

Elaine Cox

Richard Manton

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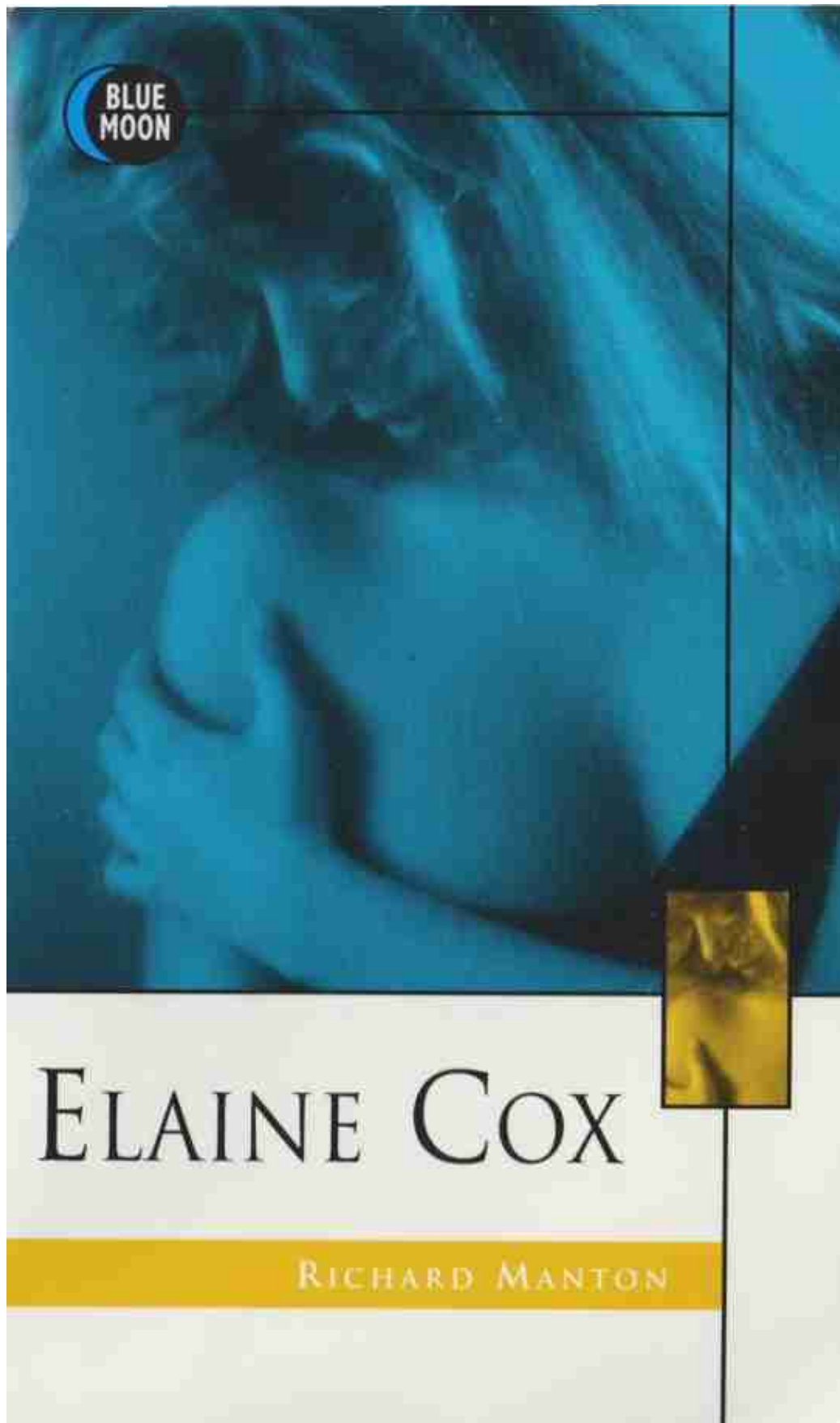
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PROLOGUE

AN EVENING WITH MR. HARDMAN

Of all the confessions that a man can make, the account of an obsessive attraction is the most difficult. In the case of my own infatuation for a tomboy like Elaine Cox, the reader will look at her and either smile or frown. It is surely ridiculous or incomprehensible that any man should devote his waking thoughts and his hours of dreaming to her alone.

I know the story that I must tell you. And I know how much my obsession with Elaine Cox would puzzle you if you knew nothing of my life otherwise. If I said nothing to begin with, you would probably think of me as one of those men who get excitement only from teenage girls. I know there are such admirers of adolescent beauty. Their lives are spent waiting for class to end or for teams of nymphs in shorts and singlets to begin jumping and bending at the blast of a whistle. The whole point is that I did not belong to their persuasion. Of course, I am not blind to the appeal of a nymph. I had known Tracey Hope, then working in a denim-fashion store. At sixteen, she was an elegant willowy beauty. No one with eyes in his head would disagree with that. But she would have done just as well for me five or even ten years later. I acknowledge that my obsession was with a fifth-form tomboy. But it was Elaine Cox the individual girl, not the type, that held my attention. And when I now read of some poor fellow's indiscretion with the extreme beginners of the female sex, I shake my head and do not understand it.

It is so important to me that you should understand my passion for Elaine Cox—and not for a whole tribe of fifth-form girls—that I shall have to reveal something of my other life. Trish, a pretty-faced brunette with whom I shared some of my most passionate nights, was about thirty-five. I have followed with great satisfaction the adventures of Susan Webb at twenty-six or Mandy Worth and Joanne Taylor at about the same age. And there were two other young married women, of whom I had direct experience. One of them had already produced her first offspring.

Let me explain how my adventure began at an evening with Mr. Hardman.

For some years I had known Mr. Hardman, landowner and entrepreneur. It was no secret that he was the patron and influential protector of certain institutions. He had the ear of judges and government ministers. But he was not a believer in blind philanthropy. As a justice himself, he was closely involved in certain reformatories and the young female delinquents who were sent there. He was always willing to assist in the supervision of such institutions. Mr. Hardman was generous in funding them but he expected value for his money. He insisted that those colonies of delinquent girls whom he assisted must learn to become self-financing. He himself was the owner of fashionable stores and other property, always ready to give his advice. Why should so many female hands be idle? Why should they not stitch and sew? And why should their products not be displayed for sale to the public?

He was, in other words, a man attuned to modern conservative thought and an admirer of its leaders. A reformatory cannot quite become a boutique but had you passed by one of his own fashionable stores you would have seen a handsome plate-glass display-window with some such strip of paper pasted across it as,

Spring Offer—Magic Prices—Tailored Jackets—Spring Dresses. The display of reformatory toil was not quite finished. The nude and dismembered figures were merely wax mannequins, except for two.

A pair of young married women in their early twenties were arranging the display. The taller was Susan, a blonde of twenty-three. At nineteen, when I first saw her, she had a rather delicate-featured and carefully painted young face. Now she had matured rather provocatively, her husband having given her a baby last year. The lightly-waved thick blond tresses were swept back and trimmed off at the level of her collar. The hazel eyes were steady but her firm features seemed bold and even a little crude. She wore a sweater and a pair of smooth tight-fitting trousers in dove-gray denim. Her thighs were a little fuller and more robust. That well-controlled pregnancy last year had given a slightly heavier swell to the firm cheeks of Susan's bottom.

Though her companion Jacqueline was a year older, she was several inches shorter, a young wife with a petite and almost impish look. Jackie's bobbed crop of auburn hair, brushed across her forehead, matched a rather pudgy snub-nosed prettiness. Her heart-shaped face was small boned, the neat straight features and the

narrowed blue eyes having a rather defensive mockery. Her tight blue jeans and sweater showed her figure well, the lower half being particularly interesting. Jacqueline was a petite young wife of twenty-four. From her waist to her knees, she had a woman's figure but in miniature. Her thighs were slender, her rear cheeks firmly and appealingly rounded. This was most apparent when she bent over with her back to the glass. The cheeks of Jacqueline's bottom were then very tautly rounded and very distinctly—and suggestively—separated. Seen in silhouette, her figure still had that youthful backward jut of the hips, a flat-bellied look which also threw the demure roundness of her bottom-cheeks a little more into prominence.

Why do I draw your attention to these two young women? Because, I assure you, without them I might have had no dealings with Elaine Cox!

Mr. Hardman was not merely a powerful benefactor. He was a man of rigorous reason and strong tastes where such young women as Sue and Jackie were concerned. Though he might have delinquent beauty in his custody, he was no hypocrite in the matter. Two fretful and frustrated young wives, deprived of a comforter between their legs for several years, needed to be put to vigorous use.

His private philosophy was never in doubt. He did not in the least disapprove of lesbian passion between two young women, so long as they kept themselves ready to answer at once any demands of his own. He imposed one rule, however. If two reformatory girls fell in love, yearning for one another's caresses and nights of naked and sweltering passion in a shared bed, he would consent. But they must not expect to keep all these delights to themselves. At his command, they must perform these same labours of love in front of him, concealing nothing of their desire and fulfilment. Sometimes they must perform naked on the carpet before his chair. When he had guests and the dinner-table was cleared, a pair of loving girls might be ordered to clamber up and fondle one another's nudity while the visitors sat round the table and watched.

I promise you that the world outside never heard a word of this! Even had it done so, the slanders would never have been believed of such a man as he. Imagine the scandal otherwise! But Mr. Hardman was discreet. Occasions of this sort were very private. I had been his close friend for a year before I even heard a rumour of them. Another year passed before I was invited to see Jackie and Sue under instruction by Ms Deborah, a plump boy-cropped brunette who was the most out-and-out of lesbian mistresses.

When Mr. Hardman invited me to be a guest at this dinner-party, I saw something of his secret life for the first time. Though I had by now heard a few rumours of the extravagant after-dinner performances, I was still not convinced that they would exist in reality. Either way, I did not hesitate to accept this invitation from my powerful friend.

You could not ask for a more secure rendezvous than his manor house. It was some far enough from the institution that housed the two young women and where I was at length to have Elaine Cox under my command. There was to be a dinner, after which Sue and Jackie were to put on a display in honour of Mr. Hardman's generosity. Did they protest? No. Why not? Because they knew that Mr. Hardman was a senior justice. On their appeal, he had the power to reduce their four years of detention to three. Or he might decide for himself to reimpose their sentence, as the law terms it, increasing the four years to eight! Small wonder that they were anxious to please him. Moreover, two young married women of the lower class would have had an ample taste of the penis in the marriage bed. They no longer had the right or inclination to bashfulness or concealment. But first we were to have dinner. The two young wives were to act as our waitresses.

Those who had not seen Susan since she was nineteen, with her rather delicate painted prettiness and the close boyish crop of smooth blond hair might have approved the change in the young married woman's appearance. There was a fuller sensuality in her mouth and chin, her features seeming more bold. She had had her baby, which turned her from girl to woman with that slight suggestive weight in her thighs, the marginal firming-out and swelling of her bottom-cheeks and hips. Her dark hazel eyes still had the same steady gaze, her lipstick mouth was lightly open to show her fine and pretty teeth.

The costume of our waitresses was most provoking. Each wore a black bodice with shoulder straps. A black silk strap went round each waist, tightly under the legs and up between the cheeks of the bottom to join the rear of the cincture again. To give a frivolity to this, a pony-tail rose and curved down in a plume from the rear of each waist-strap. Susan's was blond to match her hair and Jacqueline's was the same auburn shade as her short boyish crop. The sight of these tails brushing across bare bottom-cheeks as the girls walked in high-heeled black shoes was amusing and enticing at the same time.

Deborah, with her rather sullen look of command, sat at the end of the table to give the girls their orders.

Susan came in first, the firm proud curves of her fair-skinned figure admired by all at the table. She walked calmly across with the tray and, as she passed me, I saw that the fine plume of her blond pony-tail brushed lightly to and fro across the firm proud swell of Susan's bottom-cheeks. No doubt it tickled her up a little and made her feel more sexy.

Deborah, as mistress of ceremonies, turned to us.

Sue will play the bridegroom tonight. She has consented and even asked to be allowed to please us in this way. Susan is a vivacious young woman with more energy and daring than Jackie. Jackie may look like a pert little wriggler but there is a nervousness about her. Susan is well broken-in, well ridden by her man. Having her baby has given that sensual firming out of her arse and hips at twenty-three years old. Since then her husband has ridden her hard again. A young wife in one of those back-street bedrooms knows that all of Friday and Saturday nights are reserved for her husband's demands.

Susan walked to the serving table and set the tray down, as if quite indifferent to the comments made about her.

She turned and began to serve us. If she heard what Deborah said, it certainly brought no blush to her young face. Indeed, when she turned from me to serve Deborah, she seemed to stoop a little more than was necessary and the proud-cheeked fattened pallor of Susan's bottom-cheeks was offered to me, the girl herself turning so that the blond pony-tail slid aside and revealed her bare backside properly. The black silk strapping was drawn sensually tight and deep between Susan's bare buttocks but still visible as it separated them by its strained tautness.

Jacqueline was similarly dressed. Pert and petite at twenty-four, Jackie with her narrowed blue eyes, pretty snub-nose, showed a slight pudgy unease. The auburn bob of her lightly waved hair was combed aslant her forehead. In Jacqueline's case, an auburn plume of pony-hair brushed across the prim and tighter cheeks of her bottom as she walked. She looked quickly and nervously at each of us. As she poured our wine, she tried not to bend forward in a pose of blatant provocation. I think Jackie's consent to the display she would offer with Susan had been given with extreme reluctance!

There could be no doubt that we were about to witness Jacqueline's initiation in the art of love for another young woman. There was no doubt either that she secretly wanted something of the kind. She was to spend four years—perhaps eight—deprived of a husband's tool, on which she had had regular consolation. The sudden deprivation made her fretful and nervous. But Jackie could not quite bring herself to abandon her nervous prudery in the arms of another young wife. Susan, with the firm self-assured swell of her bottom-cheeks and hips, walked to and fro between table and sideboard. The blond pony-tail was bum-brushing across the young wife's fuller rear cheeks as she seemed to swagger a little. Jacqueline walked with cautious steps and her quick blue eyes avoided our gaze. It was as if she feared to provoke us by meeting our admiring gaze or allowing her petite twenty-four-year-old hips and backside too free or seductive a movement.

There was a moment when Susan turned, her hands empty, an expectant look in her hazel eyes and the bold young features of her face. Her lips were parted breathlessly in some secret excitement of anticipation. It was as if she guessed something was about to happen to her—and this look on her face ensured that it would! She came to pick up the empty plates. She stood beside Mr. Hardman and leant right over the table in a most ungracious stoop to collect Deborah's plate. As she did this, I saw that Susan seemed to turn her gathered blond tresses, and her bold young face with its lipsticked bow of a mouth. She was half looking sideways at him, as if to see how he would react. To pause and watch Susan bending over to her ordinary shopwork in skin-tight dove-grey jeans is to smile at the slight lascivious fatness assumed by her bottom-cheeks in such a posture. She bent now and the pale bare cheeks of Susan's bottom swelled suggestively—all the more seductively for the plume of her blond pony-tail whose silky fall brushed the outward curve of her young buttocks.

Deborah took the leather collar round the girls' neck and held Susan like this, pulling her over. Mr. Hardman studied the view she offered, laying aside the pony-tail so that it now fell over the flank of her hip rather than her seat. Susan seemed to be rising on her toes in a slight exertion and tensing her bare thighs together unmistakably. There was surely no doubt that the young married blonde was giving herself a good

time in anticipation of what her master might do to her.

The answer to that came soon enough. His mouth tightened a little and he administered a sounding cheek-smack on Susan's bare bottom, which made her firmly broadened buttocks jump and quiver. But she never ceased to tense her thighs self-lovingly together. Another smack rang out on the same cheek of Susan's twenty-three-year-old backside, and then another. For the first time Susan's cluster of blonde tresses swept her collar. She tried to twist round to intercede with Mr. Hardman. He turned in his chair a little to spank the young wife more soundly, while petite Jackie with her auburn bob looked on with a troubled and apprehensive gaze.

Susan was not enjoying herself quite as much now, the tensing and twisting of her seductive young bottom was evidence of that. But as Jacqueline watched, the sluttish young blonde lay over the table, hips still jiggling a little as % she squeezed herself, eyes not yet responding to Deborah's gaze. Deborah, the callous boy-cropped brunette, was able to inflict the most vindictive spite on both young married women, knowing that Susan's shrillness, however frantic, would be heard only as a faint owl-cry at the distant wall of the estate. Deborah was not only a lesbian herself but a secret man-hater. How she longed to avenge her own sex on the two young wives who had betrayed the cause for several years by submitting to the enemy!

While Deborah conveyed the sense of this with her dark eyes, Susan responded in a reproachful and self-pitying manner. And yet I was fascinated to see that the squeezing and tensing, tightening on the sensitive sexual flesh between her legs, still continued. It was her desperate and necessary consolation. However hard she cried out, she would not persuade Deborah to pity her.

Deborah held her over the table like this, gripping Susan's collar for a while longer. There was naturally some reproachful glancing from the young blonde and a subdued mewing of self-pity at the threat in Deborah's eyes. But it was Jacqueline with her quick and narrowed blue eyes who watched in most apprehension. Mr. Hardman paused in his spanking of the young blonde. As if to provoke him, Susan was slowly beginning her squeezing and tip-toe movements again, even while she lamented the callousness of hard-faced young Deborah.

You see, Jacqueline? said Deborah looking up at the petite young wife, Susan is quite different to you. She loves to be naked and fondled, even to be spanked by a man. You must learn to abandon yourself in the same way.

There was some truth in this. Susan was certainly tensing and squeezing all the harder, as if to offset the prints of the smacks that glowed upon her bottom-cheeks. I was to see far more evidence of this in the future. Petite young Jacqueline shed tears and mourned after scolding or whipping. But Susan sought refuge, even while being tanned, in the distraction of sensual enjoyment.

When dinner was over, there was half an hour of leisure, during which we took coffee and liqueurs. Susan and Jacqueline stood by obediently. Then Deborah resumed her role as mistress of ceremonies. Sue and Jackie were told to clear the cups from the table. We prepared ourselves to enjoy their love-making.

Get yourself ready, Susan, said Deborah quietly.

Susan put one bare knee on the edge of the table and drew herself up with a sensually awkward squirming of her mature young thighs. She stretched out so that Deborah could undo the leather belt at the back of the young wife's waist. Then Susan lifted her hips a little for the full-faced young mistress to draw the belt clear. She opened her legs for Deborah to free it from between them. While this was happening to her, the young blonde undid her own bra and set free the bobbling weight of her cherry-nippled breasts. Susan was naked now, lying arse-upwards over the table round which we sat.

Mr. Hardman wanted to deal with twenty-four-year-old Jackie himself.

Come to me, Jacqueline! he said, as Deborah attended to the blonde. Jackie obeyed, walking apprehensively towards him. Turn your back, Jacqueline. Bend over and rest your hands on your knees.

Jacqueline obeyed without protest. Her master undid the silk waist-strap in the small of her back and drew it from her.

Now put yourself face-down over the table, Jacqueline. he said.

Jackie and Sue were stretched out side by side, lying so that they faced one another closely. Susan's hazel eyes met Jacqueline's with a faint and lascivious reassurance. But the narrow blue eyes of the older girl were troubled and almost fearful.

Make love together, said Deborah casually. I'm sure your married life has taught you what to do.

There was no possibility of refusal unless displeasure and penalties were to follow. Both Susan and Jacqueline knew that. In a charmingly awkward way, they drew close and kissed each other's lips. Jacqueline hugged the young blonde but only with the awkward affection that girl-children show each other. Susan, however, brushed back the lightly-waved auburn bob, kissing Jacqueline's sensitive bare neck and ears so that the petite young married woman shuddered with an excitement and anticipation that even her bridegroom had never inspired in her.

Jacqueline drew back and kissed Susan repeatedly on the lips, as if she did not know what else to do. Susan ran one hand down the older girl's back, slid her fingers between the cheeks of Jacqueline's bottom and came to the sensitive feminine flesh by a rear approach. But at this touch, as if stung by an electric shock, Jacqueline bucked her narrow hips back to escape the caress of the lascivious young blonde.

Susan drew her hand away and stroked the short crop of auburn hair instead. Jacqueline would permit kisses and cuddles but could not bring herself to share more than that. Deborah frowned.

Get down from the table, the pair of you.

They obeyed, Jacqueline standing before the mistress with confusion and apprehension, Susan's lips parted to suggest pleasure interrupted. Deborah summoned the two stable-grooms. One of them took Susan by the arm and led her to an adjoining pantry. Before the door closed I was able to see that the other man was holding a short tailed strap of thin leather. Through the closed door we heard a dozen measured impacts of the strap on the proud bare smoothness of Susan's bottom-cheeks. They brought her out in some disarray. The smart had brought sharp tears to the blonde's eyes and her mouth was wider open as if a cry might escape at any moment. And yet, as I later heard, Susan had bent over as seductively as possible and had tried to make her tanning as enjoyable for the two men as she could.

She is so sensual, Deborah assured me later, that Susan Underwood's bottom seems to flirt with the spanking-strap.

But Jackie uttered a wail of dismay as they now led her to the same room. Susan stood like a little girl in disgrace, the prints of the strap scarlet across her bottom-cheeks and one or two across the backs of her legs. This time, before the door closed, I saw that they had Jacqueline bending over, head down to her knees, thighs sloping back, the tightly-rounded little curves of her bottom-cheeks presented as a target. They gave her eighteen and we heard Jacqueline shrill and frantic before it was over. The servants brought her back in a very mournful state, the wailing portrait of a punished little girl. The trim-cheeked pallor of Jacqueline's backside was flaming with the deepest blush of all.

Deborah turned to me.

You think it unjust that both should suffer a little for the fault of one? Jackie Grant has had the strap in order to heat her up and overcome her reluctance. She was too self-conscious and inhibited but she has a warm and passionate nature. As for Susan, a taste of the strap will make her try harder to overcome her friend's bashfulness. I promise you it will inspire them both. They know that if they have to be taken back to the other room again, the second time will be far worse than this.

I had no doubt of it, nor did the girls. They clambered back on the table. Susan took command of the unwilling auburn-bobbed girl. They now lay head-to-tail. Each lay on her side, presented to the face of the other in an upward squat. She guided Jackie to draw her knees up more. Jackie's thighs, hips, and bottom were offered to Susan's kisses and caresses in a more fully spread and revealing posture. At the same time, the lascivious young redhead posed so that her femininity peeped between the rear of her thighs while she almost sat naked on Jacqueline's face. They made a charming study for a camera portrait.

We leant forward round the table for an hour or more and watched at close range the seduction of timidity by determination. Sue and Jackie had worked together as shopgirls for Mr. Hardman. But it was evident that the two had never before had sexual curiosity about each other, not even of the most secret kind. In the case of the little wriggler with her auburn bob, there had never been such yearnings for another girl. So it was Susan who took the initiative and Jacqueline who became the pupil, copying what was done to her.

A further delay would have meant another visit to the room where the servants waited with the strap. Susan's fingers gently and comfortably took Jacqueline's sensitive femininity, stroking and rousing it. She worked slowly but coaxingly, no doubt judging that what she had sometimes done in private to herself would

cause arousal when she did it in the same way to her new girlfriend. In this she was proved right, as Jackie's slim hips began to stir. Susan also kissed the bare trimly-rounded cheeks of Jackie Grant's bottom, soothing the lingering smart of the strap. Jacqueline gasped as she drew breath. She could not keep her slender thighs from squirming a little.

Meanwhile, the swelling cheeks of Susan's bottom and her spreading thighs were presented patiently and expectantly to Jacqueline's gaze. Jackie's pert young features and narrowed blue eyes were a study in hesitation. Her own enjoyment troubled her. As one watched, it was clear without any question that Jacqueline was receiving pleasure. At last her fingers tentatively stroked the peep of Susan's feminine flesh between the rear of the young blonde's slightly fattened thighs. Sue lifted her upper leg a little, crooking it back from the knee, to make herself more fully accessible.

Jacqueline closed her eyes as if to recreate some private memory of her own married ecstasy while Susan caressed her. Her nimble fingers began to fondle Susan's intimacy, although she did it rather inexpertly.

Keep your eyes open, Jacqueline, said Deborah, chiding her gently. You mustn't hide your feelings from us while Susan makes love to you.

The startled blue eyes opened again, obedient to the command and a little dismayed. But Jackie now looked closely at what her fingers were doing, as if fascinated by Susan's secret anatomy. Despite herself, Jacqueline was intrigued by the other girl's body and the effect that her caresses were having upon it. Jackie's eyes grew gentle and loving as she continued to gaze at the moistening and roused feminine flesh.

Use your other hand as well, Jacqueline, said Deborah coaxingly, Susan's bottom-cheeks are beautifully presented to you. You needn't be shy about doing anything to her. I'm certain that Sue is sensitive there as well.

There was no protest from petite Jacqueline. She looked lovingly and tenderly at the lightly parted cheeks of Susan's backside. While her other hand remained busy with more important matters, she also stroked the young blonde's bare rear cheeks. Then, as if imagining what she would like Susan to do to her, Jackie's fingers slid gently between the cheeks of Sue's rounded backside, tickling and stroking.

Soon there would be no more difficulty in persuading Jacqueline to play the part of a boy with another girl. She began to kiss the backs of Susan's bare legs, starting behind the knees and working up. Susan, excited at this, touched her lips to Jackie's roused intimate flesh, kissing it lightly and then beginning to flicker her tongue upon it. Jacqueline shuddered and moaned but never ceased to kiss the blonde's well-developed thighs. Without more ado, they settled down to kiss and nuzzle and tongue-tease one another in the most intimate and sensitive places.

Both would have reached fulfilment in a few minutes more, but Deborah drew the girls' heads back and held their hands away. There were two bereft little sobs as the pleasure was interrupted. But it was interrupted only in order that it might be prolonged. When Sue and Jackie were permitted to resume, they did so in the most hungry and passionate manner. It was true love-making now, where each was as eager to feast upon the other as to be feasted upon herself.

It was delightful to see Jackie, after so much reluctance, quite unable to hold back. Her fingertips played lightly and tantalisingly on the young blonde's secret places. At the same time, Jacqueline kissed the cheeks of Susan's bottom which Sue herself now thrust out more fully. Jacqueline hesitated and then, flinging caution aside, kissed between them.

Kiss her there, Jackie, murmured Deborah gently, No need to be afraid or shy. Don't hold back, Jacqueline. Enjoy being rude with her there. Use your imagination between her cheeks, Jacqueline. Make her cry out with excitement. Don't you want to hear Sue do that for you, Jackie?

Susan herself was manualising Jackie with great skill and had brought her close to a crisis. An excruciating pang of pleasure seemed to paralyse the auburn-cropped young woman. Then, tormented deliciously by the tension of her spasm, Jacqueline's tongue was stuck out, firm and urgent, its tip disappearing where Susan Underwood's bottom is better imagined than described. Jackie Grant herself was shuddering with the first release of her tension. Deborah held her firmly while she was having it. When it was over, there was a danger that Jacqueline would burst into sobs of relief and remorse. She might lie there in dismay, cold and ashamed at what she had done. They held her so that there should be no such anti-climax. The caressing would continue at once. The last spasm of her release would merge with a first tickle of the next arousal.

Lie still, Jackie, whispered Deborah. You'll come half a dozen times on the table tonight. Was this the first proper climax you've ever had? I think it was, wasn't it? It takes another woman to know what you really need, doesn't it, Jackie? You'll be with the other reformatory girls soon. They'll teach you to let yourself go like this several times a day and once or twice during the night. You need to have your climax often, Jackie, before you know the real truth about yourself.

As she said this, Deborah also began to fondle Susan with gentle and knowing fingers, bringing the young married blonde to a gasping and shuddering conclusion.

Lie still, just as you are, Deborah said to the two young women. Now begin all over again.

And so they did, while we watched them. This time there was no holding back. They hurried to regain the heights of excitement from which they had just gently descended. There was no doubt of the exertion which the labour involved during the warm night. A gloss of sweat shone on the taut pallor of Jacqueline's bottom and hips, the wetness sounded slippery between her legs and rear cheeks. Deborah took a white linen napkin and wiped her over, though without interrupting the nuzzling and caressing, the tongue-tickling and kissing of the two girls.

This time, Susan reached her reward first. Her back arched and she flexed her legs, her mouth opened in a long soft cry and her hazel eyes rolled back as if she might swoon. But she never ceased to caress her petite girlfriend. When Jackie had finished as well, they lay together, touching lightly and apparently exhausted by their labours. I think they could have slept then and there, upon the table.

It was Deborah whose cunning prevented that. Gently with her own hands she began to rouse the moist and sensitive flesh of each girl again, one hand attending to Jacqueline and the other to Susan. Despite their languor, it was not long before they stirred, squirming and sighing. The second bout of love-making had been hurried and eager, this one was slow and luxurious. They were like contented and sleepy female animals, playing with one another's bodies, rather than bacchantes going to it with desperate passion. The girls studied each other's loins and thighs and bottoms, fingers examining and testing rather than caressing. The slipperiness of their sweat made them look like two naked girl-wrestlers making up to one another and sleepy after combat.

Such was their initiation. After the two young women had been led away to their rooms, Mr. Hardman and the rest of us remained talking of what we had just seen. It was an hour or more before we parted company for the night. I made my way softly along a corridor. To this day, I cannot tell you whether Mr. Hardman intended that I should spend the night with Susan. I had certainly not concealed my admiration of the proudly developed young blonde with her bold features and cropped shock of hair. The door of the room in which she lay was open. There was enough light from the corridor to show her lying naked on the bed with her back to me.

