what you're getting, so you can bite on these.' Something soft and silky was wadded up and thrust into her mouth. She recognised her own taste on the fabric, and realised he had picked her discarded panties up off the floor and rolled them into a makeshift gag.

Through the lashes of half-closed eyes, she saw the cane rise from the cloth beside her, and disappear from sight. Now it was behind her, about to descend on the mass of marks already decorating her young bottom, and she prepared herself as best she could for the coming storm.

When it broke over her flesh she was grateful for the gag. She clenched her jaw on her aromatic panties and tried to ride out the pain as it flooded in after the actual cut. She had barely mastered it when a second blow fell and she nearly choked beneath the impact. By the eighth stroke she was in trouble, her hands and wrists twisting behind her longing to reach for her flaming buttocks and pluck out the hot coals burning there. It took all her willpower, and a deliberate dwelling on the awfulness of earning extra strokes, to keep her limbs under control. But then the tenth lash caught her in a particularly sore spot, and spitting out the gag, she screamed in outrage.

'None of that!' his lordship growled, in a full flood of lust now and not to be denied as he lashed another stinker into the same tender spot on her cheeks.

She choked back another cry, but could not stop herself from whimpering miserably as she laid waiting for her last cut. When it came she had to fight desperately to keep her hands still; it was so tempting to grab hold of her buttocks once the tally was completed. But such a move would earn her an extra stroke, and the thought terrified her into keeping her hands off her beaten flesh.

'All right, you may get up now.'

Finally hearing the blessed words, she pushed herself painfully up off the table and stood beside it, arching her back and clutching her burning cheeks, which felt hot as coals beneath her fingers.

'Don't make a performance of it,' his lordship said testily, 'get your things on. I have another appointment in five minutes, and you'd best be off unless you want to share in it.'

She quickly struggled back into her dress, which clung to her sweat-drenched body. She did not bother with her sopping panties, leaving them on the tearstained mat where they had fallen when the pain had become too much to contain and she spat them out to shriek her distress.

As she stumbled, blinded by tears, down the corridor, her mother called after her, 'You poor thing. Go to my room, and I'll be up to see you as soon as I've settled with your father.'

It was only later, as she lay face down on her bed, that Freddie remembered why her mother had been waiting outside the dreaded billiard room, and why she would not be up for a little while - because hers was the next appointment. Lady Isabelle, noted society hostess and renowned beauty, a born aristocrat and married to one, was going in to have her bare bottom, already well marked by her husband's previous canings, thrashed again. Well, that was something mother and daughter could sympathise with each other about.

'There now, doesn't that feel better? It's just like when you were a little girl and I used to kiss it to make it all better.'

'Mm,' Fredericka murmured contentedly, the memory of the trauma beginning to fade beneath her mother's tender ministrations.

## THE END OF AN ERA

End of term, and it was all over now, time for Annabel to leave. She had done her stint as the first head girl, getting the girls' side off to a good start despite occasional setbacks, such as Freddie and Georgina's disgrace. Yet even that had been turned to advantage, when they publicly demonstrated their ability to take severe corporal punishment. And, almost as important to the interest of maintaining harmony between the boys and the girls, was how they had proved girls would be given no special favours.

As the term drew to a close the girls gathered to elect Annabel's successor, who would hopefully carry on the good work. It had not taken long. Genista was the natural choice, and she was voted in unanimously. There were a number of reasons why the election should take place at the end of the term rather than at the beginning of the new session. Her colleagues, who were leaving, had better knowledge of her abilities than would any newcomers to the school. There was also much to be done in preparation for the coming year, before the students actually arrived, and this gave the newly elected head time to think about things during summer vacation. In addition, now that the incumbent head girl was leaving, someone had to accept her homage to the school, and her ritual honouring of the founding sisters.

On her last night Annabel found her way to Genista's room, and stripped off her clothes in order to take the heavy sixer that was the school's due, an expression of fortitude learned as well as a sign of respect for the institution. Genista was captain of tennis, a solidly built, well exercised girl, and as Annabel bent from the waist to offer up her shapely buttocks, she could not quite suppress a little frisson of fear that clenched her tender rounds. There were sixers and there were *sixers*, and this promised to be one of the latter dealt out by an athletic girl to whom the honour of the school was all-important.

Well, so it was to her as well, and she would show the new head how it was done. Resolutely, Annabel forced her cringing buttocks to relax and lie flaccid for the rod, keeping her eyes open so she could watch Genista's plimsoll-shod feet through the arched space between her thighs. They stood motionless for a second, and then the left foot advanced in a prancing step and she heard the song of the long rattan cane as it ripped through the air behind her.

*Crack!* The first stroke bit home across the widest part of her cheeks. She was an experienced receiver of the rod by now, but the first cut is always a beast as memory deliberately suppresses just how bad it was. This was also a brute of a cane, especially selected so the honour done with it would be even greater. She gasped beneath the impact, and then fought down the overwhelming pain that flashed into her bent flesh as she tried to make her rebellious buttocks relax again.

Genista gave her a moment. This was a ritual flogging, and should not be rushed. As the taut muscles of Annabel's pale rounds softened, and the flesh smoothed out, she struck again.

Better prepared, the naked girl only conceded a small gasp this time, her soft globes struck from underneath rising and falling back, capitulating to the imperious rod.

Once more Genista gave her time to absorb the aftershock of anguish as a thick welt formed like a vividly painted relief across her alabaster skin, and then the rattan was cutting the air on its way down again.

Annabel could not keep her hips from squirming as the new weal crossed an earlier one. Her knee bent up to rub against its neighbour, her heel off the floor and her ankle turned out. She gave a small groan of distress, but quickly pulled herself together and straightened her pose to receive the next blow.

Genista was working her lower with every cut, steadily making her way down. The fourth stroke bit in well under the outcrop of her firm young cheeks, giving them a lift that sent them bouncing up violently so great was the force of the flying rattan. Annabel bit her bottom lip as her quivering halves settled back in place, and a vivid red line sprang up right across their base, darkening and swelling to form another thickly throbbing welt. It was immediately followed by a fifth cut that fell so low it spanned the oval gap at the top of her thighs where the dark fig of her vulva peeked through.

Nearly there now. Annabel steeled herself for the *coup de grâce*, feet firmly planted, hands gripping her ankles. All she had to do now was take the last cut but that would be easier said than done, for Genista was sure to make it one to remember. In fact, she laid it exactly over the last one, doubling the thickness of the pulsating weal, ensuring that it would continue throbbing and aching for hours to come.

She had come through. Though she gasped a little, Annabel rose with no visible distress, but she knew that what came now, the honouring of the founders, was going to take all her strength to endure. The senior girls who had honoured the college had come out of the ordeal wet-eyed and shaken, and that was what made it special, what made it a worthwhile experience beyond the ordinary that marked them, literally as well as figuratively, as special. Standing to attention, her bare breasts thrust forward, she awaited Genista's commands.

'One!'

She raised her arms straight up over her head, lifting her milky bosom and mentally bracing herself for what was about to come.

Genista also had to brace herself; it went against a girl's instincts to cane another girl's breasts, but it was her duty and she had no intention of shirking it. The rod flashed down, Annabel's head jerked back, and a strangled scream filled her throat as an angry red line appeared across the tops of her breasts.

'Two!'

She gripped her pain-stiffened nipples and drew them up and out, exposing the undersides of her tender, throbbing globes.

Getting into the swing of things, Genista swept the cane up from underneath and struck the delicate white flesh normally hidden beneath her breasts, exposed now by the upward pull on her teats.

This time Annabel could not totally suppress a scream of agony. Girls who have been hewn under the bust in this fashion claim it is the most excruciating pain a woman can endure, and she was in no way inclined to disagree. 'Oh!' she gasped. 'Oh! Oh!' and crossed her arms protectively over her chest.

Genista had compassion on her, and granted her a three second reprieve, but no more. If she was left too long she might not be able to get back into the swing of things, and she would suffer disgrace rather than honour.

'Three!'

Annabel responded to the challenge, putting her arms behind her and throwing back her shoulders, thrusting out her striped bosom as she closed her eyes so she would not see the cane coming.

Genista let her weight fall on her forward foot, and cut the other girl full on her nut-hard nipples.

With a stifled scream of anguish Annabel brought her hands up to grasp her wounded teats. They protruded between her protective fingers like overripe strawberries, their once smooth pink surface now scarlet and swollen. 'Jesus, Genista,' she exclaimed breathlessly, 'next year's leavers are going to curse us for electing you!'

That was three weeks ago, and she still bore the marks of the rod on her buttocks, along with the dark bruises across the tops of her breasts and beneath them, and her nipples were so sensitive she was almost constantly aware of them. She planned on spending most of the summer at the old family home in Hampshire, where all her cousins gathered every year, but before that she took herself off to the Mediterranean to lick her wounds, hoping the sun and the sea would aid in her recovery. She had not counted on her wounds attracting so much attention.

The bars across her buttocks were barely concealed by the bikini bottoms she preferred, and the tops in no way covered the angry welt across her breasts. She much preferred to sunbathe topless in any case, especially the first few days when her nipples were really sore. In the end, she returned home rather earlier than planned because she became fed up with trying to explain why her breasts were so strangely marked.

And now Annabel was bored. It was her own fault, really. She had been pretty vague about when she was going to come down to *Foxis Mieux*, the old family home. It was a great place with the family in residence, but a bit of a mausoleum for a nubile nineteen-year-old on her own. She had arrived only to find everyone away, and not expected back for a week. And there would be no one in town either at this time of year, so she decided to make the most of it and enjoy some quiet time alone to recharge her emotional

batteries. Heaven knows she had been draining them for the last month or so. She'd had her 'brains fucked out' as her irreverent cousin described it, and then the last act of homage to the school and the founding sisters had taken everything she had left. Things were likely to become hectic again once all her cousins got back, so a little rest now might be just the thing.

She had a nice lie-in that morning, and then got up for a pee and a snack before taking her bath. She was lying in a cloud of bubbles pierced by firm pink mounds and hard red nipples, still a little sore, soaking the last stiffness out of her welted buttocks, when the phone rang. She reached out a long arm to the tub-side phone, fully exposing one of her heavy breasts.

'*Foxis Mieux*,' she said by way of introduction.

'Is that Annabel?'

She recognised the voice. It was Lady Julia from Sexton Hinds, about five miles across the valley, a distant relative on intimate terms with her mother.

'Yes, Lady Julia, but if you're after mother, she's away until next week. I'm all alone here at the moment.'

'Oh?' Lady Julia sounded taken aback. 'Oh, yes, how silly of me. Of course, I remember now... Damn it, this really is a nuisance though. I need her help right away.'

'Is there anything I can do?' Annabel asked helpfully.

'I hardly think so,' the voice on the other end said dismissively, but then abruptly seemed to reconsider. 'Look, you were head girl at that grim school of yours, weren't you?'

'Don't remind me,' Annabel groaned, 'it was quite a burden.'

'But you were in charge of discipline, weren't you? Dishing it out, knickers down, touch your toes, six of the best, all that sort of thing?' Lady Julia persisted.

'Yes, the head girl was responsible for overall discipline, and discipline in that place was tight. It didn't just stop at six, I can tell you that. Up to a dozen sometimes, and on bare bums too. And you not only had to dish it out to offenders, you got to get a private interview with the head yourself if things weren't up to scratch.' She shuddered at the memory. 'I can feel Ms Taylor's cuts even now. It was tight there at Westbury, really tight.'

'Hmm,' said Lady Julia, 'we *did* get to hear rumours from time to time... Would you be willing to exercise a strong right arm again, in a good cause?' Annabel was intrigued, but cautious. 'You mean something like six of the best on something bent and bare?' she queried.

'Exactly, although in this case ten would fit the bill better. Your mother used to oblige me when the need arose, but I'd rather not wait until she gets back. I believe in a prompt and salutary settlement of such debts.'

