# A Little Lesson in Discipline



By
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## Characters

**Mrs Julia Chambers**
Age 38, retired headmistress, mother and matriarch of the family home in Surrey, England, hobbies include golf and swimming.
**Mr Matthew Chambers**
Age 52, City merchant banker, high earner, hobbies include golf, squash and business weekends away with his secretary.
**Miss Valerie Chambers**
Elder daughter, 18 years – University student, confident, arrogant, bossy, can't stand immature boys, hobbies include local politics and horse riding and rock concerts.
**Miss Victoria Chambers**
Younger daughter 16 years – Head girl, precocious, inquisitive hobbies include classical music and horse riding.
**Natalie Kingston**
School friend of Victoria, Natalie owns 4 horses.
**Mrs Harrington**
Family friend and neighbour age 56 – pompous and overbearing – retired boys boarding school matron. Cannot abide badly behaved boys.
**Ms. Bottomley**
Professional. personal services, West End.
**Master Thomas**
Nephew age 18, no experience with girls, sensitive and naïve, arrogant and lazy. No hobbies.

*Now read on:*

Following the divorce from her merchant banker husband, Julia Chambers received a large cash settlement.

The divorce was not contested.

Mr Chambers, it transpired, had a penchant for dressing in schoolgirl clothes whilst being disciplined and humiliated and for this specialist service he paid an upmarket West End dominatrix.

Matthew Chambers never quite understood why he craved this particular fetish, only that he gained extreme pleasure and gratification whilst carrying out demeaning and meaningless tasks imposed on him by a young and attractive assertive call girl. Merchant banking paid an excellent salary together with generous bonuses; so funding his little extra curricular activity was not a problem.
Not a problem, that is, until one day he left his umbrella behind.

Mr Chambers did enjoy the good things in life and even his umbrella was personalised with his initials and telephone number.

When the telephone rang at the family home Julia Chambers picked up the receiver and heard a female voice ask for Mr Chambers. Not recognising the female voice, Julia became suspicious and pretending to be his secretary, asked if she could take a message.

The young girl said that the gentlemen had left his umbrella behind and that this telephone number was on it.

'That's quite right' confirmed Mrs Chambers,' if you let me have your address I'll pick it up for him on my way home, and bring it in to the office tomorrow morning'

'That would be great' said the young girl, 'I'm in the top flat, 12 Kenford Mews, off Oxford Street, just look for the name plate 'Ms Bottomley. Personal Correction Services'

Julia raised one eyebrow inquisitively and as the penny dropped smiled to herself.

'Thank you Ms Bottomley, I'm sure my boss won't know how to thank you, goodbye'.

Needless to say Matthew Chambers never did get to thank Tanya Bottomley for returning his umbrella. Nor did he give a satisfactory explanation to his office colleagues in the city for his sudden resignation, or to his secretary why there would be no more overnight hotel trips on the Bank's expenses account. Conversations on the tube into Bank the next few mornings were conducted in whispers behind the pages of the FT.

After Julia Chambers had been given custody of the two girls, Matthew Chambers left town. Both Valerie and Victoria were, at first, very upset over their father's leaving, however, once their mother had informed them of the size of the financial settlement she had negotiated through her legal team, the girls recovered their usual frivolous state of mind.

So it was that Julia was able to retire from work and develop a lifestyle that she found both entertaining and justifying. Tanya Bottomley soon became a close friend and family life got back to normal.

Julia held no qualms about the size of the settlement that she received from her husband and gave Tanya a cash present to invest in her business as a sleeping partner, thinking to herself, 'I'll get more satisfaction *sleeping* with this partner than I did with the last one!'

She had laughed to herself at the little joke she had made at her ex husband's expense.

## 2 YEARS EARLIER

Birchfield Boarding School for Boys in Surrey was a private facility set up by a few select wealthy families with the express function of teaching discipline to young boys of 16 to 18 years of age who, through laziness and bad behaviour had achieved poor education grades.

Julia Chambers was unanimously appointed Headmistress by the Board of Governors.

Julia became friendly with Harriet Harrington during their time working together at Birchfield. Both she in her role as Headmistress and School Matron Harriet shared the same moral principle, that firm discipline be the foundation on which the school should be built.

This discipline could take only one form.

A good rattan cane firmly applied to the seat of the culprit. In some cases, if warranted, with trousers down.