The only visible movement was a pale tensing and swelling of Susan Underwood's arse-cheeks. Her upper thigh was raised a little and then I saw the nervous rub-rub-rub of her fingers between her legs. I entered the room softly and Susan froze as my hand descended on the arm whose hand was plaguing her feminine flesh so remorselessly with pleasure. Then she relaxed and offered no resistance as I turned her on her back without a word, parted her knees wide and gently pressed my growing stiffness into the hot moist depths. She gave a hard hollow exclamation as the first manhood in many months entered there.

You do like it, don't you, Sue? I whispered gently, reassuring her. You like it very much indeed, don't you?

Yes, she gasped in quiet lilting admission. Oh, yes! Oh, yes!

She laughed in sheer happiness.

Lie with your hips still and feel it a moment, I said, beginning to ride her gently.

Our lips nuzzled and mumbled together, tongues caressing. Naked with her now, the hairs of my chest brushed her nipples to erection. My fingers tickled her bum-cheeks. Suddenly she let out a muffled scream of ecstasy into my mouth and her crisis was precipitated.

Presently it was Susan who sat up, swung a leg over her mount and lowered herself on the phallic saddle-pommel once more. Her lipsticked mouth was open a little in breathlessness. She rode easily and gratefully. My hand roved upon her sleek-fleshed shoulder-blades and found the light contours of her spine. Following these, I came down to the cleavage of her bottom and tickled between the firm proud swellings of

her bottom-cheeks to excite her perversely. She drew my hand away a little and led it in a light smacking rhythm upon her behind. Like a frisky filly, she wanted the double pleasure of riding while feeling that there was a jockey upon her who spurred her on. Gently and rhythmically I smacked Susan Underwood's bottom as she rode. The excitement of being smacked at the same time had such an effect upon her that I could feel the pearly droplets of her lubrication gathering and bedewing the shaft more liberally as I drove it to the depths of her. When I made a pretence of withdrawing, she held me closer and pleaded. Susan could not bear to be bereft of the comfort of a man after being deprived for so many months, roused and longing as she was.

So I turned her on her back and we began again, she urging me with a slight impatient movement of her hips. Susan cried out that her time was coming, for all the world as if its intensity frightened her. Her head threshed side to side upon the pillow. Her cries rose more shrilly and she drummed her heels in the small of my back as her legs scissored round me. Smoothing out every wrinkle in her warm depths, I drove to the uttermost. At last I felt the great gusts of passion as they pulsed deep in her loins.

That might have been the end of our encounter. But Susan brushed her shock of thick blonde hair into place and stood up, naked and with thighs trembling a little. She took my hand and led me across the room. Once upon a time, this must have been a nursery. At one end of it, hidden in shadow until she switched on another light, there was a fine padded rocking-horse. It was a splendid piebald beast with a handsome saddle of real leather. You will guess before I tell you what it was that Susan wanted now.

I mounted pillion behind the perspiring young blonde. How gratefully she raised her hips a little and spread her thighs wider still, sinking moistly down on the stiffness which lay embedded in the velvety sheath that was now so slippery with excitement between her legs.

We began to ride together. Susan arched back the proud mature swell of her hips and threw her head up. The thick blonde tresses swept to and fro across her collar, as she panted and whimpered with longing for the next moment of ukase that she felt had been so long delayed.

As we rode together Susan had that delightful elasticity which one finds in eager young women of her type. Yet there was no slackness which sometimes spoils a young woman who has too regular exercise in the art of pleasure. Whatever easing there had been was compensated for by Susan's knowledge of how to hold a man inside her so as to give him the most enjoyment. I also felt the extreme reaction and flinching as her clitoris was touched. I did not ask Susan if she played with herself, not wanting to make her tense and self-conscious by such a question. But the sensitivity of her clitoris, confirmed that it had been brought to extreme responsiveness by her languid fingers during the months of enforced separation from her man.

It was she who first gave the sign of another approaching climax. Her head twisted a little from side to side, as if she were shaking it in a slow denial. She drew breath sharply and worried her lower lip with her teeth. Her eyes closed in a dream of bliss, fluttered open briefly and then closed once more.

With my hands on her flanks, I guided the firm-figured young blonde through the gallop, driving her on with thrusts deep enough to touch the very nerve of her womb, provoking gasps which were part fear and part abandon to ecstasy. At last she began a series of short rising cries, like a female animal in rut, for all the world as if some monstrous implement of destruction were being thrust up inside her and yet she enjoying it. This breathless aria was the prelude to her climax. A final convulsion and shuddering, then she lay exhausted, head pillowed on her arms. Yet as if in tribute to her rider's outpouring, she reached down to examine the state she was in, finger-tips finding herself dewy from her own excitement and her lover's tribute.

By the time I had finished having fun with Susan, I was exhausted enough to go to bed and sleep soundly until one of the servants tapped at my door with a late breakfast. Our two lesbian performers were taken under escort to the place where they must serve out the rest of their time. Despite their obedience, Mr. Hardman seemed to feel that it would be better to increase their sentences to eight years rather than reduce them to three. I did not argue against this. I had no evidence to do so and, in any case, I thought it best that Sue and Jackie should be strictly dealt with.

But as we sat alone in the sunlit library, looking out across the terrace and the lawns of my friend's manor house, he began to talk seriously about my own future. I had made nothing of my life, I freely own it. I had been married once but she had gone off to do a jig on the prick of some wretched little Polish tailor who proved to have the pox. Mr. Hardman was concerned for me.

First he begged me not to throw my life away. There were many things he feared I might do and swore I

must not. I had received a gentleman's education. I must not yield to the easy temptation to become a teacher, he insisted. That profession, he assured me, turns a man into a sad and feeble specimen. I promised him I would not become a teacher. I must not become a social worker or anything of that kind, he said. Such scoundrels are notorious for cringing to those above them and treating vindictively anyone unfortunate enough to fall into their power. When they mewl about the ways of randy gentlemen with little girls, it is only to put more money into their own pockets. I promised him that I would have nothing to do with them either.

Had I been given a richer family, I would happily have been a banker or a broker. That was not to be. As Mr. Hardman said, I must do something. If I could get some money together, might I not begin in a small way as a politician? They are rogues, to be sure, he said. But quite a few of them are amiable. There is no hypocrisy among them in private, when they are sure they will not be reported nor overheard. If I wanted money and girls to do as I pleased with in private, I had only to put on a face of political solemnity in public. I did not doubt I should make an excellent politician. But a man needs money to begin— and I had none. What else was there?

Mr. Hardman went out of the room. He went to his study and made a telephone call to a close colleague. Then he returned. Would I consider accepting an appointment that was in his own power to give me? I said I would. It was not much, he assured me, but it might do to start with. Some sixty miles away there was a private reformatory institution of the kind sponsored by him and his fellow justices. It was close to where I lived at the time and I can promise you that its very existence was little spoken of. Something of its discipline was rumoured, if only because it was known jokingly in the town as the Tanning Factory and Tart's House. Either Jackie Grant or Susan Underwood would have been regarded as a tart in that neighbourhood, and rightly so. The institution was not precisely sanctioned by the law. Yet men of influence in the law were among its greatest supporters. There would be no interference from buck-toothed ladies with a yen for social work nor from other busybodies.

I began to be intrigued by the sound of all this. What was it that Mr. Hardman had in mind? He warned me that I should not be a law unto myself. With a few dozen female delinquents under lock and key, that would never do for a man with no experience of such things. It was only the post of deputy director that he could offer me. I should be responsible to the director who, in turn, was answerable to Mr. Hardman himself.

I thought about this, but not for long. Before I left the room, I had accepted the offer of my generous friend. Despite the events of the previous evening, I did not do this in anticipation of having fun with such young tarts as Susan and Jacqueline. It was quite likely that there would be no fun at all. In reality, most of the fifty young female delinquents might prove to have ugly faces and spotty bottoms. I need not have feared that, however. Those who committed young women to this place were careful in their selection.

In any case, as Mr. Hardman told me gently, I had little choice. For want of anything better, I accepted the offer. I had already set eyes upon Elaine Cox. At the back of my mind lingered the thought that I had now found the means of indulging my obsession.

CHAPTER ONE

ELAINE COX AT THE AWKWARD AGE

Even while I enjoyed my evening with Mr. Hardman, my strange and secret inner life was running its course. So secret was it that neither he nor any other friend was given an inkling of its existence.

The story of an obsession is never easy to describe, however intriguing it may be to read. Those months of my life, as I must reveal them now, amount to the confession of a man whose every waking thought and all whose dreams were overlaid by images and desire of one girl. She was not a great beauty nor was there anything charming or engaging in her manner. Elaine Cox was insolent and aggressive, vulgar and even slovenly. She had all these qualities in the form that one finds only in an adolescent tomboy. She had the ruffianly look of an adolescent girl who defies and insults those in authority as often as she bullies some younger pupil. But a good many of her elders had no wish to see her improve. In dealing with Elaine Cox, punishment was almost always the pretext for pleasure.

Who was this girl? What was her appearance and manner that so powerfully attracted me? Let me say at once that it was not infatuation at first sight. I was preoccupied at that time by some willowy nymph like Tracey Hope, the veil of blonde hair framing the pale oval beauty of her face and its steady blue eyes, her figure with its long graceful legs, the elegant ovals of her young bottom-cheeks. Walking alter work from the denim boutique to the bus in tight jeans and short jacket, she made a far more desirable object for the voyeur. But for some time I had also been aware of Elaine as a girl from the same area of modest but solidly-built houses. I paid her little attention until my other glamour girl was no longer available. Even so, it was not Elaine who caught my attention. She was neither the age nor the type. Time passed. Then I glanced again at this budding tomboy whom I was later to know by her name. Elaine Cox.

In her fourth and fifth-form years she had become a sturdy adolescent pupil, a shouting and striding tomboy, defiantly tossing the lank fair hair that lay loose on her shoulders. Combed from its central parting, it framed the broad fair-skinned oval of her face whose thin lips and narrowed eyes composed what I described at once as a portrait of snub-nosed insolence.

If I and other middle-aged gentlemen relished the sight of her figure, it was because Elaine dressed to display it. She taunted her elders and betters with something that she reserved only for ruffian boys of her own class. She wore a regulation uniform, the white blouse and striped tie. Her uniform skirt was also the regulation kind, grey and pleated. But it was worn quite scandalously brief, covering her hips and only the upper six inches of her sturdy bare thighs. In winter she wore the tan gloss of stocking-tights but the pallid weight of her tomboy thighs was still displayed through them.

At the same time, there was nothing of the coyly seductive nymph about this fifth-form rebel. With her slum-child impudence, the contemptuous tossing of her lank fair hair as she strode by, she expressed her indifference to the admiration of her middle-aged followers. Such a young slut inspires two reactions in men and women. Most men and even more women would like to strap her over a table, take off her skirt and knickers, and whip the tomboy cheeks of Elaine Cox's bottom long and hard. Some men, while she was thus positioned, would first need to teach her a lesson or two about the male sex. Most men, given the opportunity, would be ravishers and disciplinarians with such a girl.

There are girls whom no man or woman would regard as being beautiful or charming, nor ever likely to become so. And yet, for reasons that only the most learned investigator of the human passions could explain, they become objects of fierce desires and long-matured yearnings. Sometimes the very fact that they are vulgar or impudent, dismissing with contempt the lascivious gaze of their admirers, seems only to heat up the determination of their followers to possess them. From time to time this gives rise to a public scandal. Those who hear of it shake their heads. How could a respectable gentleman make a fool of himself over such a young slut? How could he throw away everything in order to enjoy her by fraud or force?

The gentleman himself would be the last one who could answer such a question. But I suspect that almost every man at some time in his life has felt one of these freaks of powerful feelings towards an unlikely object of desire. There can be no harm in revealing now that a number of respectable middle-aged gentlemen

had longed to have Elaine Cox under discipline since she was scarcely in her teens. I acknowledge that I was one of them. Indeed, I was the only one of them who possessed her at a later date.

I have not put my name to this account. By anonymity I can tell my story, without evasion or hypocrisy, concealing nothing of my feelings. If plain speaking about my sexual and disciplinary feelings towards an insolent tomboy is not to your taste, I suggest that you should turn to some other improving volume.

Even now, when the drama is over, I do not know how best to convey the strength of my obsession. It will seem absurd to you if I insist that to hear the mere name Elaine Cox spoken was enough to make my pulse quicken. The same effect came from merely thinking such words as, Elaine Cox's schoolgirl bottom... bamboo cane... Elaine Cox's bare bottom-cheeks... Elaine Cox punished Elaine Cox strapped down for it... the whip across Elaine Cox's bottom-cheeks. At that time I had not yet exchanged a word with her nor laid a finger on her. But every afternoon I would walk down certain roads between the house where she lived and the avenues near the comprehensive school, merely in the hope that I might pass her. Or better still I would try to arrange that I followed her for five or ten minutes, along the road and up the hill on her way home, as if by accident. I knew the very point that she passed between the extreme limits of four o'clock and twenty minutes past.

It would be foolish and quite unnecessary to conceal the interest that I had taken in Elaine Cox for some time before I had official dealings with her. To begin at that point when I first set eyes on her, or perhaps first noticed her, I suppose she must have been a third-former. But I must repeat that I was indifferent to her, having never experienced the least interest in girls of that type. My knowledge of her remained purely casual then. I was merely aware that she walked to and fro every morning and afternoon and that I saw her go by. From this realisation there grew slowly an interest in who the girl was, what her name might be, and where she lived. Over some months, quite a while later, I began to observe her out of curiosity. I developed a habit of waiting at the corner of a road or watching from a window, which I think the girl herself noticed before long.

A few months later my feelings about her were more complex. To begin with, I gave her no indication of this. At first, as we passed in the road, she would favour me with a smile. In Elaine's case her adolescent smile was like a hard and knowing leer. I do not know when she first guessed my thoughts about her accurately. Soon, however, I was treated to the same contemptuous indifference as so many others. When we passed in the street I looked at her in such a way that I made no secret of my wishes any longer, though only she and I could guess them. It was intriguing to follow the same way with her after class, watching the slight heaviness of her pale thighs left bare by the scandalous little skirt. On the hill, a full length of her bare legs was visible from behind as she walked home. Occasionally, a breath of wind fluttered the skirt, lifting it, so that one had a view of her white elasticated briefs and the sturdy young cheeks of Elaine Cox's bottom to which the webbed cotton clung tightly.

I think that Elaine put on a clean pair of these white uniform knickers every day. The wash-line of the house regularly displayed a row of female underwear. I used to walk that way during the afternoon. I would stand looking over the back-garden wall when there was no one else in sight. Some of the panties were coloured mauve or pink and belonged to the woman of thirty-six rather than her daughters. Some belonged to Elaine's big sister. But there was always a pair or two of the white briefs of Elaine Cox's regulation knickers on the line. It gave me a sense of spying on the girl herself as I surveyed her underpants in such close detail. The sight of the elasticated cotton that had clung to the cheeks of her backside, the flanks of her hips and between her legs excited me greatly.

To be excited merely by seeing Elaine Cox's knickers on the clothes-line indicates the power of my feeling by then. How sad or absurd it may seem to the ordinary reader. I assure you I did not find it so. I now felt a strengthening of vitality in my desire to hunt and ensnare my prey. The growth of my powerful obsession with the youngster must be clear from such compulsions as this interest in her knickers on the wash-line!

I cannot put a date to the birth of our romance, though I noted privately that there was a randy little bitch whose name I did not know, but who lived in a certain house and whom I later knew as Elaine. I noted her impudent tomboyish look, lank fair hair worn loose in waves to her shoulders, her habit of shouting and playing the fool in the street in a most unladylike manner. The history of her life at home, at school, and elsewhere was noted as it came my way. Indeed, I tried discovering all I could about this girl who was now,

truly, the object of obsession.

My entry for her fourth-form impudence, reminds me that I went out on 26 and 27 January, seventy-two and mild weather! Walking behind her, I took three photographs of Elaine Cox's bare-thighed rear view in her little skirt. They were, I think, my first surreptitious attempts. In the strength of my feelings, I needed the camera's assistance.

I had become more preoccupied with her by then. It was not enough to follow her between home and school two or three times a week. I wanted to study her at more leisure. I had a camera and an enlarger. When walking behind the girl or photographing her from concealment with a telephoto lens, I saw that I could build up a collection of photographs of Elaine Cox. I would process them without anyone else's assistance. My secret collection would be unknown outside my own head. Even the girl herself would not know of them. It was quite easy to conceal the camera by walking with it under cover of sleeve or coat. At other times, some half-open door or the parting of drapery was enough to conceal me while I brought her in focus with the telephoto lens. I was often equipped with this camera and took a hundred photographs at one time or another as she walked by or as I followed her. Several of these are before me as I write. Looking at them, the bare thighs and the little skirt, the insolence of her expression, I cannot regret anything that has happened to the youngster since.

In one full-plate print, Elaine is walking home up the road between the low brick garden walls and the vehicles parked along the kerb. She is wearing her uniform, a dark blue pullover, the white blouse and striped tie underneath, and the pleated grey skirt drawn high enough to leave her thighs bare. The lank fair hair is combed from its central parting to lie loose on her shoulders, just covering them. The broad slum-child oval of her snub-nosed face is clear. Elaine is drawing at her lower lip with her teeth a little. I learnt to recognise this as a nervous mannerism of hers. In a second print she is walking up the same stretch of paving, though tossing her hair back clear of her shoulders themselves.

Even now the photographs, as I look at them, recall the moments when they were taken. One sees the reflection of the warm sunny day. There is Elaine walking up the hill between the low brick walls of the gardens and the cars parked along the paving. There on the far side is the wall and wire netting of a tennis court.

It was just before she was committed to the reformatory when the last of these photographs were taken. The earliest date from the year before. In these earlier studies, Elaine was walking along the lower road with a dark haired girl. Elaine wore her usual uniform. The dark-haired girl was wearing a shiny raincoat, short enough to leave her lower thighs bare. Rather curiously, Elaine was guiding a pushchair with a baby in it, though I promise you the child was not hers. I held the camera close and at the level of her hips. Looking at the results now, I see two suggestive studies of Elaine Cox's thighs, bare and sturdy, as well the suggestive shape and movements of her bottom and hips under the skirt.

From time to time, when she was slipping out to meet some boy of her acquaintance or going to casual work of some sort, she was differently dressed. This sturdy fifth-form girl would choose a white short-sleeved singlet and working-trousers of smooth grey-blue lavender cloth. Elaine Cox's trousers fitted tight and smooth on the slight heaviness of her adolescent thighs and hips. She had drawn them in to a narrow waist by a broad leather belt, so that it strained them tighter still over her hips and seat. She also wore these during the holidays when she went each morning with her big sister to work in one of the buildings on the trading estate.

As one walked behind her, it was amusing to see how the strained cloth of these pants gave a somewhat fatter or heavier look to the cheeks of Elaine Cox's bottom. Elaine Cox's adolescent backside excited me greatly when she presented it in this way. Had she been under my orders, I would have done a number of things to it. Moreover, I greatly enjoyed this vulgar and suggestive appearance, thinking that it perfectly matched her conduct and character. Two of the photographs show her like this. In one of them she strides up the hill on her way home, Elaine Cox's backside sturdily and provokingly shaped by her trouser-seat.

In the privacy of my room at night, the curtains closed, I spent an hour or so with the photographs arranged on the table before me. This greatly reinforced my enjoyment of the girl. There are those who think that by taking a photograph of a girl one possesses her to some degree. That was certainly my feeling. I was able to enjoy her at will in this form. I mused over the views of her robust young thighs revealed by the short grey skirt. I studied the rear view of her in the smooth fit of her trousers. She would always draw the belt so tight

that from the rear the youngster's backside seemed almost to form a circle. If she chose to wear her little grey skirt short to show her bare thighs, then the tightness of her lavender trousers was equally deliberate. What a brazen little tart she was!

The clothes she wore, long before I had dealings with her, revealed her moral character. Even at fourteen years old, she would dress like this when she went out to meet boys of her own age. She walked openly through the streets, in these smooth grey-blue pants strained tighter still over her young hips by the broad leather waist-belt. I look this moment at another of the photographs taken as she strode up the hill with her big sister. They show Elaine Cox's fourth-form bottom-cheeks and hips, already vulgarly fattened as she walked out to meet her boy-friend in the tight lavender trousers. Elaine and her big sister would wear one another's clothes from time to time. The brief pleated grey skirt of Elaine's school uniform was, I believe, her elder sister's cast-off. These trousers of smooth blue-grey cloth had also been worn by both girls.

There is one photograph that remains unique. On a sunny day in the previous summer, the youngster was lying where she thought she could not be seen. Elaine was wearing a pink bikini. I managed to spy close enough to take a single picture of her. Her fair-skinned back is sleek with suntan oil as she lies on her belly. The robust tomboy swell of Elaine Cox's backside and nips is excitingly and tightly shaped by the pink bikini-pants.

That same year, on a fine day, I happened to see Elaine Cox and another girl on their way to promenade in hot-pants. There was a boy following deliberately behind them in the quiet tree-lined road of brick houses. He was watching the cheeks of Elaine's bottom as she walked, seeing them appear suggestively and seductively fatter from the skin-tightness of her little glamour-pants. The boy's hand was thrust deep in his pants pocket and its movements showed what he was doing with himself as he followed the two girls. Elaine and her friend were quite well aware of this, I feel sure, though they pretended to ignore him. They were giggling childishly and fooling about in the road in front of the lad, partly to egg him on and partly to ridicule him. If you want an account of Elaine Cox's moral character at that age, you need look no further.

Had it been only a matter of watching her as she went past or following her up the hill in her scandalously brief skirt, perhaps my feelings would have been less intense. But the photographs which I studied at night heated my passion beyond description. I brooded over them closely, imagining all the things I would like to do to the girl whose sturdy bare thighs and adolescent insolence lay before me on the table. Even at the beginning, when she was younger, some of the discipline I envisaged for Elaine Cox was so unusual that I hesitate to repeat it here.

I tell you all this for a simple reason. To show how powerfully the enthusiasm of a sensible man may be stimulated by the most unlikely object of desire. By the time my interest in her developed, Elaine Cox had passed the age of innocence. In jacket and skirt, carrying her black handbag, she attended rowdy teenage parties. Or else she went courting and petting in the tight lavender pants and singlet.

My own feelings may shock you. But do not make the mistake of regarding Elaine Cox as an innocent. In a quiet corner of the park, late in the evening, she would lie on her back for some adolescent boy of the rough and vulgar type. Her knickers were folded away in her handbag and her skirt was pulled up. She opened her thighs and raised her knees while this boy of her own age knelt between her legs. For five or ten minutes there was gasping and sweating. Elaine held herself like this, legs crossed over the boy's back, like a young animal being mated by a stockbreeder. Sometimes a second boy would take the place of the first. I think she liked to be mounted by members of the group at a teenage dance. I once heard her, walking home one afternoon soon after four o'clock, call out to several of them across the road, See you after the show! And so she did.

To her teachers and those in authority she had always been insolent and defiant. I heard long afterwards that she had once been punished by the head teacher. It was when she was little more than a lumpish and ill-mannered child. She had been called to his room after her classroom misbehavior. A woman teacher had been present. Elaine had been made to lie face-down on the study sofa with her skirt pulled up. Her school knickers were not taken off but the woman drew the elastic hem up so that the cotton gathered in the youngster's rear cleavage and her buttocks were bare. The teacher in charge had then inflicted six resounding smacks with a spanking-strap on the bare cheeks of Elaine Cox's impudent little bottom.

I did not even know if this story was true—but I cannot tell you how it haunted me. I imagined the scene, Elaine Cox with her slum-child impudence, bare-bottomed over the study sofa. How I envied the teacher who

spanked her with the strap! How I longed to be in his place without a witness, the youngster fastened down, a stable whip in my hand. In my judgment, Elaine Cox was a big girl even then, big enough to have a taste of the lash. Now, perhaps, you begin to understand the consuming power of my dangerous obsession with the youngster. Yet I ask you to remember that I had done nothing worse than look at her and take her photograph!

I studied the photographs of her, night after night, spreading them out on the table. I imagined the delightful situation of having Elaine Cox brought before me to be sentenced for her delinquencies. Before I made up my mind I would want to try the effect on her bare bottom of the spanking-strap, the punishment-cane, the prison birch-rod, the riding-switch, the pony-whip... My reveries lasted until midnight and beyond.

At the same time, I knew my obsession was bound to be of short duration. The problem about a girl like Elaine Cox was already evident in the development of her older sister, who was then about eighteen. At her present stage of development, Elaine had the appeal of a ruffianly tomboy. By eighteen or nineteen, especially if one of the louts who kept her company made her pregnant, Elaine Cox would be a fattened drab. Her big sister was already going that way and was almost past her appealing stage. Those who demur at putting Elaine and her kind to the sword of pleasure so early ought to remember that their blossoming season may be over by eighteen or nineteen. They may find some yokel to take them on—even to marry them. But men of taste know that these are girls to be enjoyed as soon as the law of nature and culture permits, while some young women are at their most exciting when twenty-five or thirty.

So much for Elaine Cox when I first saw her. The story of the next year in her life is easy to guess. She was spied on by ruffianly boys of her own age, when she changed for games, or through the toilet window, or at any other time when she had her knickers down for some reason. Though she showed her contempt for the world of her elders and betters, Elaine was an eager accomplice with these adolescent lads. She was ambitious to show that she was the favourite of the latest bully among the boys. There were loud and vigorous fondlings in alleyways and behind walls. These adolescent Romeos masturbated Elaine Cox through her tight cotton briefs every Saturday on the way home from a dance or party. Wet with her excitement, she went shouting up the road with her friends to the gate of the house where she lived.

In return there were sessions in quiet corners of the playing fields. The adolescent bully-boy unbuttoned. Elaine knelt before him. Though she hesitated, disliking what she had to do, he made it a condition of his favour that she should oblige him. Circling the base of his stiffness with her fingers to prevent too deep an intrusion, the girl rounded her lips over the knob. Her lank hair spilling forward a little, Elaine Cox sucked the penis until the lad gasped and flooded her tongue with his warm balm. By the time she was committed to reformatory training, she had done this for half a dozen of them. Most of those who dealt with her quite rightly thought that she had lost all claim to childhood innocence.

But it was necessary to see with your own eyes the extent to which the interest of older men filled her with contempt and anger. When she guessed that an older man was one of her followers, she would pause by his house as she passed and shout to her companions that he was a dirty old bastard who was too scared to breathe outside his own front door. My own situation was simple. To youngsters like Elaine a man over thirty—let alone forty—is either a pathetic dotard or a perverted middle-aged fiend.

It was during my distant courtship of Elaine that I accepted my appointment as assistant director of that nearby reformatory institution. It was not a prison by name. To the young female delinquents committed there by the justices, it was a prison in fact. Girls who found themselves there did not easily win their release. Their only appeal was to those very justices who had already sent them there. These were men and women whose dearest wish was to see Elaine and her kind chastised as they deserved. Complaints were not tolerated and those to whom the girls might protest were the most ready to punish them for slander and making trouble.

When Mr. Hardman secured my appointment, I promised to undertake my duties and behave in an exemplary manner. I had much to learn—let alone to experience. By being committed to serve their sentences under this regime, girls and young women were liable to corporal punishment of the traditional kind. I knew that this was inflicted under the supervision of the justices but I had no part in it for some time. One also heard tales of sexual adventures behind these forbidding walls. There were the usual rumours about girls or young women who warmed the bed of the director. There were scribbles on walls and other evidence of passionate romances between some of the girls themselves. A few of them were young married women like Susan and

Jacqueline. It would have been surprising if they had not sought consolation for the pleasures of the marriage-bed, which they were now deprived of.

Being conveniently close to one of those coasts that have a scattering of rocky islands, the institution occupied an old government house on a promontory. The estate was a mile square and the buildings had been derelict for some years until they were refurbished by a charitable reformatory trust. At one end of the land was this stately house and at the other end a second settlement for delinquent lads. Great care was taken that the two groups should never meet!

I even spent my rest-days there every week. Where else should I go? By this means, I was still able to walk through the town, to watch Elaine Cox go past on her way to her lessons. The avenues of hawthorn, the closes of myrtle, laburnum, and cedar saw as much of me as ever. Each day at four o'clock, I still tried to ensure that I was passing the gates myself as she came out, so that I might walk behind her on her way home as if it were just coincidence.

It would be tedious to recount the misdemeanors which caused Elaine and her big sister to be brought before the justices and consigned to the custody of that institution where I found myself in authority over her. You have heard something of her character and it will not surprise you to hear that such a fate overtook her. Indeed, the three sisters as well as the rather slatternly but tarty woman who had brought such daughters into the world were of just the type to be consigned there for their offences by the justices. And so they were. However, only Elaine Cox and her big sister were there when I held my appointment as assistant director.

Sufficient to say that all this happened. I found myself unexpectedly and excitedly the possessor of the two sisters, the older girl who did not much interest me being a plump slut, and the younger one who interested me a good deal. Or, rather, the elder sister interested me for the possibilities she offered in my dealings with Elaine.

Perhaps you will not believe the self-restraint that I showed under these favourable circumstances. But I assure you that I was on my very best behaviour. Elaine arrived there at fifteen. For a month or two I was so afraid that my actions or expressions would give me away! I acted as if I had not noticed the existence of this new arrival. I even pointed to the entry for Elaine Cox in the register and asked my colleagues if they knew anything about her!