'Well, anything for a friend of mother's,' Annabel said agreeably, 'but you'll have to explain further. For instance, who, when and where?'

'As to who, my daughter-in-law, Jocasta. As to when, as soon as is convenient for you, today if possible. I dare say it might do her good to contemplate her sins for a little, but as I said, I prefer to strike while the

iron's hot. She might get cold feet if she thinks about it too long.' She snorted contemptuously. 'As to where, across the base of her bent bare bottom, as hard as you can hit.'

'Why don't you do it yourself?'

'Because I feel it might sour my relationship with my son. It's best if she is sent to a neutral party.'

'Okay then, I'll be happy to oblige, but will she be willing to submit to someone younger than her? She's at least four years older than I am.'

'Don't worry about that,' Lady Julia assured her, and there was something in her tone that almost made Annabel sorry for the hapless Jocasta, 'there are reasons why she finds it expedient to accept my punishments. If you have any trouble with her, you have my full permission to award her extra strokes for refusal to accept correction. That will bring her to heel. I'll send her over this afternoon.' She chuckled maliciously. 'She can ride over. The exercise will do her good, and should lead to an interesting return journey. Make sure you mark her well where the saddle fits.'

Annabel replaced the receiver, smiling. Suddenly the afternoon looked promising. She rose from the bath and considered what to wear. It was still summer, and a tennis dress with white panties under a little pleated skirt seemed appropriate, along with white, low-heeled shoes and matching socks.

She was reclining in a chair beneath the shade of a tree reading a book when a horse and rider came up the drive, and stopped in front of the house.

## AN ANIMATED HOMECOMING

Annabel looked up and cast an appraising eye over the slim young woman sitting in the saddle. She had heard about Lady Julia's daughter-in-law, Jocasta, but they had never met. She had married the son and heir in Paris, where they had both been employed in the diplomatic service, but the young bride had only come to stay in the country a few months before, apparently giving up her career to become a dutiful wife, although there was no sign of an heir to the title yet.

Jocasta was twenty-four and tall, taller than Annabel's respectable five-foot-seven, with straight blonde hair whereas Annabel's was more of a tawny red, and she had a magnificent figure the other girl admired with a touch of envy as she slid down easily from the saddle.

'Oh,' she looked a little taken aback. 'Are you Annabel? I was expecting someone... a little older.'

'Mummy had me a little late in life, I'm afraid,' Annabel replied. 'She and daddy got carried away after visiting the temples in India. They tried some of the more adventurous positions, and got rather more than they bargained for. They couldn't disengage fast enough, I guess, and here I am.' Still lying comfortably back in her chair, she waved her visitor in the direction of the stables. 'Put your mount in a box, then come back here,' she instructed.

Jocasta seemed about to refuse, but then she turned and led the horse in the direction of the stables. When she returned five minutes later, she seemed to have been doing some thinking. 'Look,' she began, 'I think there may be some misunderstanding here. I don't think Lady Julia knew just how... *young* you are. Obviously we can't go through with this—'

'Lady Julia knows exactly how old I am. She's known me since I was wetting my first nappies.'

'Even so, it would be entirely unsuitable for me to have to... to have to...'

'To have to bare your bottom in front of me and get a good swishing from a licky-stick, you mean? Don't you believe it. It's only three weeks since I was head girl at Westbury, and I most surely haven't lost the knack.'

'I've no doubt you are quite competent,' Jocasta replied stiffly. 'I was referring more to the propriety of having to take it from someone so young.' Annabel sighed indulgently. 'Oh dear, I warned Lady Julia we might have some trouble with you over this. She assured me she had told you that you were to obey me as if it were herself, and to award you extra strokes for refusing just punishment if you made any objections. Am I correct?'

Jocasta made no reply, but her eyes dropped to the ground.

'Good, I'm glad we've got that settled. I'll let you know later how many more you've earned yourself. In the meantime, I believe you have a note for me?'

Jocasta fumbled in a back pocket of the tight-fitting riding breeches she filled very nicely, and extracted, not without difficulty, a small blue envelope.

Annabel took it from her and read out loud, 'Jocasta is guilty of a serious breach of her conjugal obligations, and deserves exemplary punishment. I leave it up to her whether she reveals to you the exact nature of her offence, but in my opinion, she should be seriously hurt. I leave it to your discretion and experience what her tally should be, taking into account what instrument you have at your disposal, and your assessment of her ability to sustain punishment, etc. etc. However, I expect her to receive no less than eight strokes, and possibly as many as a dozen.'

The note was neither addressed nor signed.

'Are you aware of the contents of this letter?' Annabel asked the anxious young woman standing docilely before her.

She frowned. 'Yes.'

'Yes, Miss Heyton,' Annabel corrected her. 'Or you may simply call me *miss*, if you prefer. Either way, I think a little formality and respect are called for under the circumstances.'

'Yes... miss.' The older female seemed almost to choke on the words, but she managed to get them out.

'Then I think we should adjourn to the pavilion.' Annabel rose from her chair and led the way as the seriously worried Jocasta followed her neatly pleated bottom.

The pavilion was an old timber structure dating back to Edwardian times, a substantial building beneath its ornamental woodwork. It could accommodate a visiting cricket team in the summer with changing rooms, store rooms, and what was almost a private gym - a long and narrow room at the rear of the building furnished with bars along the walls, vaulting horses, beams, and other classic pieces of apparatus. Annabel closed the door securely behind them, and gestured for Jocasta to stand before her.

'As you will soon realise, I have absolute discretion as to the number of strokes you receive, and one factor in my decision will be your physical condition, so let's have everything off below the waist so we can look at you.'

The older girl flushed, but seemed to have decided that discretion was the better part of valour, especially in view of the barely veiled threat in Annabel's reminder that the degree of her suffering was entirely in her young hands. So Jocasta sat down on the floor and tugged off her boots, then rose to her feet again and squirmed out of her tight-fitting breeches, beneath which she wore white panties and white knee-high socks.

'What are you waiting for?' Annabel snapped. 'I said *everything*.'

Jocasta slipped her panties down her long legs and stepped out of them. She dropped them on top of her discarded riding breeches, and then stared defiantly at the arrogant young woman who was forcing her to submit in such a humiliating fashion.

Annabel returned her stare with perfect equanimity, and said softly, 'When I say everything, I mean just that. You've just earned yourself two extra. Now take off your socks before you earn yourself any more.'

Jocasta held her gaze for another stubborn second, and then capitulated, dropping her eyes as she whispered, 'Yes, Miss Heyton.' She then bent over and pulled her socks off. For some reason she found this act even more degrading than baring her tight pink bottom.

Annabel told her to stand up straight, her hands at her sides, while she walked around her slowly, appraising her from every angle. She approved of what she saw. Classic, heart-shaped buttocks, with the fullest part a little below the centre where the flesh was slightly more fatty; succulent, curvaceous flesh providing more than adequate padding. She squeezed the soft cheeks with her strong fingers to confirm her assessment, and elicited a short gasp from their owner. 'Plenty of meat, but not too much,' she said. 'You'll come to no harm.'

'For God's sake, stop mauling me and get it over with!' Jocasta exclaimed. 'You don't have to humiliate me like this!'

'Oh, but I do, darling,' Annabel replied sweetly, 'you're too cocky by half, and don't forget I'm still trying to decide how many to give you. By the way, you forgot to address me as Miss Heyton, so there'll be one more on the score sheet.'

Jocasta moaned.

'Legs apart,' Annabel snapped, 'and hands behind your head.'

Not daring to protest any further, the older girl complied and stood gazing fixedly at the top of the far wall. Then suddenly she started and bent forward, but otherwise she held her position as one of Annabel's hands pushed insistently into her fork and began exploring her vulva, slipping her fingers between her plump labia and seeking out her vaginal opening.

'Stand up straight,' Annabel commanded. 'A woman's pussy is an excellent barometer of her health, and yours is no exception. It's in prime condition, if just a little juicy. When were you last serviced?' She slid her thumb up and discovered a surprisingly well-developed clitoris.

'I don't know what you mean,' Jocasta protested, and added breathlessly, 'Miss Heyton.'

She was learning fast.

'I mean, has your husband been doing his duty?'

Jocasta's intense blush covered her whole neck and ears. 'He went back to Jakarta last night, miss. He made love to me just before he left.'

'Hmm... well, let's be getting on. You can tell almost as much about a woman from her anus as her twat. Bend over and grip your ankles, and don't let go until I tell you to.'

Jocasta let out another long moan of protest, but already she was too deeply under Annabel's control to disobey. She bent gracefully from the waist and gripped her slim ankles as the younger girl's searching fingers lingered in her buttock cleft, then drew her cheeks apart, opening up the deep valley between them.

Annabel gave a low whistle of surprise and admiration. The small bud of Jocasta's anus, lying concealed until now, was no sunken dimple but a

pouting ring that, slightly inflamed, resembled a miniature pink sea anemone. 'My, oh my, that's a well-buggered anus if I ever saw one,' she observed. 'Was this before or after hubby plugged your twat?'

'*After*, miss,' Jocasta nearly sobbed the words she felt so humiliated.

Annabel said slowly, 'I think I'm beginning to understand. Tell me, has this got anything to do with your being sent to me for correction?'

Jocasta gave a choked, 'Yes miss.'

'Come on then, let's hear it... I'm waiting...'

'Lady Julia is very keen on having grandchildren,' Jocasta explained miserably, just remembering to add 'miss' before Annabel took her up on the omission. 'Henry and I would like to wait a few years before we try for an heir, but Julia's been putting on the pressure, making sure I don't go on the pill and confiscating all our other contraceptives. That's why I was sent to your mother before, because I secretly kept some. Anyway, I still don't want a baby, not yet, so Henry agreed he'd pull out before he came inside me, and bugger me instead. Unfortunately, Lady Julia found out.'

'But how, surely neither of you told her?'

Jocasta kept her eyes lowered. 'She came into the bathroom as I was drying my feet and caught sight of... you know. It was still rather sore this morning.'

'It's not exactly a shrinking violet this afternoon,' Annabel observed dryly.

Jocasta literally squirmed as much as her position permitted. 'No, miss, which is why she realised at once what had happened, and why. She was furious, and swore she'd have me whipped for disobeying her by trying not to get pregnant.'

'Hmm,' said Annabel. 'Well, you can stand up now, and we'll sort out just what your punishment should be.'

Jocasta straightened and clasped her hands behind her back, exposing a neat blonde bush between the tops of her long thighs. Her neck and ears were still crimson and not just from having been head down and tail up for the last five minutes.

'Tell me, how much cane have you had in the past?' Annabel asked her. 'You got it at school I suppose, but that would be a few years back.'

'Yes, miss. It was pretty tight at college. We got it for anything serious, and sometimes just to improve our moral fibre, as they put it. In fact, you were expected to volunteer for a good swishing before you left, for the honour of the school and all that.'

Annabel nodded, she *did* know; the corresponding custom of her own dear alma mater was still written all over her bottom.

'You couldn't leave with honour without taking your knickers down in front of your assembled peers,' Jocasta went on, 'and going a decent six without flinching. That was nearly five years ago. Since then I've been sent to your mother twice at Lady Julia's command, and I got six of the best each time.'

'Six, maybe, but I doubt they were of the best,' Annabel said dismissively.

'Mummy only uses a school cane. She left it to daddy to beat us once we

were teenagers, and he was a real tartar. He used what was, and still is for that matter, known as a Penang Lawyer. *This,*' she picked up a dismal length of wicked looking cane from the corner where she had laid it earlier. It was nearly three feet long, one end crooked for grip and tapering slightly along its length, from the thickness of a woman's thumb to that of her ring finger. The wood was dark, polished and smooth, its weight and suppleness evident in the way it balanced in her hand even as the tip quivered almost with a life of its own, a trembling mirrored in a muscle of Jocasta's inner thighs as she tried not to show how much it frightened her.