There were no special concessions for 16 year old Thomas just because he was the Head's nephew. Quite the contrary in fact, Julia Chambers expected members of her own family to set a good example. She did not want anything to jeopardise her standing in the community and accordingly had instructed her staff to be extra vigilant when it came to the boy's behaviour.

Consequently, Thomas was no stranger to looking at the wooden floorboards from close quarters in the classic humiliating 'touch your toes' bending position, as were other pupils who breached the school's strict discipline code.

So it was that a day did not pass without the sound of rattan cane upon bottom rang through the halls of Birchfield Boarding School for Boys.

It was the Monday morning of Mrs Chambers' second week at Birchfield; there came a knock on her study door.

'Come in'

Mrs Chambers looked up from the paper she was marking to see a muddy blazer, short trousers and socks around ankles boy standing in front of her.

'Yes, what is it boy? Said the Head, annoyed with the interruption.

'Please Headmistress, I've been sent to you by the Games Mistress for fighting on the football field'

'I see' said the Headmistress.

'Blazer off. Bend over the desk' barked the Head.
Mrs Chambers walked across to the cabinet on the far side of her study, her heels loud on the wooden floor. Selecting a crooked handle cane she turned to the boy and spoke.

'Six on the bottom, young man and if I have to deal with you again you'll be across my knee with your trousers and underpants down. Do I make myself clear!'

'Yes Headmistress' came the timid reply.

The six strokes were administered quickly and severely.

The cane bit viciously through the material of the boy's trousers and underpants bringing a fiery sting to the boy's buttocks.

'Back to class, boy'

Mrs Chambers retook her place at the desk and immediately resumed marking the exam papers, totally unfazed by her exertions.

It was in the staff room that Head Julia Chambers caught up with Matron.

'Can you pop in and see me after lunch Matron?'

'Yes Head, of course' said Matron

Matron closed the door behind her as she entered the Head's study.

'Sit down please Harriet'

'Thank you'

'Matron, it has come to my attention that one or two boys have been suffering from constipation and stomach aches, what might you suggest could be done for them?'

'Regular bowel movements are very important for healthy growing young boys, but at the moment we do not monitor this at all'

'I see' said the Head.

'May I suggest, Head, with your permission, that after supper as you know, they are all bathed and then put straight to bed. Perhaps we could introduce a regime of potty monitoring to ensure our boys have 'produced' before retiring. This will ensure regular bowel movements and we will have a record for reference'.

'Excellent' said Julia Chambers, 'See to it'

'Oh, just one thing Matron, what if you have a stubborn lad who won't 'go'.

'Then he will go straight across my knee for a little, shall we say, encouragement, and then straight back on to his potty with a very sore bottom until he complies' said Matron

'Thank you Harriet, I knew I could depend on you', said Julia.

Matron's bedtime schedule was posted on the wall outside the upstairs bathroom.

Thomas was busy reading the finer points of the bedtime schedule when Matron's voice startled him.

'Bath time, boy,' boomed Matron.

'In you go' said Matron, ushering the boy into the bathroom.

‘I’m quite capable of bathing myself, thank you Matron’ announced Thomas thinking that was the end of the matter.

‘Young man,’ said Matron, ‘you will either get undressed right this minute and get yourself into the bath, or I’ll do it for you. If I have to do that, you will first go straight across my knee for a little bare bottomed discipline and then you’ll be put into the bath with a very red and sore bottom.’

Thomas started slowly undressing.

‘Come on boy, I haven’t got all night’ said Matron undoing the boys trousers.

As she pulled the boy’s underpants down her trained eye immediately noticed the brown stains on the boy’s pants.

‘Who’s been a dirty boy in his knickers, then?’ said Matron, turning the boy’s head and looking him straight in the eye.

Thomas tried his best to look away.

‘Into the bath, on hands and knees young man’

Matron rinsed out the sponge and washed the boys face thoroughly.

Soaping her hands she proceeded to wash the boy’s privates.

Feeling the boy’s penis starting to stiffen as she washed it, Matron said matter-of- factly, ‘How often do you masturbate, boy?’

Thomas stuttered ‘I..I.. don’t do it ‘

‘Oh,’ said Matron in mocked surprise and reaching for his underpants.

‘Then, what exactly do you call this!’ said Matron showing the boy incriminating semen stains on his pants.
‘If there is one thing I cannot abide it is a liar!’

SMACK!

Matron’s right hand slapped the boy’s wet shiny white bottom.

Water droplets flew onto the air on impact.