How long should I keep this up? It was absurd to pretend that I believed a girl like Elaine to be an innocent. No one could believe that! As for what was possible with the girls detained here, I had now learnt to distinguish truth from rumour in the reformatory. I knew beyond doubt that young married women like Jacqueline Grant were getting an ample helping of tool every night from those in charge of them. I had gone to great lengths to ensure that Elaine and her big sister were among the girls directly under my supervision. I very much wanted to punish them both for the opportunities that would give me. I longed to thrash the tomboy cheeks of Elaine Cox's fifth-form bottom. I knew I would enjoy doing it and, of course, it would be a pretext for taking down the youngster's knickers.

The rule of the institution required that all discipline of that kind should be inflicted on a girl's bare bottom. By that means the chastiser was able to see the effect of the bamboo cane clearly. It was intended to safeguard against excessive severity being concealed by the girls' underpants. Of course, it also had the effect of making the occasion much more exciting for the disciplinarian. I assure you that the sight of Elaine Cox's bare bottom increased the severity of punishment very considerably.

After two months, I thought it would be safe to enter a request that Elaine Cox should be caned for insolence. No one who saw her would doubt that the youngster had an insolent nature. As deputy director, no one could countermand my request except the director himself. He did no such thing. On the contrary he commended my decision.

Elaine Cox will benefit from a sound thrashing, he said approvingly. I think it will be best if she has it done in front of the justices on their next visit. I suggest that you should enter eighteen strokes of the cane to be given by the overseer with the girl fastened over the punishment-block. We shall teach the little scrubber a lesson in manners.

This may sound to you like the realisation of my dreams. It was no such thing. By upgrading Elaine's tanning so that it was to be given by the overseer on the night of the justices' visit, the director had deprived me of the chance of doing it to her myself. Of course I wanted to see Elaine Cox's fifth-form backside

thrashed by the overseer—but only after I had dealt with her myself. There was no chance of that. She must appear unblemished before the worthy dignitaries who attended to witness the tannings of the girls on the punishment-list.

I was quite gloomy about this and thought that I had miscalculated badly. I had not been daring enough or quick enough. I was sitting in my chair one evening, just before the justices' visit, when I saw that all was not lost. In the afternoon, before punishments were inflicted in the evening, I was responsible for examining the girls in my charge and certifying that they were in a fit and decent state for their canings or whippings that night. In my despondency, I had quite overlooked the fact that I was going to have Elaine Cox bending over my study table during the afternoon for my examination.

The realisation of this sent the blood racing through my heart and brain, as if driven by a sudden powerful electric charge of excitement. I should be alone with the youngster behind the locked door for as long as I chose. Whether or not she wore her knickers during the examination was for me to decide. My inspection of Elaine Cox's adolescent bottom and thighs might be a mere formality. Or it might be lovingly and lasciviously prolonged. True, I should not be able to thrash her as I had hoped. That was a pleasure reserved for the lucky overseer. But I began to see that I might enjoy myself even more than the overseer in the hours before Elaine was given a beating.

That night I could not sleep for the excitement of imagining what it was going to be like. I counted the days off eagerly until the chosen Saturday came at last. I was too overwrought to eat much for breakfast and at lunch I could manage nothing at all. By two o'clock in the afternoon I was in a state that only a few of the greatest romantics have known with such intensity. In that mood, I went to my study and sat down at the desk with my heart pounding.

CHAPTER TWO

ELAINE COX BARE-BOTTOMED

Let me say at once that I was not blind to the attractions of other girls who had been committed for reformatory training. A man might lose his head over a willowy sixteen-year old blonde like Tracey Hope with her veil of silken hair, or even a softly-figured boy-cropped ash-blonde like Jenny Parry. But there was never an afternoon like the one on which Elaine Cox made her first appearance before me.

I cannot even remember now what precise insolence it was that I pretended had earned her a caning across her bare bottom from the overseer that evening. But I can recall the scene in my study as vividly as if it were before me this moment. Through the window across the desk, framed by blue velvet curtains, was a garden courtyard filled with the green spaces and red petals of an afternoon of Indian summer. It was sultry weather, I recall, the sun warm but rather hazed over by cloud. At the center of the room itself, I had a broad old-fashioned desk, the top inset with green leather and a kneehole opening between the two sets of drawers. What I cannot describe adequately is the way that my pulse beat hard in my throat, taking my breath away, as I heard the knock at the door. It was not the first time a girl had presented herself to me. Some had been much more glamorous than Elaine. I can only plead the intensity of my obsession to explain the effect that the very name of Elaine Cox seemed to have on my pulse-rate.

I called her in. She had been told by the mistresses why she was to be there, of course. They had informed in the morning that she was going to be tanned that night. It was not quite her first caning, though I had been on leave the previous time. This fifth-form rebel stood there in her school uniform, the white blouse and striped tie, the scandalously brief grey skirt with its pleats. The lank fair hair was still worn from its central parting to frame the broad oval of her insolent snub-nosed face. I controlled the tremor of excitement in my voice, though it cost me great effort to sound casual and self-assured.

Just take your skirt off and put it on the chair, Elaine Cox.

The youngster shook her hair back, making it seem like a gesture of indifference. She undid her little skirt at the waist, pushed it down her thighs, then bent her shoulders with her fair hair spilling forward and drew her legs out in turn. She straightened up, tossed her hair back and laid the skirt on the upright chair by the door. I could now see the bare, slightly heavy pallor of her thighs more clearly as well as the white cotton web of Elaine Cox's schoolgirl knickers. These white briefs encased her robust young hips with elasticated tightness.

Come over here, Elaine Cox!

She walked and stood by my chair. I shifted the chair back a couple of feet without standing up and gestured towards the kneehole centre of the desk.

Stand facing the desk, Elaine. Right up against it. Good. Now bend right forward across the top of it. You needn't be shy about bending over and showing me a big-bottomed view in your tight briefs. Your big sister had to lie over the director's desk like this last Saturday before she was birched.

Elaine shook her hair back as she stood against the desk, looking round at me with the hard line of her mouth and the narrowed eyes with their fleck of green. Then she turned away and went forward, first on her elbows and forearms, then bending right over so that she lay flat over the surface of the desk with her arms down the far side.

I drew the chair up close behind her, my heart pounding as if it would burst. My erection was already so uncomfortable in the tightness of my pants that I longed to pull the zip down and release it. Elaine was lying over the desk with her head on one side, as if trying to look back towards me. The blouse ended at the back of her waist. The white stretch-briefs of her plain uniform knickers now moulded the full cheek-swell of Elaine Cox's bottom. The seat of her knickers was a sight that she had sometimes offered briefly when the wind caught her little skirt as she was walking up the hill to the house where she lived. I had seen it once or twice when I had been following her. I confess that the memory of those brief glimpses had stiffened me many times afterwards. Now I was able to enjoy the view at leisure.

Elaine Cox had long since grown beyond the stage of being an innocent child. She knew from the start that

my present examination was complete hypocrisy and that I was enjoying myself with her. We both understood that, though it was not mentioned and I kept up the pretence of making a stem official inspection of her. As I studied the rear view she now offered me, her underpants not only presented her behind most suggestively but also allowed me to see the slight bulge of pubic flesh in the tight cotton between her thighs.

Should I make Elaine Cox take down her stretch-cotton knickers—or should I do it for her? I guessed it would be more exciting to watch her do it herself.

Pull your knickers down, Elaine Cox. Don't straighten up. Just reach back and pull them down your legs as far as you can.

She twisted her face to me a little more, her expression suggesting that it was beneath her contempt to argue with me. She reached her hands back at either side of her hips, took the elastic waistband of her tight-fitting briefs, and pulled the band down until the knickers hung in an untidy tangle round her knees. Then she stretched her arms forward again.

The way in which Elaine Cox's knickers were tangled round her knees gave her an exciting look of childish slovenliness. But just then my attention was held by the other sights she presented. I daresay several lads of her own age had already glimpsed the light-haired folds of her sex, which I now saw between the rear of her thighs' sturdy pallor. No doubt she had given some favoured lad a glimpse, her pants down and skirt up, behind a shed in the grounds during a break between lessons. Or else some youthful voyeur had clambered up to peep down at her from the high window of the girls' toilets. But the effect on me was no less potent. Moreover the full pale swell of Elaine Cox's tomboy bottom-cheeks called for examination at once. That morning her sturdy young backside had pressed warmly on the seat of a classroom chair, in a row of other fifth-form girls. Now it was to spend the entire afternoon over my desk, exposed to the cool air.

I'll want a good look at your young backside, Elaine Cox, I said quietly, my pulse still racing. That's what you're here for.

I fondled her rear cheeks, stroking them and weighing them in my hands. I fear my zip had undone itself under great pressure. The prisoner poked his smooth swollen head out until the fever-hot cherry-top touched hard against the cooler smoothness at the rear of Elaine's thigh. She shifted her leg a little but the knob soon touched it again. She twisted a little further, as if trying to see what it was. I think she guessed very quickly!

Bend over properly, Elaine, I chided her gently. Lie forward over the desk.

My hands, meanwhile, were still busy with Elaine Cox's schoolgirl bottom. I patted the youngster lightly on one adolescent bum-cheek. She tensed against my pressure a little as I parted the cheeks firmly. But she was no shrinking maiden. She was a little scrubber who soon accepted the inevitable. So I was able to make an intimate study of her shadowy rear cleavage and view the dark tight little vortex of Elaine Cox's arse. I longed to say something randy to her about it under the pretext of the examination.

Did you sponge yourself properly between your bottom-cheeks, Elaine?

There was a pause then she murmured a self-conscious muffled assent with her face turned away.

I'm having a close look at your arse, Elaine Cox. If there's any sign of slovenliness I shall ask the overseer to cane you additionally. Don't tighten yourself, Elaine. A big fifth-form girl must get used to showing herself on these occasions. I'm sure a lot of gentlemen would like to intrude in there, Elaine. Does that alarm you? I daresay you'd feel it was very big in such a tight place. All the same, I'm sure someone's going to do it to you, sooner or later."

I let her rear cheeks close together again and gave her a little kiss on each, as though this was a reward for being a good girl. As I drew back, she twisted her face round a little more and I could see the knowing leer on her thin lips. She knew that the kissing was randiness, not reward, and wished to let me see as much. It was then about three o'clock on this warm afternoon. I could keep Elaine like this for at least another two hours, if I wished. The thought of doing so excited me profoundly.

You'll be lying over this desk until five o'clock, Elaine, I said quietly. This is my first time with you. I mean to examine you properly.

She made no protest, merely shifting her sturdy bare legs a little as if into a more comfortable position. I leant forward and settled down to musing and nuzzling upon the pale cheek-swell of Elaine Cox's robust young bottom, as well as the rear of her strong young thighs and the light-haired intimate flesh-folds. I coaxed back these warm folds of girl-flesh and cradled them in my fingers. I ran my thumb lightly and teasingly over

them. Then I touched my lips to them in a quick kiss-kiss, kiss-kiss rhythm, which soon had Elaine gasping and tensing a little.

My lips began to travel kissingly over each cheek of Elaine Cox's fifth-form bottom. I murmured to her, urging her to stick her young backside out a little further, which she did. Then I kissed over each of her bum-cheeks again. The warmth of the day and the work she had been doing had left her a little damp between them. Even an insolent and vulgar youngster like Elaine tensed away at the threat of being kissed there. But my lewdness was now a match for her. To have a bare-bottomed tomboy like Elaine Cox bending before me excited a wild desire for such things. I touched my lips to the humid skin-smoothness of the first inward cheek-slope, where her pale fullness turned a little sallow. I touched her there with long intimate kisses. Turning my head, I kissed my way leisurely down the other inward cheek-slope of this girl-ruffian's bottom, where it shadowed towards Elaine Cox's rear dimple. Though I could still feel her tension of dismay a little, she soon relaxed. At last she seemed indifferent to having her arse kissed in this way if it was what I wanted to do.

Not so shy now, Elaine Cox? I murmured. That's good. They'll have you very tight on all fours over the block this evening. You'll be showing everything to the witnesses behind you. That's why I must have a careful look at all your nooks and crannies. I've wanted to have you like this for a long time. Did you guess that? Even when I used to follow you a little?"

I spent a little longer kissing over her warm-lipped intimate flesh, then the full-cheeked pallor of Elaine Cox's bottom again. The youngster was used to this now and made no attempt to tighten or squirm. Her bum-cheeks occupied me a little more. Then I pushed my chair back a little so that I could lower my head and kiss my way down the back of Elaine's robust young thighs. I went right down, almost to her knees, where her uniform knickers still hung in their untidy tangle. Leisurely, I kissed my way back up her thighs.

There are moments in life when one is so engrossed that time passes as if it had never existed. This was one of them. As I straightened up from another long kissing session, I saw that it was just half-past four! More than an hour had gone. Half an hour more and there would be a tap at the door. At five o' clock I had two young married women to inspect. Bold young Susan Underwood with her shock of blonde hair matching a proud young figure, and petite Jacqueline Grant with auburn boy-crop and snub-nose, had been caught consoling each other in bed together. What had been permissible under Mr. Hardman's orders was forbidden when done furtively and secretly by the two girls without permission. They were to be tanned for that and must be examined first. Time was now short.

I sat in my chair and leant forward. I coaxed the youngster's warm folds of sensitive flesh back between her legs and gave her a rhythmic kiss-kiss. Then I settled down to kiss all over the tomboy cheeks of Elaine Cox's adolescent bottom again. I was still kissing Elaine Cox's bottom-cheeks when I saw from the corner of my eye that it was quarter to five.

I was soon to grow as familiar with the anatomy of Elaine Cox's fifth-form arse as with the lines of my own hand. Again I kissed the inward cheek-slopes where they curved in together. Once more she tensed them together instinctively. I chided her in words which, as I read them now, sound like the babble of the asylum.

Show me a lull view of your backside, Elaine Cox! Don't tense your bottom-cheeks together. That's better. I want to fondle your young backside a little more, Elaine. A girl with a sturdy young behind like yours must expect that. You'll report here immediately after lunch the next time I have to examine you. I'll want to spend the whole afternoon handling and studying that schoolgirl bottom of yours, Elaine.

Quite madly, it seems now, I turned a little and gently kissed the tight dark little vortex of Elaine Cox's arse. She gasped, almost as if with fright.

Keep your bottom still, Elaine Cox. Quite still, Elaine. Bend right over. Properly. That's better. I think this must be the first time that an admirer has kissed you there, Elaine.

If anyone had ever told me that I would kiss such a girl's rudest adornment, I would have laughed out loud. But now, kissing Elaine Cox there, it seemed the lewdest and randiest thing in the world. I was never so excited in my life. In any case, Elaine herself was a vulgar little scrubber who was not so easily shocked. She lay right forward over the desk. She even reached back and lightly drew her adolescent bum-cheeks a little further apart for me. I settled down to kiss the chosen spot in slow and repeated poutings for the next five minutes.

I had almost finished when my heart missed a beat. I had entirely forgotten to fill in the entry authorising Elaine as being in a suitable state for her caning that night. To those who are mere spectators of my passion, this panic will seem like further insanity. But I drew back and looked about for the Punishment Register and the pen. The cloth-bound register was lying on the far side of the desk, near the girl's shoulder. The pen was beside it.

To reach them, I had to stand up and lean over, almost on top of Elaine. I got up, quite oblivious to my stiffness still poking its head out. As I leant forward, the hot upright tool suddenly lay against one cool cheek-swell of Elaine Cox's bottom. I went immobile like this, the book and pen in my hands, almost supporting myself on her. It was so delicious to feel the over-excited tool against the bare rear-cheek of this fifth-form girl that I could not draw back.

Have no fear. I was not about to ravish her. But I filled in the entry by opening the book where it was and leaning over her in this posture. I noted that Elaine Cox—with her date of birth—was in a fit and decent state to receive a bare-bottom caning from the overseer that night for the offence of insolence. The figure to be entered was eighteen strokes of the bamboo.

Before I could do this, Elaine felt that hot and hard shape against her bare bum-cheek and moved a little. But for that, I might have contained my excitement. Her movements provoked an irresistible crisis. I moved an inch or so back to avoid the spillage falling on my suiting. I no longer regretted it. I wanted with all my power to bathe Elaine Cox's bottom in the warmth of a thick and slippery balm. The knob lolled on the youngster's rear cheek. It ejaculated a sharp jet of warm gruel and my lips touched her ear.

All over your tomboy bottom-cheeks, Elaine Cox... warm and slippery, all over your bottom, Elaine Cox... your bottom, Elaine Cox... your bottom, Elaine... your bottom, Elaine...

While this insane babble continued, the knob squirted again and yet again, the passionate pulses dribbling down.

Is it making your bottom squirm, Elaine Cox? Is it? Much more to come yet, Elaine... It makes you wriggle a little... Do you hate the feel of a man coming on your bottom like this, Elaine? I think you do! Now some more, Elaine... More to come yet... Over your bottom, Elaine Cox... more of it over your bottom-cheeks, Elaine... Now the rest of it between the cheeks of your bottom, Elaine... it won't make your knickers as wet there when you pull them up... between the cheeks of your arse again, Elaine Cox... more between your bottom-cheeks, Elaine... I've been saving this for you for a long time, Elaine...

Like my gasps, the force of the pulses faded and ceased. In the height of my release, teeth clenched in a paroxysm of pleasure, a sudden urge had moved the pen in my hand. Where the space was left for me to enter the number of strokes of the cane that the girl was to receive from the overseer—and where I was to enter Eighteen—I wrote firmly Thirty-Six.

Elaine let out a wild cry of dismay on seeing this. I drew back and sat down in the chair exhausted. There was a knock at the door. I zipped up and called out to Susan and Jacqueline to enter. But it was the overseer who came in. He saw the shining wet rear-cheek view that Elaine Cox presented, as if she had just sat in a plate of thick gruel. He smiled privately to himself. Uneasily I handed him the Punishment Register. He glanced at the entry, saw that he was to give Elaine Cox three dozen strokes, and rounded his lips with amusement and delight.

Pull your knickers up, Elaine Cox, I said a little breathlessly. Put your skirt on and go with the overseer.

Looking from one to the other of us, she hesitated in dismay.

Pull your knickers up, Elaine, I repeated gently. Otherwise I must note your disobedience in the register.

With great unease she did so. Even before she put her skirt on, I could see that the rear cheek tightness of Elaine Cox's knickers was clinging wet to her bottom. When the overseer took her to wait in the next room, I saw that she sat awkwardly, almost on her hip, to keep her backside clear of the chair. She would have to wait like this until she was taken to the punishment room in two or three hours time.

But I knew that this was the beginning of a darker romance. Susan slipped off her dove-grey jeans. With her shock of blonde hair and the proud rear cheeks of a twenty-three-year-old wife she bent over the desk to be examined. Next to her, with slender petite figure and auburn crop, bent Jacqueline Grant, her buttocks

tautly and neatly rounded. Many a man would have paid handsomely to do my job just then. I promise you that I scarcely even saw the seductive double-seated view before me. Or rather, I saw only the images of my obsession and heard only the echoes of my own voice. All over your tomboy bottom-checks, Elaine Cox... all over your bottom, Elaine Cox... your bottom, Elaine Cox... your bottom, Elaine...

Susan was a vivacious young blonde with a buxom young figure but I hardly noticed her. Jacqueline Grant had that petite figure whose rear cheeks round very tightly and part widely when she bends over. But I scarcely noticed her. At half-past five I had finished with the two young married women. There was another tap at the door. By now I was calmer and better able to give my attention to the task.

The last girl was also the youngest on the list for that night and, indeed, the youngest girl in care. Jane Mitchener came in. There is a teasing prettiness about her. She has a firm open young face with a rounded chin and wide cheekbones, a pretty tilt to her pert young nose. Her brown eyes have a direct but playful look. Her lank brown hair is worn straight and loose to her collar, brushed in a slanting little fringe across her forehead. She is a natural but innocent teaser. Even now she stood there, her chin tilted up a little, her upper teeth touching her lower lip as if in mocking challenge. I told her to take her skirt off, which she did, and to bend over the desk in front of my chair.

Though there is but a year between Elaine Cox and Jane Mitchener, Elaine's tomboy figure is of another type altogether. Moreover, I felt instinctively more playful and affectionate towards the younger girl, though I wanted to see her soundly thrashed for her fault. Jane has that characteristically flat-bellied look, the backward jut of young hips, her skin still taut and supple on her budding figure. Her underpants were the usual white briefs of elasticated cotton web. As she bent over, lying forward across the desk, I eagerly examined the tighter and less full-cheeked shape of her bottom, moulded by the seat of Jane Mitchener's uniform knickers.

With a youngster of this sort one takes her pants down for her. She has yet to acquire the right to be treated as a full-fledged beauty. Jane Mitchener's knickers had been pulled down for her before, I was quite sure of it. As I took the elastic waistband and stripped them down her hips, then her thighs, she shifted a little to make my task easier. I let these inverted cotton briefs hang round her knees.

Jane was lying forward over the desk obediently. But she had a natural feminine curiosity. Her head was turned, the lank dark hair falling about her collar and the pretty slanting fringe of her forehead just visible. That firm open face, its fair-skinned features, and the direct brown eyes were turned upon me. I smiled at her. Holding her gaze, I slipped my hand between the rear of her legs and fondled the light-haired warmth of her feminine secret, as if it had been a nestling bird.

She flinched and I saw the shock of it in her eyes.

Lie quite still, Jane. I'm going to examine you properly. Is this the first time you've had your inspection by a man?

Yes! It was a most apprehensive gasp. Always done by a woman before?

Yes. Always.

From now on you must get used to being examined by me, Jane. Relax and forget about your caning for a moment. Try to enjoy having your inspection done. If you get used to being fondled and examined by a man, you'll find it easier when you get married or have a lover.

I manualised her for so long that it would be more accurate to say that I aroused Jane Mitchener a little. I held the warmed and humid flesh on my finger-tips, lowered my head and kissed it gently. I felt her shiver and shudder.

That's enough of that, I said presently. We mustn't get you too worked up before the overseer comes for you. Now let's have a look at your bottom, Jane Mitchener.

Her hips and belly and midriff had that taut elasticity, the stretched silk texture of skin that she would probably lose as she matured in the next year or two. Jane Mitchener's bottom-checks had just assumed their first feminine shape, which makes fourth-form girls so interesting to men of certain tastes. I fondled her pretty arse a little, then touched my lips to its taut resilient young cheeks. She flinched once more.

I want to kiss your bottom, Jane Mitchener, I said gently. I'd like to cane it as well. I'd like to thrash it very hard with the bamboo cane. I'm afraid that's reserved for the overseer tonight. You've got pretty bottom-checks for a girl of your age. I'll make sure that you get a proper grown-up prison caning across them tonight. Is this the first time you've had kisses on your bottom, Jane Mitchener? I think it makes you feel

rather rude, doesn't it?

Pretty Jane Mitchener hid her face as I continued. My lips browsed on that taut sheen of firm silk-skinned rear cheeks. The effect on me was curious and it was one I have felt with several girls since then. I kissed the cheeks of her young backside slowly and very lovingly, feeling a natural affection for her. At the same time, I wanted to ensure that the bare cheeks of Jane Mitchener's bottom would be whipped with a proper lash that was used only on young married women like Jacqueline Grant or Susan Underwood. Instead of the three dozen strokes that they would get, I wanted this pretty youngster to have fifty or a hundred. It was out of the question, of course. But why did I want it? I began to kiss the inward slopes of Jane Mitchener's bottom-cheeks. I wanted her to have the experience of the whip. I wanted her to acquire self-knowledge by undergoing an ordeal that was, perhaps, closer to torment than punishment. And, of course, I wanted to watch her as she underwent it. Deplorable though it may seem, this feeling reveals a profound truth about the effect that such a girl may have on one.

You've got a pretty little bum-bottom, Jane, haven't you?

Pretending it was a joke, I leant forward and touched a long kiss to it. I felt her flinch away a little and heard her gasp again.

Keep quite still and bend right over, I said quickly. No need to be shy about it, Jane. Little girls sometimes have to have something rather big there, Jane, when gentlemen like them very much. Something hot and hard with a big smooth head. Do you know what I mean, Jane?

There was silence.

Do you, Jane?

Yes! It was like a gasp of alarm.

Have you seen such a thing, Jane?

Yes. Now it was a murmur with the face lowered.

A boy or a man?

A boy.

I'll show you the other sort one day, Jane. A big one. I think you need to have a good look at it.

Pretty Jane hardly knew where to hide her face. I settled down, holding her rear cheeks with my hands, and settled clown to kiss her between them for a few minutes. Jane Mitchener offered such a tight little dimple after my inspection of the vulgar rear-trumpet holes of sluttish young wives like Susan and Jacqueline, who each showed one that had the look of married lewdness and squirming on rumpled sheets. Both had been screwed by eager husbands until they hardly knew what to do with themselves. Jane Mitchener's tight little dimple had not been seen like this since she was an infant.

I really think in a moment more I should have exposed myself to her or something equally mad. As it was, I pulled myself together. At any moment the overseer would knock again. I stood up and leant over Jane, reaching towards the Punishment Register and the pen. Young Jane watched every movement. The previous entry confirmed that Jackie Grant, age twenty-four, was to receive thirty-six strokes with a birch-rod across her bare buttocks. I took the pen and next to Jane Mitchener's entry I wrote, As above. It took hardly a second for her to see the significance. Then she gave a sudden cry of realisation.

No! Oh, no!

I sat down again and studied the view she presented, her demure young buttocks pressing tight together in alarm.

You're getting a bottom like a real young lady, Jane Mitchener. It's time you were treated like a woman. Before she could protest again, I heard the overseer's knock.

CHAPTER THREE

ELAINE COX'S PUNISHMENT-LESSON

That evening we received a visit from our patrons, several of them justices. It was a matter of courtesy that I should attend dinner with them and then accompany them to see the punishments inflicted. A sensible man does not spurn such wealthy and influential friends. Mr. Hardman, who had found me my present employment, was not there but I owed a duty to his colleagues. In any case, I was naturally curious and rather excited at the prospect of seeing for the first time, these bare-bottomed canings or whippings inflicted on the reformatory girls. There were several girls who had lately joined the fourth and fifth forms. I could not help my satisfaction that some of them would be under discipline that night.

The room in which the overseer thrashed the girls on these occasions was a cavernous place of some size. It was prudently located out of sight and earshot of the main buildings.

The interior was lit by gas, flaring harshly on whitewashed walls. The windows were narrow, set very high up and closely barred. The paving of the floor was flagstones. The old-fashioned birching-block, slightly raised on a wooden surround, was securely bolted down at the room's centre. There was also a tall stool and a step-ladder, each equipped to hold a wayward nymph bending over it. To one side stood a whipping-horse. This resembled a padded leather-vaulting-buck. There was also a padded trestle. This was long enough to take two culprits at the same time, one bending over each end, their heads close together at the centre. It was often used when two girls were chastised together to cure them of their unnatural passion for one another.

On a narrow mahogany table lay an assortment of spanking-straps, birch-rods, canes, and whips of every sort. Among these, stood a bottle of pungent smelling-salts. If the head of a petite young wife like Jacqueline Grant or a pretty little beginner like Jane Mitchener should droop during punishment, one of the overseer's assistants would hold the pungent aroma under her nose. By this means the culprit might be speedily restored and her punishment would continue with little interruption. A randy young wriggler like Jackie Grant will be taken far beyond the ordinary limits of a judicial whipping by such means. Jane Mitchener and the other pert young pupils would have their bare bottom-cheeks skinned to an extent which might otherwise be questioned even in the case of a sexually mature young woman.

Such are the possibilities which the system offers, through its provisions for curbing young wantons.

Several cushioned chairs had been set out a couple of yards to the rear of the block for the portly guests. Their bill of fare was to be varied and exciting that evening. It ranged from pretty Jane Mitchener with her dark-haired fringe and teasing playfulness to auburn-cropped Jacqueline who was some ten years her elder and had tasted the pleasures of the bridal couch!

The punishments started at nine in the evening and would last all night, if that should prove necessary to complete them. A girl who had committed two offences would be thrashed twice during these hours. If she had committed three, she would be dealt with thrice. At each appearance she was treated as severely as the first time. If the cheeks of her bottom were smarting dreadfully, even before her second punishment began, that was her fault for having misbehaved twice.

None of the justices favoured leniency, even when the discipline was to be of repeated severity. They took their places and looked down the pages of the Punishment Register, which listed the names and misdeeds of the girls to be thrashed. I have a copy of it before me as I write.

The overseer was a burly dark-haired man of almost fifty, rather bald. He had disciplined his first girls so long ago that he had since seen the bottoms of their daughters and even grand-daughters, too. He removed his black jacket and rolled up his sleeves. Choosing a bamboo cane that was wickedly long and supple, he went to the far door and called in a stentorian voice.

Elaine Cox!

Elaine entered, a matron holding her by either arm. She had been consigned to the reformatory for five more years by some of the middle-aged worthies who watched her now.

Even to those who saw her for the first time, she appeared much as they expected. She still looked a ruffianly youngster, defiantly tossing back the lank fair hair which was combed from its central parting to lie

loose upon her shoulders. The broad oval of her face, with its slum-child's features of narrowed eyes and thin mouth, was once again a portrait of snub-nosed insolence. She was dressed in her usual white uniform blouse and striped tie, her grey pleated skirt again worn brazenly short, as if to flaunt the pallor of her robust young thighs and to suggest the sturdiness of her adolescent hips. Though she had seen the last of her customary school, its regulation uniform was the costume that she was still made to wear.