'So, now we have an interesting calculation,' Annabel continued, swinging the cane idly in her hand as Jocasta's gaze followed it like a mouse hypnotised by a snake. 'For starters, Lady Julia has made it clear that she takes a very serious view of your refusal to breed. It's nothing to do with me, of course, but I have to take note of her wishes, and her wish is that you be seriously punished. She seems to think somewhere in the range of six to a dozen cuts is called for.'

Jocasta pressed her knees together to try and stop the nervous twitch in her thighs.

Annabel noted the movement without comment, but felt a warm flush of lust in her belly. 'So, what is the middle point in this range?' she asked sweetly.

Jocasta sounded resigned, 'Nine, miss.'

'Nothing wrong with your arithmetic, but there are adjustments to be made.' Annabel counted them off on her fingers, using the sinister Malaccan exclamation mark in her right hand as a pointer. 'Firstly, there's the matter of our Malaysian friend here. At school I not only had the not unpleasant duty of lashing sinner's bottoms, but I also experienced the cane's effects first hand on more than one occasion. I'm afraid I was constantly in trouble, so I got some truly memorable lickings. However, they all pale in comparison with daddy's lickings. Six with this,' she gave the sombre stick a sample cut through the air, 'had me blubbering when I wouldn't even sniff at a sixer from the school cane.'

This intimate confession turned Jocasta's deep blush to a terrified pallor.

'All in all,' Annabel continued blithely, 'I am of the opinion that the mid figure of nine might be reduced to six to compensate for the difference in the instruments of correction being used. But before you start cheering, there's the question of physique. You have an extremely healthy body. Your buttocks are well muscled yet sufficiently padded to ensure you come to no harm, even from as potent a cane as daddy's old Penang. Moreover, you're in prime condition, well serviced by your man recently, so your blood is flowing freely around your loins, which means we can safely restore the figure to nine strokes.'

Jocasta looked glum, but there was worse to come.

'Therefore, there only remains the matter of penalties, you know, the extras you earned yourself with your earlier disrespect and disobedience. I refer, of course, to your drawing attention to the age discrepancy between us, and

to your failure to obey me instantly, and to the letter. I trust we have seen the last of such disappointing behaviour?'

Her apprehensive listener hastened to try and make amends. 'Yes, Miss Heyton,' she answered fervently and humbly.

'I'm glad to hear it, but you were given fair warning and the earlier offences cannot be overlooked. Two extra cuts for your comment on our ages, and another two for failing to strip exactly as ordered. That will take you to thirteen; the celebrated butcher's dozen as dealt out in barrack rooms and bride-wells in days of yore. Lady Julia specified that you were to be seriously chastised, and I think you will find a butcher's dozen quite salutary, not to mention unspeakably painful. You may consider a swollen belly a much preferable alternative in future.'

Leaving the condemned girl trembling in anticipation, Annabel sat down and removed her leather pumps, substituting them for plimsolls of the good old school kind. She looked up and caught Jocasta's eye. 'Lady Julia particularly requested that I hit you as hard as I could, so I think a good run up is in order. Don't you?'

Jocasta did not trust herself to answer.

Annabel stood up again, and reached under her skirt to pull her tight panties out of the deep crease of her buttocks into which they had crept, running her fingers around their elastic edge to ease them out of her wet slit as well. 'The trouble with being a girl these days,' she observed petulantly, 'is that fashion dictates you have to wear these silly things. Oh, for the good old days when you could just slip comfortably into a pair of nice baggy *Directoires* that didn't end up in your crack like this...' She stood with her knees bent slightly as she caressed her labia for a moment before straightening up and adopting a businesslike air. 'To the horse!' she commanded, pointing to it with the Penang Lawyer. 'That's where daddy used to do the damage. It makes me cringe even now just to look at it, and I'm sure you'll feel the same after I'm done with you.'

Jocasta was already cringing, although of course it was not a horse Annabel directed her to but a set of sinisterly modified parallel bars constructed to allow a far wider range of adjustment than the parallel bars normally found in gyms. It had four horizontal bars rather than just two, the upper bars aligned directly over each other, one just three feet from the floor, the other about eighteen inches from the floor. The second pair of bars was spaced conventionally and was about six inches from the floor equidistant from the centre.

'I think the position speaks for itself,' Annabel said cheerfully. 'You just step inside the lowest bar on this side, and bend over the top rail to grip the bottom bar on the other side. You'll find the middle rail helps you keep your knees still, and saves you from getting more marks as punishment for bending them.'

Jocasta stepped inside the lowest rail and bent forward. She found the position did just what Annabel had described, and then some. She was bent

over the top rail, which pressed hard into her belly. She had to stretch to reach the bottom rail with her hands, which kept her upper body in place as long as she held on, while the back rail prevented her legs from kicking up behind her, and the middle rail touched her knees, locking them in place. She was essentially immobilised. The only way she could move would be to let go of the rail with her hands, but to do so would only earn her extra strokes, so it was hardly advisable.

'I'm going to give you a butcher's dozen right here,' Annabel informed her, lifting the slight fullness remaining at the base of Jocasta's buttocks even in her stretched and bent position, 'and woe betide you if you try to get out of them. Let go of that bar for even an instant, and you'll find yourself starting from scratch.'

Jocasta could hear the slight squeaking of Annabel's rubber-soled shoes as she walked back across the parquet floor. The squeaking stopped, and she heard running steps approaching her... one, two, three, four... and then all hell broke loose in her taut buttocks.

*Jesus!* The girl had not been bluffing when she said it was ten times as bad as a school beating! This horrible cane seemed to slice right through her, biting her from her bottom to her belly. And then the pain blossomed until it felt like a ring of fire orbiting her hips. She moaned as she heard the squeak of rubber soles again, and then the evenly measured steps advancing before the next thunderbolt of agony cracked through her flinching buttocks.

Her breath escaped her in a groan of anguish, and then she was sucking it back in through her clenched teeth as she fought the desire to scream out in protest at what was being done to her. Only two strokes and already she was in the throes of an unbearable torment, and she had eleven more of these vicious bites left to endure. She gripped the lower bar until her knuckles turned white and bit her lip as three, four and five more lashes struck her outraged flesh, all of them hitting her excruciatingly low. Annabel was doing a very good job of putting them 'where the saddle fitted' as Lady Julia had requested.

Six was a beast, low fast and sinking viciously into her most tender parts, driving her upwards onto her toes and reducing her to a blindly whining animal. She swung her knees from side to side as far as her posture, and the restraining rails, would allow in a useless effort to run from the unbelievable pain inflicted by the cane.

Annabel paused to contemplate her handiwork. Not bad so far, nice and tight, the marks set close together, neatly parallel with each other and beginning to swell and colour nicely. The young woman was obviously feeling it; she was twisting and turning and making little whimpering noises in her throat where a full-blooded scream was obviously clamouring for release.

Annabel put her free hand beneath her pleated skirt; her panties had worked their way back into her crack and were rubbing. She ran a finger beneath the elastic, but it did not solve the problem entirely, so she just

pulled them off completely and stepped out of them. She then rolled the warm cloth into a fat cigar and stepping up to the prostrate woman, shoved it into her gaping mouth.

'Here, bite on this,' she said tersely. 'They're only getting in my way, and you're beginning to get noisy.' She then stepped back again and gazed at the lovely buttocks bent and writhing over the bar. 'Keep still,' she ordered, 'you're not supposed to dance around like a cat in heat. And stop clenching your cheeks. Let them loose so the stick can sink into them properly. If you can't control yourself I'll have to go out and ask the gardener for a root of horseradish to stuff you with. You won't want to squeeze your arse with a piece of peeled radish up your fundament, I can tell you that much. Daddy was very hot for stuffing us girls. He got Ted, the gardener, to keep a patch of horseradish just for us, an especially hot variety he brought back from Malaya. I promise you wouldn't like it one bit. Besides, Ted knows perfectly well what they're used for and you might find it embarrassing to come across him afterwards still squirming your stuff. So settle down and let's get on with it. You've seven coming to you still.'

Gathering strength from the moment's respite, her pride hanging in the balance, the older girl steadied herself emotionally, and spread her legs a little farther to better brace herself and stop them shaking.

Annabel retraced her steps and then began her run, launching the next strike.

The cane sizzled in, beautifully true, the shock of its impact in the solid base of Jocasta's buttocks travelling back up the rod to send delicious sensations along her arm, making her nipples tingle and her womb weep its hot moisture between her naked nether lips. After another three strokes her pussy was meltingly hot, and with her panties now clenched between the other girl's teeth, her juices freely coated the inside of her thighs and she could smell the heat of her own arousal.

Not many strokes left now, so she had to make the best of them. She added a little prancing step to her run, dropped her shoulder at the last minute, and brought the rod up in a rising curve to drive it right into Jocasta's crease, burrowing it deep into the once white flesh now swollen a pulsing purple vivid with anguish.

Jocasta was moaning shamelessly now. She had added the wetness of her saliva to the aromatic dampness of Annabel's discarded panties, and the tears streaking down her face contributed their own salty moisture to the drenched cotton. Despite all the threats and injunctions, the cheeks of her bottom clenched and unclenched with a life of their own, alternately seizing in on themselves in agony and flaring open in a desperate attempt to fan out the fire burning within them.

'Last one,' Annabel announced, 'the lucky thirteen. Let's see if we can't make it memorable too. I think we'll try a *short* cut.'

The bent figure stiffened, and mumbled incoherently around her makeshift gag.

'Never had a short cut?' Annabel guessed her question. 'Well, then you've a new experience to look forward too. I just place the stroke nice and low, right about here...' she let the tip of the rod lie almost exactly across the faint crease still visible where the wounded girl's buttocks merged with her thighs, 'but only on this side.' She slid the cane sideways until it lay across the top of Jocasta's left thigh but only just touching the inside of her right thigh. 'It'll strike you on the left, just like all the others, but the right-hand end will barely touch you, which means it's going to whip round just like it did here...' she touched a plum-coloured abrasion on Jocasta's right flank where a slightly over-hit stroke had wrapped around and bitten in deep. 'But where's it going to go if it just misses on the right?'

Jocasta answered with a convulsive clenching of her inner thighs and belly as if attempting to suck in her vulva and thus remove her plump split fig from its vulnerable position in the centre of her pelvic arch.

'Got it on one. Now, let's see if I can do just that.' Annabel returned to her starting point again, and then deliberately took a step sideways while eyeing her quivering target. 'Feet just a tad further apart, please,' she ordered. 'Come on, girl, wider than that! Spread them until you feel your crotch open up, and then get on your toes. If you're not where I want you in ten seconds, and still there when the rod bites, you'll get two more of the same for refusing your allotted punishment.'

Jocasta moaned but obeyed, spreading her legs wide and raising herself onto her toes so her pouting pudenda seemed to stare in fascinated horror at what was coming.

'Don't forget,' Annabel warned, 'if you let go of the bar before you're given permission, you'll be sorry,' and she set off on her run.

It was a beautifully executed stroke, and Annabel was thrilled to realise she had lost none of her old skill. Short cuts had been the Olympic medal of schoolgirl achievement, the ultimate demonstration of calibre and status, and Annabel had built a reputation second-to-none for the accuracy and reliability of her *shorts*.

As the rod wrapped around the tender column of Jocasta's left thigh and its tip disappeared into her pussy, the sodden panties fell out of her mouth and she screamed. Her knees bent as much as the bars allowed and turned in to fret against each other, closing her thighs over the smouldering cauldron of pain that was her vulva. Her whole body writhed in torment, but terror of prolonging the torture held her rigidly in place.