‘You and I are going to have a little talk about you’re filthy little habit, young man.
Now keep still’

Matron soaped her middle finger and massaged the boy’s puckered little bud.

‘Stop squirming boy’ said the portly woman as she eased her finger into the boy’s rectum and smiled to herself as she felt the boy clench and pulse on her finger.

‘This’ll stop your wriggling’ said Matron grabbing a handful of penis and testicles.

As Matron moved her finger in and out cleaning the boy, she smiled knowingly as the boy’s rectum pulsed and gripped her finger and her other hand filled out with cock and balls swelling.

They’re all the same. Why is it that all little boys can’t resist a little bottom wanking thought Matron lewdly to herself.

When she had finished with the boy she gave him another hard smack across his bottom.

‘You are a dirty disgusting little boy, dry yourself’

Matron reached in to a cupboard and pulled out a large white porcelain chamber pot.

Marked on the side in big black letters was ‘*potty for naughty boys’*

Nice touch, even if I say so myself thought Matron, whose idea it was.

Snatching the towel off the boy she pointed at the potty ‘Sit!’

The boy sat.

‘I’m waiting’ said Matron, arms folded and tapping her sole on the bathroom floor impatiently.

Eventually the young lad did Matron’s bidding.

Matron sat on the toilet and grabbed a handful of tissues.

‘Over my knee, young man’

The boy leaned across Matron’s knee.
‘Right over boy’ said Matron as she shamelessly wiped the boy’s bottom.

Thomas’s embarrassment was total and complete and he wondered how he could face the two young girls again, should they ever find out about the events in the bathroom with Matron.
‘Collect your pyjamas from the airing cupboard and go straight to bed’ said Matron pleased with her evening’s work.

## Chapter 1

PRESENT DAY

Julia Chambers opened the letter as she walked into the breakfast room.

Valerie and Victoria looked up as their mother spoke.

‘Your cousin Thomas is coming to stay for the weekend’

The two girls smiled at each other, knowing the implications of the news, and aware that this would be the boy’s first stay with the family.

Both the girls were aware that their mother’s house rules were strict and uncompromising.

Especially for males!!

Julia immediately resolved that her brother in law’s offspring would be the recipient of some belated payback. Especially as she knew, the boy, had some of the same irritating traits as her ex husband. Arrogance and laziness.

As the taxi pulled up outside the house the two sisters rushed out, eager to greet their new guest.

Resplendent in their colourful flowery dresses, the two girls looked a vision of summer loveliness. With hemlines above the knee the girl’s shapely tanned legs did not escape Thomas’s attention.

‘Hello Thomas, welcome to the Chambers’ said Victoria

‘The Torture Chambers, added Valerie, laughing at her own play on words.

Victoria joined in the laughter, leaving Thomas to wonder why the remark was so funny.

The girls returned inside, pleased with their joke, and buoyed with the anticipation that soon Thomas would be learning painfully the secret behind it.

Mrs Chambers greeted Thomas and instructed the girls to show him to his room, and then to bring him straight back down to the lounge.
The younger Victoria led the way up the stairs with the boy following behind.

‘Are you trying to look up my dress boy’ said Victoria, not looking back.

‘No!’ replied Thomas, angry that he’d been found out.

‘Oh yes he was’ replied Valerie who was coming up the stairs behind the boy.

‘I think our new guest has a liking for knickers, Vicky’ continued Valerie.

Thomas heard the younger girl in front of him give a little giggle as he reddened in the face.

Back in the lounge, for the benefit of the new guest Mrs Chambers explained that there were statutory house rules to be obeyed. Any infraction of these rules would be noted in the punishment book and any punishment earned would be administered at bedtime.

‘What punishment’… started Thomas?

‘Do NOT interrupt me young man, Victoria, if you please?

The girl ran off, needing no further prompting to fetch the punishment book.

‘Thank you.’ said Mrs Chambers, taking the black book from her daughter.

‘So, Master Thomas your name goes in the book, as this is your first day I will be lenient’

‘Six smacks – across the knee’

‘There is a list of my house rules on your bedroom wall, Thomas, I suggest you familiarise yourself with them, for your own benefit.’

‘That will be all for now, - and Thomas, I will see you at bedtime!’ said Mrs Chambers as she left the room.

Thomas, still confused, thought it better to remain silent.

The morning passed without further ado, but later when he saw Valerie he asked her:

‘Why am I having six smacks across my knee?’

‘Oh you are so naïve, boy. VICTORIA! VICTORIA.’