She stood before the justices, her contempt for them clearly shown in the tight wilful mouth, the narrowed slant of dark eyes with their fleck of green.

Remove your skirt for your lesson, Elaine Cox! the first matron said sharply.

With a look of contempt, the youngster undid the short pleated skirt, let it fall, and stepped out of it. Without waiting for the next command, she turned her back on the magistrates and knelt down over the block. Elaine Cox's white stretch-briefs drew the eager gaze of the justices. She knelt on all fours over the block, still craning round with snub-nosed defiance. Her full-cheeked backside was broadened and even fattened by her posture. In her stretch-cotton underpants, Elaine appeared quite a big-bottomed girl for her age.

The overseer strapped her wrists to rings in the forward corners of the block. He pinioned her bare pale thighs with another strap just above her knees. Next he secured her ankles to prevent Elaine kicking out during punishment. Finally, he tightened a wide leather restraining-belt round her waist, pressing her young belly down hard on the block. This hollowing down of her waist caused Elaine Cox's fifteen-year-old bottom to swell fuller and broader for the bamboo cane. Its shape would almost have done credit to her big sister Pauline.

It was to be expected that the pulse of each justice quickened and each magisterial totem stirred with excitement. I regretted I had not witnessed the girls' earlier spankings. If rumour is to be believed, one lucky teacher first used the birch on the bare pale cheeks of Elaine Cox's bottom, when she was still walking to school in white knee-socks. Though it was now in the past, I hoped that he had used extreme severity on her then with the birch-rod switches, not sparing her bare arse, the rear of her thighs or even the backs of her young knees.

Now the overseer took the elastic waistband of Elaine Cox's schoolgirl knickers and stripped them down to her knees. He did this slowly and with much fingering as a foretaste of the punishment-lesson in store for her. Being a lusty man and fond of a good feel, he greatly enjoyed himself with a tomboy like Elaine. It would be absurd to begrudge him this amusement. A score of boys of her own age had long ago had their hand inside Elaine's knickers at rowdy parties or behind a convenient wall after school.

While Elaine was having her knickers taken down, the cotton caught a little under her legs and between her buttocks. She had been wearing them for several hours and no doubt her warmth and humidity caused them to twist and catch somewhat. Even a teacher who was going to thrash her could not have resisted the pretext which this offered him. Nor did the overseer. In order to free the cotton briefs, his fingers pried between her legs and in her feminine slit. How she gasped and cursed! His hands wandered over her smoothly pale thighs and buttocks. Then his fingers played lewdly between the full pale cheeks of Elaine Cox's bottom!

Furious at this, the youngster tossed back her lank fair hair and craned round at him with a shout of anger.

You dirty filthy thing! she yelled. Slum-girl though she was, Elaine was the first to protest in this way against any threat to the purity of herself or her sisters. The chairman of the justices smiled at the absurdity.

You're a dirty little scrubber, Elaine Cox! he chortled. Next week I'll visit you myself and punish your insolence. I'll give you thirty strokes with the prison birch across the bare cheeks of that fat young arse to cure you of impudence. And I'll have your big sister over the study sofa at the same time. I always punish a pair of sisters for the offence of either. You'll both remember your lesson all the better for watching each other get it!

My neighbour whispered to me that Elaine's big sister, Pauline, a plump slut of eighteen, had had the whip cross her fat bottom last month. One of the justices had done it to her privately. He had put the girl arse-upwards over the study sofa and skinned her fat bum-cheeks finely with a woven lash of snakeskin. Elaine had been put to work in the next room, deliberately, so that she should be made to hear her old sister getting it. It took a skilful half-hour with a lash before the fatter cheeks of Pauline's bottom were so tender that she could not bear a breath upon them. Beyond doubt, the memory of her big sister's screams inspired the youngster's present fury and defiance.

Now the younger girl wore only her white school blouse and striped tie. The overseer stooped and tucked the tail of the blouse well up above her hips, so that the full pale cheeks of Elaine Cox's fifteen-year-old bottom were properly bare for her discipline.

In the privacy of the reformatory punishment-room, the magistrates had no need to conceal their enjoyment. Elaine was strapped down in a posture which offered a glimpse of light-haired folds of intimate feminine flesh between the rear of her somewhat heavy adolescent thighs. Drawn tightly forward over the block, her sturdy young buttocks were broadened and drawn apart a little. It was part of her punishment that she was made to show her full rear view. These disciplinarians relished a close look between the pale and fatly presented cheeks of Elaine Cox's bottom. The pallor of the cheeks swelled full. Yet where they curved in together, the skin tone was a little sallow and shadowed. The overseer stooped and placed his hand on either flank of her hip. By pressing apart he was able to widen her bottom-cleavage. The justices leant forward a little, each eagerly examining the tight dark bud as Elaine Cox's complete rear view was presented to them.

For the first time the anger faltered in the broad oval of her snub-nosed face. She craned around and watched them. Each of the plump middle-aged magistrates was leaning forward, his tongue running eagerly on his lips as he peered into the forbidden valley between the bare cheeks of Elaine's fifth-form backside. A sensible man does not make romantic love to young ruffians of her sort. Elaine Cox's arse was the only part of her which interested them just then—and they let her know it.

Those who are innocent in the matter of a nation's ruling class may be surprised that the justices enjoyed themselves with a reformatory girl in this way. But as the chairman of the justices observed at dinner next time, a young slut like Elaine Cox must be enjoyed when she is still at this stage. Otherwise she will not be enjoyed at all by a man of discriminating taste. She would never be a beauty, as a teenage nymph like Jane Mitchener might become despite Jane's common birth. In the years of her adolescence, however, Elaine had the exciting challenge of an impudent tomboy. There were men of the finest breeding who relished an evening playing the part of a disciplinarian teacher with such a girl.

To take Elaine into the study or the tiled closet and teach her a bare-bottomed obedience-lesson with the cane or the whip, while she was still a fifth-form girl, was the only use which a man of taste would make of her, according to this venerable magistrate. He spoke very openly and honestly about this. While the youngster was strapped down awaiting her tanning, he said, a man of mature years would make Elaine Cox have an hour or so of his passion. He would give her an ample helping of it now, knowing that in a few years more such a girl would be a fattened drab.

By then some lout of her own class would give her a swollen belly or two. In no time at all, Elaine would be a plain slattern with a train of bastards clutching at her skirts. Before that happened, he said significantly, it would be better had the law permitted her judges to put a private judicial noose round her throat and dangle Elaine Cox from a beam in the stables.

The other justices smiled quietly and gave their consent to these views when he aired them. But he was eager to devise a fate for Elaine and her big sister that exactly matched his words.

No wonder then that the portly magistrates closely scrutinised the rear view which the youngster presented to them as she lay securely fastened on all fours over the block. The eyes of the learned justices wandered over the pallid weight of her bare teenage thighs, which were strapped tightly together just above her knees. And how could they resist gazing at the pale double swell of the girl's impudent bottom-cheeks and prying between them?

All this time Elaine herself, with her lank fair hair thrown back, watched the magistrates over her shoulder. The broad oval of her slum-girl's snub-nosed face was suffused with contempt as she saw how they inspected her rear view. But the justices were used to such ill-mannered girls. They looked up from time to time and met the anger in her eyes with knowing smiles. Then they would let her see how they leant forward again. Their smiles directed her eyes to watch their own as they peered at the lightly haired folds of intimate feminine flesh peeping between her thighs—and as they closely inspected the exposed rudeness of Elaine Cox's arse. Then they sat back and smiled at her again.

Seen all you want? Elaine shouted at them in sarcastic fury.

The overseer himself smiled at this outburst. He flexed the supple bamboo and cut the air once or twice with a trial swish. Despite her adolescent rebellion, Elaine's broadened buttocks tightened with instinctive

fright at the menace of the sharp sound. She kept her eyes on the overseer as he smiled at her.

We're going to make you ask for your punishment to-night, Elaine Cox. You'll call out the number of each stroke before I give it to you. If you refuse or if you miss the count, you'll get the stroke just the same. But it won't go towards the total of your punishment.

The youngster gasped and cursed. She pulled vainly at the stout restraining straps in her fury and panic, but the pale fattened rear cheeks of this fifth-form tomboy offered a perfect target for the bamboo. The overseer grinned at her anger and then his voice grew stern. He boomed out for the justices to hear.

Thirty-six strokes of the bamboo cane across your bare bottom, Elaine Cox! Call for the first!

To the delight of the magistrates, Elaine was spurred to greater anger by the humiliation of having to ask for a thrashing from the man she loathed and despised. She called the overseer a filthy old bastard and refused to obey the order. Her impudence and her defiance of a command, lawfully given, now entitled him to deal with her in the severest manner.

What a curiosity this youngster was. Elaine Cox had first had her bare bottom spanked and birched when she was twelve or thirteen. She knew the torture she was inviting by her rebellion. She knew also how they would treat the bare backside of a strapping young fifth-form girl. They would cane her and cane her until the most vivid weals had been raised. Then they would continue the obedience-lesson by thrashing her young arse—across those swollen prints of the bamboo—until she was frantic in her anguish. Elaine must have known they would make her scream, as she had heard her big sister do under the pony-lash. And still they would continue to cane her young backside and legs until she would shriek her submission, promising to do anything they wanted. Anything at all.

She must have known all this before she defied us. When the justices had a bare-bottomed tomboy of fifteen like Elaine Cox over the block they were absolutely pitiless. Indeed, she looked so exciting to them in this bare-bottomed posture that they watched keenly for pretexts to add strokes to her sentence. The girl knew from the start that sooner or later she would scream for the first counted stroke of her punishment. And only then, when she could bear no more, would the official caning begin. When she was frantic with the throbbing agony of the bamboo weals across her bare bottom-cheeks, they would make her ask to be thrashed from the very beginning. Elaine must have guessed this from experience. It was as if the young rebel was deliberately adding to her punishment while she could still endure it, knowing that later she would shriek the number of each stroke at the top of her voice, desperate not to miss the count.

Like the justices and the overseer, I was greatly looking forward to the drama, as I gazed at the full pale cheeks of Elaine Cox's young backside. I was eager to see her caught in the predicament of not being able to bear the touch of a feather on her thrashed buttocks—and yet still having to count her official punishment from the very first stroke.

The overseer touched the cane lightly across her bare bum-cheeks, aiming with great care. He repeated his command.

Thirty-six strokes of the bamboo across the fat young cheeks of your bare bottom, Elaine Cox! Call for the first!

Still she defied him and cursed us all. He raised the cane high above his right shoulder. The taunting smile vanished and his mouth tightened with vindictive pleasure. There was a pause and the justices held their breath in anticipation. Then his arm came down with flashing energy. The bamboo landed with an ear-splitting smack across the pale broadened cheeks of Elaine Cox's fifteen-year-old bottom!

The youngster caught her breath in a short cry at the ferocity of the smart. I saw that her strapped hands were clenched into fists as she struggled against the man whom she loathed. She twisted her face round, watching him, and gnawed compulsively at her lower lip in her growing apprehension. Her sturdy young buttocks tensed and squirmed, pressing together and then rounding out, as she tried to work away the lingering agony of the cane's impact. Where it had landed, a fine double-edged print of bamboo glowed aslant the swelling and writhing pallor of Elaine Cox's backside.

For all her defiance, Elaine's broadened schoolgirl buttocks tensed and shifted, as if the smooth curves of white skin crawled in anticipation of the next stroke. The overseer carefully measured the cane—wickedly low across her bottom-cheeks, as one hoped he would. He raised it again and slashed it down across the faint flesh-crease, dividing the cheeks of Elaine's young arse from her upper thighs. Urgently she controlled her

cries, mewing through her pressed lips. There was a hint of desperation in the impudent face which she turned to us now. The justices met this with malicious smiles, to show her their private enjoyment of what was being done to her.

The overseer thought I could not see, as his eyes teasingly directed Elaine's gaze to the front of his tight-fitting trousers. While the youngster looked at his trousers-front, he drew the cloth tighter still and there was dismay in her narrowed eyes. The overseer smiled as he showed this impudent fifth-form girl the shape of his excitement, harder and heavier with the enjoyment of thrashing her bare bottom.

Twice more the cane smacked agonisingly across the softer undercurve of her rear cheeks. The first pain of the impact did not diminish but swelled in a crescendo over several seconds. The overseer naturally wanted to time each stroke to land just as the torment of its predecessor reached a climax.

Elaine was soon gasping at the searching intensity of the bamboo's torture. The justices watched, enthralled by this battle of wills between the overseer and his rebellious pupil. Between the strokes, the silence of anticipation was broken only by the creak of the block and the breathless squirming of the adolescent girl in the straps that held her down. Twice more the bamboo lashed diagonally across her bum-cheeks. Six weals, each a deepening red, now embossed her young hind-quarters. The overseer aimed a low stroke, catching her almost across the backs of her upper thighs. There was a jump of excitement among the onlookers as, for the first time, Elaine Cox screamed.

The bare whitewashed walls sharpened the girl's adolescent shrillness and gave a new edge of enthusiasm to the excitement of those who watched her. As for the overseer himself, it was his profession to make a schoolgirl scream when she deserved the whip across her bare bottom. The pallid and slightly heavy cheek-swell of Elaine Cox's tomboy bottom was a challenge to his skill. But he brought the cane down hard and sharp again to make the youngster's bare buttocks jump and quiver under the stroke. The naked smart of the impact grew to a ferocious torment and Elaine Cox made the whitewashed walls ring with her shrillness again.

The justices leant forward a little, several of them licking their lips eagerly, taking a closer view. The sturdy swell of Elaine Cox's behind and her hips surged as if in a dance of the lewdest sexual invitation. She tossed back her hair and craned round at us again. But now the broad oval of her snub-nosed face was a delightful study in consternation. The narrow eyes brimmed with tears and the thin mouth was stretched in a woeful self-pitying howl. Her very utterance seemed paralysed by the intensity of the pain which another lash of the bamboo inflicted across her bare teenage buttocks. And then Elaine Cox screamed more piercingly still.

Drawing breath deeply at last, she shouted at the magistrates—pleading to have the nine or ten uncounted strokes included in her punishment. Elaine yelled that her bottom smarted so that she could not bear another thirty-six strokes of the cane across it. The magistrates took a visible pleasure in refusing her such leniency.

But I can't bear thirty-six strokes! Elaine cried in fright and indignation.

How often have those walls echoed such words even from mature married women like Trish Mitchell and her kind. To hear them come so shrilly from an insolent fifth-form girl was music in our ears! The overseer grinned.

Get bottom-upwards over the block, Elaine Cox! Don't presume to tell us what you can't bear. We'll make you bear it anyway!

That's why you're strapped down, Elaine Cox, the chairman added. So that you have to bear the punishment decided upon.

No! No! It was the wildest cry she had so far uttered.

There were smiles and quiet laughter at this.

Ask us to thrash your bare bottom, Elaine Cox, the chairman said, still smiling at the youngster's dismay. Call for the first stroke.

Gasping and writhing, she still refused, not daring to invite the anguish. Just the same, the supple bamboo landed across her bare bottom again with a sound like a riding-master's lash. Elaine's frenzy rang back from the stone walls. Marked by the brands of bamboo, her tomboy bottom-cheeks surged and contorted as she struggled vainly against the straps. The chairman held her gaze with his knowing smile.

Ask us to whip your bare bottom, Elaine Cox. You're a big fifth-form girl now, not one of the little juniors. You must learn to ask for your punishments.

And you're a big-bottomed fifth-form girl as well, Elaine Cox, said one of the others. You need a real thrashing with the prison cane to teach you a lesson in manners.

The overseer caught the girl with another stroke, wickedly low across her backside—and another, deliberately given across the rear of her thighs. Her pleading ended in a shrill panic.

Count the strokes, Elaine Cox! smiled the chairman. We know how to teach obedience to a young ruffian of your sort!

The cane smacked across her young backside once more before she could obey them. And then Elaine Cox surrendered with a shriek that made our ears ring.

ONE!

It is impossible for those who have not experienced it to know the pleasure there is in imposing such obedience on an insolent and ruffianly girl like Elaine Cox. There was a pause and an air of satisfaction among the justices before the thirty-six strokes began. The overseer teased the youngster by taking a long time in measuring the cane this way and that across the stripes already printed upon her squirming backside. The other justices commanded her sharply while she squirmed over the block and waited to be tanned.

Elaine Cox! Get right over the block, you little slut!... Get over it properly, bottom-upwards, Elaine Cox!... Swell out the cheeks of your fat young backside while you're being thrashed, Elaine Cox! You weren't shy of walking home from school every day in the little grey skirt that shows your thighs and the seat of your knickers every time the wind blows!... Keep the cheeks of your bottom facing towards us properly, Elaine Cox!... Ready for your obedience lesson now, Elaine?

Don't act bashful with us, Elaine Cox! added the chairman. We had your big sister over that block a few weeks ago. You won't be offering anything much different to what she showed us! Two fat young female arses in the same family look much the same.

It is no part of my intention to betray confidences. Yet the world guessed something of the chairman's private intentions towards the women of that family—a trio of sisters and a slattern of thirty-seven or thirty-eight who had encumbered society with them. There was to be collective taking down of their knickers and bending them in a row. By the time he had examined and chastised them, the chairman might have written a learned paper on the comparative shapes of the female backside in one family. To some moralists, his enthusiasm would have been the cause of misgiving, had it not all been done in the pursuit of virtue and correction. Justice approves the whipping of such a woman and her daughters together—when the aim is to enforce a moral upon them.

After they had reprimanded Elaine a little more, the chastisement was resumed. With a whip-like energy the supple cane smacked across the bottom-cheeks of this rebellious girl. The very walls sang with the sharpness of the impact. The impudent youngster cried out, wild and shrill. But she tried desperately not to miss the count, dreading those extra strokes that it would earn her. But you may be sure that the overseer did not let her succeed in avoiding some extra whip-smacks of bamboo. He thrashed Elaine's sturdy tomboy bottom very quick and hard—and again before she could curb her screams.

Two! yelled Elaine, and the bamboo lashed aslant the pallor of her strapping young buttocks, branding her with its fiery imprint, Three!... *Four!*... Stop!... Shit!... Pl-e-e-ase! Stop! Just for a moment! Oooooow!... No!... Ooow!... Don't do it again yet!... No! No... Pl-e-a-s-e! Owwww!... Five!... S-i-i-x!... Oh, my bottom! My bottom!... Not across my legs again!... Ahhh!... Seven!... Ooow!... *Eight!*... Oh, fuck you!... *Oh, my fucking arse!!! Please don't!... Nine!... I can't bear any more!... Not low down on my arse again! No! No! O-o-o-o-w!... Let me go!... Please!... I can't wait!!!... Ten!... No!... Please don't!... N-o-o-o-o-o-o!!!!... My arse!... Oh, my arse!!!*

At every stroke her full and pale-fleshed hips rose while Elaine Cox's bottom-crack was compressed to a thin tight line, as if to contain the torment and her own unladylike urges. The overseer and the justices were unmoved by the youngster's cry that her young backside would blemish the dignity of the occasion unless they allowed her a respite. Discipline would soon be undermined if it could be interrupted by such threats or vulgarity. These judicial chastisements are an object-lesson in the ways of feminine behavior. It is intriguing to witness the extreme vulgarity which the most disdainful young woman can be driven to employ when severely chastised.

It was fortunate that Elaine was firmly held down by leather straps which were broad and stout. Had not

her bare thighs and ankles been pinioned, the rebellious pupil would certainly have kicked out at her overseer as he corrected her with the cane. Under each impact of the bamboo Elaine's pale teenage bottom-flesh jumped and quivered as if touched by an electric shock. She tried to expel the swelling torment of each whip-like smack by surging the sturdy pallor of her backside outwards. Fortunately, this made the soundly-thrashed cheeks of her schoolgirl bottom a superb target, more fully and fatly presented.

In her present state Elaine would have been a teacher's delight. The slight adolescent heaviness of her hips and seat had made her look quite a big-bottomed fifth-form girl as she knelt over the block. The raised cane-stripes across her bare buttocks might have moved a few pedagogues to leniency had she still been a demure beginner. In the case of a big girl of her sort, however, the bamboo weals across Elaine Cox's bare buttocks would have put some very vindictive ideas into most scholastic minds!

Among the prints, there was one low down upon the softer curve of her swelling and broadened young buttocks. It was a deeper and more vivid tone. The hue of it assured us how tender it must be. Any teacher who had endured Elaine's insolence in his classroom in the past would have wanted to smarten her up across it. And so did the overseer. He measured the bamboo lightly across that deeper-coloured print. In her panic, the girl twisted her bare hips and contorted her robust but reddened rear cheeks. There was indignation as well as pleading in her voice. She turned her impudent young face round and yelled at her chastiser.

Don't tan me there! Not across there again! Not again! No!

A wicked smile softened his stern face.

Lie tighter over the block and stick your backside right out at the justices, Elaine Cox! That strapping young bottom of yours can take much more caning yet! I'll give you a dozen strokes across there, if I choose. And you'll lie bottom-upwards and take every one of them! I've been waiting to give your insolent young bum-cheeks a proper punishment-lesson, Elaine. I'll make this one last a long time.

He teased her a little longer, measuring the bamboo lightly upon the tender pattern. Then he raised the supple wand and thrashed it down along the plum-coloured imprint. Elaine uttered a soprano frenzy, her body taut with the searching anguish. Her toes curled and her hands were clenched until the fingernails bit into the palms. The raised print that ran low across the youngster's sturdily broadened bottom-cheeks was now deeper toned and appeared more dangerous. But such a target was far too tempting to be ignored. The overseer touched the cane lightly across the smarting print once more, taking careful aim.

Thrash! The slim bamboo smacked across the burning welt with an impact like a ringmaster's whip. Thrash! Thrash! Again and again he tanned her across the swelling smart with eager energy. The walls rang with a peal of her adolescent shrillness. Presently the justices drew sharp breaths of delight at what they saw. A ruby line of punctuation dots welled up from the darker print and trickled down the surging cheeks of Elaine Cox's backside. To have a vulgar and rebellious young tomboy with her arse in such a predicament was profoundly exhilarating. Her obedience-training was now begun in earnest. Best of all, her predicament was entirely the result of her own defiance and insolence.

The overseer stood back. His tongue licked along the mischievous smile which seemed to pluck secretly at the severe line of his mouth.

Elaine felt the little trickles down her lower seat-cheeks, momentarily gathering in the flesh-crease under the weightier curves of her adolescent buttocks and then running down the backs of her thighs. Tossing back her lank fair hair, she twisted the broad oval of her face round to us, animated by a last defiant fury. In a wild outburst, Elaine Cox yelled.

My arse! *Oh, my arse!... You bastards!... Oh, you fucking bastards!*"

I could only catch a few phrases of what the overseer said as he stooped and whispered teasingly in the girl's ear, his hand lying against her bare hip. You may be sure that his words caused a murmur of amusement among the justices.

I'll teach you a lesson in manners, Elaine Cox, you impudent little scrubber!... Must I silence your insolence?... Shall it be your own knickers, Elaine? Or a pair of your big sister's—or young Maxine's little pants?

The moment of amusement was over. The mouths of the justices tightened and a vindictive gleam showed in their eyes. No wonder the youngster gave a gasp of fright as she met their gaze. Had I not been there, I believe they really might have made a wad of Elaine Cox's knickers—or those of her sister's—to muzzle her

defiance.

You've counted nineteen strokes so far, Elaine, said the chairman of the justices calmly. You chose not to count the other seventeen your overseer has given you—and so they will not be considered. Seventeen strokes of the cane still to be counted, Elaine Cox! Call for the next!

No! she wailed. Not yet! I'm not ready yet!

How often do the walls of girls' schoolrooms and reformatory punishment-cells echo to such frantic appeals for delay! The cane smacked hard across Elaine's writhing and contorting buttocks, ending her protest with a shrill surrender.

TWENTY!!

By this time there were other eyes watching the scene. Behind the justices was a row of small barred windows set high in the blank wall. Neither the overseer nor the magistrates looked in that direction, though Elaine saw them every time that she craned round at us. A dozen lads of her own age, fugitives for the night from their own reform colony nearby, had shinned up the brick walls to perch on the outer ledges of these windows. To watch the girls having their knickers taken down in the punishment-room and their bare beauty chastised was a treat for these boys. As Elaine twisted her face round, they grinned at her knowingly. Each young scamp had unbuttoned at his window and smilingly showed her a fine young instrument in his hand, as he worked it for dear life in the excitement of watching her bare bottom caned.

The overseer and the justices had nothing to fear from these young enthusiasts. The boys knew that they would be separated from the girls and never given the chance of having fun with them. Each lad's own girl-friend whom he once spoke sweetly to while his hand played inside her knickers was now beyond his reach in the reformatory. His only hope of excitement was in seeing her under bare-bottomed discipline. He was as eager as any magistrate to see and hear her over the block while the whip was used upon her naked charms! The more extreme her punishment, the better the young spark was pleased!

I was later to watch our graceful nymph of sixteen, Tracey Hope, strapped over the step-ladder. What dismay she showed in her fine blue eyes when she looked round and saw her own boy-friend at his window. The magistrates had put an end to youthful fondling and cuddling by sending Tracey to one reformatory and the lad to another. Now he was excited as any of the justices at seeing the whip snaking and lashing across the elegant ovals of Tracey's rear cheeks or round the long graceful sweep of her young thighs. If a boy could not enjoy the naked charms of Tracey Hope, or Jane Mitchener, or Martina Ellman in any other way, this was better than nothing at all.

At present the reform-colony lads longed only for the girls' punishment-lessons to last all night. The greater the humiliation of a fifth-form bully like Elaine, the more the lads enjoyed it. Just then, the overseer aimed the bamboo with consummate skill. He caught the sturdy fifteen-year-old girl wickedly aslant her bottom-cheeks with it. Unable to contain herself under the atrocious smart, Elaine Cox farted.

By her adolescent rudeness, the youngster brought smiles to the faces of the middle-aged magistrates which the wittiest compliment of the drawing-room could not equal. The lads at the windows met the consternation in Elaine's narrowed eyes with grins of delight. A rudeness that would have marred their courtship elsewhere now added to their excitement. To begin with, they knew she would be punished at once for impudence. Each youthful tool hardened still more at the thought that Elaine's sturdy young rear cheeks would now be bamboo'd with even more severity than they had hoped. Even if they had had the power, not one of them would have intervened to save her from the skinning of her bottom-cheeks that she was going to get.

Elaine tossed back her lank hair and craned round at the justices with an Oooooo! of fright at what she had just done. She knew that such impudence by her young backside would earn an agonising addition from the cane. The smiles on the faces of the portly gentlemen assured of this. At the six barred windows, six faces of reform-school boys of her own age grinned eagerly at her as Elaine looked up at them desperately. Each boy humorously showed himself to her, holding the hard and swelling tool so that she should have a good look at it.

To make matters worse for her, it seems Elaine knew that, in her present state, the naked torment of the

next lash of the bamboo would make her young bottom repeat its impudence. She confided her predicament to the justices and begged an interval to regain her self-possession.

You may be sure that they refused her with smiles and chuckles. The overseer quickly touched the cane across her writhing rear cheeks to take aim before she could curb herself. His lips tightened vindictively. Then he thrashed the whippy bamboo across her backside with savage accuracy. The impact was sharp enough to make the very air sing again! As the cane smacked across her swelling rear cheeks Elaine Cox's tomboy bottom retorted more lustily still. Smiling at her, the justices awarded her eight extra strokes to teach her a lesson for behaving in such an unladylike manner.

I was delighted that the overseer took Elaine Cox to the very last stroke, including all the extras which she had earned. It was an exemplary discipline and richly deserved, as any moralist would agree. The overseer was reluctant to finish with the girl even then. One cannot blame him for this. It is entirely understandable. The fifth-form tomboy had been so soundly thrashed that less resolute men might call it by a more extreme name than discipline. Yet did not this insolent youngster *ask* for such severity by her own defiance? She had refused to call for her first stroke. By that refusal, she knew that she was incurring a double thrashing. Elaine Cox had deliberately incited and dared us to thrash her sadistically. She did not enjoy it, you may be sure. Why, then, did she provoke it? That was a curiosity, an enigma, which baffled us all.

Even now, the sight of Elaine Cox still strapped arse-upwards over the block, in a big-bottomed posture and with her buttocks burning red, was a great temptation! She could not have borne a breath of wind upon her rear cheeks without flinching. It was her own conduct—or rather misconduct—that had earned her such severity. In this tender state, Elaine's robust young arse would have been responsive to a real lesson in obedience. I wished that she had been left thus at my disposal. Of all the girls in her class, I would have chosen her. Safe from prying eyes in this place from which no tales are told, I would have used the short woven lash of snakeskin. The walls were soundproof and the straps which held her over the block were broad and stout. I leave you to imagine the sequel but I assure you that the present furnace-glow of Elaine Cox's bottom-cheeks would have been just a beginning.

My feelings about her were more intense than ever. Neither my fondling and bottom-kissing of Elaine that afternoon nor the tanning she had just had could diminish my zeal. Had I been left with her in her present state, I would have made the punishment of her tomboy backside last until the first faint light of dawn appeared beyond the high barred windows. When one is alone with a youngster like her, and in such a mood as mine, it is possible to enforce discipline far beyond the point that is prudent while there are onlookers. Elaine would not have been able to wear the elasticated cotton of her school pants for several days afterwards! To sit on the wooden seat of her classroom desk with Tracey and the others would have been an ordeal of some considerable discomfort!