Before giving her permission to rise, Annabel went up to the stricken young woman and examined her from behind, bending to peer into the secret space between her legs. As Jocasta's thighs opened and closed in a reflex of agony, the dire mark where the rod had bitten was clearly visible across her plump labia in a way that indicated the tip must have penetrated deeply enough to lick her clitoris. 'Bull's eye! No wonder you gave tongue. You'll still be feeling that one when Henry gets back in your saddle next month,' she concluded triumphantly. She stretched out a probing finger to test the

swollen lips for a gratified moment, and then stepped back. 'Dismiss!' she commanded, and the older girl straightened painfully. 'Keep your hands off your bum. No touching until you're out of the room.'

Jocasta rose, and clenched her hands into fists in order to resist squeezing her sore bottom and caressing her savaged vulva. She brought her fists up to her face as she battled temptation and torment.

'Pick up your things,' Annabel directed, pointing to the breeches, boots and socks lying on the floor. 'We'll go to my room now and see if you need any attention.'

Sniffing back tears, Jocasta picked up her discarded clothing, groaning at the renewed anguish bending over to retrieve them caused her.

'Those as well,' said Annabel, pointing to her own crumpled panties. 'After all, it was you who spat them out.' She set off back the way they had come thirty pain-filled minutes before, and Jocasta limped behind her, clasp ing her clothes and boots against her chest, and still not daring to touch her naked bottom. She walked barefoot and spread-legged behind her vicious hostess, so caught up in her torment that she barely noticed the pert little maid they passed on the stairs on the way up to Annabel's room. The maid gave them an interested glance as they approached, and then her eyes lingered on Jocasta's buttocks as they passed, the penetrating intensity of her stare the only emotion she displayed at the sight.

Once inside her bedroom, Annabel became another person. Gone was the strict and dominating disciplinarian who had made a married woman five years her senior bare herself and submit to a terrible chastisement; now she was all tender solicitude. 'You poor darling,' she said, 'thank *goodness* that's over. Not that I didn't enjoy every lovely minute of it. You were so delicious; I could have gone on beating your bottom all day. But that was duty, and duty is done now, so we can relax. Come...' she took the bundle of clothing from Jocasta's startled hands, 'lie on your tummy on the bed and I'll find something to soothe your poor bottom... and this too.' She gently touched the older girl's vulva. 'Mm, perhaps you'd better get on your knees, with your rump in the air, so I can put an ice bag on your pussy.' She picked up the phone and spoke to a housekeeper somewhere in the house.

A few minutes later the same petit maid they had run into on the stairs entered the room carrying a large tray bearing an insulated bowl full of crushed ice, plastic bags to put it in, several tubes of salves and antiseptic creams, and a bottle of wine with two glasses.

'Thank you, Betty,' Annabel said. 'Lady Hinds is a little sore underneath. Fill a couple of ice bags for me, and let's see if we can't get some of the swelling down.'

While the impassive maid scooped ice into bags, Annabel took a tube of cream and began gently stroking it onto the rope-like bruises pulsing darkly across her victim's once svelte white buttocks. Jocasta flinched at the touch, but Annabel soothed her by assuring her she was only trying to make her feel better now. When she had coated the inflamed area at the base of the

lovely posterior, she took the ice bags from the maid and dismissed her. 'Thank you, Betty, I can manage by myself now. You just go and tell Robert to see to it that Lady Hind's horse is looked after. She won't be needing it until about five o'clock.'

The maid withdrew reluctantly; she seemed to want to linger in this perversely charming scene.

'*Ride* home?' Jocasta gasped as the door closed behind the maid. 'I won't be able to put my bottom on a saddle for at least a month!'

'Sorry, darling, Lady Julia was most insistent that I mark you where the saddle fitted. Those were her very words. I'd suggest you stay the night and ride home in the morning, but your bruises will have stiffened by then and be even more sore. You'll be better off getting it over with. But for now, I'll see what I can do to make you feel better.' She busied herself with the bags of ice. 'This is going to be a bit of a shock at first,' she warned, 'but you'll be better off later. Just brace yourself for the cold.'

'Yes, miss,' Jocasta replied quietly.

Annabel laughed. 'No need for that here, that was just for the pavilion and the punishment. Anna, or Bel, or whatever you like, will do now. And I shall call you Jo.'

Jocasta tensed, and then sucked her breath in sharply as the ice bag touched her raw buttocks. For ten seconds she remained rigidly propped up on her arms, her knees pressed together, her teeth clenched, and then gradually she began to relax. She let her body fall across the bed, her thighs parting slightly so the muscles that had stood out like whipcords as she fought the frozen packet's first kiss softened and vanished into her smooth skin.

'Beginning to reduce the stinging now, isn't it?' Annabel asked.

'Mm, much better, thank you,' Jo murmured as the cold compress continued its good work, dimming the sharp throbbing ache in her buttocks.

'Good.' Annabel caressed the other girl's wet hips gently with a towel. 'Now let's see if we can't do better. But first I think I'll make myself more comfortable.' She rose and peeled off her tennis dress. Since she had dispensed with a bra in the hot weather, and had discarded her panties earlier, she was completely naked now except for her white socks and plimsolls. The spurs that had marked her graduation were still clearly visible on her breasts and buttocks.

Jocasta had been watching her from the corner of her eye as she stripped.

'You too?' she said in amazement.

Annabel looked down at the colourful bruise decorating the tops of her fleshy mounds, and ran speculative hands over her still tender bum. 'Me too,' she said. 'It's a woman's lot to bear stripes, and it does her no harm.' She then set about applying a soothing salve across Jocasta's thick purple welts with gentle fingertips. The marks stood out proudly on the surface of her inflamed haunches, clustered tightly beneath her cheeks 'where the

saddle fitted' and deep into the cleft between her twin hemispheres where the rod's heavy impact had caused marks beyond the point of contact.

As Annabel's fingers stroked deeper and deeper between her shapely white thighs, Jocasta sighed contentedly and let her legs relax completely, allowing the ministering hands to roam as they pleased, until they were exploring her seriously warm, wet slit. They lingered there to apply the wonderful salve to her sore lips, where the short cut had bitten them, and then resumed their gentle exploration. She made no objection as the fingers pressed forward, only sucked in her breath as they found the tight pink knob lying half hidden beneath a tender fold of flesh at the apex of her cleft. Her breathing quickened as Annabel's fingertips began circling the delicate rosy pearl, her moisture letting them slide freely even over its sensitive tip. Soon her shallow breaths became quiet moans, that escalated into soft cries rising from deep in her throat, until the dam broke and she wailed, 'Oh, yes! Yes!' as a climax flooded her burning pelvis.

'My, but you're a passionate thing,' Annabel whispered. 'Rest now, and I'll send for tea before you have to ride home.'

Calm now although still hurting, Jocasta gladly obeyed. 'You didn't have to hit me so hard,' she muttered without rancour.

'Didn't I?' Annabel put down the phone to the butler's pantry. 'Apart from the fact that Lady Julia insisted, I couldn't resist. You're quite delicious, you know. I could kiss that precious little bottom of yours. And as for the feel of daddy's old Penang slicing into it...' she sighed, 'it was pure heaven! Makes my toes curl and my pussy weep just thinking about it. Totally wasted on a man.'

Jocasta made no reply.

'Besides,' Annabel went on, 'it was delicious afterwards, you must admit.'

'Mm...'

'You realise that Lady Julia will just keep sending you back for more until you let Henry knock you up, don't you?' She took Jocasta's chin in her hand and tilted her face up towards her, until she could look into her eyes. 'I want you to promise me you'll always ask for me rather than mummy. She won't hit you as hard as I do, but it will be much better afterwards.'

'Mm,' she said again by way of assent, and they sealed the bargain with a kiss. First Annabel pressed her soft lips against hers, and then she kissed the thickest welt on her beautifully marked bottom.

Later that evening she watched Jocasta ride painfully away down the drive, the beginning of her agonising journey home on a tender and welt-covered bottom. She could hear the older girl making little hiccupping sounds of discomfort each time the horse's motion bounced her sore cheeks against the saddle's unfeeling leather. It promised to be an exciting summer after all, she thought, squeezing her thighs together to control the spasms in her vagina and the hot stickiness that soaked her panties.

## A MARRIAGE IS ARRANGED

'Well beaten, you say? Drop your pants and show me the evidence.' Lady Julia believed justice was not done until it was visible. Her daughter-in-law's assurance that she had been soundly thrashed was not enough; she had to view the results for herself.

Jocasta stood blushing before her as she unzipped her riding breeches, and let them fall around her polished leather boots.

'Come on, girl,' her ruthless mother-in-law insisted, 'what are you waiting for? Knickers down and bare your arse. After all, it isn't as if I haven't seen your bush and your bum plenty of times before. No more false modesty. Get your pants off and show me your bottom.'

Jocasta's panties joined her pants around her knees as she turned around slowly at Lady Julia's direction, rather like a model in a fashion show. With her bare cheeks facing the older woman, she was forced to add to her indignities by bending over with her hands on her knees, thereby elevating the seat of her soreness to even greater prominence. In the few hours that had passed since their infliction, her welts had ripened impressively, darkening and filling up until they stood proudly out against her rose-red buttocks, painfully inflamed from the punishing ride home on her freshly beaten flesh.

Even Lady Julia was impressed. 'I must say, I had my doubts about letting a mere girl execute the sentence,' she admitted, ignoring her daughter-in-law's flinching as she ran an exploratory fingertip along one of the more succulent weals, 'but she seems to have done an excellent job. How many did she give you in the end?'

Jocasta hesitated. 'A dozen,' she said finally, as if reluctant to remind herself. 'She called it a butcher's, you know, thirteen.'

'I know what a butcher's is, thank you. Still, I'm glad to hear the term is still in use. I'm a great believer in tradition, which includes maintaining the family line,' she added sternly. 'I hope you have learnt your lesson and I can look forward to seeing your belly swell soon. I shall be watching when Henry comes back at the end of the month, and heaven help you if you go on trying to cheat the stork.'

Jocasta squirmed in pain as Lady Julia took a pinch of her welted skin between none too gentle fingers, testing its heat and depth of the mark.

'That girl seems to know her business even better than her mother,' she observed, giving the tender flesh a parting twist that drew a gasp from its owner. 'Any more of your contraceptive capers and I'll have her punish you again.'

The episode with Jocasta had done much to relieve Annabel's boredom. She found the whole encounter strangely pleasing. There had been something more to it than just the natural excitement and pleasure whipping a firm

young female bottom gave her. She had experienced a possessiveness and affection for her victim she had never felt before. True, she'd had affairs with many of her school friends at Westbury, but what she had felt for Jo seemed more intense, more real. Was this perhaps a reflection of her growing maturity?

She didn't attempt to answer the question, just hoped that Jocasta would blot her copybook with Lady Julia again soon, and find her way back for more strokes and tender caresses.

Meanwhile, the little adventure had filled the gap left by her early arrival at *Foxis*, and then the cousins began pouring in, mainly girls with a sprinkling of boys.

The girls were a mixed bunch, not exactly blushing virgins; they were lively, and some of them were downright foolhardy, especially Freddie of Westbury infamy. The fact that two of them had attended the opening of the girls' sixth form at the previously all boys' school was not as surprising as it might seem given close family connections stretching back generations.

These cousinly get-togethers were the occasion of much girlish recreation, such as horseback riding, tennis, visits to Henley and Wimbledon and, best of all, to the coast to swim and sunbathe on semi-private beaches. Though nominally open to the public, access was so restricted that for practical purposes the beaches could only be approached through the private estates to which these privileged young women all had *entrée*.

As they lay, partly naked or completely so, soaking up the sun's penetrating rays, they talked of men and sex and all the other interesting things in their young lives. Naturally, conversation turned to the subject of their time at Westbury, Annabel and Freddie reminiscing about their experiences there, and those who had not attended pressing for juicy details of what it had been like.

'The trouble is,' a nubile naked nymph complained, 'that most of us have never seen a girl caned. Pity you can't lay on a demonstration for us, Annabel.'

At first some of the girls expressed doubts about the propriety of administering such punishments in the first place, especially for girls, and then to their discussing them in such lurid detail, but they were soon silenced.