The young girl came running

‘This naughty little boy thinks mummy is going to give him six smacks across his knee’

Both girls laughed out loud and started pointing and prodding the boy.

‘Oh shut up you silly girls!!’ shouted Thomas; indignant at the embarrassment they were causing him.

‘I think we need to teach this *naughty little boy* a lesson in manners Victoria’ said Valerie deliberately accenting the words ‘naughty little boy’, whilst being aware of the nursery implications and the embarrassment it would cause.

‘Shall I get your hairbrush?’ said Victoria eagerly.

‘No, not this time, just bring the chair over here’

Valerie sat down on the straight-backed chair.

‘Come here boy’ said Valerie with a measured deliberation.

Thomas came and stood next to the 18-year-old girl. Her green eyes and blonde ponytail made a very attractive combination that made Thomas feel nervous.

‘I am very disappointed that you chose to speak in that disrespectful way, so I think now would be a good time for you to learn what six across the knee means’

Thomas bemused, the puzzlement showed in his face.

‘You have been a very *naughty little boy* who needs his bottom smacked, aren’t you?’
Thomas unnerved by the girl’s confidence looked down at the floor.

‘ANSWER ME!!’

‘Yes, miss’

‘Well, say it then – repeat what I said’

‘I have been….’

‘LOUDER’

‘I have been a very naughty little boy who needs his bottom smacked’

Valerie then said with a cynical smile ‘Now go to Victoria, look into her eyes and say it again’

Victoria tilted her head to one side, gave a *tut* and smiled wickedly, her clear blue eyes like ice lasers fixed the boy’s attention.

‘I have been a very naughty little boy who needs his bottom smacked’ said Thomas flushing in the face, heart pumping.

‘In that case, naughty boy’ said Victoria ‘Go back and ask Mistress Valerie very politely to give you the spanking you so richly deserve’

‘Please Valerie…’ The smack across his face made the boy’s ears ring

‘It’s *Mistress* Valerie to you boy!’

‘Please…. Mistress Valerie give me the spanking I deserve’

‘If that is what you want naughty little boy, I would be glad to’ said Valerie

‘I will now demonstrate to you what six smacks across the knee represents.’

‘But first we are going to lose these’ said Valerie unbuttoning the front of the boys trousers.

Valerie adjusted her position on the chair and planted her feet firmly on the floor.

With a swift and confident movement Valerie pulled Thomas’ trousers and underpants down to his ankles. Grasping his wrist she firmly guided the boy across her knee, placing her left hand flat in the middle of the boy’s back to hold him in place.

‘You now know what *across the knee* means’,

Thomas’s face was inches from his mistress’s calf; he was fascinated by how smooth and tanned her skin was. How perfect her ankle…

Valerie’s voice bought the boy out of his reverie

‘ I will <u>now</u> show you what *six smacks* are.’

With that she began smacking the very tops of his legs, just under his buttocks.
‘……..four.. five.. six. let that be a lesson, young man.’

‘But you didn’t smack his bottom, Val’ said Victoria.

‘No, he will get that at bedtime from mummy, and anyway, don’t you think it is far more humiliating for him to have his bottom bared just to have his legs slapped?’

‘Oh yes, how delicious, sis’

‘What do you say, boy, is it more embarrassing to have your legs spanked or your bare bottom?’ said Valerie applying pressure with her hand to the boy’s back to keep him in place.

‘I don’t know miss’ replied the boy.

‘You don’t know very much, do you?’ chimed Victoria.

Valerie stood the boy up and told him to go to the corner of the room and stand there until further notice.

With his reddened legs on display and his unmarked bare bottom showing for no apparent reason, Thomas wondered how long he would be left on display.

Stood as he was with his face to the wall he had no idea if the girls were looking at him or not, so he thought it best to stay put.

The two girls sat and talked quietly, totally ignoring the boy and occasionally whispering if they didn’t want the boy to hear, giggling at their secrecy.

After what seemed a lifetime to Thomas they eventually got up to leave the room. Once outside, they waited to see if Thomas would remain where he had been placed. They secretly hoped he would move before being given permission and incur further punishment. They were disappointed.

‘Get dressed!’ Valerie shouted and slammed the door.

As he pulled up his trousers Thomas began to ponder his situation and thought to himself, he had been given a very rude awakening indeed.

# Chapter 2

Since the morning events Thomas had moved about the house in a kind of trance wondering if it was all a dream, but the smarting on his legs reconfirmed his worst fears that this was actually happening to him.