When the overseer laid down the cane at last, one was bound to admire his skill. The eyes which Elaine turned to us brimmed over with tears and her mouth had become a howling oval. What an improvement it was upon the insolent and rebellious look with which she had begun the evening. As for her bottom and the rear of her thighs, she looked as if she had spent the day sitting on a ferocious thorn bush, infested by angry hornets. The cheeks of her backside were the colour of fire, marked across by the dangerous and deeper-toned stripes of finely embossed prints of bamboo. Despite this, my obsession with her was such that Elaine's rear cheeks seemed to me to be in a state that invited punishment rather than excused it.

There was one last refinement, which is traditionally employed on a reformatory girl after such discipline. Long ago it was a cleansing precaution. Now it is intended to make the culprit smart all the more. The overseer took a jar of soft kitchen-fat. It had been heavily salted on purpose for its present use. He took some of it on his fingers and touched it lightly to the girl's thrashed buttocks. Elaine gasped and tensed herself at the blazing soreness of the salt grease on her grazed and skinned bum-cheeks.

You impudent little scrubber, Elaine Cox! said the overseer sardonically. Keep your fat young bottom still! Swell it out properly towards the justices, so that they can have a good look at it while I salt you!

Heedless of her gasps, he massaged an ample quantity of the salted fat over her behind. Her broadened young buttocks were furnace-red and sleek with the grease. Indeed the sleekness of the grease and the slightly swollen state which the thrashing had imparted, gave a fuller and even a fatter look to the crimson-smarting cheeks of Elaine Cox's bottom. The overseer could not resist imparting a powerful final smack with his hand

on one cheek of Elaine Cox's adolescent arse. The smack landed with a fat wet sound on the greased cheek. Elaine cried out and began to squirm. One can only imagine how desperately sore the youngster's bottom must have been after her tanning. The salt fat now made it smart like fire and I was quite sure that a spanking would hurt her dreadfully. The overseer gave her another hard bottom-smack on the same cheek and then another. Elaine yelled and squirmed uncontrollably.

Keep your bottom, still, Elaine Cox! shouted the chairman of the justices.

There were chuckles from one or two of the other justices at this. The overseer took the jar of salt fat, dipped his finger in and smeared a little more of the smarting grease across Elaine's deeply glowing buttocks. He stood there a moment, fondling her. It was not easy to see just how his hand lay across her bottom unless one was at a certain angle. From where I was sitting, however, I could make out that his greasy forefinger had disappeared to the knuckle. Indeed, the finger was moving suggestively in and out a little, making the youngster's bottom feel it. She tossed back her lank fair hair again and yelled at him.

You filthy thing!

The chairman smiled. He spoke quietly to her.

You've got a lot to get used to, Elaine. I'll be visiting young Maxine tomorrow. She'll be getting a fingering just like that.

Hearing his intentions toward the younger girl, Elaine cursed and swore most foully. His finger kept her busy a moment more. Then he withdrew it, gave her another sharp smack on her bottom and turned to the matrons.

Two matrons unfastened the youngster from the block, though they strapped Elaine's wrists firmly together in front of her to prevent any sudden act of vengeance which she might attempt. With the matrons holding her firmly by either arm to forestall a struggle, Elaine walked awkwardly, seeming to limp a little, which was merely the effect of the bamboozing. The little grey skirt and her schoolgirl knickers were left lying on the table. She wore only her white uniform blouse and striped tie. The tail of the blouse hung untidily aslant her scorching buttocks, which gave her the look of a carelessly-dressed little girl. Her head was lowered, the lank hair spilling about her face, and she continued to sob occasionally in a most contrite manner.

You are to be congratulated, Mr. Bowler! said the chairman of the justices, standing up and shaking the overseer by the hand. As fine a discipline as ever I saw!

They had been so busy with Elaine that time had flown by and it was now after ten o'clock. There must have been several girls waiting and trembling in the next room. Some were as old as Susan and Jacqueline. Others were as young as Jane Mitchener. Each of them would have her turn, even if it took us until dawn to complete the punishments of them all.

Which of them comes next on the list? asked the chairman.

There are two girls of eighteen, said the overseer sternly, Sharon and Louise. Both are to be punished for immorality committed in one another's beds.

By all means, said the chairman, I should like to see Sharon Anne and Louise chastised. I think it would be best if they were thrashed in each other's company. Let us have 'em in.

Before that happened, however, there was a pause. It was a warm summer night, despite the damp that appeared here and there on the brickwork of the whitewashed walls and through the cracks of the flagstones. Jugs of beer and lemon had been set out on tables at the back of the high gaslit room. Several of the justices made their way there to refresh themselves. The overseer, after his energy in thrashing Elaine Cox, sank half a pint of beer without taking the glass from his lips.

Presently the overseer went across to the door. I heard him summoning Sharon and Louise, the two eighteen-year-old girl-friends, to present themselves for correction.

CHAPTER FOUR

SHARON AND LOUISE IN LOVE

When the chairman had given his instructions, the overseer put the case to the justices. We have two girls of eighteen to deal with next, gentlemen. Sharon and Louise. They have been 'best friends' for a long time. Since their arrival here, they have twice been caught in bed together. Louise's knickers were last week found discarded in the sheets of Sharon's bed. They were told that they would both be whipped tonight. Despite this, they were watched together yesterday. They were seen through a window, lying naked on the floor behind the bolted door of the washroom, squirming in one another's embrace, their lips moving in long kisses. In order that they should thoroughly incriminate themselves, they were allowed to remain together like this for almost two hours of their afternoon free time. Louise, the smaller-built of the two girls, was the initiator of immorality. Louise began to arouse the bigger girl Sharon. But Sharon began to do the same for Louise a few minutes later."

There were more knowing smiles from the onlookers, directed at the two girls who stood before us with heads bowed. Sharon was the taller of the couple, though she was no more than average height. She was dressed in a pair of blue jeans and a flower-print blouse. She appeared a fair-skinned and soft-figured teenager. Her brown hair had been coloured black as if to match her friend's and seemed to overlap her collar by just a few inches. This intensified the pale rounded beauty of her face.

Though casually dressed, Sharon had made some effort to look more glamorous. One could sense the sweet air of perfume as she brushed past. Her hair had surely been coloured black but it was worn in a more elegant coiffure. She had gathered it back and tied it with a red and blue silk scarf on the crown of her head so that it fell in a pretty fan-shaped tail a few inches below her collar. This left her face and her ears well-exposed, as well as showing the beauty of Sharon's bare elegant neck. The fringe on her forehead was reduced to a mere lick of dark hair.

The full pale oval of her face that might have looked rather dull at sixteen or seventeen was now transformed. Her face seemed thinner and her brow taller. Seen in profile the points of her cheekbones were rounded, her nose straight but demure. There was a long flat line to her cheeks which, combined with the slight ellipse of her brown eyes, gave a Slavic or even oriental hint to her glance. She had made up her face with a little cream and there was a heightened blush of rouge discreetly applied to her cheekbones. Her black hair and the pale painted beauty of her rounded face almost suggested a Chinese doll.

She was more self-conscious about the puppyish adolescent softness of her figure. The tight blue jeans moulded the slight fatness of Sharon's bottom-cheeks. She left her blouse-tail pulled out to cover her jeans-seat, as if from a ladylike prudence at the sight she might offer! I would guess that when studied by a man, Sharon's response varied. Sometimes there might be doubt in her brown eyes and a calculated turning away of the pale oval beauty of her face. At other times there would be a self-confident indifference to her middle-aged admirers.

Louise was the shorter of the two, the collar length of her fringed dark hair framing a firm and rather hard young face. The jut of chin and the bold little nose suggested a certain independence and disdain. Both girls had the languid and lazy manner of voluptuous airless afternoons in curtained bedrooms. They had a sensual pallor and the softness of their figures suggested self-indulgence and lack of exercise. Though Louise was the shorter of the two, she was certainly not petite. Like Sharon the smooth tightness of her blue jeans showed a little surplus weight in her young thighs. At the tight seat of the jeans one could see that Louise's bottom was a little too big for her height.

The long and heavy wooden trestle, its horizontal beam padded with leather, was used to hold both girls simultaneously. The overseer's assistants made them stand at either end of the six foot length, facing one another. Then Sharon and Louise had to bend over along the trestle, so that they looked one another in the face. They were fastened down by straps round their waists. Their wrists were pinioned to the base of the trestle-frame. Each girl had one wrist strapped to the same support as one wrist of her friend. It was charming to see that Sharon and Louise twined their fingers tightly in one another's, where their wrists were strapped to

the same upright. They were trying to give one another courage, or at least to tense themselves against the naked agony of the lash across their soft bare bottoms.

It will not surprise you that Louise began to squirm at the menacing sight of the overseer and his young assistant who now entered by the far door. Though the assistant was a mere boy, he wore a short leather jerkin and tight black pants. The purpose of the tight pants, I feel sure, was so that Louise and Sharon should constantly see the shape and hardening of his young penis while they were punished.

He finished the preparations, stooping over the trestle. He undid the waist of each pair of jeans and drew it down with the plain cotton panties inside. Looking closely, he tucked the tail of the blouse high so that the softly-shaped pallor of Louise's bottom was laid bare. He examined the state she was in by first slipping two fingers between the rear of her legs and asking an intimate question or two. He parted Louise's buttocks and peeped between them. As he did so, he managed to press her reluctant lips to the hard bulge in the front of his tight pants.

The overseer took up the judicial birch-rod with its three long switches cunningly budded and still wet from the salt-water.

Thirty strokes with the prison birch across your bare bottom, Louise, he said. A sound birching every week across your bare backsides will cure you of wanting boyfriends—and of misbehaving yourself with girls like Sharon!

Could he cure Louise and Sharon of such deep-rooted needs and passions? Time alone was to tell. The overseer, tight-lipped, stood over the girl of eighteen with her soft young thighs and the slightly fattened pallor of her bare rear cheeks. He touched the wet birch to the pale weight of Louise's bare arse. How she squirmed her buttocks desperately at the wet and cold menace! He raised and thrashed—and thrashed again before she could utter her first frantic cry.

The overseer made dark-haired Louise scream at the fourth lash of the birch. His apprentice held her head firmly with an arm round her neck. The executioner deliberately missed the mark with his birch on a few occasions. He gave her two across the backs of her knees and a few across the rear of her well-fleshed thighs. He caught her bare bottom again, and soon its pallid cheeks bore a thicket of raised abrasions. Presently the birch landed with more savage energy in a sounding smack. Several pinpricks rose and trickled down. Ten strokes across her backside and a few to smarten her legs made Louise's dark-haired crown droop. The lad was obliged to apply the salts to her nostrils.

The dismay in the fair-skinned oval of Sharon's face was instructive to see. The careful make-up, the blush of rouge and the darkened lashes of the brown eyes could not mask her panic. Face to face as they bent over the trestle, the two girls' features were no more than a foot apart. Sharon was obliged to breathe the air of Louise's screams. Now she inhaled the same pungent salts with which Louise's swoon was averted. While the boy was doing this, the overseer's fingers played between the slight pallid fatness of Sharon's bottom-cheeks. He fiddled intrusively with her tight rear dimple. In her fright, Sharon Anne retorted loudly on the fingers of the man who was soon to chastise her.

A wail from Louise indicated that her penance was to continue. The measured thrash! thrash! thrash! of the flexible switches recorded the progress of retribution. Even a severe prison regime would rarely award more than eighteen or twenty-four of this kind. Thirty for full-bottomed Louise at eighteen was an ordeal she would never forget. From time to time the overseer would issue his reprimand.

Don't tense the cheeks of your fat young bottom, Louise! Must I birch the backs of your legs again to make you bend over properly? Very well, two across the backs of your thighs as a warning!

Two skinning strokes they were—and so were the six that followed upon Louise's bottom which quivered fatly under each supple lash of the birch-switches! Again her head drooped and the lad coaxed her a little. I repeat my observation that such discipline as this, driving the pretty culprits far beyond their endurance, levels all ages and classes. Louise shrilled and strained at her straps. Though a daughter of the middle-class, her vulgarity was that of a rude little slum-girl.

The overseer made her take all the allotted strokes. Before he dealt with Sharon, Louise was unfastened. Her knees gave as if they would not support her, which may have been pretence on her part. But the assistants lifted her and turned her. Now they positioned her bending astride the trestle, her backside towards Sharon's face. This increased the taller girl's panic still more. Sharon was confronted by the rather fatly-presented

cheeks of Louise's bottom in their well-chastised and strictly-punished state. The switches of the birch-rod had raised a mass of thin imprints from which a score of pinpricks had trickled down, while the full-cheeked view of Louise's eighteen-year-old backside was thrashed the colour of a skinned tomato. It was plain to see that the frenzy in Sharon's face was not inspired by her girl-friend's ordeal. She seemed frantic at the thought that her own puppy-fleshed bottom-cheeks, as yet smooth and pallid, would be looking like that in another half-hour.

The overseer guessed this and smiled.

Do you like the look of Louise's bottom now, Sharon Anne? You'll be in a much worse state than that after you've had the pony-whip. But you enjoy looking at your girl-friend with her pants down, don't you, Sharon? We'll have a little interval for five minutes so that you can admire the view.

The truth was that the overseer needed to refresh himself. He poured beer from a jug and stood, glass in hand, surveying the scene as he chatted with the justices.

My advice, gentlemen, is that you should move your chairs a little for a better view of Sharon's backside. On these occasions, when we have a pair of young lesbians, we like to thrash them together. That means using both ends of the trestle and altering the angle of view a little.

When he had refreshed himself, he was ready to deal with the adolescent softness of Sharon's eighteen-year-old bottom.

The justices naturally preferred to have a girl of eighteen like Sharon displayed to their scrutiny in the most exacting manner. I saw the overseer's hand smooth up and down the pale shimmer of her young thighs, smacking gently here and there, his fingers slipping between them. His fingers manualised Sharon for a moment in what seemed the most blatant caress. The girl twisted her head this way and that, the firm pale oval of her face urgently turned to him. Her legs began to tense and writhe in their straps. He fingered back to the rear of her leg-opening the warm folds of intimate flesh, so that the magistrates might study Sharon's young femininity in its flushed state. He fondled the soft teenage weight of her pallid young bottom-cheeks, standing close behind her so that she might feel the shape of his stiffened resolve. He pressed her rear cheeks apart. Sharon Anne's arse must be displayed as a means of curbing her pride for the future. During all this, Sharon responded with writhings and shivers and murmurs of sexual excitement. Perhaps she did not feel it but, in her fright, she longed to divert his thoughts from the lash. In that case the justices might not whip her after all but merely make use of her body to release their tension. She did not seem to realise that they could do all that and then whip her just the same.

He spent a little longer with her, fondling, stroking, tickling, and patting, hands shaping her hips and seat, finger-tips testing her feminine sensitivity and the tightness of Sharon's rear blow-hole.

Then the justices had finished moving their chairs and were ready for the overseer to begin Sharon's punishment. There was no doubt that if there had been a competition as to whether Sharon or Louise could respond to a man in the most sexy manner, Sharon would have won it. The justices therefore found it more enjoyable to chastise her. That reason alone decreed three dozen strokes and the use of the snakeskin pony-lash with its carved penis-shape handle, which the overseer now picked up from the table. He applied his left hand to one fattened cheek of Sharon's behind, fondling her as he spoke.

Your young bottom shall be properly whipped, Sharon Anne. You need to taste the smart of a stable-lash across your bare buttocks. Otherwise, you would always wonder what it would have been like to feel a snakeskin pony-lash across your bare rear cheeks. You would always wonder about yourself—how you would behave under such torture. But you could never imagine fully the naked torment of the whip across your bare backside. Much better for you that you should have your curiosity satisfied by feeling it.

There were some private smiles among the justices at this.

The overseer stood back and drew the short lash of woven snakeskin through his fingers. Sharon twisted her face round, brown eyes wide and lips parted a little in fright. Her gaze met the quiet smiles of the justices and the eager faces of the reform-school boys at the barred windows above, each showing her a finely stiffened instrument.

Before she could plead or protest, the overseer had raised his arm high. The bright light of the lamps caught the flash of a black leather curve. Then the whip landed with a report like a pistol-shot across the fattened pallor of Sharon Anne's bottom-cheeks. I think the anguish of it searched her very deep. She strained at the leather ankle-strap, as if frantically trying to draw one knee up in an attempt to ease the smart. The whip

snaked down a second time and printed its splendid curling brand across her eighteen-year-old buttocks. Urgently she tensed those rear orbs together and let out a hiss of suppressed torment.

Keep your arse still, Sharon Anne, you young tart! said the chairman, his command peremptory but his mouth smiling, as she tensed her knee upward again.

The whip cracked a third time and the tip of the lash caught the sensitive undercurve of her softly-swelling bottom-cheeks, just above her thigh. With a sudden shrillness which made the heart jump, Sharon screamed. The overseer smiled. Having found the place where she was so responsive, he aimed at it again. Sharon offered a seductive target, the full soft buttocks of a teenage girl which were made to broaden and swell into a pair of more fatly suggestive bottom-cheeks by the way she bent over. The whip caught her artfully low across them again—and yet again. Whatever one's thoughts about the overseer, it was impossible not to admire his skill in this matter.

With teeth set and eyes shining, he lashed Sharon's fattened young bottom six or eight times more to catch her low on its cheeks. She screamed her refusal and her inability to endure such torment—but she screamed in vain. At last the shapely teenage nymph paid him the tribute of two or three wine-dark trickles which ran from her lower bum-cheeks down to the rear of her squirming and shuddering thighs.

The overseer paused, for one of his shirtsleeves had slipped down a little with the energy of his application. Before he folded it up once more, he picked up a table-mirror from the table beside him and set it so that Sharon, when she twisted her face round should see her bare backside and legs reflected. As he rolled up his shirtsleeve, Sharon twisted her collar-length of dark hair to and fro, weeping self-pityingly. She had looked into the mirror and I think it was the sight of her eighteen-year-old arse in its present disciplined state which made her do so.

The overseer was ready again.

Your bottom must be more soundly whipped, Sharon, he said smiling. Such a charming pair of rear cheeks require exemplary discipline.

He began to brand her higher up, where her delectable young buttocks swelled most fully. Frantically shrill, Sharon performed a sinuous squirming of her hips and erotic writhing of her whipped backside which would have sent any boy-friend wild for her, if done for him as a bedroom dance. I think the first half of the punishment would have been adequate and the second half took her far beyond what she might be expected to bear. Yet Sharon had only herself to blame, for it was the languid sensual pallor of her young bottom and thighs that earned this extra ordeal.

She would have done anything to interrupt the discipline. Once, as the whip lay limp down her bottom after a lash, Sharon managed to clench the pale softness of her bottom-cheeks upon it, as if to detain it and deny the overseer its use. He tugged it from her at once. A second time she attempted to clench upon it with disaster to herself. The whip flashed down and she tightened her cheeks on it as it sped through the air. Her face instantly showed a superb portrayal of beauty in the throes of a torment too intense for vocal expression. Searing in the force of its motion, the speeding whip had caused Sharon to skin the inward slopes of her bottom-cheeks upon it.

Do you like it better between the fat young cheeks of your bottom, Sharon? the chairman of the justices asked teasingly when her wild shrillness subsided.

Sharon lay forward over the stool, bending tighter to draw her buttocks hard apart and prevent two tender surfaces touching. Little did she guess the wicked ideas such a posture suggested to her masters. Sharon cast all modesty aside in her predicament, bending so that her entire rear anatomy was offered. But the sight was more likely to excite than subdue the overseer's chastising zeal.

Altering his aim, he brought the whip down short across the nearer of Sharon's bottom-cheeks so that the lash curled and caught her smartingly between her buttocks. The brick walls rang to the unrestrained shrillness of beauty at eighteen. He caught her a second time like this before she could bear to clench—and then again just as she was trying to do so.

The assistant uncorked *sal volatile*, enabling Sharon to receive discipline in full. The admirers of her fattened whip-embroidered bottom-cheeks would not permit the infliction of the lash to be curtailed. When the punishment was finished, they kept her over the trestle while they considered the overseer's handiwork and heard Sharon's quiet soprano lamentation and reproach.

It would be hypocritical to pretend that the assembled dignitaries did not enjoy seeing Louise and Sharon bare-bottomed for a whipping. I think it was the fact that they were both extremely sensual and voluptuous with one another, while refusing to share their charms with such men as the justices. This look of voluptuous pallor and an air of feminine masturbation on rumpled sheets behind closed curtains and locked doors sealed their fates. I knew without asking that they would not be set at liberty, so long as there was harem or white-slaver to employ them!

There is another pair to be dealt with for a similar offence, the overseer said. Two young married women in their early twenties, Jacqueline Grant and Susan Underwood. A pair of shopgirls pining for their men.

The chairman of the justices frowned.

A pair of married women? Obeyed their husbands before coming here?

Oh yes, sir, the overseer agreed.

Not lesbians by choice? Just a pair of randy young wives who masturbate one another for relief? Girls who just knew one another at work before that?

Just that, sir.

Bring them in, the chairman said thoughtfully.

He liked what he saw. Susan stood there, the taller of the two. Her blonde hair had again been combed back and (rimmed in a thick collar-length shock, softening her forehead. This was prudent, since the hazel eyes and the firm young lines of her face had just hardened a little from the painted prettiness of the teenage shopgirl. In short white sweater and tight grey jeans, her figure was well revealed.

Though Jacqueline was petite and almost dainty by contrast, the justices were greatly taken by her. I think they found a certain excitement in Jackie Grant's pert-featured snub-nosed teasing and the narrowed blue eyes of a randy little wriggler. Her auburn hair had been cut again in a short rounded bob that just touched her collar and was parted on her forehead. There was a brightness in her eyes and a cheekiness in her face that would easily get the young madam into trouble! Her figure was petite. They could see this from the tight brown cord of the jeans she wore. Yet her slim little thighs fattened rather at the tops in a voluptuous manner. There was a suggestive roundness and fullness to the cheeks of Jacqueline Grant's bottom.

The chairman studied the two young women who stood before him, Jacqueline gnawing her lip a little and Susan's colour high in her fair-skinned face. He made them turn their backs and bend over in front of him. At last he turned to the others.

Gentlemen, with your agreement, I would like the punishment of these two young women postponed. What I can see of them suggests they have gone beyond the point of being reformed here. Our duty is to discipline girls. These are young married women. I agree, of course, that it would be unwise to release them into innocent society. I suggest that they should be transferred to the custody of our patron Mr. Hardman and that their names should be removed from the list here as having been released from this institution. Under our patron's regime, extreme measures can be taken with them if necessary, and their training in obedience will be stricter. Mr. Hardman, I know, would welcome this. I believe we should not find him ungrateful.

There was a murmur of approval at this, though Susan and Jacqueline looked at one another with some dismay in their eyes.

Be good enough to have arrangements made, the chairman said quietly to me, and please ensure that neither Susan Underwood nor Jacqueline Grant is permitted to see or speak to any other girl before leaving here. What awaits them makes discretion imperative.

And so we went on with our duty. I say only this. An impartial observer could not until then have pointed to anything done which did not have the authority of the justices present as representatives of moral law and order. If they spoke harshly or crudely to the girls at times, remember that one does not speak to delinquents in the accents of drawing-room conversation!

I arranged to have the two young married women housed in a securely supervised room divided from the rest of the building. The overseer and one of the matrons would guard them there until arrangements were made with Mr. Hardman. For the moment they were ushered to the adjoining closet and locked in. Their desperate looks suggested that they knew what their ultimate fate might be. How they seemed to long now to be whipped like Sharon and Louise and then returned to the other girls! But none of those girls, nor any of

their other acquaintances, would be likely to see them again.

So the procession continued and the newest offender was brought in. Could one imagine her guilty of an offence? Jane Mitchener was an appealing youngster and it was hard to do so. She entered timidly, as well she might, in long skirt and silk bodice. Her brown hair, straight and rather lank, was plainly cut just above her shoulders, worn in a short slanting fringe on her forehead. Lively brown eyes illuminated a firm and open fair-skinned face with strong lines in the nose and chin. Jane's young lips parted upon fine and pretty teeth.

Even the youngest girl in such a place has an idea of her power to flirt and provoke the male sex. So it was with this teasing little charmer. She had a way of turning to look at the overseer or the justices with her chin coquettishly tilted and her teeth set lightly on her lower lip. To be sure, there was never such a provoking little flirt as Jane Mitchener seemed! But this pretty pupil was most unwise to act the flirt or the coquette now, as she faced her tanning for some act of class-room disobedience as well as for the thefts which had brought her to the institution in the first place.

They led her to the block and made her shed her skirt. Then they obliged young Jane to kneel in the warmth where Elaine Cox had been. One could see the justices smiling as they imagined what they would like to do to this delicious chit. The overseer's assistant made her lie forward on the block, kneeling over it, while the necessary devices were adjusted to ensure that her back was straight and her young bottom faced upwards to her chastiser. The stretched white cotton of Jane Mitchener's uniform briefs and her short bodice were now her sole attire. You may imagine that she turned her brown eyes and firm young face to us most beseechingly.

The overseer stooped and considered the seat of Jane Mitchener's schoolgirl knickers which shaped the firm taut rounds of her buttocks and budding hips. His finger indicated one or two features, with a smile at his colleagues and a whisper in Jane's ear which caused the girl to look most self-conscious. She had been denied a chance to survey her rear view by the mirror's aid—and to ensure that she presented that seat of her white stretch-briefs *comme il faut* to the men behind her.

The overseer took the elastic waist-band and drew them down, laying bare a beauty in the bud rather than in blossom. During these moments, the youngster still watched us over her shoulder, the little slant of her brown-haired fringe delightfully setting off the firmer line of her mouth and chin. Her fair-skinned thighs had yet to show their full promise and the pale cheeks of Jane Mitchener's bottom seemed to be held taut, as if they knew that they had yet to assume a full feminine rondeur and grace.

One of the instructors has a score to settle with you first, Jane, said the chairman.

A portly gentleman entered the room. He carried a punishment-cane and pretty Jane Mitchener gave a cry at the sight of him. Here was a man who evidently filled her with unnamed fears. She had probably been impudent to him when she was still at her secondary school and so provided the pretext for a teacher's revenge upon her now.

Eighteen strokes of the bamboo upon your bare bottom, Jane Mitchener, said the chairman. As the justices permitted him, the teacher positioned her conveniently with his hands. It was easy for him to catch a glimpse between her young thighs as he did this—and to part the taut resilience of her bare bum-cheeks so that he might make a close study of Jane Mitchener's rude little tightness. Putting his lips to her ear and smiling wickedly, he confided certain thoughts on what he had just seen. Pretty Jane bowed her head, desperately hiding her dismay.

The smile vanished. He touched the cane lightly across the taut pallor of Jane Mitchener's buttocks. Without a word more, he thrashed it across her bare backside with magisterial force. It was clear that he had wanted to do this for a long time and was greatly enjoying it. Jane gasped and yielded a forlorn cry. Her implacable teacher whipped her young buttocks again and yet again with the bamboo, until the air was shrill with her desperation.

I cannot conceal from you the charming sight she offered. Indeed, one felt a natural care for the youngster, though one did not wish her to be spared the sound caning which she visibly deserved. The fair-skinned, brown-eyed face, with its lank hair was so filled with dismay and wild appeal against what was happening to her. Yet now that she was properly bent over, the cheeks of Jane Mitchener's arse were fuller and showed the shapes of emergent womanhood more evidently in that posture.

Five or six strokes had left their crimson bamboo-prints across her backside before the teacher caught her aslant these weals. Jane gave a cry as shrill as if liquid fire had splashed her bare buttocks. Few girls in her

class could voluntarily endure a prison caning of eighteen strokes by their teacher or any other official. The straps held her firmly but Jane contrived to twist her bamboo'd rear cheeks this way and that. He punished such evasion by several across the backs of those schoolgirl legs, knowing that such stripes were extra to the total. At last he finished the eighteen. The justices sat agog, their eyes on one great object of admiration. Jane Mitchener's bottom!

While Jane Mitchener lamented her young bottom's condition, she tensed and shifted her firm young buttocks, quite unable to keep still in the lingering anguish. The bamboo had marked her several times with a weal that was deeply cherry-coloured. It was far more than such a girl could endure and that was why she had been made to have it. Such is the philosophy of reformatory discipline.

Her teacher had been instrumental in getting Jane Mitchener sent to the reformatory. Before he withdrew, he received the thanks of the magistrates and their congratulations on the thrashing he had just given to the pretty pupil who remained over the block.

It was now just after midnight—a time when dark deeds are traditionally done in soundproof vaults, provided that tyrants have a girl like Jane Mitchener arse-upwards over the birching-block. The overseer took up the judicial birch-rod.

Now your punishment for insolence, Jane Mitchener!

Twenty-four strokes of the birch across your bare backside!

Let me say that the best-behaved little girl may go frantic with refusal on some occasions. Jane would have done so now but fortunately the stout and tightly drawn leather held her in a perfect position. A second taste of discipline so soon after the first raised a question of ethics. Is it more cruel to administer the second thrashing after an interval of several minutes rather than to keep the girl waiting in suspense for hours or until the next day? This must depend on the taste of the man who inflicts it. The woeful self-pity in Jane's young face and the wicked stripes of bamboo already smarting across her young bottom might inspire some men to leniency. The chance of giving her a birching in her present tender state excited the justices in an opposite direction.