'Come off it, Joyce,' Freddie admonished, 'you may say you're not interested in such matters, but I can see your pussy wetting itself from here.'

Joyce blushed, but made no further comment on the subject as the others pressed Annabel and Freddie for details.

'Incredible!' one of them exclaimed after Annabel told them about how Amy had come to demonstrate that girls could be beaten as determinedly as boys, and about how she had later returned to convince the girls themselves. 'Fancy volunteering to have your bottom whipped!'

'I think she was more conscripted than volunteered,' Annabel said. 'I believe her godmother ruled her with an iron rod.'

'Do you know her then?'

'Know *of* her. Her mother was a distant relative of mine.'

'Why do you say ruled?' Freddie asked. 'Has she left her godmother's control?'

'Actually, I believe she's got married since she came to Westbury to show us how to take the rod, so she probably doesn't have to practice what she preached any more.'

Little could she know that at the very moment she was saying so Amy was wriggling on a barstool feeling thick ripe welts throbbing beneath her, eight ridges that made sitting nearly intolerable. It required a considerable effort of will not to get down and just stand up. But she had been told to sit, and she did as she was told now just as she had an hour ago when she bared herself and bent over obediently to receive the 'little livener' her new husband thought would do her good.

Actually, she had not so much married as been given away in marriage. A few months after her educational efforts at Westbury, Myra sent for her and announced, without any sentimental preliminaries, that it was time she was 'put to the prick', and so she had found a suitable husband for her. To the girl's quite understandable exclamations of surprise, and demands for detailed information about her proposed spouse, Myra simply replied by reminding her of the obedience she owed. To the distressed young woman's protests that she loved her and did not wish to leave her, the only response her godmother made was that a healthy young woman should feel a cock in her, and that in her case this was best achieved in the bonds of matrimony to a man who would give her the firm hand she needed.

Amy did not even meet her new master until the night before the wedding. When other girls might have been out on the town enjoying a raucous night with their friends, Amy had been quietly taken to dinner to meet a tall and distinguished looking man whose fit body made it difficult to judge his age. Her was certainly twice as old as she was, the slight greying at his temples hinting at fifty rather than forty. He kept up an intelligent and educated conversation with her godmother, who appeared to know him well, and politely included his bride-to-be. Amy called on all her training to respond adequately and charmingly, overcoming her awe of him and the unreality of it all. She could scarcely believe that tomorrow she would be marrying this stranger, a man she would have known for less than twenty-four hours. Tomorrow at this time, she would be in a bed with him, her hymen ruptured, her body utterly open to his. For other girls her age, this prospect might not seem so daunting, but Myra had guarded her virginity closely; no man had come near to penetrating the tight little slot that lay between her slim thighs.

Through a leisurely meal in a sophisticated restaurant, while they all made civilised and educated conversation, Amy discreetly tried to get the stranger to talk about his personal life. It took her a while just to pluck up the courage to ask him his first name. After all, if she was going to marry him,

she could hardly go on calling him Colonel Marques. Or could she? Victorian wives were often obliged to address their husbands by their titles rather than their given names, and as a powerless ward, she seemed to have been cast in a similar role in that she was about to become a wife without any rights. She carefully ignored her godmother's warning glance as she asked the stranger his name, and was rewarded with the information. His name was Tarquin. She also managed to find out that he had lived abroad in several different places, but that he now owned a house in the country and a flat in town. He was a widower with a daughter somewhere, probably a girl near her own age, who made a comfortable living in international commodities, whatever that meant. She got the distinct impression that it meant she wouldn't go hungry, but of course she had trusted her godmother to make sure that her new master was a well-to-do and educated man, not a poor illiterate bore.

It was hard and delicate work eliciting these few meagre facts from her husband-to-be without breaking Myra's longstanding and painfully enforced rules about curbing her feminine curiosity and not cross-examining men, especially on personal matters. She had to be content with what knowledge she gleaned about a man she instinctively knew would not be easy to escape once she committed herself to him.

After dinner they went back to Myra's flat for coffee, which Amy served to them as they sat on the settee. When she had taken her last sip, Myra said, as casually as if merely asking her to pass the sugar, 'I think Colonel Marques would like to see what you look like under that dress, Amy. Take it off, and stand in front of him.'

Amy glanced up from the tray she was setting down on a table, a shocked look on her face she quickly made an effort to suppress by tilting her chin up proudly. She worked down the zipper at her back, and then shrugged off the tight-fitting black dress. It slid to her feet, revealing her in stockings and panties. Her firm young breasts had no need of a bra. She stood at attention before her future husband while he inspected her slowly from head to toe.

'Turn around,' he ordered crisply, and she obeyed, feeling his eyes travelling down her spine and around the taut curves of her full buttocks, and then down her long, tapering legs. Then he commanded her - there was no other way to describe the tone of his voice when he addressed her - to turn and face him again. He looked at her for a long moment, and then his attitude seemed to soften.

'Amy, my dear,' he said, 'you are quite perfect, and no man is looking forward to his wedding day as eagerly as I, and not just because of how beautiful you are. But there is a matter we must settle before tomorrow. Your godmother has told me all about you, about how she has trained you and assessed your needs, and in light of that she has brought us together with the belief, and I can find no fault with her judgement, that we will suit each other perfectly. In other words, I intend to continue exercising as strict

a discipline over you as she did. I would like to hear you say that you accept the rightness of this decision, knowing it is for your own good, and that in marrying me tomorrow you will commit yourself to my rule and correction. The old rule of service will apply; no modern politically correct nonsense. You will promise to love, honour, and above all obey me. Is that clear?' Amy looked at him, unable to answer.

He raised an interrogative eyebrow, frowning slightly. She swallowed her emotions and made herself string the appropriate words together in her mind, after which she forced them onto her tongue, which seemed glued to the roof of her mouth. 'Yes...' she had to clear her throat, 'I understand... and I accept your terms.' She looked down at the carpet.

'Then you should make a practical demonstration of your acceptance and obedience,' Myra said at once. 'Go and fetch the rod.'

Without another word the girl turned and left the room. A minute later she returned holding the cruel length of polished rattan she knew so well. She offered it to her betrothed, under no illusions about what he intended to do with it.

'A sixer?' he suggested.

She nodded dumbly. 'Well, dear, what are you waiting for?' Myra asked softly as she hesitated.

Her hands went to her waist, and in a moment her panties were off and she was bending over gracefully to pick them up, and place them on the same chair where she had laid her dress.

'No, I'll take those,' Colonel Marques said abruptly, holding out his free hand, and she obediently laid the still warm garment in his strong palm.

He raised the soft cotton to his face, and sniffed it like a man would a fine cigar. 'Mm, I've always found a woman's musk an excellent indicator of her quality,' he remarked. 'A pungent cleft tells you more about her than any medical tests ever can. Yours, my dear, is fresh and fragrant, a quality pussy if ever I tasted one.'

Watching him absorbing the odour of her sex, Amy blushed even more deeply, but under the more obvious wave of embarrassment that swept over her, she experienced a subtle current of pleasure that the mysterious scent of her vagina had met with his passionate approval.

'The armrest, child,' Myra prompted, turning to face the end of the settee upon which she sat.

Naked except for her stockings and heels, Amy walked over to the usual place of execution, and bent herself over the settee's rounded arm. As she placed her hands on the seat, Myra grasped her wrists and pulled her forward until her whole weight rested on her belly where it pressed into the upholstered end rail. Her godmother kissed her on the mouth, and then whispered softly in her ear. 'Chin up, darling, you've taken six before so many times you won't have any difficulty now. Don't disappoint me in front of your new husband.'

Amy gave a little moan of fear, but bit her lip and passively awaited the inevitable. When it came she groaned with pain. It was worse, *far* worse, than she had expected. She thought she had experienced the depth of the male corrective stroke before when she submitted to Paul's athletic physique at Westbury, but Tarquin was older and more experienced, with more weight to his arm. He possessed the practiced strength of a man who had wielded a cane over female flesh for decades, and he had something to prove, or at least to make painfully clear to his young bride, so he did not hold back. Oh, six of *this* kind of the best was no trifling matter! She swallowed hard, and braced herself to take the next excruciating cut.

It fell directly alongside the hard welt she could already feel rising across her bent and stretched bottom, and she moaned into Myra's ear as the older woman gripped her even harder to control her body's helpless jerks as the wicked stick impacted with her flesh. Three and four strokes fell that were all very serious stuff, and she could feel it. The fifth blow caught her very low, right across the tops of her thighs, and she whined in pure misery.

'Steady child,' Myra murmured, pulling her down hard again, for she had flung her head back beneath the attack. The sixth flaming stroke fell right over its predecessor, and she rubbed her knees together, squirming and writhing in a desperate effort to dam the anguish flooding her whole being. Finally she heard the order to rise, and Myra's fingers loosening their grip on her wrists.

Painfully, she struggled to her feet, and turning, found her betrothed holding the rod out towards her. Obediently, she sank to one knee and kissed its quivering tip. She could almost taste herself on it; almost feel the heat of her own beaten flesh against her lips.

Ten minutes later, the two women were alone together as the colonel's taxi bore him off to his own flat.

The next day the colonel and Amy were married, and she duly promised him her obedience in the ancient way, conscious all the while that he had already left the marks of his mastery in her aching buttocks. That night he surprised her with his gentleness. She had braced herself to be taken roughly and selfishly, yet instead he approached her tenderly, caressing her tense, apprehensive body with his firm hands until it relaxed and yielded beneath his touch. He kissed each of her nipples until they stood erect and aching for more attention from his lips and tongue. He sought out the swelling bud of her clitoris with careful fingertips, and then replaced them with his mouth until her pulsing seed sent deep roots of pleasure up into her flooding pussy. Only when he had her panting with need did he begin probing the virginity Myra had guarded so jealously all these years. Rigid as an iron bar, his prick pressed more and more urgently at the tender barrier of her hymen until she felt it begin to yield beneath his silky helmet. And then, with a sudden thrust he was inside her, filling her belly with his huge erection. As a twenty-year-old virgin, her maidenhead did not surrender

without a struggle, and its rupture made her gasp with shock and pain, but his preparations had been thorough; he had brought her body to the point where her own feminine magic could take over and transmute the hurt into honey, the burning soreness into a hot lust. This was her first ride on a prick and yet he managed to lead over the orgasmic crest so many women are cheated of by less caring and experienced lovers as his climax bathed her cervix and sent it into spasms of blinding pleasure.

As they lay together the next morning, he asked her if she was sore.

'A bit,' she admitted, 'but it was worth it. My bum is sore too. You didn't have to beat me so hard.'

'But of course I did.' He sounded surprised that she would question it. 'You needed it. You'll need it in future too. You can look forward to being corrected just as firmly whenever you give me cause, and perhaps at other times as well, when I deem a smart caning is necessary in order to calm you, that time of the month, for example. A woman with a smarting bottom stops thinking about an aching belly. Besides, my work forces me to travel frequently, and as I believe your godmother has often told you, a healthy young woman missing a prick between her legs needs something to occupy her thoughts if she is to stay out of trouble. So I intend that you should have a good thrashing to mark my departure and return every time.'

Amy shivered deliciously, and snuggling her bottom into the enveloping curve of his body, felt his hot staff kicking against her soft rounds. 'Mm,' she moaned, 'I'm sure you're right, I *do* need it. Besides, I like a man's hand on me.'

## SECOND VISIT

'You sent for me, Lady Julia?' Jocasta stood before her mother-in-law. It was over a month since she had visited Annabel at *Foxis Mieux*, and she had just said goodbye to Henry, who had been able to spend a passionate ten days with her before duty called him away again. In the interim her welts had faded, enabling her to present him with a pristine alabaster bottom for his delight. She knew he loved the sight of her shapely cheeks, and the feeling of power taking her from behind gave him. As she returned to the house after seeing him off, her belly wonderfully warm and her labia still moist from his passionate parting embrace, a maid informed her that Lady Julia wished to see her.