‘Wake up boy! Lunch is served’ shouted a female voice in his ear, Thomas was too engrossed in his thoughts to notice who it was.

He wondered into the dining room to find everyone seated in silence. All eyes watched as he sat himself down at the table.

‘Well’, said Mrs Chambers, ‘So nice of you to be on time, we all apologise for being early!’

The irony and sarcasm did not escape the two girls, who giggled at each other sensing another discipline session to relish.

‘Alright girls, the boy is in enough trouble already’ said Mrs Chambers aware of the girl’s mischievous antics but choosing to ignore them.

Thomas breathed a sigh of relief at having avoided yet another dose of female discipline.

But his relief was short lived.

‘On the other hand’ continued Mrs Chambers ‘Perhaps, Valerie, after lunch, you could *explain* to Master Thomas the prudence of punctuality at meal times. You’ll find my wooden school ruler on my desk, which you may wish to use during the course of the boy’s lesson.’

Thomas seemed to lose his appetite and could only manage a bowl of soup.

After lunch was cleared away Thomas thought it might be a good idea to disappear to his room for a little sanctuary time.

As he turned on his heel to leave he came face to face with Valerie… ‘Oh!’ exclaimed the boy looking up, as the girl stood some 4 inches above him.

‘And where do you think you are going young man?’

With Valerie standing so close Thomas could feel her breath on his face.

‘I.. I… Ow!!’ yelled the boy.

His ear was gripped tightly between Valerie’s thumb and first finger.

‘I think we have a little appointment in mummy’s study, don’t we?’

As Valerie marched the boy down the hall she gave the occasional smack to his bottom with her free hand to encourage him along.

She opened the door to the study and pushed the boy in leaving the door ajar.

‘Shall I close the door Miss’, said Thomas.

‘Yes please’ Thomas set off,

‘AFTER I’VE DEALT WITH YOU!’

Thomas froze.

‘Get back here this instant!’

As Thomas turned he noticed Victoria peeping round the doorframe.

‘Face the desk, hands face down’

‘Do not move one finger boy’

Valerie opened the desk drawer and took out a pair of medium large scissors.

Thomas began to tremble.

‘Don’t worry stupid, I’m not going to cut it off’

A giggle came from the doorway.

Valerie moved behind the boy and began cutting around the trouser leg just below the buttock, she repeated the procedure with the other leg.

‘Lift’

The boy lifted his leg as instructed and Valerie removed the remnant.

When the other leg was done the young lad was leaning across the desk in a pair of very short trousers with his bared buttocks partly visible and on display to all, especially to young Victoria who was developing an appetite for disciplining boys.

‘Oh dear, what will Mrs Chambers say?’ said Thomas

‘Your problem, deal with it’ said the girl arrogantly.

Another stifled giggle came from the doorway.

‘We are not here to discuss the length of your trouser legs, we are here to teach you the responsibility of punctuality’

‘Elbows! On the desk!’ ‘Now!’

This had the effect of raising the boy’s rear end in the air. Which as it transpired was exactly what Valerie intended. Grasping the boy’s trousers at the back she yanked them up into the boys bottom cheeks, exposing even more of his buttocks.

Reaching down she rolled down the boy's socks as far as they would go.

Victoria leaned further around the doorway for a better view.

'Now, Thomas my lad ask me ever so politely to give you your lesson in time keeping'

'Please Mistress Valerie, give me my lesson in time keeping' the boy said reluctantly.
Valerie took the ruler from the desk, reaching down she smacked out each letter on the back of his calf.

R…E…S…P…O…N…S…I…B…I…L…I…T…Y

Reaching across for the other leg

P…U…N…C…T…U…A…L…I…T…Y

The boy's calves were criss-crossed with ruler lines.

He was left dancing on the spot as the girl walked out, taking her sister by the hand.

'Come along Vicky.'
'Be on time tomorrow!' shouted Valerie without looking back.

On his way back to his room Thomas passed Mrs Chambers in the hall.

Thomas looked at her with pleading eyes.

Looking at the boy's punished bare legs and partly exposed bottom cheeks she walked straight past without acknowledging him,

'Much better' she said to herself, high-heeled court shoes assertively striding along the parquet floor.

Thomas spent the rest of the afternoon in his room reflecting on the events of the day and hoping that Mrs Chambers would overlook his earlier indiscretion.