The overseer positioned her carefully, one hand under the bare smoothness of her flat young belly, the other guiding the tense femininity of her bare hips. With such a delightful young creature it was fascinating to watch the drama. Jane's prettiness was now that of tear-brimming eyes and a mournful young mouth. The shrillness which echoed from the whitewashed walls would have done credit to an actress in the most blood-curdling melodrama. The details are best not printed here. I may tell you that the allotted strokes were far exceeded and that, for all her rearward prettiness, the provocative squirming of Jane Mitchener's young bottom was alone sufficient to ensure this.

I believe they wanted her teacher to leave first. Otherwise he might have grown uneasy and perhaps spread scandal, if he had seen how Jane Mitchener was disciplined in the next half hour. Her final humiliation on this occasion was merely to remain over the block, displayed as an example of the chastiser's art. By the aid of the mirror, Jane as well as her admirers was able to see his work upon her. One middle-aged gentleman eyed the lash of woven snakeskin and almost whimpered with irritation upon being reminded that Jane was a little short of the time when it might be employed on her bare arse according to the rules. The youngster also turned her open brown-eyed lace to him, with the prettiness of her little fringe and the straight brown hair falling about her slim neck. How hard she appealed to the cruel gentleman to spare her. How greatly this gentleman regretted that he could not take the youngster somewhere and exact the most extreme obedience from her by the power of his lash.

Instead, he had to be content with gazing at the fledgling grace of her young buttocks and thighs, marked by the brands of bamboo. A slight bruise-toned smudge on the lower curve of one of Jane Mitchener's bottom-cheeks was all that told of the adolescent rudeness which the vigour of the birching made it impossible for her to check.

There was much chuckling and amusement among the justices as Jane was led out, for they had found her an appealing youngster and yet had thoroughly enjoyed seeing an example made of her. It was now almost one o'clock in the morning and I could scarcely believe there was more to be done. I was soon proved wrong. For an hour or more, I watched a procession to the chastising stools and the birching-block. There were shopgirls enough: Sian, Annie, Helyn, Fiona, and Kim. There were nymphs and tomboys. It was an hour later

when those culprits guilty of a second crime were brought back to receive their dues! Despite her smarting imprints from the earlier birching, Louise was whipped soundly for denying her immoral conduct with her girl-friend Sharon when first questioned. Young Jane Mitchener's bottom had to taste the paralysing sting of the school spanking-strap for her flirting manner.

I know you will believe me when I tell you that I was not prepared for a session of this length. Towards the end I thought I should never keep my eyes open. But then I saw that they were bringing Louise back. I now understood why she had been dealt with only by the birch while Sharon Anne tasted the whip. I guessed why they wanted her again. Her eyes were both intense and appealing. There was a desperate apprehension in her hard young face. The fringed collar-cut of her dark hair now made the sensual pallor of her cheeks all the more alluring.

For an hour or two, Louise had been under the care of the overseer's assistants in the adjoining cloakroom. When they went to fetch her, I had a brief glimpse of the scene in there. Sharon was standing in blouse and jeans, held by either arm. Louise was kneeling on the sofa, lying forward over its back. Her jeans and knickers were round her ankles. Nothing was happening at the moment. However I noticed that the whip was on the sofa beside her. She had not been tanned with it. However, there was a tell-tale gleam of vaseline between the soft pallor of Louise's bottom-cheeks. The handle of the pony-lash was suggestively carved in the marble-smooth shape of an upright phallus. The vaseline shine had been transferred to the full length of the whip-handle. A hard-faced little bitch of eighteen like Louise may deserve a little rough treatment. There was satisfaction as well as a natural excitement in seeing that, while Sharon was held there and made to watch her girl-friend's ravishing, the handle of the whip had been intimate with Louise's bottom.

This time it was the tall stool over which she must bend and the snakeskin pony-lash which she must endure. Louise was wearing only her tight black sweater, an exciting contrast with the soft lazy pallor of her flesh. They pulled the sweater hem high above her bare hips and then bent her over.

They drew her right over the stool, her legs and hips bare. One could see the flush and dew of moisture on her legs, as well as the vaseline smear in Louise's bottom-crack. Such a sight makes one simultaneously excited and severe, in such a situation as this. The overseer took the whip. Before beginning, he held it under the girl's eyes, showing Louise the suggestively-shaped handle of the lash. It amused and excited him that Louise should know that her bottom was about to taste the torment of the same lash whose handle had been so vulgarly and deeply familiar with it. I think he hoped that with a girl as voluptuous and naturally randy as Louise, she would even feel an excitement of her own when she looked back upon this aspect of her punishment.

What followed was a scene that cannot prudently be related in full. Louise, at eighteen, underwent severe correction, appropriate to her crime. I must veil the details, but it will not surprise you to learn that they tapestried her round young buttocks in the most formidable manner with vivid loops and curlicues. Several times one caught the pungent but necessary odour of *sal volatile* in the brightly-lit whitewashed room.

No account was taken of time. Louise made the hard white walls ring with her frenzy. The wicked tip of the snakeskin caught her under the curve of her bottom-cheeks and sometimes between them. When the master raised her at last, this dark-haired and soft-figured girl sank limp in his arms as a suppliant virgin.

With that the proceedings were at an end. In company with the other spectators I walked from the vault into the courtyard. To my astonishment, the night seemed to be almost over and the palest green of dawn was showing in the sky above the eastern hills. I took my leave of our guests as they made their way to the main gate and drove off into the new day. Then I climbed the stone stairs and locked the door behind me. Exhausted by the prolonged spectacle, I lay down and at once fell sound asleep.

Next day, from the moment I woke, my thoughts returned to the events of the previous evening. But it was not the girls themselves who occupied my attention. I was gratefully aware that our guests had responded favourably to me. I had made no objection to the severity used on Elaine Cox and Jane Mitchener. I had promised to see that Jacqueline Grant and Susan Underwood would be transferred to Mr. Hardman, a private keeper, as if they had vanished into air. I had even confided to the chairman that I would like to have in my care that beginner in a certain school, Samantha Smith, who thought herself too good to be whipped. With her bold little face and her short cut of lank fair hair, she revolted against the idea of whipping girls like herself. I assured him that I would use the lash on the impudent little cheeks of Samantha Smith's bottom until the

youngster sang a very different tune. He congratulated me upon my perception of the little bitch's character and the remedy I proposed.

At that moment I could not tell whether my enthusiasm would be rewarded. I thought it might be. Even so, I was quite bowled over at the speed with which events moved. The organisation who superintended these institutions had a powerful friend in Mr. Hardman. I have said something about his influence and interests. In business alone, he was a landowner, a man of considerable property, the proprietor of fashionable stores and manufacturing industries. I regretted that we were still separated by a little distance. He lived about fifty miles or so away from the scene of my labours, near an elegant city in whose graceful streets and terraces a good deal of his money was made. For a long time he had wanted to secure a powerful appointment for the gentleman who was director of my institution when I arrived there. A week after Elaine Cox, Jane Mitchener, Sharon and Louise had met their fates, that appointment was secured.

With little warning, I was informed that I must now act as director. This was not quite as grand as it might sound. I would command the staff and the girls in the house. But there was to be a little reorganisation. I was not quite a free agent but directly responsible to our powerful friend who lived fifty or sixty miles away.

I could not quarrel with that. I knew when I met him, that Mr. Hardman was to prove the most sympathetic and indulgent superior. As I say and as he agreed, fifty or sixty miles is a considerable distance. In my everyday dealings with the girls, I must be the judge of what was best to be done. Though he was in power over me, the truth seemed to be that I was very much my own master.

Let me not make too much of this. Put yourself in my situation. You will see at once that only a fool would give free rein to his passion without waiting to see what the circumstances were. My obsession with Elaine Cox was greater than ever. But I was cunning enough to do nothing about it for the moment. All the same, I made comments and added notes to files. These ensured that the youngster would remain under the rule of the institution for some years. She was to disappear from the streets and esplanade, from the view of great men and humble. Neither baron nor baroness, earl nor countess, let alone the meaner sort, would see her again.

My passion for her remained, as you see, undiminished. Moreover, my desire for her was such that it would be quite impossible to let her recount the things I imagined doing with her. Elaine Cox must stay behind the secure walls of my little kingdom for as long as possible before her departure. What would happen then was an interesting question. If I had my way with her meantime, it would be out of the question to set her free to make trouble, to accuse and allege. Young scrubbers like Elaine Cox and her sisters are all too ready to put an absurd value on their dignity and their rights. How, then, might the problem be disposed of? One or two ideas occurred to me privately but they required considerable resolve. The matter was not urgent, of course. For the next few years the youngster must be securely confined where she was. There could be no argument about that. There was no hurry, I decided, it would pay me to be cautious. So, while I seemed to take no advantage off my new position so far as a tomboy like Elaine Cox was concerned, I was merely biding my time.

I had not long to wait, though my impatience made it seem like six months. After a few weeks I had added enough to the dossier of Elaine S Cox to ensure that she underwent at least six more years of useful instruction at my hands. In the case of Jane Mitchener, she would therefore have seven more years to complete. By the time that either reached that age, further arrangements for them would have been made.

Did I regret what I had done to keep Elaine Cox as a reformatory tomboy for so many years? Not the least. Did I regret that mature young women like Susan and Jacqueline would pass into the possession of Mr. Hardman and his friends? I did not.

But in the case of the fifth-form tomboy, I was still intrigued by her conduct. Elaine Cox's fifteen-year-old bottom had been sadistically caned by the overseer. She knew that it would be. Yet in her defiance, she had deliberately incurred extra strokes of the bamboo. She was aggressive and ruffianly, certainly not refined enough to be a masochist! Yet Elaine Cox had deliberately excited the sadism of a man who was preparing to thrash her bare schoolgirl bottom with a prison cane. She had even given him the pretext for cruelty. There was much about her that I had yet to discover!

CHAPTER FIVE

ELAINE COX'S COMING OF AGE

Time has passed since the famous drama of justices night. Whether it was a matter of years, or months, or weeks, or days, I must leave you to judge. Discretion forbids my keeping too close a chronology in these pages. In any case, from the first to the last time that I saw Elaine Cox, years went by. It seems a short time now. So much happened when she was under my command that weeks went by and seemed like years. Though I thought of her still as a fifth-form tomboy and she still wore a uniform under reformatory regulations, she had exchanged school for life when she entered this place. I thought of this as her coming of age. The time that I must describe now was one when Elaine Cox no longer behaved nor really looked like a youngster in need of protection. Regardless of time, she had grown-up as an aggressive and assertive girl.

Those who now had her in their care had watched this process with some impatience. Unpalatable though it may be, the truth had better be told. There can be no harm now in revealing that a number of highly respected middle-aged gentlemen, benefactors of justice, had coveted Elaine Cox as a girl who richly deserved a spanking for her public misconduct since she was no more than twelve or thirteen years old. They did not have to seek her out to go after her. Elaine's rowdy and boisterous conduct in the street, between home and school, had been so blatant that they could scarcely avoid seeing it! She was the bully of younger girls and contemptuous towards her elders. Now that the young ruffian is no longer able to cause trouble for her betters, the facts may as well be acknowledged.

The sight of the youngster, already a loud and vulgar little bully, excited judicial fancies about her in the waking dreams of certain men who loved law and order. You can be sure that most of these gentlemen and the justices themselves regretted that Elaine Cox at first sight was not immediately consigned to their care so that they might have their evening with her in the punishment-vault. It seemed to them that, even from the first, she had a tomboy vulgarity and insolence which called for the taking down of her knickers and the application of bamboo to her bare bottom and thighs. Did they not have logic on their side? As a matter of moral example, one ought surely to chastise Elaine Cox's bare bottom for her tomboy impudence at twelve or thirteen as well as at fifteen. Indeed, a sound thrashing for every sign of Elaine's disobedience at an earlier age might have saved the necessity later on. Save the rod, as they say, and spoil the child.

I will admit that there are some who object. They protest that many willing disciplinarians would enjoy taking Elaine's knickers down and using the strap and the cane on her bare buttocks while she was still in white knee-socks. But this is pure cant. Because a disciplinarian finds satisfaction in chastising a ruffianly schoolgirl at that age, is she to escape punishment for her wilful misconduct? The notion is both absurd and immoral! If her bare-bottom chastisement had been long and hard she might have learnt her lesson before it was too late.

From the first, it seems, Elaine Cox had the look of a young adolescent ruffian. I had not so much as noticed her then. Those who had done so assured me later that the innocence of her school uniform seemed only to emphasise the defiance in the broad oval of her slum-child's face, framed by the lank fair hair combed from its central parting to lie loose upon her shoulders. She wore the familiar white blouse and the striped tie. A pair of white knee-socks covered her calves and shins. Any compunction which the disciplinarian might feel in dealing as he wished with her was removed at once by the sight of the manner in which Elaine wore her grey pleated skirt. The stretched white cotton of Elaine Cox's schoolgirl knickers hugged and moulded the sturdy shape of her young hips and bottom-cheeks. No man who was her master, either in the reformatory or elsewhere, would hesitate to have her put across the study sofa and tanned for her misbehaviour.

For the time being there was no more that could be done. But the older she grew, the more intense was the interest taken by the upholders of public decency. I assure you that I was not the only one to record Elaine Cox's scandalous appearance with a camera, using any kind of wall or door to provide cover. One of the justices, finding a convenient hole or aperture through which to aim the lens, would photograph Elaine as she passed, laughing and shouting among her friends. Often he would crouch down and aim for a view up her sturdy legs and under the little skirt! I am told by one who knows that he did not scruple to photograph her

through the letter-flap of his own front door when she passed that way! At length he possessed a private collection of fifty or a hundred photographs of Elaine Cox. They had all been taken surreptitiously while she was still able to elude the reformatory. He was determined to have a dossier of her slum-child appearance and conduct when the time came to judge her for some adolescent offence or other.

When the girl provoked such intensity among the justices, you may imagine how impatiently they longed to have her under their rule. For the time being they could only wait and hope. A man of true disciplinary resolve would like to begin as early as possible in dealing with such a girl as this one. However, they knew that a shouting and striding youngster of her kind would get into trouble sooner or later.

Most of Elaine's teachers—all the men and even some of the women—longed to be revenged upon the girl for her wilful disobedience. There was delight on the occasion when their senior summoned her to his room and administered the strap across the tight-fitting seat of Elaine Cox's cotton briefs. Afterwards, when she went privately to examine the state of her young backside, every chink and hole in the brick wall of the lean-to was occupied by the eye of one of the boys of her own age, eager for a glimpse of her in this state. I am assured that these peepholes in the wall were not the work of the lads themselves but of the justice who made such use of his camera to record her delinquencies.

Would it not have been better had the law consigned her to the reformatory by then at least? Left at large, she was a constant distraction to this man whose time should be spent serving his country in better ways. A little scrubber like Elaine Cox ought not to be permitted to cause this. Far better for the good of the nation had it placed her under his supervision so that he might have marched her to the study once or twice a week for bare-bottom smacking, examination, her tongue trained to silent obedience to his pleasure, and sometimes a good whipping across her bare backside to round off the session. Then he might put her from his mind for a while and return to his public duty unimpeded. One cannot doubt that such an arrangement would have been greatly preferable and far more in the community's interest.

The time passed until Elaine's big sister was brought before the bench of magistrates on the grounds of moral delinquency. Though this is not a crime by statute, it is part of the magistrates' duty to curb such open misconduct and to prescribe remedies for it. To put it plainly, in this case, Elaine's big sister had a swollen belly and no wedding-ring upon her finger. She went resentfully and demanded public charity. The duty of justice was plain, even if the law was uncertain. A time of training was proposed and agreed to improve the young wanton's morals for her. The nature of this was something that she did not discover until later.

After that, it was much easier to detain the younger sister. The justices were keen to do so. Apart from the public duty of punishing delinquency, there was a further enticement. When two sisters are held in the same reformatory, the justices may indulge in certain more efficacious forms of training and discipline. Certain ordeals may be more piquant when undergone by one sister in the presence of the other who is soon to share the same fate.

From the day she entered the reformatory, Elaine set herself up as bully of the other girls. To be sure, she was a rough and rowdy youngster who seemed made for such a role. It was part of Elaine's power over the others that she pretended complete indifference to the overseer and his punishments. She swore to her companions that he was a dirty old bastard who only liked punishing girls so that he could take their knickers down and give them a good feel. Even after she had been soundly caned, she would let it be known that it had not hurt her a bit. When she was sure none of the others had been within earshot, she would swear that she had not once cried out under the bamboo. They had caned her and caned her to make her yell. But she had not done so. Not she.

To the guardians who had charge of her, Elaine Cox presented a challenge to discipline and authority which could not be ignored. These worthy ladies and gentlemen claimed that all her punishments were intended to teach her a lesson in manners or obedience. Yet they knew quite well that they would probably never curb her insolence and vulgarity. Nor did they truly want to. I feel quite sure of that!

As for the puzzle of her defiance while the overseer caned her, that was more easily solved than I thought possible. On the following evening, you might have seen a curious gathering of the girls who were Elaine's age. They followed her into the tiled washroom, next to the room where several of these adolescent girls slept. The youngster dropped her skin, pulled her knickers down to her knees, and bent forward, supporting herself with her hands on the toilet-seat. She did not know, of course, that she was being watched through the

observation mirror.

Bending slightly forward, Elaine offered a bare view which was a triumph of reformatory discipline. The cheeks or her tomboy bottom were still rather swollen from the thrashing of the previous night. There were bruises light as mushroom-brown and others dark as oyster-blue. I suppose that a chastiser rarely has the chance to see the results of his zeal as fully as shown then by Elaine Cox to her cronies. Her sturdy bottom-cheeks and the rear of her robust young thighs were striped by slim imprints which ran from red fire to blueberry in their tones.

The other girls gazed upon this spectacle. One or two questioned her timidly. I did not catch their words but I heard Elaine's answers. Tossing back her lank hair, she twisted her face round and assured them that she had hardly felt the thrashing. It was a flea-bite. No more. The dirty old bastards had tried to make her count the strokes. Sticking her young arse right out at them to do it more derisively, Elaine Cox had farted in the faces of the pathetic old men. She assured Elizabeth McMillan and the other girls of this. Then she had told the entire bench of justices to fuck themselves before she would call for a single stroke. They had taken turns to cane her until they were too exhausted to continue and still she had refused to ask them to punish her.

They stared at the sight she presented, a tapestry that would take a week or two to fade. No other girl among them had the fortitude to ask for extra punishment by her defiance as Elaine had done. I could not imagine Sharon, or Louise, or young Jane even daring to think of it without a shudder. Even young married women like Susan Underwood and Jacqueline Grant, who had had many a lusty and playful bottom-smack from their husbands during bedroom games, would have dreaded the consequences of inviting the sadistic overseer to do his worst. So here was the explanation of it all! What, after all, inspires a woman to accept pain and even humiliation for her own satisfaction? Surely it is vanity and pride—the hope of power over others. The extra punishment which Elaine received must have seemed to her a price worth paying so that she should remain bully of the reformatory, the unofficial ruler of the place.

As all this became clear to me, I began to understand a good deal about the nature of the adolescent female! And there also occurred to me once again a thought about Elaine herself. She would take any school or reformatory punishment rather than complain of it. I will speak bluntly and confess that I found her a challenging youngster in that respect. I now began to imagine situations in which I should have to deal with her myself. Why is it, when there are graceful young nymphs like Tracey Hope or Elizabeth McMillan to be had, that one yearns for the stronger pleasures of an impudent tomboy like Elaine Cox?

Do not think me blind to beauty. I had designs upon Tracey as well! Yet in my waking dreams, I imagined more powerfully than ever some scene or other in which I dealt with Elaine alone in the study or punished her ingeniously in the tiled closet. There was still no occasion, of course, to translate such imaginings into reality. Yet I now put caution aside. I felt safe in my new position. I began to look for the pretext for dealing with Elaine Cox as I had longed to since she first began to flaunt herself on the way home every afternoon.

As the weeks of that mellow autumn passed, it seemed that my reputation grew with the justices as it declined with the girls themselves. I felt sure that the little bitches regarded me as weak and easy—a man with whom they could do as they wished. Elizabeth showed her scorn openly when I watched her at work. Elaine herself strode past me with a contemptuous toss of her lank fair hair.

My chance came at a time when I least expected it. Nothing was further from my mind. It was a day after I had given orders to the senior matron that the flower-beds in the courtyard should be cleared and made ready for the next year's planting. It was the custom for a group of girls from one of the classes to spend a few hours doing it by hand. I thought it was hardly a situation from which romance or passion might grow. However, Elaine Cox and her classmates were to be put to this labour on the following morning.

Looking back on the events of that day, I suspect that the matrons of the reformatory conspired to excite my interest in Elaine. Had they known my thoughts about the girl, they would have found it easier to inflame them than they supposed. But I think they were determined to put temptation in my way so that the youngster would pay a heavy price for the rebellion and insolence which she had shown towards these guardians. I cannot prove to you that I was innocent of any part in their plan, but I assure you it was so. Let me come to the events of that fateful day.

CHAPTER SIX

ELAINE COX: A TOMBOY IN TIGHT TROUSERS

During the months when I was director of the reformatory, it was my habit to deal with the business of the day by sitting at a table in the window of my study. As a rule, I spent an hour sitting there during the morning, reading letters and considering requests from the staff that one girl or another should be dealt with in some way. The room was on the ground floor and looked out immediately on the pleasant flower-beds and lawns of the courtyard. The first of these flower-beds was no more than four feet in front of me as I sat at the window-table and studied my papers. On the morning of which I write, I noticed that the girls had been allotted various gardening tasks. For the moment I thought nothing of that. It was in accordance with the instructions I had given the matrons. As for the girls themselves, if my eyes strayed at all to begin with, they alighted on Antoinette Hope or Lena Tyndall, who had the best claims to a man's attention.

It was usual on these occasions that the girls should discard their skirts in favour of jeans or working-trousers. I noticed that Elaine Cox had been detailed to the flowerbed immediately outside my window. I thought that this had been done deliberately by one of the mistresses to see if the little scrubber would try to play me up. As for Elaine, no doubt an insolent youngster of her sort would want to discover whether a man was green and treat him accordingly.

Elaine stood there in her usual attitude of contempt for her guardians. The lank fair hair was worn plain and straight from its central parting, in her customary manner, so that it lay loose on her shoulders and framed the broad oval of her impudent face. Her eyes were narrowed and her thin lips pressed tight.

One of the reformatory matrons ordered her to bend over and begin weeding the flower-bed immediately outside my window. With a toss of her lank fair hair, the youngster stooped grudgingly to her task. My desk was in the bay of the window. As I sat at it, I watched the girl from no more than four feet behind her. As she bent over, the cheeks of Elaine Cox's bottom were fuller and broadened more provocatively still under the thin smooth cloth of her trouser-seat.

To have Elaine Cox bending over like this immediately in front of me made it impossible to attend to my paperwork. I knew that I should pass the whole morning earnestly studying the full-cheeked young backside of this impudent tomboy! When they ordered her to bend over still further and weed the flower-bed, the posture made the cheeks of Elaine Cox's bottom temptingly bigger and fatter. I enjoyed seeing this, for it made her look like the bullying and sluttish girl that she was. The rear-cheek movements of her smoothly tightened trouser-seat as she stooped and shifted, straining the blue-grey cloth this way and that, entranced me completely. By admitting that, I confess what most men would feel but might not care to acknowledge.

Free from the need to conceal my interest, I leant forward and studied Elaine's behind as she bent. Elaine Cox still had the bottom of a fifth-form schoolgirl but of the sturdier sort. When she bent over a little more, her behind had a decidedly womanly fullness. But seeing her as I did at that moment, I feel sure most young beauties would have thought a rear view like Elaine Cox's too vulgarly robust for elegance! I watched Elaine's young arse as she bent more fully and then as she turned it a little this way and that in her labours.

Elaine Cox's bottom-crack was nicely indicated by the tight seat of the smooth lavender cloth. I liked to see how the full mounds of her bum-cheeks curved in together and how the cheeks sloped round to the flanks of her hips. I enjoyed the slight tensings and shiftings of the youngster's broadened buttocks as she reached this way and that in bending to pull the weeds. As I watched her in such a posture, knowing her character, it was only natural that my thoughts were occupied with plans for punishing her. The normal rule is that a girl may receive the spanking-strap on her bare bottom. After a while she may be birched. On her fifteenth birthday she becomes liable to the prison cane across her bare buttocks. This is augmented when she is eighteen. Then she is treated as a grown woman who may receive the pony-lash or the leather switch.

I did not yet know what fault I should find with her, but I was determined that I must use the reformatory cane across Elaine Cox's behind that afternoon.

As I studied her, I knew I should want to use the bamboo across Elaine Cox's bare bottom. There are those who would have caned her bottom through her thin trousers as she bent or else across the stretched white

briefs of Elaine's knickers. But I did not consider that at all satisfactory as I studied her. She was going to get it anyway. There could be no objection in that case to Elaine Cox's backside being bare. It would enforce the moral of the punishment-lesson for her to feel herself bare-bottomed. Moreover, I did not wish Elaine Cox's underpants or trousers to spoil the effect. I truly wanted Elaine to feel the ferocity of the naked smart of bamboo across her bare adolescent buttocks.

You must remember that for some time I had witnessed the contemptuous toss of her lank fair hair, the snub-nosed insolence in the broad oval of her slum-child face. I had endured her shouting impudent manner. I had thought long before this that in dealing with a sturdy ruffianly girl of fifteen a punishment is not a punishment if she can bear it. I intended to inflict upon her a discipline whose anguish would be far beyond the ability of Elaine Cox's young arse to contain. I had badly wanted to teach her a lesson in manners with the whip even earlier. Had I possessed the authority, I would have done it. It seemed to me that a girl's character rather than her age should determine whether or not she felt the stable-lash across her bare bottom. Technically, I must wait until another year and another birthday. But I knew I should use the snakeskin lash across the bare tomboy cheeks of Elaine Cox's bottom before then! I therefore had no further compunction about it.

You may be sure that Elaine sensed my interest in a moment more, for I moved my head so that she should see I was surveying her young backside with a certain intent vindictiveness. Again and again, she tossed the lank fair hair clear and glanced back at me. The insolence and contempt in her tightened lips and narrowed eyes was plain. But the master of such girls as Elaine and her big sister Pauline finds added pleasure in this. It is good to show a girl of Elaine Cox's sort that one is having a good look at her tomboy bottom-cheeks as she bends—without hypocrisy—showing that one wishes to intrude and pry without permitting her any privacy. I leant forward to make a keener study of her broadened and fattened rear cheeks as the tight smoothness of her trouser-seat presented them while she bent over to her weeding.

She shook her hair clear and glanced back again at me. In order to show more plainly what my interest was, I let the youngster see me lean forward a little more and make a blatantly lewd inspection of her rear cheek-swell and her robust young thighs. I wanted her to watch me as I did it. And once again I resolved that I was going to thrash Elaine's bare buttocks with the cane that afternoon on some pretext or other. I cannot tell you how my heart pounded with excitement at that thought.

There are some readers who may protest at such injustice. But I make no apology. A youngster like Elaine has an adolescent vulgarity throughout her teens which makes it enjoyable to whip her bare bottom for her defiance. As I indicated at the start, before twenty years old this erotic appeal of an insolent schoolgirl would turn to the drabness of a fattened slut with a squalling crowd of brats at her apron strings. Harem masters do not permit such things and take a course that severe gentlemen suggested with Janet Bond and young women of her sort. Here we are more civilised than the barbarous East and order things otherwise. However, it was surely wise that Elaine should be well disciplined while she could still offer satisfaction to her chastisers.

Elaine responded to my examination of her by ignoring her work and staring back at me disdainfully as she bent. One of the matrons reprimanded her sharply. Resentfully, the youngster began to pull the fledgling weeds. I endeavoured to read the papers on my table. But I could think only that there is a pony-lash kept in the stable, a short tail of woven snakeskin. I imagined myself using it on the bare backside of this fifth-form pupil. One does not always feel bound by rules in such a blatant case as this. I looked up and saw confronting me the same vulgarly fattened cheeks of Elaine Cox's arse a few feet before my face. The image of the pony-lash recurred to me. I would not have scrupled to use it on her bare buttocks at once.

As I leant forward again and studied the view which the little scrubber was offering me, she showed deliberate defiance. She bent to her task—but her hands were idle. I was a milksop, she thought, and so she was treating me with contempt for it! I had done nothing worse than touch her up with my lips. I had demeaned myself so far as to kiss Elaine Cox's arse and this, I could see, filled her with sardonic disdain. Neither Elaine nor her big sister was shy of being lewd and vulgar. She had no shame in such matters herself. At the moment, Elaine knew I was eagerly admiring her adolescent behind in its tight trouser-seat. But she did not straighten up with ladylike dismay. Indeed, she was now exaggerating a little the swell of her sturdy schoolgirl bottom-cheeks in the smooth blue-grey cloth as she bent over in idleness.

Elaine is the sort of girl who would defy and torment her teachers. There was no mistaking that she now

showed her broadened buttocks with contempt and derision. It was as if Elaine Cox was tauntingly inviting me to kiss her arse again, in the belief that I would grow warm with shame at the memory of my earlier indiscretion. How she misjudged me! I found her rear view an irresistible challenge! She cannot have realised how this view of her adolescent backside hardened my resolve. My heart pounded as I opened the window and called the matron in charge. As the woman came across, the blood thundered in my head. Even if I were shot for it, I knew what I must do now. So I informed this burly guardian that I should want Elaine Cox brought to the punishment-room after lunch, at two o'clock, and that I should require several proper prison canes from the boys' reformatory.