'Yes, Jocasta, I sent for you. Have you learned your lesson yet? May I expect a grandchild and an heir to the Hinds title?' the formidable dowager enquired.

Jocasta blushed. 'Of course, Lady Julia, I'm sure nature will do its work eventually.'

'Will it? There's not much nature can do if someone keeps interfering with it,' the dragon lady snapped. 'If you continue with your unnatural practices, you cheat nature and you cheat me. You're not going to pretend you're letting Henry fill your belly, are you?'

'Well...'

'Take your pants off, girl!'

'Really, Lady Julia—'

'Knickers down at once, and come and stand here beside me... That's right, now bend forward and pull your bottom open.'

Jocasta bit her lip but complied, her face burning as she reached back to grasp her cheeks and pull them apart.

Lady Julia peered closely at the girl's wrinkled anus, nestled deep in its groove above her vulva's swollen lips and sticky fringe. 'Not been bugged, not last night at any rate, although there's no guarantee you weren't offering Henry your back entrance the rest of the week. But I can see he's not been up there in the last twenty-four hours, even though I expect you wagged your bum at him. Still, there are more ways to skin a cat than just using her bottom.'

'I don't know what you mean,' Jocasta mumbled, her confusion and guilt making all four of her cheeks burn.

'Save your lies and prevarications,' her mother-in-law said impatiently. 'I just happened to be passing your room this morning as the maid was stripping the bed, and I couldn't help noticing a large wet stain.'

'That doesn't mean a thing!' her daughter-in-law exclaimed desperately. 'It happens all the time with married couples.'

'And unmarried couples too,' the old lady observed dryly. 'But if my son's sperm leaked out of you after it soaked your womb, the stain would have

spread on the side you sleep on, not collected in the middle of the bed. Are you going to try and tell me you didn't make Henry pull out and come over the sheets?'

Jocasta said nothing, just let her head fall between her knees since she had not yet been given permission to rise.

'You've been cheating the stork again, my girl, and I'm going to see to it that you regret it. Annabel did a good job on you previously, but it doesn't seem to have done the trick. You can go back for an even stiffer dose this time.' She slapped the bare buttocks beside her. 'Get up,' she commanded. 'I want you to ring the girl and tell her I'd be grateful if she would invite you to lunch. Tell her I'll be sending a note with you when you ride over.'

Jocasta flinched, recalling her last ride back from *Foxis* on her ravaged bottom; it had been sheer hell.

'And you can warn her to prepare for some vigorous exercise,' Lady Julia added meaningfully.

Annabel glanced at the one word missive. 'Double?' she said. 'Remind me please, Jocasta, how many did you get last time?' She remembered, of course; she relished the memory of each luscious strike, but it would do the older girl good to state her humiliation out loud.

Jocasta swallowed hard. 'A dozen, miss... a butcher's. But four of them were for lack of respect and impertinence. I've learned my lesson since then, really I have. So, don't you think that double should refer to the nine punishment strokes you decided would be fair for my offence, and not apply to the extras you awarded me?'

'Hmm, I'll consider it,' Annabel promised, 'after all, I think I can still really teach you a lesson with eighteen. Yes, that should have you hopping and satisfy Lady Julia, to say nothing of the pleasure it will give me.' She smiled. 'Yes, you shall have a double nine.'

Jocasta abruptly sank to her knees, and wrapping her arms around Annabel's thighs, pressed her face against them. 'Thank you, miss! Thank you!' She kissed the younger girl's shapely legs.

Annabel allowed her to pay her tearful tribute before gripping her by the hair and tilting her face up so she could look down into her eyes. 'Since I'm feeling generous,' she said, 'I'll give you a choice. You can have one beating like last time before lunch, and take the remainder in the afternoon, or you can try and take them all at once. From my own experience, I'd say there's no way to know which one is worse. A dozen and a half is pretty stiff punishment in anyone's book to take all in one go, but on the other hand, it takes a bit of doing to bend over for more having stopped for respite. Besides, you'll have to get straight up on that horse of yours and put your hot bum on the leather for your ride home if you take the beating in two sessions. I leave it up to you.'

The agony of having to decide for herself showed in Jocasta's face. Emotions chased themselves across it as she considered the two equally unpalatable

alternatives. Finally, she made her choice. 'May I have a dozen this morning, miss? I got that far the first time without disgracing you, and I'll try and do it again. Then I'll take a sixer before I go.'

'Probably a wise choice,' Annabel agreed. 'You may well have had difficulty with the full score in one session, and you would have been mortified to fail in front of my friends, to say nothing of how I would have felt.'

Shock brought the kneeling girl to her feet. 'Your friends? I'm to be caned in front of your friends?'

'Oh, forgive me, did I forget to mention that?' Annabel asked sweetly. 'Why yes, you see, I've all these cousins and school friends staying here, they come every year, and they want to see how it's done. We've been talking about Westbury and its tradition of corporal punishment, but some of them have never seen a girl flogged before. I couldn't not let them have the opportunity to see me in action. Don't worry, though,' she added quickly before Jocasta could protest further, 'we'll have the first session in public, but you can have your parting sixer in private.'

Jocasta still looked horrified at the thought of being whipped with others watching.

'Just be thankful the boys haven't got wind of it.' Annabel was enjoying herself immensely. 'If they had the least suspicion a naked girl was to be caned in the pavilion today they'd give up their silly sports and break the door down to get in.'

Annabel graciously granted Jocasta permission to don a small black velvet mask, worn long ago by a *Foxis* beauty to a masked ball, to preserve her anonymity, but otherwise she had to present herself in the pavilion as naked as the day she was born.

'It's important they understand exactly how a girl reacts,' Annabel explained, 'how and where she sweats, and which muscles tighten under stress, and so on.' And the dozen became a butcher's, of course. 'After all, it's a longstanding tradition wherever corporal punishment is practiced, and we must observe the proprieties.'

Having to appear naked before a room full of strangers almost drove fear of the rod from Jocasta's mind. Annabel permitted her to strip in a small anteroom just off the main hall, and then she entered the arena wearing only the flimsy protection of a mask. Silence fell when she appeared as everyone took in the pale figure come to receive the benison of the rod.

'This is Ms X,' Annabel introduced her. 'The details of her offence need not concern you. Let's just say that care of her pussy has caused offence in certain quarters and she is to pay for it with her bum. Since I have been privileged to learn certain skills, I have been asked to carry out her sentence. Ms X here will receive a full butcher's across her lovely haunches. There should be ample opportunity for those of you unaccustomed to the practice of CP to appreciate the effects a good whipping has on a girl.'

There was a collective gasp, and then Freddie was heard to say quietly, 'My God, a butcher's from Annabel? Poor thing!'

'You may assume the position,' Annabel prompted, and pointed to the whipping stand set up at the end of the narrow room. 'Right over that, please, and up on your toes; I'm going to work you from below. You know it does you the most good there.'

Jocasta's mouth tightened behind the mask, but she walked obediently over to the frame and stepped inside the front rail in her bare feet. She moved up until the top bar pressed into her belly, and then leaned over to grasp the lower rail on the far side.

'Further over, please,' Annabel instructed. 'On your toes, I said, and place your feet further apart too. You'll need all the purchase you can get before I'm done with you.'

Still not saying a word, Jocasta did as she was told, reaching down and shuffling her feet until her legs were well spread. Then she went up on tiptoe, which slackened the taut skin of her bent buttocks, softening it slightly and making it more receptive to the rod's bite.

'Better,' Annabel said approvingly. 'Stay that way until you're given permission to rise.'

There was a low murmur of conversation amongst the girls as the sight before them aroused several admiring comments. In the strained position she must maintain for her correction, Jocasta made a most attractive picture, which did not fail to stimulate the healthy young appetites of her audience. Standing on tiptoe enhanced the shapely length of her legs, while her bent posture and open thighs offered a clear view of her vulva. These vibrant young women were all more or less connoisseurs of the female organ, and so they were able to appreciate its contours, delicately fringed with hair and gleaming slightly with moisture. Many of them were equally taken with the neat pink dimple of her anus just visible between her slightly parted cheeks. And they were all utterly arrested by the beauty of her alabaster globes. Quite apart from their intrinsic loveliness, for they were full and firm and delicately rounded, they were also the site of the coming onslaught. Her audience could not wait to see how they shaped up beneath the impact of the seriously intimidating length of yellow rattan Annabel had taken from the cupboard, and was now flexing into a bow between her hands as she stepped up behind the pristine cheeks.

'I intend to concentrate on this area, here.' Annabel tapped the tip of her wand on the tender flesh just above the tops of Jocasta's sleek thighs. 'It's the most sensitive area, and she also has to sit on it afterwards, which has the advantage of prolonging the punishment. Strokes taken higher up tend not to touch one's seat, but here,' she tapped the instinctively cringing flesh again, 'saddle or settee, your weight falls right on it and keeps reminding you that you've been chastised. Actually,' she turned towards her audience as if merely conducting a lecture in feminine physiology, 'it's all the same; even when you're standing it's still the most effective place to hit. When

you're upright the welts are uncomfortably compressed in your crease, and the same is true when you're walking. A nice low set will leave you stiff-legged for a day or two, which is very conducive to repentance and not committing the same offence again.'

She turned back to her victim where she was bent over the frame tightly gripping the rail. 'Always wear something loose.' She indicated her short tennis skirt. 'This is perfect as it allows your legs to move freely.' And in her case, it meant nearly showing a bare bottom herself, for this time she had dispensed with panties altogether. 'For underwear, you have a choice,' she continued, 'either you wear something loose and baggy, because a thong up your crack can be quite unpleasant, let me tell you, or you can leave them off entirely, as I've elected to do. You'll find it's much more comfortable. As to footwear, heels are very elegant and their height can give you a useful psychological advantage during the preliminaries, but they are a handicap if you want to do a really thorough job with the rod. Forget appearances and go for rubber sneakers, is what I say. They give you complete control and let you place your strokes just where you want them without sacrificing any power.'

All this time Jocasta had held her position over the rail, her only reaction to Annabel's lecture an occasional twitch of her threatened cheeks.

'Step up to your work and make your mark.' Annabel suited action to words and rested the rod across the lowest part of Jocasta's rounded buttocks. 'Then step back, measuring the distance to your starting point.' She carefully took one and a half steps back, and then glanced at her enthralled audience again. 'It's very tempting to think that a long run will give you extra speed and strength and make your stroke all that more effective,' she went on, 'but don't be misled. You'll get very little, if anything, from a long run up, and you'll almost certainly sacrifice accuracy. The speed and power in the rod come from your wrist and forearm, just as in tennis. Think of serving, or making a stroke in squash. A prancing step forward will give you all the added speed you're likely to be able to control. Just let your shoulder go into it, snap your wrist, and let your eye follow the stroke right through her bottom into her belly... like this!' She spun back towards the bent girl, sprang forward the measured pace and a half, and uncoiled a whistler that caught her just beneath her flinching buttocks, sending a seismic shock through the smooth flesh.

Jocasta's gasp of shock was echoed by all the witnesses to her ordeal. 'Oh, wow!' one girl exclaimed. 'Look at *that!*'

Of course they were all staring, mesmerised, at the thick red line springing up on the pale skin.

Behind the mask, Jocasta hissed in agony.

'Now, whatever you do, don't rush it,' Annabel advised. 'She's only just feeling the best of it right now, so hold back between strokes. Pause while they sink in, and let her reap their full benefit before you give her the next one. That way you can prolong the pain, or the pleasure, depending on

which end of the rod you're on. Ah, I think she's ready now,' she observed as Jocasta's rigidly arched body relaxed slightly. Annabel promptly spun on her heel, and lashed the next blow home.

Carefully, deliberately, letting each cut penetrate, she continued laying on the strokes, always working the same narrow strip of flesh below the fullest part of the straining rounds. 'Just behind the pussy,' as Freddie irreverently observed. By the fifth lash, this tormented patch of skin was beginning to darken significantly, the welts standing out dark and proud.