As he lay on his bed he could still feel the tenderness on his legs. As he rubbed them to ease the pain he could see in his imagination the beautiful eyes of the two girls, still haunting him and realised the more he concentrated the warmer the feeling got between his legs.

He started to stroke his penis and noticed the pain became more bearable almost pleasurable. The image of Valerie and Victoria brazenly gazing on his nakedness was burned into Thomas's memory and although the boy didn't realise it, this erotic image would be the one to take him over the edge when masturbating in years to come. He would also build a collection of S and M magazines in an effort to satisfy his craving for a smacked bottom from an attractive female.

# Chapter 3

The two girls were in the kitchen helping their mother prepare supper.
Thomas sat silently on a kitchen stool.

‘Mummy’ said Victoria, ‘Does Thomas’s willy ever go hard and stand up?’

‘Victoria!!’ said Valerie.

‘That’s quite alright Valerie, Vicky has got to learn sometime’ said mother continuing.

‘He doesn’t know yet, but tomorrow after breakfast, for the benefit of Victoria we are going to have a little human biology lesson in the lounge. The subject being, the male reproductive system’ said the girls’ mother, deliberately talking in the third person to keep Thomas confounded.

‘I’m quite sure he will be more than willing to help, however, Valerie would you wash up that large wooden spoon and take it into the lounge for me.’

‘We might need a little persuader tomorrow, so it’s best to be prepared’. Said mother, noting the boy’s confused look.
‘Which reminds me, I have an appointment with a naughty boy after supper’

Thomas swallowed audibly.

Supper was finished and put away by 6.30pm.

‘Valerie, Victoria you may go and watch television until 9.30.’

‘Thomas, go to the lounge and wait for me. You have a spanking coming young man’.

Thomas waited in the lounge for what seemed to him to be at least half an hour.

The door opened which startled Thomas. Mrs Chambers came in, dressed in very formal attire. Hair tied in a bun, white blouse, black pencil skirt and black stockings and black court shoes with 4-inch heels. She carried under her arm the black punishment book that Thomas had seen earlier. He knew his name was in it.

Mrs Chambers looked the perfect combination of elegance and severity.

Thomas didn’t know whether to come or go!

When Mrs Chambers spoke it was with the authority her former profession carried.

‘Thomas, in a moment I am going to put you across my knee, (The boy’s heartbeat quickened perceptively) and smack your bare bottom, this punishment is for interrupting me this morning. Please remove your trousers and underpants and fold them neatly and put them on the chair.

The boy did as he was told in silence as Julia Chambers stood with arms folded waiting.

‘Now bring the straight backed chair to the centre of the room.’

Mrs Chambers sat down on the chair; her nylons rustled as she deliberately crossed her legs, knowing how erotic this simple action was to young boys.

Watching Thomas’s face go red with embarrassment, Mrs Chambers knew she had got the reaction she intended.

’Are *you* looking at my legs, young man? ‘ Not waiting for a reply.’ May I remind you that you are here to have your bottom smacked, *not* to ogle my legs!’

‘I expect you are wondering why I’ve changed my clothes’ said Mrs Chambers rhetorically.

‘Well I’ll tell you. It’s because I believe administering discipline should be a formal event and the disciplinarian should carry an air of authority. I am **very** experienced in dealing with naughty boys, so rest assured you will get a soundly smacked bottom’.

Mrs Chambers smoothed her skirt provocatively.
’Right young man, across my knee this instant.’

‘Right over boy, hands on the floor, I want to see those feet off the ground.’
Julia Chambers reached back between the boys legs and retrieved his penis and laid it against her stocking leg, smiling to herself as she felt a little pulsing.’

This gave her the opportunity she was seeking. ‘Don’t you dare cream on my stocking leg boy. I hope you wash yourself thoroughly each morning boy, and I mean *thoroughly,*’ said Julia Chambers as she parted the boy’s bottom cheeks.

Thomas could feel cool air touching his most intimate spot. He was grateful for the fact he was facing the floor. He didn’t think his face could get any redder. He was in for a surprise.

There was a knock on the door. ‘Come in’ said Julia Chambers.

‘Mummy, can I go to Natalie’s tomorr……Oh sorry to interrupt’.

‘Come in and sit down Victoria, I’ve nearly finished with master Thomas’ said Victoria’s mother.

‘Now, where was I boy?’ ‘What was the last thing I said to you?’

Thomas hesitated.

SMACK!

‘Come on I haven’t got all night’

’You asked me if I washed properly’ said Thomas

SMACK!