The adolescent impudence in the broad oval of Elaine Cox's snub-nosed face faltered. She bent over to her work again. I was an unknown quantity to the girl. To be sure I would cane her. But I might be green enough to recoil at the first scream, or I might give her light strokes which she would scorn and boast about to her cronies. Or I might thrash her sadistically. She did not yet know. For all her bravado, I could see that her teeth pulled at her lower lip from time to time in a nervous and involuntary manner that she has. Yet from time to time, she would still toss back her lank hair as she worked and give me a defiant glance. I could afford to respond with a knowing smile, assuring the girl of how much I was going to enjoy myself with her in another hour or two. There was still impudence in her. But I had never caned her before. And that made the youngster uneasy.

I kept Elaine working at her weeding in such a manner that she was obliged to remain bending in her big-bottomed posture and the lavender trouser-seat was smooth and tight over her strapping young schoolgirl buttocks. Any man might enjoy watching this rear view of her closely and intently, as she worked. But I had good reason now. I was examining a view that must be offered bare to the punishment cane presently. The rounding and shifting of Elaine Cox's backside as she stooped and tensed, her bum-cheeks well broadened and stretched apart, held my attention so completely that I scarcely looked away from her skin-tight trouser-seat until the garden labours were almost over.

Then I opened the window a little so that I might speak loudly enough for her to hear but without the risk of my words carrying to the matrons, or to Elaine's elder sister and the other girls.

You'll change into your skirt and your proper uniform after this, Elaine. Make sure you put on a pair of clean knickers. You'll be showing them to several people this afternoon. And you'll be taking them down for the bamboo across your bare bottom, Elaine Cox. I'm going to strap you down for it, Elaine. You'll be better like that. You've been asking for a hard time all morning and, believe me, you're going to get it! I've heard all your promises about being a good girl, bending over properly and keeping your hands away from your backside. The way I'm going to tan you, you wouldn't be able to keep still or keep your hands from covering your arse. Ever heard about the reformatory master who made Judith Terry's whipping last all afternoon? Ever wondered what it would be like, Elaine, to be strapped down and get it like that? You'll find out today! Another hour's weeding first. Bend over properly and get on with it. Another hour for you to think about your discipline and get really in the mood, Elaine!

The words, as I record them, tell something of my erratic and compulsive thoughts just then.

I sat alone in my study after the girls had finished their weeding and I waited impatiently for two o'clock to come. By way of preparation I discarded my jacket and rolled up my sleeves. I also changed into a pair of tighter trousers whose fit was so close at the front that a mere glance would show that their wearer was a well-endowed man. I thought that my manhood would be bigger and harder when dealing with Elaine and I wanted the youngster to see it while she was caned. I had always thought it an error for those who inflict the discipline to appear crestfallen and reluctant while tanning a rebellious adolescent girl of her sort. I believed the moral of the punishment would be better enforced by showing Elaine Cox that I was excited at having an excuse to thrash her and that I greatly enjoyed doing it to her. She would know better than to hope for leniency next time.

CHAPTER SEVEN

ELAINE COX BOTTOM-UPWARDS

The scene of retribution on these occasions is always the same. It is that tall brick outbuilding set apart from the main accommodation so that punishments may be given without the danger of eavesdropping or keyhole peeps. It contains the large stone-flagged room with small windows securely barred and set almost at the top of the high whitewashed walls. To increase the brightness, we always light the rows of gas-jets in their iron brackets along each wall. This gives a harsh but brilliant illumination to the scene. The sole disadvantage is that the rear wall adjoins the neighbouring institution for delinquent boys in Elaine's class. Though they themselves are whipped for the transgression if caught, some of these young scamps will shin up and peep down from the rear windows to enjoy the sight of the girls under discipline.

There is the birching-block and the high stool. We also have a heavy sofa in there, adapted for these more private occasions. It is covered in black buttoned leather and has a tall padded scroll at one end. The broad restraining straps, riveted strongly to its thick frame, are not such as most sofas could boast. On entering, the chastiser who uses this sofa will make the girl kneel up at one end of it, lying lightly forward over the padded scroll with her arms drawn down the far side.

Ten feet to the side of this, the tall stool is bolted to the flagstones. It is used when the chastiser merely requires the girl to bend over it in the common way. This is well suited to willowy nymphs of sixteen with veils of silken hair, like Tracey Hope or Angela Irvine. To the other side is another informal support for a young woman being chastised. It is a heavy kitchen-table of scrubbed pine, six feet long. This is often used when the discipline is severe and the subject is a mature young woman of twenty-five or even thirty and more, not infrequently a wayward wife. She lies fastened face-down with the leather bolster under her loins to raise and broaden the swell of her bare buttocks. One might, for example, use the pony lash on the rather full and heavy bottom-cheeks of Susan Underwood or Janet Bond. The intended discipline is so prolonged that their own legs would not support them by the conclusion. I soon saw the truth of it, after dinner the following evening. Trish with her coquettish womanly looks at thirty, her stylish boy-crop of dark curls, her narrow waist and swelling bottom-cheeks was the seductive whip-marked burden which the table bore by midnight.

On the present occasion, it was just before two o'clock when three of the most burly females brought Elaine Cox to the room. You may be sure she affected contemptuous indifference, striding bare-thighed in her short pleated skirt, tossing her lank fair hair and shouting as usual to several cronies that she would see them after the show. The matrons seemed resolved to check that at once.

Those who constructed the place had the foresight to add a small room at one side with the usual pedestal and handbasin. At the matrons' suggestion, two of them led Elaine in there and closed the door so that she might hear what went on in the main room but could not see it. The third matron explained that she had a small account to settle with the elder Cox sister, Pauline. She was duly brought, a plump and rather slatternly girl of eighteen with a roundish face and fair hair drawn back and worn in a collar-length tail.

The matron ordered Pauline to shed her skirt, which she did most unwillingly, and then to bend over the tall stool. Her wrists were secured and the tight briefs of Pauline's knickers were drawn down to her knees. I watched closely, not missing the chance to become acquainted with the comparative anatomy of two bare female bottoms in the same family. The matron took the short lash and disciplined the fat cheeks of Pauline Cox's bare backside with great agility. The whip smacked and curled and cut for a minute or two, quite enough for Pauline Cox's screams to rise shrill and clear. Through them I heard a cry or rather a bellow of fury from the younger sister beyond the door. The matron finished and unfastened the culprit.

Pull your knickers up, Pauline Cox, and put your skirt on, the matron said, removing any doubt in Elaine's mind as to the identity of the whipped delinquent. Pauline obeyed and was led slowly away. But the result of this was to fire Elaine's fury at all of us.

The three of them marched her into the room, while the girl began to struggle and curse. Fortunately they were a match for her but it was clear that she would cause havoc unless firmly strapped down. Its makers had devised a sofa well-equipped for this purpose. The three matrons hoisted the struggling youngster on to its

buttoned leather and forced her to kneel forward over the padded scroll at the end. Two of them held her in this position. The other matron drew her arms down at full stretch and strapped her wrists firmly to the base of the heavy sofa-legs. Now she might curse and squirm to her heart's content, but she would not easily break free from the broad black straps.

I ordered that a second pair of straps should secure her upper arms, just above her elbows, to the fastenings of the frame. A stout belt round her waist pinned her down tightly on her belly over the scroll. When this was done, I thanked the burly ladies and they left me alone with the ruffianly girl.

My heart pounded harder still and my hands trembled a little. I could not believe that I was about to do such things as I had in mind. You may be sure that Elaine, drawn forward over the heavy scroll by the straps, tossed back her spilling hair and turned the thin mouth and narrowed eyes of her slum-child's face upon me. The mouth was tight with fury. The dark eyes with their fleck of green were narrowed with contempt.

It was delightful to have Elaine dressed ready for school discipline in the white blouse, striped tie, and the little skirt of pleated grey which was really too small for her. As she lay forward on her young belly over the scroll, the rear hem of the skirt was pulled higher still. Her robust pale thighs were quite bare. I met her anger again with a smile.

Feeling ready to be caned yet, Elaine Cox? No? We'll see if you get more in the mood when your bottom is bare. Let's take your little skirt off first. Such a very short skirt for a big girl!

My hands fumbled at the waist as I undid it and drew it from her. Now I had this squirming tomboy in her underpants. The elastic tightness of her white uniform knickers shaped the full swell of Elaine Cox's backside, broadened and fattened by her posture. She had struggled hard in the grip of the matrons. This had caused the elastic hem of her briefs to ride up to one side, laying bare a pale fattened crescent on the lower curve of that bottom-cheek! It was delightful to see her in this state of disordered undress. Though she was one of the bigger girls, it gave Elaine a suggestion of adolescent slovenliness, which was true to her character.

I greatly enjoyed undressing her. I took the tail of her uniform blouse and tucked it well up under the waist-strap. The matrons had kept her standing in a corner and had allowed no leave of absence to change her briefs. Elaine Cox's schoolgirl knickers were a relic of the days before her arrival at the reformatory and, by her tensing, I think she was a little self-conscious about this. I concede that it is far the best thing to punish a rebellious teenage girl of her sort in this manner, not giving her a chance to prepare. By all means let her feel uneasy at the blemishes she may reveal as she presents the seat of her knickers, tight and full, and then her rear view complete and bare! Chuckling at her, I took the waistband of her underpants. Then I stripped them down and off. I laid them on the little table at one side for her to see. The youngster had reason to be a trifle self-conscious now. A little treatment of this kind was necessary to enforce the punishment-lesson of such a vulgar and rebellious tomboy. By showing Elaine Cox's schoolgirl knickers to their owner in this way, jokingly chiding her over this and that, it was possible to compound her dismay.

I put them on the table and walked round behind her. She tossed her lank hair clear and twisted her impudent face round, while I studied the swelling pallor of her bare rear cheeks. As any pedagogue might have done, I sat down on the sofa just behind her and inspected this profoundly exciting rear view of her sturdy charms. Prudently, I strapped her legs together just above her knees and pinioned her ankles. There was time to fondle the slight heaviness of her pale adolescent thighs. She gasped and cursed but I teased her in response.

I need to have you held properly, Elaine Cox. A girl with a big fifth-form bottom like yours and sturdy young thighs has to be kept in place. Presently I shall use the bamboo across your bare bottom, Elaine. I'm going to enjoy it and I'm sure I shall have to unbutton myself and show you the proof of my pleasure while I thrash you. My only regret is that I didn't have the chance to begin with you long before this.

Now I stood in front of her again. I was already bursting in the tightness of my suiting and obliged to unbutton in front of her, manhood fully armed. I smiled at her tight-lipped and narrow-eyed fury as she shook her lank fair hair into place again.

Have a good look at it, Elaine! I think it's the first time you've been shown one by a man instead of your boy-friends! A big-bottomed girl of your sort has to feel it behind her before she gets the bamboo, Elaine!

No! Her refusal was part gasp and part a cry. I heard the sofa-frame creak as she pulled vainly at her steps.

What a pleasure it was to hear the young ruffian pleading! I chuckled at this change in her tone.

Bottom-upwards over the sofa-scroll, Elaine Cox! Right over it! Tighter than that! Right over, so that your young backside looks as if it's really asking for it!

I smiled as I was confronted by the fattish adolescent pallor of Elaine's broadened buttocks. I gave her a sounding smack on the nearer cheek of her bare backside and then another lusty smack on the same one. The impact of my hand stung her enough to make her squirm and curse me in the foulest language imaginable. Even this was gratifying, in my present mood, and I avenged the insults by a little teasing.

You'll get a whipping with the bamboo afterwards, Elaine Cox. Your bottom must feel something big to begin with. Kneel right forward, Elaine. I'm sure you can enjoy it if you want to.

I tell you the whole truth of my obsession with this girl. If you would have such things described in another way, you must turn to the writers of fiction and romance. I am not of their tribe.

Imagine, then, the scene in that room, the lamps shining brightly on the bare pallor of her sturdy hips, thighs, and rear cheeks. The other girls and the matrons were out of earshot. I had no need to hurry my pleasures. I was master and my power was absolute. A punishment-lesson is always a long affair. I could keep Elaine kneeling over the leather scroll for the rest of the afternoon, all the evening, and long into the night, if I chose.

I sat down on the sofa just behind her and gave my close attention to Elaine Cox's rear anatomy, her robust young thighs, and all that could be glimpsed between them. My fingers and my lips, even my tongue, were busy upon her rear aspect. It was a little after two o'clock in the afternoon when I sat down. I fondled and fiddled with her, reminding her humorously from time to time that this was the prelude to an ample pressing of warm gruel, with which I was going to nourish her insolent young backside. All this time she craned round at me, shaking the hair clear of her face at intervals, as if trying to watch me as I played with her. At first she swore at me and clenched her teeth but at length seemed to resign herself to what was going to happen.

I handled the full pallor of Elaine Cox's bottom-cheeks, parting them and prying into the rude rear valley between them. I ran my hands over her smooth bare thighs and pressed their softness apart to examine the intimate feminine flesh which they concealed. Having coaxed and kissed these warm folds, I allowed her firmly-strapped legs to close over it again. My lips touched the pale mounds of her broad young buttocks and browsed upon them. A dozen times I paused and gave her a vigorous smack on one of her bum-cheeks to relieve my feelings.

My attention wandered to the heavy pallor of her young thighs, then to her broadened young backside once more. I parted its cheeks and enjoyed a long close inspection of the tightly-closed little blow-hole between them. Elaine uttered a sound of rejection in her throat and flinched as I applied a series of pouting kisses. Ignoring such protests, I rewarded her adolescent vulgarity with my own, settling down and applying my lips to her there in a long series of suggestive nuzzling kisses while her bottom-cheeks brushed my face as she tensed and squirmed. I was intrigued and delighted to find that even an insolent slum-girl like Elaine can be inspired with outrage and disgust when a man forces her to undergo such a form of attention as this!

I drew away from her at last and stood up. To my astonishment, it was now well after three o'clock. I had been busy with her for more than an hour! She watched me over her shoulder as I opened the vaseline jar and then touched and spread the unguent between her buttocks. As if in panic, her bare rear cheeks surged and squirmed unavailingly.

To curb this resistance, I smacked her broad young backside hard and repeatedly for a minute or two. It was not a severe discipline but the slaps on her bare hind cheeks made the echoes ring crisp and clear. She was squirming and panting by the time I finished. While she was still writhing from the last smack, I knelt behind her, pulling the tail of her white uniform blouse higher still so that I could look down and see what I was doing to her. The hammerhead knocked for admission at the tight rear portal.

Lie right over the scroll, Elaine Cox!

There were protests and a brief moment of shrillness. But my own determination was stronger than the power of her to resist. There was a mutinous tightening of her rear bud, which must not be tolerated. With a resolute thrust I felt the most delicious tightness entrap my swelling manhood. At once I pressed to the hilt and heard the sudden alarm in her exclamations. I made my triumphal ride with a steady rhythm—from time to time pausing, not wishing such enjoyment to be over too quickly. A girl with a tomboy bottom like Elaine

Cox's seemed well able to take it. Once she was getting it, nature taught her that the best thing was to lie forward over the scroll and lie still, for fear of causing havoc by struggling on the tool. From time to time, when it went deep, she caught her breath, as if she sensed it all the way to her belly button. I smiled at her in the mirror.

Does it feel very big there, Elaine? I think it does. Much bigger than your boy-friends in the usual place. You need a little regular training, Elaine. Lie more tightly forward over the scroll. I want you to feel it more deeply.

It was almost half an hour before I felt I could be denied no longer.

I could not endure to set down on paper the wild folly which I heard myself cry out in my ecstasy. You may be sure I gasped out to her Elaine!... Elaine!... Elaine, darling... Elaine!... Tighter on it, Elaine! and also Your bottom, Elaine Cox!... Your bottom, Elaine... You shall have plenty of this for the future!... Bottom-upwards over the scroll, Elaine Cox! For I was quite out of my senses as I discharged my sperm, determined only that it should be in the very depths of her young backside. The creaking of the sofa became erratic as the release began. I heard and felt the first strong jet in Elaine Cox's bottom. There was another at random. Then in a steady sequence the storm broke in her behind.

Slowly, very slowly indeed, there dawned upon me the horror of what I had done and the penalties attaching to such an offense if it should ever come to court. I was not sure but I believed that the phrase penal servitude for life might be uttered in a case of this kind. Like a man of sense I had discharged the salvo of passion on hot infertile ground to avoid the scandal of a swollen belly. Alas, the law allows no credit for such discretion! At first, however, I was still too far gone in excitement even to consider such a thing.

With cautious squeezings, the youngster expelled the deflated serpent, whose fleshy bulk had provoked such unladylike feelings in her behind. It lolled across her bare seat and left a snail-trail of expiring passion upon the pale cheeks of Elaine Cox's tomboy backside.

Almost two hours had passed since she was put over the sofa. It was time to pick up the supple cane with which she was to receive the first taste of her punishment.

Now I must discipline you, Elaine, I said. You shall have the cane first of all. Then I'll leave you over the scroll for an hour. After that you'll get a bare-bottomed lesson with a pony-lash. I'll teach you manners, Elaine Cox! I'll have obedience from you! You shall have another afternoon lesson in a few weeks' time. It shall be a double one.

Though she had twisted the broad oval of her impudent young face round, the resentment in Elaine's thin mouth and narrowed eyes seemed to falter, for she guessed my meaning.

The sofa padding is wide enough, Elaine. You and your big sister shall be over it side by side. Your bare flanks will be pressed together and you shall feel each other squirm under discipline. I'll have such obedience from the pair of you before I finish! Imagine the commands you shall be given!

The tail of her white blouse had slipped down a little. I tucked it up and flexed the cane.

I composed myself, obliging her to wait with the shining dew of passion giving a most suggestive look to the fullness of Elaine's pale bottom-cheeks. Fortunately, her discarded briefs of white cotton make an excellent mop when pressed to a wad and decency was soon restored again. It was by no means too soon. I heard the first tell-tale scrape of a boot against the brickwork on the outside of the rear wall. High in that wall, dividing my own domain from the establishment where delinquent lads were confined, was the row of small barred windows. Imagine a dozen young scamps of Elaine's age who knew what was going on in that room. At the risk of being thrashed themselves, they shinned up to perch on the ledge, looking down on the view she offered.

Not every culprit shows such indignation at being spied on by the lads during these sessions. The older delinquents, young women of twenty-five or thirty whom we position bottom-upwards on the table, betray a certain excitement at being watched by such boys. I observed it in Valerie Nicoll and in Janet Bond but I do not think they would admit it for the world.

I pretended not to hear the furtive movement outside the windows. There were half a dozen apertures. The next time Elaine tossed back her lank fair hair and craned round at me, the insolence and contempt in her narrowed eyes faltered. Her glance round showed her the grinning faces high in the wall behind her. It was a salutary lesson for her. As I thought on the justices' night, the lads were allowed no other access to her and

had no need to indulge in the pretence of courtship. They caught Elaine's eye, grinning at her as if to assure her how greatly they would enjoy watching her given a lesson in discipline. Each of them showed her his fine young manhood as he began to work it with excitement at her present state.

There is an art in applying the bamboo to a sturdy youngster of this kind. I tried to copy the example of the overseer. Without any preliminary, I brought the light swishy cane down hard as I could, aiming low. The pale cheek-swell of such an adolescent girl's bottom is a fine target. I caught Elaine Cox beautifully, not an inch above the light flesh-crease dividing her seat-cheeks and upper thighs. Her gasp rose to a short cry as the smart of the impact swelled.

Lie tighter over the scroll, Elaine Cox!

To my satisfaction, the second smack of the cane caught the youngster just where the first had done, low down on the cheeks of her behind. I had never used the implement before and was gratified to hear the bamboo sing out sharp as the crack of a ringmaster's whip, low across the pale fatness of Elaine Cox's buttocks. The girl's lank fair hair swept upon her shoulders as she turned her snub-nosed face. I guessed those two swelling and burning imprints of the bamboo must be smarting dreadfully across her bare schoolgirl bum-cheeks.

Elaine was gnawing compulsively at her lower lip as she waited for the next one. Her narrowed dark eyes with their fleck of green betrayed the first sign of dismay. She looked at the cane in my hand and then with alarm and shocked fascination at the stiffer uprightness of unbuttoned manhood. Many a teacher who thrashed her in this manner might find satisfaction in showing Elaine Cox the stiffness of his resolve as he did so. Since her knickers were taken down and she showed herself bare, what greater scandal could there be in the man unbuttoning and parading himself in front of her while he carried out the discipline? She looked and gnawed anxiously at her lower lip. I could see her hands clenching into desperate fists and her rear cheeks shifting and tensing.

I touched the cane lightly and teasingly to the first stripes already inflicted.

I shall begin your punishment presently, Elaine. First you must have a taste of the bamboo to put you in a more responsive mood for chastisement. Twelve strokes to prepare you!

There was a gasp of dismay and a yell of protest which ended in a cry as the bamboo whistled and smacked down. She had six across that lower curve of her behind and it became necessary to chide her shrillness.

Come now, Elaine! I'm sure that didn't hurt in the least! Why, you told the others that the caning on justices' night was only a fleabite for a big girl like you. I heard you say so. Did you think no one was listening then?

She had thought me a milksop, I suppose. Now there was a frantic look of realisation in her eyes.

The backs of those bare tomboy thighs, Elaine! You're not a junior girl any longer. You must expect some attention high on the backs of your legs. Quite still for it, Elaine.

I gave her four and I thought she would burst my eardrums by way of retaliation.

You promised the other girls that on justices' night you stuck your young arse right out, Elaine Cox, and farted in the faces of the magistrates to defy them. Have I conquered your insolence so easily? Do you want to behave rudely like that with me now and earn six extra strokes for it? No? Not in the mood to be a rude girl any more, Elaine?

The face she turned showed a downward howling mouth and eyes brimming over. I touched the cane aslant her squirming buttocks and gave her six vigorous smacks, this way and that. The full bare cheeks of Elaine Cox's bottom now surged and writhed so far as her straps permitted, like the rear view of a belly-dancer.

In the mood for your tanning now, Elaine?

There was another wild protest and one heard the squeak of strained leather as she squirmed unavailingly in her straps. In imitation of the overseer, I caned low, then aslant, and then upon the crowns of her rear cheeks. By the time it was over, you would think that it was a chastened and tearful junior nymph over the sofa scroll and not a loud bullying hoyden of fifteen.

As I promised, I then made her wait over the scroll for an hour. However, I placed the short pony-lash of woven snakeskin where she could see it. By a strict interpretation of the rules, she was not yet eligible to receive it. However, such a girl as Elaine may safely be excepted from these provisions. During much of that hour, I perched on the sofa behind her and closely surveyed my handiwork, inflicted with the bamboo.

I was so engrossed with the youngster that the hour seemed to pass in no time at all. I adjusted the strap round her waist so that Elaine was held more tightly forward over the padded scroll and her hind cheeks drawn apart somewhat more. Obligated to offer her rear view so completely, she was quite desperate when I picked up the short lash of woven snakeskin.

It must be a matter of debate whether strapping such a girl down is either beneficial or necessary. However, it would have been impossible to make Elaine Cox submit by any other means to what she was going to get now. Even had she been properly reduced to obedience, there would have been a difficulty. I wished her to be right over the scroll, so that the cheeks of her young backside were broadened and parted for her chastisement by the lash. She could not possibly have endured it unless firmly held down.

When the hour was over, I returned to my duty. Even now it would be indiscreet of me to give a description of the half hour which followed. The design of the pony-whip was such that it was calculated to bring the most rebellious filly to obedience with half a dozen strokes. Elaine was able to take twenty-four, though it was I who decided that she was able to bear them, not she. Each time, the black snake of lash cracked in the air and landed with a smack that made the walls sing. It was impossible to prevent the fine tail at the tip of the lash finding its way between the inward slopes. Nor did one wish to do so. The result was to teach her a lesson she would remember always. The whip also teased low down where the bamboo prints were raised and throbbing tenderly. The results of this are better imagined than described!

I fortified her as necessary, for I believe the tanning went on beyond the allotted number somewhat. It will not surprise you that a little scrubber like Elaine Cox showed every kind of rudeness while her backside was under the whip. I did not allow this to interrupt the thrashing. Indeed, it was exciting to see her driven to such desperation. By the time I and the matrons had finished with her, there would still be time before dinner for this boisterous fifth-year girl to polish a blemish or two that she had made on the buttoned leather of the sofa. A little humble pie is the best diet in the world for a sturdy and defiant youngster like Elaine.

When such a girl has been guilty of misconduct, it is a rule that she is left fastened over the frame supporting her until dinner-time that evening, which was then about three hours away. The intention is that she is made to reflect upon her insolence and her behavior. To assist her in this, the chastiser ensures that the youngster continues to feel the smart of her punishment keenly during those hours. We keep a jar of salted kitchen-fat in that room. I do not deny that the crimson-blushing cheeks of Elaine Cox's bottom were already sore enough to make her squirm. But I dug out the slippery compound with a finger and spread its salty harshness over her. Elaine's big-cheeked teenage bottom was soon blushing a brighter red and sleek with grease. The heavily salted fat stung like fire on her young backside after such a tanning. She jammed her knees hard together, tensed her thighs and buttocks, struggling to contain the throbbing tenderness.

You'll kneel like that, Elaine, until Mrs. Brace comes at seven o'clock.

She shook her hair clear and turned the broad oval of her face, her eyes still narrowed and mouth tight despite her punishment-lesson. I left the building and locked the door. But there is a little spy hole with a locking cover, to which the director alone has a key. It is his privilege to spy without ever being spied upon! I opened it and observed her secretly. She continued to squirm her hips and loose her rear cheeks as far as she could, holding her breath and releasing it in frantic gasps as she endured the smarting fat. She was not alone for long.

On a warm afternoon, one cannot avoid the bluebottle blow-flies getting in through the little windows. As Elaine knelt forward, strapped over the scroll of the sofa, the sheen of salt fat on the youngster's buttocks was naturally a great attraction to these persistent and rudely intrusive pests. Strapped down as she was, how Elaine must have wished she had a pony-tail to swish them away! And how glad I was that she had none! Two or three large flies landed on the shining tomato-red swell of her tanned buttocks. Elaine gasped and twisted, dislodging them. They rose a moment and then landed again. She dislodged them by squirming and they returned at once, about ten or a dozen of their black big-winged companions joining them.

Certain male members of the human species might have envied them their afternoon of such sport. They crawled over the cheeks of Elaine Cox's fifteen-year-old bottom, licking and tickling her for the salt. She squirmed at the torment of it. Some of them scented their way between her rear cheeks, drawn by the suggestive intimate bouquet of Elaine Cox's bottom-crack. The youngster emitted a curse of anger, disgust, and dismay. She strove to writhe over the black buttoned-leather of the sofa-scroll. But the flies were by now

well used to such restricted movements. They refused to be dislodged at all. A dozen or more of them settled down to explore Elaine's tomboy backside, allowing her no privacy whatever.

The randiest admirer of her adolescent charms could not have behaved more outrageously than the large black flies. They were peremptory with her and would permit no evasion or concealment. Several of them settled on each crimson-tanned and glossily-salted cheek of Elaine Cox's arse. They fussed and buzzed intently over the suggestively swelling and sleekly-greased bottom-cheeks of this ruffianly adolescent girl, licking their lips and squeezing their back legs in excitement. Others tickled the rear of her thighs, making their way up to see what they could find in between. Several nosed between the cheeks of Elaine's young bottom, pursuing the moist and musky scents naturally gathering between her buttocks on a warm summer day. Three or four interlopers gathered round the tight little vortex. They would tickle and nuzzle from now until dinner, thinking themselves the luckiest fellows alive.

After more panting and struggling, Elaine gave a cry of defeat and ceased to squirm, submitting to their persistence at last. The insects fussed and hummed industriously, becoming busier and more excited with her young bottom and thighs.

While this was happening, I saw that the boys had opened one of the little windows. They were dappy lads, agile and accurate in every kind of sport. From somewhere, probably a cupboard in their master's room, they had purloined one of those teachers' spanking-straps, about eighteen inches long and three inches wide, made of thin leather and split into tails at the end. I was puzzled by this for there was no way that they could reach Elaine with it. Then one of them slipped his hand through the open window. Gently he lobbed the strap, so that it fell lightly on to the large scrubbed table a few feet to one side of the sofa over which Elaine knelt.

And then I understood their prank. The one who lobbed the strap had been Elaine's boy-friend until they were apprehended and remanded to the separate institutions. There was no chance that they would be permitted to meet and he could no longer have her kneeling behind some convenient wall and taking in her mouth the tension that plagued him. Elaine, like the other girls, could provide excitement to these peeping lads only by being tanned. Even her own boy-friend wanted to see her get the strap from Mrs. Brace and knew that if it was found on the table at seven o'clock her fate would be sealed. Having dealt with her quite severely myself, I thought the addition of a spanking with the strap would be imprudent. But these lusty scamps had no such scruples. Even Elaine's boyfriend no longer concealed his enjoyment.

You may be sure that when our schoolgirl tomboy saw the strap now lying on the table, she went mad with panic.

No! she shouted frantically. No! No! No-o-o-o-o-!

She tossed her fair hair and craned round at them in dismay. They grinned down at her. Elaine tried in vain to squirm and twist against the leather pinions holding her wrists and waist, thighs and ankles. But in her present state of bare-bottomed fright, she truly could not keep still. The lads at the high windows behind her teased her a little. They assured her that her boy-friend was devising a way of helping her pass the time until seven o'clock.