Jocasta still did not cry out, but it was obvious she was feeling it. The groans that greeted each new impact into her tender body were becoming more and more urgent, strangled exclamations of pain caught and held in her throat before they could escape.

As Annabel continued her classic demonstration of proper correctional technique, she was inevitably penetrating her victim's defences. Indeed, Freddie, with her unparalleled experience of the rod, was astonished that this relatively inexperienced girl had gotten so far without breaking down.

The seventh cut was a real beauty, crisp and clear, a sizzling slice straight into the thickest part of the living battlefield. Jocasta made as if to kick one of her legs back in response but even the scant relief of this gesture was denied her by the bar behind her ankle. She moaned deep in her throat as she rode the cut's excruciating fallout.

As usual, Annabel gave her just enough time to absorb the best of it, without allowing her too much of a respite during which to gather her forces, before she struck again.

This time Jocasta almost howled, and she stamped one of her feet as she desperately tried to shake off the growing misery in her buttocks. Annabel had to speak sharply to her before her toes came to rest on the floor again. The ninth lash slashed across her flaming bottom and left her whimpering in anguish. The tenth stroke lifted her cheeks so they trembled as they fell back into place, and her stunned gasp was more suggestive of a sob now.

Annabel laid on two more of the same, and when she stood back, the way the naked shoulders hunched over the whipping frame were heaving made it clear her victim was weeping. 'That's twelve,' she announced. 'But what are we dealing with here?'

'A butcher's,' came the answering chorus.

'Got it in one,' she said, and sent the thirteenth stroke whistling in.

Faces flushed and lips parted, the girls crowded forward to inspect the living ground Annabel had so intensively ploughed. The once alabaster-smooth flesh was ridged and swollen, and decorated with welts, and even the gentlest exploration of their heat and texture caused their owner to nearly choke on her sobs from the pain. The lowest part of her *derrière*, the part that fitted the saddle, was a single contused strip too tender for even the lightest investigative touch. All who saw it came away awestruck at how it must feel to carry such a wound on one's bottom, and they were all just a little thrilled at the thought.

Annabel let them have their fill before giving Jocasta permission to rise. The lesson was not over yet, however. She drew their attention to the punished girl's stiff movements, and to her moans as she stood up and the compressed series of welts were packed even more tightly into the narrow band of skin at the base of her buttocks. 'I hope I've shown you something of how a girl may be beaten,' she said, 'and given you some helpful hints in case you're ever lucky enough to be asked to perform. Now I'll just dispose of Ms X here and meet you all later for lunch. By the way, I'm expecting an extra guest today, Lady Jocasta Hinds is riding over from Sexton to join us.' She took the astonished Jocasta by the arm, and led her limping from the pavilion.

When they were up in Annabel's room, Jocasta pleaded, 'Annabel, darling, I can't! I can't go to lunch with them knowing I've just been beaten in front of them naked!'

'Oh yes you can. Lady Julia instructed you to invite yourself for lunch, and lunch you will get. Besides, they won't recognise you with your clothes on, and any tenderness that's evident we can put down to saddle sores. I deliberately mentioned your visit just then to put them off the scent. They'll never guess it was you bent over the rails while I thrashed your bare bum. Just don't go down to the pool, or they might recognise your tits. Anyway, the tension will help keep your mind off this afternoon's activities. You haven't forgotten we have a date with the rod again before you leave, have you?'

She had not, of course, nor did the veiled threat of the reminder escape her. Annabel could still make it very uncomfortable for her, so she made no further protest but instead meekly submitted to the younger girl's gentle attentions with salve and icepack. It was surprising what a cold compress could do not only for the throbbing welts on her bottom, but also for her red and swollen eyes. By the time they went down to lunch together, less than an hour later, she was almost her normal self again; no one could have guessed she had recently been bent over a rail while a thick rattan cane chewed into her bottom.

The girls greeted her warmly, and made sympathetic jokes about her saddle sores, which was how Annabel explained the way Jocasta hesitated before she sat down at the table, and the way she squirmed uncomfortably all during lunch.

'Bad luck,' one girl said. 'Five miles is a long way if you're not used to it.'

'But you won't be as sore as the girl who was here this morning,' someone else remarked. 'She'll be eating her lunch off the mantelpiece, and her supper as well, I should think. She had a bottom like raw meat.'

'Annabel caned her, you know,' a third explained helpfully. 'She showed us how it was done at that awful school of hers. She really lashed into her. I didn't know it could be so exciting to see a girl beaten. I wet my panties just watching her wriggle.'

'Too bad you missed it. She was quite delicious. She had a lovely bottom. I creamed my panties watching the whacks she took! Annabel really thrashed her.'

'She took it very well, I thought, with hardly a squeak. I got it once or twice at school, but not like that. You really laid into her, Annabel. What did she do that was so wrong?'

'Oh, it's a private matter,' Annabel shrugged off the question, 'and if I hit hard, that was partly professional pride, because one just doesn't cane a bum anything less than tight, and partly just for the sheer joy of it. As you so rightly point out, she had a delicious bum. I could never have held back when faced with cheeks like those.'

Jocasta pretended to be absorbed in her meal to conceal her embarrassment. At least Annabel had promised her she could take the balance in private, and so when tea was served she bid farewell to her new acquaintances, explaining she had to change for the ride home. But then up in Annabel's room again, stripped and ready for the last part of her correction, her nerve suddenly failed her. 'I can't!' she wailed. 'I can't!' She threw her arms around Annabel and pressed her face into the soft space between her neck and shoulder, leaving wet tears on her collarbone.

'You can, and you will,' Annabel assured her, gently cupping one firm breast in her hand and stroking her thumb over a swiftly hardening nipple. 'You must go back this afternoon, and you have to take them before you go.'

She lowered her mouth to where her thumb had been working, and sucked softly on the engorged teat before transferring her attentions to its sister. Her hand then fell to the older girl's gently rounded belly, and stroked it down to the soft fleece of her delta. She quickly found the small knob of tissue where Jocasta's sensuality resided, and stimulated it to rigid attention.

Jocasta grew calm beneath her caresses, but then her fever returned, only this time its source was desire rather than fear. Soon her breaths were coming in short gasps, and she was pressing her pelvis against the invading hand.

'That's more like it,' Annabel said, pushing her away gently. 'Now perhaps we can continue.'

Jocasta gave a short sob of frustration, but turned and took her place behind a straight-backed chair Annabel had thoughtfully provided. Its top rose to her belly as she stood against it, and dug into her mound when she was instructed to bend over it and grip the seat. She was not bent quite as taut as she had been over the whipping frame, but her buttocks were still well drawn up and showing the darkly inflamed band of bruises from her earlier beating. Annabel gazed at it for a few moments feeling the familiar rush of heat to her belly. And then, with all her strength, she lashed the wicked Malaysian corrector into the darkest stripe of all.

As Jocasta gasped and hissed and squirmed, trying to master this new and hideous assault, Annabel stood back, allowing her victim time to savour the

torment as she coolly contemplated this delicious female posterior which gave her so much pleasure. She had always admired the female figure as much as the male physique, and since they became lovers, she had come to delight more and more in Jocasta's body, but never so much as now as she watched it writhing in the pain she had inflicted. At these moments it wasn't hate that drove her to whip her as hard as she could possibly bear, it was love. She wanted to see Jo's flesh cringe and flinch and yet still offer itself as proof that she returned that love. It was a purely visceral experience that aroused a delicious warmth in her belly while she watched the pain-streaked buttocks rippling in anticipation as she raised the rod again. Somehow Jocasta sensed the motion, and her cheeks contracted and her hips turned slightly to the right, flinching away from the coming stroke; instinctively seeking to protect the mass of bruises left over from this morning's session where the tip of the cane had dug into her flank.

Annabel's lips drew back in a grimace of power and triumph. This flesh belonged to her and acknowledged her ownership by keeping its place despite the involuntary recoil. Jocasta would not rise, however badly she was hurt, and Annabel was determined to test her resolve to the limit with the restricted stokes a formal caning allowed. Perhaps one day she would take the trial beyond what could be born and break her lover's will completely. She shuddered with lust at the prospect, a rush of adrenalin to her groin engorging her vulva, making the lips swell and a sticky moisture seep out of her slot as she squeezed her thighs together to control her vicious lust. For now she had to stick to the agreed tally even while pushing the lovely girl as close as she could to complete surrender.

Afterwards, she wiped away Jocasta's tears and helped her get dressed for her agonising trip home to Lady Julia's eagle-eyed inspection. Jo would have liked to stay the night and indulge in some amorous play with her, but Annabel was adamant she place her bum on the saddle while it was still hot and leave without delay. 'Oh, all right, one little touch,' she agreed, relenting slightly, and she helped her lover achieve one of those devastating spasms that crowned their mutual tonguing and fingering.

Her stripes still flamed as Jocasta pulled up her britches, and they positively throbbed with anguish when she set them down on the unyielding leather of the saddle. Watching her go, Annabel wondered how long it would be before Henry's diplomatic duties allowed him to spend time with his bride again. It was a pound to a penny that Julia would send her for correction again once Henry departed, and she could hardly wait.

## THE BREEDING SEASON

But before there was a note from Sexton Hinds requesting her flagellating skills again, a long buff envelope that positively shouted 'lawyer!' landed beside her breakfast plate. Intrigued, Annabel slit it open.

*Dear Miss Heyton,  
Lady Viola Thursby, deceased.*

*I am writing you in connection with the death of your godmother, who made certain provisions for you in her Will, a copy of which is attached, together with probate documents setting out what her estate amounted to.*

*Since there is a considerable amount of both cash and property involved, I would be pleased if you would let me know when you will next be in town and can call at this office so the estate may be wound up properly.*

*Yours faithfully,  
S. Q. Switchit*

Annabel idly turned over the attached papers wondering what trinket dear old Lady Vi had left her as a memento of those days when, her parents still exploring the erotic possibilities and positions inspired by the more arcane statuary of Indian temples, she had spent much of her time in the old lady's care. But she had not really been so old, certainly not in spirit. She had sensitively guided her goddaughter through puberty in the absence of her mother, who was off with her father practising the delights of the two-snake method, or the excruciating but ultimately rewarding thunder and lightning position.

While her mother was adding to her encyclopaedic knowledge of the lingam in all its glorious and virile variety, Lady Violet was instilling in Annabel those notions of feminine self-confidence and self-discipline that orthodox feminists debase into theories of selfish empowerment and self-assertion, notions Lady Vi did not hesitate to beat out of the young girl's head with a steely wrist and a stinging cane across her bare bottom. She had grieved when she heard of the old lady's death a few months back, but she had put it out of her mind during the hectic events of her last term at Westbury. But now here was Lady Vi again with a final bequest.

Suddenly, Annabel's eyes opened wide and her neatly plucked eyebrows arched in amazement. She read the page again. No, she had not been mistaken; there it was, in black-and-white. She read on in disbelief, checking the figures as she went. When she had finished she sat back with her eyes closed and tried to think it through.

With the exception of some minor personal bequests to her few remaining servants, Lady Vi had left everything she possessed to Annabel, and she had possessed a great deal, in particular a generous income secured in solid, safe investments that would keep her in comfort for the rest of her life.

Then there was the small but luxuriously modernised Scottish castle where Annabel had spent most of her pre-teen summers. This unexpected bequest promised her an independence she had never dared to hope for. She reached for the phone and ordered the car. She must speak with Mr S. Q. Switchit without delay.

Annabel spent a couple of days in town making arrangements for her future. When she returned home she phoned Jocasta. 'You must make some excuse to ride over here,' she said. 'We need to talk.'

'I didn't mean for you to be quite so drastic,' Annabel commented later when Jocasta handed her one of Lady Julia's coloured envelopes. 'What on earth did you do?'