‘You *know* that’s not exactly what I said, you naughty boy’ said Mrs Chambers once again parting the boys bottom cheeks.

‘I’ll ask you again, what *exactly* was the last thing I said to you?’

‘You asked me if I washed my bottom thoroughly, miss’ replied Thomas hesitantly.

Victoria gasped. So did Thomas realising Victoria was sat directly behind him.

‘Good boy’ said Victoria’s mother.

‘We will discuss the subject of your personal hygiene at a later date but for now’

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

‘Stand up, kiss my hand and thank me for taking the time to correct you’

Thomas did as instructed, ‘Thank you miss, for taking the time to correct me’

‘All discipline sessions are followed by 30 minutes corner time for you to reflect on your mistakes and to consider your future conduct’

‘No! Leave your trousers and underpants there; corner time is always spent with a bare bottom. When your 30 minutes are up, go straight to bed’

‘Victoria. Yes, you can go to Natalie’s tomorrow. Please sit with this miscreant for the remainder of his corner time and see he goes straight upstairs afterwards’

‘Yes mummy’

Mrs Chambers left the room.

Victoria walked over to the boy in the corner. ‘I’m missing my favourite TV programme because of you, boy.’

SMACK!

The boys bottom cheeks wobbled under the impact.

‘Bend over and touch your toes boy!’

Victoria went over and closed the door. Turning on her heel, her ponytail dancing, the girl said deliberately.’ We are going to play a little game to pass the time’

Victoria went over and picked up the wooden spoon that Valerie had bought in earlier.

‘You have a choice boy, either you take a dozen hard smacks from me with the wooden spoon on the back of your testicles or you put on a little show for me by sticking your finger in your bottom and saying to me nicely that you are my asshole pantyboy’

‘What’s it to be boy?’

And so as the sun set over the Chamber’s home, Victoria sat back in her chair to enjoy the show given by her new ‘asshole pantyboy’.

## Chapter 4

Thomas sat at the kitchen table in the anticipation that today would be better than yesterday. Hoping, that no one would find a reason to deprive him of his trousers.

As Mrs Chambers put down her coffee cup and walked out of the kitchen, she announced that everyone was to be in the lounge at 10am for a little lesson in human biology.

In fact human biology was one of the subjects in Julia’s curriculum when reading her science degree.

It was at 9.45am precisely that Mrs Chambers walked straight into Thomas’s bedroom without knocking. The boy looked up horrified with his penis in one hand and what looked suspiciously to Julia like a pair of young girl’s panties in the other.

‘Don’t bother getting dressed young man, you are coming with me and bring those panties with you’ said Mrs Chambers pulling the boy off the bed by his wrist.

Walking quickly, clutching panties in hand the boy, trousers and underpants around ankles hobbled along behind Mrs Chambers.

Once in the lounge Julia Chambers removed the boy’s trousers and pants and placed them in the corner of the room. Bringing a dining chair to the centre of the room, she instructed the boy to stand on it.

Luckily for Thomas his vest covered his penis and testicles.

Unfortunately though, Mrs chambers noticed this and went to the drawer where the scissors were kept.

Seeing Mrs Chambers with scissors in hand Thomas thought to himself *‘I hate scissors’*. Mrs Chambers proceeded to trim the boy’s vest back so his penis and testicles were nicely on display for all to see.

Returning the scissors to the drawer Mrs Chambers turned to the boy and said, ‘Take those panties and place them over your head young man, and I want to see the gusset over your nose’ said Mrs Chambers.

Thomas did as instructed. Julia adjusted the knickers to her satisfaction.

‘Good, hands behind your back and wait there until I come back’ said Mrs Chambers.

When Julia Chambers returned it was with Valerie, Victoria and Victoria's school friend Natalie. Natalie was taller than Victoria. Her figure suggested a good fitness level. Her long jet-black hair was kept out of her eyes with a pink headband. The girl had beautiful large green eyes and perfect teeth. She did not seem phased by the boy stood on the chair in front of her. Even though his cock and balls were rudely exposed.

All seated, Julia began.

'First of all, let me say a thank you to Master Thomas for volunteering for this little exhibition' said Julia Chambers knowing she would not, for a minute be fooling Valerie or Victoria.

Victoria enlightened Natalie.

Natalie smiled, she didn't need Victoria's help as she could see the torment on the boy's face.

'Before we start, Thomas has a confession to make' said Mrs Chambers

'Come along Thomas take those panties off your face and tell everyone what you were doing with them 10 minutes ago' said Mrs Chambers.