'Well, I was concerned she might think it odd for me to be calling on you socially after the times I've been sent here for punishment,' Jo explained, 'and you *did* say it was important. So I let slip some remark about how disgusting babies were. It came up quite naturally, as she's always banging on about babies and heirs, and that sort of thing. I just baited her by mentioning how relieved I was my period had started on time so there was no chance of a baby this month.'

'I gather she wasn't pleased,' Annabel remarked, trying to keep a straight face. 'What did she say?'

'She told me I was a selfish bitch who wanted to cheat her out of a grandson, and that perhaps I should ride over here and have a word with you since you seemed to be the only person that made any impression on me. She said, "we'll see if Annabel can beat any sense into your arse, which seems to be where you keep your brains".'

It was too much, and both girls dissolved into laughter.

Annabel was the first to recover. 'Of course, you realise that means I'll have to thrash you before you go?'

'Of course,' Jocasta gave her a sly look from out of the corner of her eye. 'Anyway, what's so important that I've had to put my bum on the line to come here?'

'Oh, it's nothing, really,' Annabel teased, 'just that I enjoy thrashing your lovely bum so much I couldn't wait for Henry to come home and for you to blot your copybook again.'

'Liar. Not that I have any doubts you enjoy beating me, but I'm sure that's not the reason.'

'You're right,' Annabel admitted, and told her about Lady Violet's generosity.

'I can see you're pleased to be independent,' Jocasta said when she had finished, 'but why did you need to send for me?'

'Because, I've decided it's time I settled down to have a family.'

'You're going to have a baby?' Jo asked incredulously.

'No, I'm not going to have a baby, *you* are,' Annabel informed her. 'I can't be bothered with all that pregnancy and painful tits stuff, to say nothing of the actual screaming and pushing to get the little beast out. But I'd like a baby, and since I don't want to go through all that pain and nonsense myself, I've decided you shall have the baby for me. Mind you, you mustn't let Henry or his mother get wind of it, or they'll move heaven and earth to make sure you don't get a divorce.'

When she had gotten over the initial shock of the news that she was going to let herself get pregnant after all she had gone through to avoid it, Jocasta began to see the difficulties. 'How am I going to get Henry to come inside me knowing there's nothing to stop a baby?' she asked. 'Usually he pulls out before then, or buggers me instead.'

Annabel thought for a moment. 'You have to bluff him into getting you knocked up. Tell him you've managed to get a hold of some morning-after pills, but then just take aspirin instead. Leave the real pills for Julia to find, that way you can get pregnant and still get Henry to give you a divorce. If Julia thinks you're still barren, she might actually encourage him to get rid of you and marry some nice fertile girl she's vetted beforehand for good hips and milkmaid breasts, so he can get on with raising a dynasty. Meanwhile, you and I will retire to Castle Tawsen and bring up our babies.'

'Babies?!'

'Oh yes, I don't intend to stop at just one; I want at least half a dozen. In Victorian times, women thought nothing of having a dozen children in as many years, and some of them dropped a pup regularly for twenty years or more. With Lady Vi's money, we can afford a dozen if we want to.'

Jocasta's jaw dropped, but she somehow pulled herself together. 'But Julia will go berserk if she finds me with pills.' She was clearly appalled at the prospect. 'She's already had me punished twice for that, and she swore the third time she'd have me whipped until I screamed for mercy.'

'And so you shall be, darling,' Annabel assured her.

## EPILOGUE

In a warm panelled room in the tower of the old stone castle, the two young women were preparing for bed.

'Amazing how quickly the time comes around to put you to the stud again,' Annabel observed, her eyes resting lovingly on Jocasta's still totally desirable body. It was a bit more luscious now after five pregnancies in as many years, but she kept it trim and taut with relentless exercise and a careful diet. Annabel had seen to that; there was no way she was going to allow her delight in each new baby to be overshadowed by any diminution in her lover's beauty, and her faithful Penang Lawyer had made sure of it. 'I suspect you're beginning to enjoy these annual trips to get yourself knocked up.' Annabel was complaining now. 'You were always oversexed, and I expect you look forward to having a prick between your legs.'

'That's not fair,' Jocasta protested. 'You know I love only you, Annabel. Anyway, why don't you come with me if you're so jealous?'

'Can't. Nanny's very good, but five babies under the age of six is a handful for anyone, and I think I should stay. Still, there are ways of ensuring you don't get off on this insemination business.'

'What sort of ways?' Jocasta enquired apprehensively.

'It's an old Malay custom, although actually it's more Chinese. It's a punishment for women who fail to please their masters. If their performance in bed isn't all that's expected of them,' she explained, 'they still have to service their man, but they're not allowed to take any pleasure from it themselves.'

Jocasta began to look worried. 'How do they arrange that?' she asked, not really sure she wanted to know. It was bound to be unpleasant, to say the least, and if the Penang Lawyer was any indication of the level of pain inflicted on errant wives in the Malay states, it was probably going to be much worse than unpleasant.

'They make them wear scorpion balls,' came the cryptic reply. 'Here, I'll show you.' Annabel walked over to the bureau, and returned with a silk bag. Jocasta watched as she spilled out a set of curiously carved ivory beads strung on a strong silk thread into her lap. There were a dozen of them, each about an inch across and more or less spherical, but they were deeply carved so the whole surface was covered in outward facing conical points cunningly decorated at their bases, where they joined the central core, but ending in points on the outer surfaces. Still puzzled, she reluctantly asked how they worked.

'It's quite simple. Take off your knickers.' When Jo was suitably bare-bummed, Annabel made her pull up her skirt and kneel on all fours in front of her chair, facing away from her. 'These go in here,' she explained.

Jocasta gasped and flinched as one of the jagged ivory beads was forced into her tender and reluctant anus.

'And the next, and the next, and so on.' Suiting actions to words, Annabel drew a new groan and twitch of discomfort from her lover with each spiky berry she planted in her bottom.

To the bent and suffering woman, the process seemed to go on forever. In the end, she felt as stuffed as a country sausage, her bowel filled to bursting and her sphincter screaming in protest.

'Now,' said Annabel, thrusting three probing fingers into the vagina offered to her by Jocasta's posture, 'when the cock goes in, the berries begin to bite.'

Squirming and crying out softly, Jocasta confirmed the prognosis. With her rectum stuffed with scorpion balls, even Annabel's slim fingers wreaked havoc on the tender walls and delicate membrane separating her vagina from her colon. What would it be like with a man's prick in there? It would be hell, sheer hell. She began to appreciate the cunning of the Chinese who had invented this device for disciplining their women without sacrificing their own pleasure. She would certainly get no joy from the coming coupling with these beasts up her bum. 'How on earth did you come by these?' she gasped. 'They can't just be on sale openly somewhere.'

'Actually, they *are*, in Penang,' Annabel informed her. 'Women in trouble are sent to buy them themselves. Other women and the shopkeepers mock her by groaning and wiggling their bottoms, but I got these from mummy.'

'From Lady Heyton?'

'Well, actually, I borrowed them, since I don't think she has any use for them any more.'

'You don't mean...?'

'I certainly do. After we came home from Malaya, father was away quite a bit settling our affairs, and mummy started one of her own with a young officer. Nothing serious, but daddy wasn't having it. Of course, I didn't fully understand until much later when I came across the punishment beads in her drawer, but I remember how she seemed to walk a bit oddly during our first months home, and I heard her groan a few times on the loo.'

Jocasta groaned too at the thought of having to wear these awful intruders for a month, but Annabel had not even finished yet.

'I'm only too aware of what a sensitive clit you've got,' she declared, 'and I'm not having you getting off by rubbing your little spike on the man's cock while he's up you. The only pleasurable sex you're ever going to get is from me, or just possibly someone I lend you to. This week's sex is purely for breeding, and we'll have that randy little button well wrapped up and out of harms way with this.' She suddenly produced what looked like a slim rubber rod.

'What is *that*?' This time Jocasta definitely did not want to know, but she couldn't resist asking.

'Pure latex from the rubber tree,' her young mistress explained. 'Come with me, and I'll show you.'

Five minutes later found Jocasta sprawled naked on her back on the edge of the bed, her knees spread wide and her legs drawn up to expose her vulva. She looked fearfully up at Annabel through her parted thighs as she approached bearing the latex rod, a lighter, a small bottle, and a piece of cloth.

'First, we prepare the ground.' Annabel's fingers sought out the sleeping clitoris where it lay in the rich folds of her lover's thick labia.

Jocasta sighed contentedly as the familiar sensations began coursing through her and the blood began pumping into her small but potent organ. Annabel brought her skilfully to her peak, but just as she began to climax she exchanged her knowing fingers for a swab full of surgical spirit. Helplessly caught on the sharpening hook of her own pleasure, Jocasta wailed beneath the combined effect of the raw spirit soaking the tender membranes of her vulva and the orgasm flooding her and carrying her away, its spasms playing havoc with the spiky berries in her gut.

By the time she could focus again, Annabel was holding a lighter under the end of the latex rod, melting the rubber and letting it drip in burning droplets onto the cleansed clitoris and its surrounds. As Jocasta bucked beneath at the burning sensation, the melted rubber coalesced into a protective cap gripping her knob, its adherence aided by the trapping of the pubic hairs nearest to it, and then by the ring that pierced it - a gleaming gold circle placed there by her lover to register her exclusive claim to this sensitive morsel. By the time the lighter was extinguished, the whole of her body's orgasmic centre was concealed beneath a protective cap.

'There,' said Annabel, satisfied. 'That should keep you out of mischief while some stud plants a brat in your belly.'

There was just one more ordeal for the soon-to-be impregnated girl to endure before she could find comfort in her lover's arms again. Annabel turned her over onto her side, and grasped the end of the thick silk thread on which the hideous scorpion beads were strung. With a muttered admonition to 'hold still' she began to draw them out of the outraged anus.

Their exit was, if anything, more painful than their insertion. Admittedly, it would have been worse, much worse, if they had been yanked out in one brutal pull, but even drawn out slowly and with care, Jocasta whimpered as each projectile forced its way through her reluctant sphincter before the bulk of the bead suddenly popped into sight and the abused circle of muscle closed in on the thread, drawing the next one into position. By the time the last of the dozen had made its way out of her bottom, she was drenched in sweat.

In the morning, Annabel drove her into Perth to catch the overnight sleeper to London.

'Won't you tell me who it is this time?' Jocasta pleaded.

'It's no business of yours,' Annabel said coldly. 'Just go to the hotel and ask for Mr Brown. Oh, and I almost forgot...' she reached into her bag and

pulled out the silk packet with its painful contents. 'All of them, don't forget. I want all the pleasure stuffed out of *this* stuffing. You're just there for his sperm, not to enjoy yourself. Ring me tomorrow evening and tell me how you got on.'

The buzz of the phone roused her from her book. 'Castle Tawsen.'

'Hi, it's me.'

'Hi. How did it go? Do you think it will take?'

'I think so. He seemed to just come and come, so it ought to do the job for us.'

'And did you enjoy it, you randy cow?'

'Oh Annabel, darling, you know I couldn't enjoy it without you. Besides, it hurt terribly.'

'Hmm, that may be, but I want this done properly. I don't want you gallivanting off to town again next month because it hasn't taken this time. Go back and see him again tomorrow for a second injection, just to make sure.'

'But darling, I'm so sore!' Jocasta protested. 'You've no idea! I'm so raw inside it hurts just to sit down, and you don't even want to know what it feels like when I go to the bathroom. It'll be twice as bad tomorrow.'

Annabel remembered hearing her mum moaning in the toilet when her dad was displeased with her and making her use the beads, but she remained obdurate. 'Jo, you have to do it, just bite your lip and think of babies. Try hard and you won't have to go back next month. If I have to send you again, it will be three nights in a row for you and you'll certainly feel *that*. I'm not having any more of these joyrides to town on your own.'

'Yes, Annabel.'

**The End**