Realising there was no escape, the boy began hesitantly.

'I was er.. playing'

'O come along Thomas you were masturbating into those young ladies panties, weren't you?' said Julia Chambers

'Yes miss' admitted a very ashamed boy.

'And whose panties are they?' began Julia

'Wait a minute' interrupted Valerie ' They look like my pink lacy ones'

'They *are* your pink lacy ones' confirmed Valerie's mother snatching them from the boy.

Valerie turned and whispered in Victoria's ear. 'Mummy and I deliberately left them on the bathroom floor before the boy went in. We knew he couldn't resist the temptation.'

Victoria enlightened Natalie who looked straight at Thomas and made a face.

Julia took the panties and grasped the boy's penis.

'Valerie, if you please, the wooden spoon' said Julia

'I think a little punishment is in order for this naughty little boy, I do think playing with yourself is so childish, don't you girls?'

'Yes' came a chorus of three.

Holding firmly on to the boy's penis with Valerie's panties Julia began smacking the boy's bottom with the wooden spoon, smack! smack! smack!

'Who's a naughty little girl who likes naughty little panties then?' said Mrs Chambers continuing to smack bottom.

'I am.. I am' cried Thomas.

The female audience was erotically spellbound.

With the pain growing on his bottom Thomas didn't realise just how much his penis had grown in Mrs Chamber's hand.

Julia putting down the wooden spoon exclaimed in fake surprise.

'Oh! what have we got here?' whipping the panties off the boy's cock as though she were a magician unveiling a trick.

There was a spontaneous burst of laughter as the girls warmed to the show.

'It seems that Master Thomas has not only a fetish for girls knickers but likes having his bottom smacked at the same time.' Said Mrs Chambers shaking her head and smiling.

'Mummy, can I milk him? Said Valerie

'As it was your panties he stole Valerie, be my guest' said her mother.

Valerie took the panties and began masturbating the boy.

As he approached his climax, Valerie eased off.

'Boy, you are going to ask our guest Natalie for permission to come. Aren't you pervert?' she said.

'Yes Mistress Valerie' said the boy remembering what he had been taught.

'You will address her as Mistress also' added Valerie.

'Please Mistress Natalie, may I come?' said the boy obediently.

Natalie looked at her friend Victoria.

Vicky whispered: 'Make him stick his finger in his ass first'

Natalie gasped and looked back at Vicky for reassurance. Vicky nodded.

'Put your finger in your bottom, boy, then you may come' said Natalie not believing the words that came from her mouth.

Thomas, so desperate for relief eagerly did as instructed.

Valerie watched intently as the boy complied and then resumed her panty hand job

‘Slut’ she said, vindictively as she wanked hard and held the boy’s gaze relentlessly.

That delicious moment of humiliation for Thomas was enough to send him over the top delivering his hot sticky load into Valerie’s hand.

Valerie continued, expertly milking the last drop from the naughty penis in her hand.
Wiping the boy’s bell end clean, she rolled the knickers into a ball and said ‘Open wide’

Stuffed the wad into the boy’s mouth.

‘I want to see those jaws working, you are going to chew and suck every bit of your filthy come out of my knickers boy, before you are allowed off that chair’ said Valerie.

The room was silent. Everyone’s attention held.

Mrs Chambers spoke,’ So Victoria, you now know what a boy’s penis looks like when erected and in Thomas’s case what caused it to erect. You also know that some boy’s can erect from items of clothing.

So always remember, all boys are masturbators and should be treated as such. Also they are all able to be stimulated by being fingered in their bottom, they may not own up to it at first but in the end they will.

Pun intended!’

The next morning as Thomas took the taxi ride home he tried to bring back the stinging sensation in his bottom and legs knowing that this would bring an erection.

From now on he would people his masturbation fantasies from the vivid memory of 3 beautiful girls and a mother figure, controlling and abusing him. He would, however, have to rely on his own hand to spank his bottom to the necessary shade of red to achieve a satisfactory erection.

That is until he found the contact number of a certain Ms. Bottomley who would say with rattan cane in hand, those magic words

‘Bend over Master Thomas, you have been a very naughty little boy’.

It seems an unfortunate irony that the very gender and lifestyle that empowered Matthew Chambers to the reach the academic heights and financial rewards he did, was the same gender that relieved him of his ill-gotten gains as punishment for indulging himself in the very same lifestyle he craved.

# END