There were more chuckles at this. I waited to see what they would do. Fortunately, I was able to watch through my peep-hole in the door, so that I was hidden from the youngster herself and the lads at the windows. Presently I heard a bump and scrape against the rear wall. They opened one of the little windows again and intruded a slim pole about the thickness of a thumb. They were about ten feet behind the girl as she knelt and six feet above her. The device was like a proper fishing-rod and seemed long enough to reach her.

And then I understood what the clever young devils were about. Let me explain.

Several years before this date, there had been a master appointed over the delinquent lads, a man who pursued in his leisure the science of botany. He had been in the East and brought back with him various unusual species. There were rhododendrons of a kind seldom seen outside northern India or Tibet, but which now flourish in the shrubbery of the institution. Among his other successes was a tall dark-leaved nettle, known colloquially as the Scorpion Leaf. It flourished in large banks about the buildings and was reckoned to be as good a barrier as barbed wire and broken glass. A lad who tried to walk through it would gasp and jump back if it touched his hand, however lightly. The Scorpion Leaf was to the common stinging nettle as the bite of the viper is to the touch of the innocent earthworm.

What these ingenious young scamps had done was to wrap their hands and pick a bouquet of Scorpion

Leaf with its angular serrated fronds and the little hairy spikes of its sting-tips. This bouquet, the size of a nosegay, they had tied to the tip of the slender rod. The one who was sliding the rod forward had an intent expression, tongue pressed to his lips in concentration. He looked greatly concerned that the fiendish device might not reach Elaine.

But then he saw that it would do so quite easily. His face relaxed in a grin of delight and his companions began to smile. Elaine was craning round at them as she knelt strapped bottom-upwards over the leather sofa-scroll. She looked uneasy at what was happening but did not yet guess the truth. Perhaps they were merely devising a whisk to keep the troublesome flies from the glossily-greased and fatly-crimson cheeks of Elaine's smarting backside.

There was no mistaking the excitement in the lad's eyes, however. He and the others ignored the girl's backward look at them. Their anxious gaze was directed intently at the sorely-blushing double-cheeked swell of Elaine's fifth-form backside. The spiked leaves of the nosegay touched her bare buttocks lightly and Elaine Cox yelled as if she had just sat on a red-hot stove. The shock of this shrillness was hardly enough to make the lad draw the nettle-stings from her glowing and smarting bum-cheeks for more than a few seconds. Guiding the rod carefully, he began to brush the dark leaves up and down the nearer cheek of Elaine Cox's tomboy bottom. In her wildness she twisted her face round, mouth stretched wide in a piercing protest and eyes frantic at what was happening to her.

Presently he drew the leaves away and one saw a deeper beetroot red on that cheek, with the little sting pricks clearly raised. Half in anger and half in desperation, Elaine yelled at them that they had got her into real trouble already. Thanks to these young scamps, who had thrown the leather spanker on to the table, she was going to get the strap at seven o'clock. She shouted that her bottom was already smarting too fiercely to endure that spanking and pleaded with them not to put her in an even worse predicament. They grinned at this, several younger ones showing her their manly stiffness, telling Elaine to shut her mouth and keep her bottom still.

They'll give you a hard time with the strap anyway, Elaine, said the leader of the boys, teasing her.

Don't you want to find out what it's like being tanned when your bottom is smarting too badly to be touched? Wouldn't you rather have some real excitement like that to make you yell while you're getting it? You'll have the spanking-strap anyway, Elaine. You might just as well let them enjoy themselves with you properly. They get a big thrill when they see that you're sore to begin with. So get your bottom ready for the tickler again, Elaine!

Then they settled to their task. One of them took the pole and brushed the leaves up and down the rear of one of Elaine's bare tomboy thighs. He did it slowly and held it there for a while. All her frenzied tugging at her straps, and all the squirming of her hips made no difference. But the goad of the fiercely stinging nettles made it impossible for her to keep still.

We're going to ginger you up properly, Elaine, said her first admirer. That's what the tickler's for.

A blushing sting-path covered the rear of one of her thighs before the boy began to stroke the other. He let her calm herself for a moment after that.

Is your bottom really smarting yet, Elaine? he asked presently. Time for you to be really hotted up now. You might just as well keep your bottom still, Elaine. Quite still, Elaine! Settle down and take it calmly. Try to join in the fun, if you can.

No! Her face was twisted round to them as if stuck in that position, mouth wide and yelling. No!

You're a fat-arsed little scrubber, Elaine Cox! the lad said smiling. One cheek of your bottom hasn't been touched yet. We'll start there. Is that making your hair curl, Elaine?... The other cheek of your bottom now, Elaine... Just a tickle down the backs of your legs... Behind your knees... And now your bottom again, Elaine...

The wildness of her open mouth rang back from the whitewashed walls. A third lad brushed the bare flanks of her hips and thighs. The true artist was the one who followed. He began at the backs of her knees, brushing up in slow lingering strokes, trying to tickle between the tightly closed thighs as much as possible. He reached the sensitive tops of her legs and just caught pussy at the rear. Then it was the big schoolgirl cheeks of Elaine Cox's bottom for the third or fourth time. She howled and bellowed and shrieked with all the power of her lungs. But this did not distract him. At last he steadied his aim and tucked the nosegay in between the checks

of Elaine's young backside.

I watched all this, greatly intrigued, for it shows what even the lads of her own age feel about such a girl as this. This one had tucked the nosegay between her rear cheeks and was giving Elaine's tomboy crack a severe time of it. It was interesting to witness a situation with lads of her age and class, in which they could see that she was unable to bear the atrocious smart, and yet they made her bear it all the same.

The disciplinary attitude of these delinquent lads toward the girl was, ironically, no different from that of the overseer and the justices. I thought to myself that Elaine Cox existed only as a challenge to the authority and discipline of mankind. Several of these lads had already asked to be taken on as the overseer's assistants when their time of detention was finished. So long as they were trained under his proper supervision, I would make no objection to that. It was certainly impossible to fault their enthusiasm now. They soon had Elaine Cox yelling and pleading, cursing and farting, all of which seemed only to add to their zeal.

To my surprise there was a sudden movement and the lads began to scramble down from their perch, as if about to run away. I heard footsteps and prudently withdrew to concealment. It was Mrs. Brace, making a preliminary visit an hour or two before her seven o'clock rendezvous. I caught only a glimpse of her in the room and heard something of the words exchanged between her and the girl. Her mouth opened in visible delight at the sight of the spanking strap lying on the table. She stood behind Elaine, the good woman's lips rounding in amusement and astonishment at the sorely blushing rear cheeks and thighs of this impudent pupil. The eagerness and delight in Mrs. Brace's features were all too plain to the youngster herself. Elaine bellowed and cried out at her, pulling helplessly at her straps. She demanded to be released and shrieked that the boys next door had stung her and put the strap there.

The truth of this seemed undeniable from the sting blisters on Elaine Cox's backside and thighs. But Mrs. Brace smiled teasingly at her.

Don't add deceit to your other misconduct, Elaine Cox. I'll be back at seven to give you the strap, never fear. You shan't escape your due punishment. I can guess how you stung your bottom on a nettle, you dirty little slut. Lying on your back, skirt up and knickers down, for some young ruffian to have his way with you. You'll get it all the worse for that, Elaine. I've got a few scores to settle with you, my girl. I'll be here prompt at seven, so that we have a full half-hour before dinner. Ever been tanned properly with a spanking-strap, Elaine? Your teachers were afraid to send you home after school in a real state! You'll be in a real pickle by the time you leave this room!

Mrs. Brace walked away with Elaine shrieking after her. The door closed. I heard the boots of the lads on the wall as they scrambled back. The rod, adorned by a fresh posy of Scorpion Leaf, intruded at the open window again.

She won't back for an hour or two, Elaine, said her young admirer. We're going to give you some real thrills with the tickler before then.

Better get into the mood, Elaine, said another. We're really going to tickle up your bottom and legs this time. I bet the old woman's looking forward to what she's going to do to you at seven o'clock! I'd love to change places with her, Elaine. You'd be spanked until you could hardly put one foot in front of the other, Elaine!

It was now late in the afternoon and I had business to complete. I could intervene and send the lads scampering. I could even report them for a birching. Or I could leave Elaine Cox at their disposal, ensuring that she underwent two hours of bottom-tickling with the Scorpion Leaf— enough to make her toes curl and her hair rise on her scalp, even before she had her session with the strap. The choice offered intriguing possibilities!

I studied her through the peep-hole. This sturdy fifth-form girl was wailing in anticipation, all the impudence gone from her brimming eyes and howling mouth. She might be exaggerating her ordeal. By viewing her adolescent bottom as she presented it big-cheeked over the padded leather of the sofa-scroll I would make my decision. I studied Elaine Cox's sturdy schoolgirl backside and conceded that its cheeks were blazing and smarting fiercely. I had bamboo'd her soundly. The snakeskin had kissed her bottom scorchingly a dozen times. The frenzy in her face as the nettles again brushed her flaming buttocks suggested the wildness Elaine might have shown as a zealous hangman tightened a noose about her throat.

But in her present posture, Elaine Cox's tomboy bottom also had a look of big-cheeked impudence. Her

insolence had been such that, even when she was a year or two younger, many teachers longed to thrash her young buttocks soundly. I had not been able to deal with her then and so I felt that she needed it all the more now. I smiled as I remembered how she had bent over that morning in front of me, scornfully and idly. The conduct of the young scamps with the nettles was not to be condoned. Yet it was understandable. Once again, I studied Elaine Cox's bottom, the sturdy adolescent cheeks swelling so blushing and tender, curving in together in her tomboy crack. Unless I intervened, the youngster would hear the walls ring with her own frenzy until dinner time. Her bottom would be smarting most violently by the time that Mrs. Brace came back. And then there would be half an hour during which the tailed strap would make its intimate acquaintance with Elaine Cox's young backside. Half an hour whose every second she would remember vividly for the rest of her young life.

I stood undecided. I took another long peep at her. Not knowing that I was there, Elaine twisted her sturdy teenage hips urgently at that moment, so that she turned her bare bottom fully towards me. Her rear cheeks surged out and tightened in together rhythmically, as she tried to writhe away the fierce smart of the sting-rash. She tried in vain to pull away from the straps that held her over the buttoned-leather scroll of the sofa. But in doing so, Elaine Cox's schoolgirl bottom-cheeks swelled a little fuller and fatter, parting to offer a suggestive glimpse between them. There was a certain impudence even in the way she presented her behind to me now.

It seemed absurd to argue that she would not be able to bear a spanking with the leather strap merely because the boys had left her young backside untouchably sore. As her own boy-friend had just assured her, so long as she was securely held over the heavy soft-scroll, and so long as the mistress remained implacable with her, Elaine would have to bear it whether she was able to or not. I smiled, my tongue running loose at my thoughts. I spent a minute or two more studying the broad snub-nosed oval of her face and the lank fair hair framing it. I considered the full swell of this fifth-form girl's rear cheeks smarting furnace red and sleek with salt-fat. My gaze lingered eagerly in the rear cleavage of Elaine Cox's tomboy bottom-crack where tell-tale vaseline smears showed on the inward slope. Though it was not quite correct to leave her to the attentions of the delinquent lads with their Scorpion Leaf, I still hesitated. In a twinkling, the lad with the nosegay created havoc in that same rear cleavage. I listened to Elaine's ringing descant eagerly for a moment and felt my pulse quicken with exhilaration. My decision was made at once. I closed and locked the peephole. Then I walked quietly away so that lads would not scamper off and lose any part of the two hours remaining to them.

I noted in the register that Elaine Cox had received exemplary discipline. Whether it was an example to the other girls, I do not know. It did not change her own conduct, nor did I ever suppose that it would. I had watched her behaviour for years, at least since she was thirteen. I had known from the start that insolence and contempt for her betters was part of her nature. I was not concerned. What cannot be cured must be endured. To be frank, it is no bad thing. Her teenage career is the only time when a girl of Elaine's kind is desirable, as a nymph like Tracey Hope may be from sixteen to thirty. It is then she must be savoured. I do not know a better way than the moral discipline of the strap or cane, nor a better subject than Elaine Cox.

There is quite a tale to be told somewhen about pretty Jane Mitchener with her lank brown hair on her shoulders, her little fringe, the firm openness of her fair-skinned face and the taut pallor of her figure's fledgling femininity. Despite my consuming interest in Elaine Cox, I was not indifferent to all other feminine charms. Pretty Jane Mitchener knew that I treated her in quite a special way. The little teaser appealed so easily. Jane Mitchener's name appeared regularly in the list of those who must pay the penalty for some fault or other. Her rendezvous in that whitewashed room was usually with me alone and generally at an hour when all others were in bed for the night. Jane was always soulful and promised earnestly to be a good girl for the future. But such an innocently teasing beginner was far too attractive to escape the present.

The session was always a long one and Jane Mitchener twice occupied that table reserved as a rule for amazons of twenty-five or thirty. Although the youngest of the culprits, the provocation offered by the taut bare cheeks of Jane Mitchener's bottom was perhaps the greatest. The imperious kiss of snakeskin bore witness to it. But do not think I neglected the moral training of Elaine. I was praised everywhere for my inflexible resolve with her. But I must not say publicly that her adolescent insolence and defiance stiffened that middle-aged resolve of mine quite remarkably.

What of Elaine and her big sister? Time had passed again since the high excitement of the Scorpion Leaf.

Days, weeks, or months, I leave to your imagination. Whether I proceeded quickly to my next stage of infatuation or whether I was prudent, you must judge. But you may be sure that Elaine Cox had already assumed that appearance and manner which no longer inspires protection and concern at the age she had reached.

So I was discreet and patient for as long as you choose. However, at the very next opportunity after that I dealt with flagrant defiance and insolence offered jointly by Pauline and Elaine. On another warm autumn afternoon, I had the two sisters bare-bottomed, side by side over the sofa scroll. Pauline, the eldest of the Cox sisters, was still a somewhat plump and slatternly girl of nineteen with a rounded face and light brown hair drawn back tight into a ribbon and lying in a cluster down her back. Discretion prevents my listing the events of that afternoon but I assure you I was never so excited in my life. I had arranged the mirrors on every wall so that the younger tomboy had a full view of her big sister's knickers being pulled down and the hem of her dress turned up above her hips, so that Pauline Cox showed a bare rear view from her waist down to her knees. I do not think that the two sisters had ever taken their knickers down together since they were little girls. I am quite sure they had never been bare-bottomed together under the command of a man.

It was a very prolonged session that afternoon. They knelt over the sofa scroll so close together that the bare flanks of their hips touched. Sitting behind them on the edge of the sofa, I was presented with two bare and full-cheeked prospects, the fatter cheeks of Pauline's backside and the tomboy cheeks of Elaine's bottom. My hands undertook a long and thorough examination. Having the two sisters like this enabled me, as I had imagined, to study the comparative anatomy of two female bottoms in the same family. Gasping and squirming greeted the touch of my lips intimately between the rear of their thighs. A silent but perceptible tensing followed as I printed kisses on the bottoms of the two sisters. I had kissed Elaine Cox's backside at my first examination of her, but this was the first time for Pauline.

There was naturally a little touching and tickling of them both. I noted their responses to this. What of the view they presented? Suppose the upper half of their bodies had been veiled. I think a man who was only able to study the bare bottoms of Pauline Cox and Elaine Cox in this posture would learn a good deal. It was not just the shape of their arses. There was a full-cheeked impudence about the rather fatly-presented bottoms of Pauline and Elaine Cox that suggested they must be sisters. Even a man who had not endured the defiance and insolence of the two girls would study the vulgar robustness of their backsides and want to discipline them.

Elaine was obliged to see in the glass my smacking and fondling of her sister Pauline's nineteen-year-old bottom. Indeed, when Pauline's bottom received a prison whipping with a short lash across its slack and sluttish cheeks, Elaine Cox had as good a view as if she had been a magistrate sitting in the chair behind her bare-bottomed sister. I whipped hard and Pauline Cox screamed with such force that wadding was prudent. A girl of her age and type is no more refined on these occasions than her impudent younger sister. Prevented from other protests by the wad, Pauline Cox's bottom sounded three vulgar trumpet calls before the short lash printed its final agonising kiss upon her rear cheeks.

I leave you to imagine the insults shouted at me by young Elaine during all this, as she writhed vainly in her straps.

You bastard! You dirty bastard! You fucking bastard! were among the most common.

The beauty of the situation was that a youngster like Elaine Cox might hate and rebel with all her heart—and yet the reformatory system would train her to obedience nonetheless by implacable use of the whip. Moreover, Elaine was not the sort of girl to have delicate feelings over the use made of her by a man in bed. You must remember that she had spread her legs for a dozen boys in her school. She had knelt and sucked the pride of one young ruffian or another. Before much longer I resolved to summon Elaine on those evenings when I was weary of imposing myself on Jacqueline or Susan.

Had you entered my room in the light of morning, the scene that presented itself would have betrayed me. You would probably have found Elaine still not quite stirring from the deep sleep of exhaustion at ten o'clock. Imagine this fifth-form tomboy sleeping face-down across the bed. Elaine Cox's uniform knickers and her short skirt lie discarded on the floor by the bed. She still wears her white blouse and tie. At the rear, the blouse-tail has been pinned up well clear of her bare hips and backside. On the table at the bedside, you would notice a jar of vaseline or a tin of brilliantine, a roll of tissue, a spanking-strap, and a punishment cane. These last two items might be a precaution rather than a necessity.

Between the robust pallor of those adolescent thighs, relaxed in sleep, a certain moist dew of feminine arousal is glimpsed. A tell-tale vaseline smudge between the cheeks of Elaine's young bottom. That might be all. But after a long Saturday night, when the week's accounts are settled, you would hardly overlook the thin plum-coloured bamboo-prints across the bare cheeks of Elaine Cox's bottom and a few across the backs of her thighs. On certain mornings you would also notice, as you opened the door, a white short-sleeved dress and a larger size in girls' knickers lying on the chair with Elaine's cast-offs. Next to the youngster, also face-down over the bed, Pauline would be lying, her fatter buttocks laid bare by the pinning up of her blouse. On those occasions, without fail, both backsides would be willow-patterned by the art of the bamboo.

Perhaps the most telling image would be the stirring from sleep, prompted perhaps by the sense of being watched through a door or window or keyhole. Pauline, turning a little, might be seen putting a hand cautiously behind her and feeling herself. A slight gasp as she touches a very tender and raised print of bamboo. Slipping gently from the bed, she might tiptoe to the mirror, turning her back and looking ruefully in the glass at the state of her plump nineteen-year-old backside. A little later, Elaine's first movements would be accompanied by a sweeping of her lank hair clear of her face. Then her hand too reaching behind her, touching herself between her rear cheeks, touching the stripes of the cane across her bottom as if to feel how severely she had been tanned and what the results might be. Sitting up, shaking her hair back, the younger sister would perch almost on one side of her hip. Is her tomboy bottom too tender to sit on properly? Or is she trying not to mark the sheet of the bed with vaseline?

I must not allow my account to run ahead too fast. Before you can answer such questions as these, I shall have to explain to you how this bizarre romance blossomed in the way that it did. As yet I had been in possession of Elaine Cox only since her birthday in the previous August. Though it seems now to be the story of a lifetime, that possession was to last only for a few months more. For that reason alone, I am glad that I made the best use of her while I was able to.

To explain the freedom I felt in dealing with Elaine Cox, I must return again to our benefactor and my own patron, Mr. Hardman. I still knew very little about what had happened after he had taken Susan and Jacqueline into his custody so that they might come under stricter discipline. Now my new position of authority as director of an institution made it necessary for me to visit him more frequently. It was through his regime of discipline, particularly in bringing to heel one of his shopgirls, that I knew he was a man I might trust, even in the most extreme circumstances.

Mr. Hardman had made good use of two delinquent young women like Susan and Jacqueline. He had long before put them to work for him, setting out displays of the dresses and jackets made by the nimble fingers of some of his delinquents. He was able to employ them like this without allowing them to leave his premises where they were closely supervised and guarded. By the same token, there were girls in his normal employment who sometimes seemed to him to merit the discipline of the reformatory. It was now about to happen in a most important case. The girl in question was much the type of Sue and Jackie. She had been employed for a few years, since she was sixteen, to arrange the display of goods in his store windows. What happened to her under Mr. Hardman's orders assured me that I might do as I pleased with Elaine. I do not put this forward as an apology for my conduct. Can apology make amends for obsession? I include the case merely to illustrate the course of events as they affected my dealings with Elaine Cox.

CHAPTER EIGHT

NOREEN AND ELAINE

A man who had never felt obsession to the degree I endured it could not imagine its unbalancing effect. I was quite unable to resist the delights of doing as I pleased with Elaine Cox, though the extremes to which I went with her caused me misgivings from time to time. I was uncertain of the consequences. For that reason I released my passion in devising punishments for her at the least excuse. But I freely admit that I punished her for what she was rather than what she did. Her manner was insolent, her attitude defiant. The way she dressed and even the sturdy look of her thighs and hips helped to condemn her. Within the walls of the institution my diligence with the youngster was bound to cause comment. I cared nothing for that. As for Elaine herself, I got more pleasure from showing her that I enjoyed punishing her than I would have done by pretending otherwise. With the doors of the whitewashed room locked against interruptions, I never failed to show the youngster the stiffness of my resolve.

The more I satisfied my obsession, the greater were its demands. I wished to deal with Elaine more often and to increase the length of each session. I would summon her from class during the morning. There was a convenient velvet-topped music-stool in my study, a solid construction which consisted of the padded scat with a little cupboard under it. A few minutes later, Elaine Cox's school knickers and skirt would be lying on a chair. The girl herself knelt on all fours over the velvet-topped stool, the tail of her white blouse tucked up above her hips. I arranged the stool so that I could sit at one end of my desk, my papers before me, confronted by Elaine Cox's bare-cheeked rear view. I often kept her waiting like this from ten o'clock until noon before I stood up, reached for the leather spanking-strap, and walked across to chastise her for some casual classroom misbehaviour.

As a rule, I made her wait over the stool like this for most of the morning. Elaine could not see the papers on my desk, of course. Perhaps it was as well. Many of them were enlargements of the photographs I had taken of her during the previous few years. Others were reports I had gathered about her, from the time she began at the red brick school for junior girls until she was finally removed from comprehensive education. I glanced again at the diary dating from when I first saw her. The entries described her in suggestive but unflattering terms. There were fantasies written down and wished upon her even then. Elaine Cox as a captive harem girl. Elaine Cox in a white-slave house. Elaine Cox condemned to an Arabian prison-whipping. And, ironically, Elaine Cox as a reformatory girl.

As I considered these, I caught glimpses of Elaine beginning to shift and fret. While she lay forward over the velvet padding, I heard the soft movement of her lank fair hair being swept back and saw her teeth fretting at her lip while she tried to watch me secretly. Kneeling caused slight discomfort after a little. She had to shift her knees a little, which caused a slight tensing of her thighs and a fattened squirming of her pale schoolgirl bottom-cheeks. Sometimes she caught her breath a little, as if the wailing made it hard for her to contain herself. Her robust adolescent thighs smoothed together. Her bare tomboy bullocks contracted until Elaine Cox's bottom-crack was compressed to a thin tight line.

I reprimanded her from time to time in a quiet voice.

Keep your bottom still, Elaine Cox!... Your thighs a little apart, if you please...- Swell out the cheeks of your bare bottom properly, Elaine!... Kneel right over the stool, Elaine... Keep your legs still, you little bitch... Reach back and pull the tail of your blouse right up, clear of your bottom, Elaine Cox! Don't let it slip down again... A taste of the leather spanking-strap across your bare bottom presently, Elaine Cox!...

I would keep her waiting for another hour and then she would get the strap. But even that was not enough.

You'll come back here this afternoon, Elaine. I'm not nearly satisfied with you yet.

So it went on. My obsession with the youngster was so intense, so complete that I did not know the remedy. Once my attention was absorbed by her, it was as if the world outside had ceased to exist. I no longer cared if it existed or not! A good deal of the time my view was filled entirely by the full pale cheek-swell of Elaine Cox's schoolgirl bottom and the robust rear pallor of her tomboy thighs. It crossed my mind that there was only one solution. As soon as the law permitted, we must get married and live excitedly ever after. But I

knew that, despite the excitement she caused me, a sensible man does not marry a little scrubber like Elaine Cox nor her big sister Pauline. Let the yokels do that.

In the weeks of obedience-training which Elaine Cox had undergone at my hands, I had a friendly visit and a letter from Mr. Hardman. In the letter, he made a proposal which he suggested might benefit us both. We thought alike on so many questions that it would be logical if we were closer allies. His aim was to persuade the trustees of my own institution that it and the reformatory project of his own should be merged under his patronage. He assured me that I would be the man in direct charge of it, while he remained its patron and its protector by his great influence with the government and the judiciary.

I suppose it can do no harm now to reveal that Mr. Hardman and some influential friends already had a private and almost secret institution where wanton and rebellious young women were reformed very strictly indeed. I soon received an invitation to visit him there. To begin with, I was shown his elegant stores and his Palladian manor house but not his private institution. I was invited to inspect his formal gardens, the surrounding fields, the kitchen garden, and the orchard whose trees bore a fine crop of the best apples belonging to the Beauty of Bath species.

He mentioned something about one or two of his shopgirls who needed a sound whipping, particularly a nineteen-year-old girl called Noreen. It was evident that he very much wanted to have her under private and strict correction. Walking from Bond Street one day, I passed the windows of his store and there for the first time I saw the cause of his concern.

The girl and another assistant, Angela, had finished setting out the goods. Now the floor of the display case was being polished with a waxed cloth. Noreen was kneeling behind the glass with her back to me, sitting on her heels, working the cloth on the floor with a vigor and determination that were reflected in the firm set of her jaw and the wide points of her cheekbones. She was dressed as usual in the snug-fitting cotton singlet and the faded light blue of her tight jeans. A stout waist-belt of brown leather ornamented with a brass circlet at the back drew the thin denim smoother and tighter over her hips and thighs, making her lower figure an object of great interest. It was certainly enough to make one pause and study the view that the sturdy young trollop offered. Knowing that she was being watched, Noreen responded with a pretence at indifference or a contemptuous flick of her short level fringe of dark hair.

She inclined her back forward a little with the energy of polishing the display-case floor. As she did so, I saw that the faded blue denim of her jeans was drawn skin-tight over Noreen's sturdy nineteen-year-old bottom-cheeks and hips, which naturally spread fuller and broader as she sat on her heels. To this day I do not think that Noreen realised the rear view she offered to casual passers-by as they admired her! Such was her disdain for them that I do not suppose she cared. Sometimes, if one of these Union Street idlers stood over her watching, she stopped her work and turned the firm features of her fair-skinned face with an insolent stare of her brown eyes, to dismiss the man.

I continued to watch her. To reach further, it was necessary for Noreen to lift her hips and go forward on all fours, the collar-length of her lank dark hair falling loose about her face. As she raised her haunches from her heels and went forward on hands and knees, I drew breath sharply at the rear view she offered. In this posture, each of Noreen's rear cheeks filled the tightened jeans like a smooth and taut balloon swell. But she was strongly-made rather than plump and her thighs had the lightly-muscled line of a well-exercised working-girl. The broad leather waist-belt with its little round brass at the back pulled the washed-out denim of the Falmer jeans still tighter on her rear cheek-curves.

How suggestive was this rear view she presented to the street! The faded blue jeans were skin-smooth, shaping the firmly-stretched mounds of Noreen's buttocks. As she knelt on all fours, the stout central seam of the jeans-seat was drawn deep and taut between the double-swell of Noreen's bottom-cheeks so that the slight lower-fatness of them almost closed over it. The tight fit of the jeans strained the seam forward under her legs almost parting the lips of her sex where its soft flesh was clearly moulded by the tight denim between the rear of her thighs! She was nineteen years old by now. Her backside in such a posture appeared robust and full-cheeked but firm and well-shaped at the same time. The elastic hem of Noreen's knickers was clearly outlined through the thin taut denim of her jeans-seat. She was wearing plain briefs of elasticated cotton common to the girls of her age and type. From the rear opening of her legs, the ridge of the hem arched up high and tight over her sturdy buttocks, showing that the cheeks of Noreen's backside were half bare under her

jeans.

She worked vigorously in this posture for five or ten minutes, polishing the waxed surface with the cloth, rounding her hips this way and that, sometimes backing on all fours towards me or her other admirers in the street who smiled quietly at the sight she presented. Sometimes, as one studied her, she became aware of it. Noreen would stop, immobile on all fours, flicking back her level fringe of dark hair and watching the admirer under her shoulder or even turning her firm young face round with a look of defiance or contempt. Sometimes she would sit down on her heels and wait until the man whose attentions she rejected had walked on.

There was one man whom she would not have found it hard to recognise and who got the better of the young slut's arrogance. He behaved with her as I had done with Elaine on her way from school. Having his camera partially concealed, he photographed Noreen at her work on a number of occasions. He began when she was a sturdy sixteen-year-old and stopped only when she was no longer to be seen in the shop window, by which time she had long begun to suspect what he was doing. He used also to follow her from the shop after work, past orange grove and spring gardens to where her boy-friend's car was parked. He never used to overtake her, being content to feast his eyes and camera lens on the swelling movements of Noreen's bottom-cheeks in the tight Falmer jeans with their broad leather waist-belt.

I observed him one day, when the girl had not noticed his approach. She was close to the glass with her back to it, bending forward to complete a display of curtain material. As she did so, his camera was only a few feet behind her, photographing a general view or a full-plate close-up of Noreen's sturdy bottom-cheeks and a rear glimpse of her sex in the tightened jeans. One can only guess at the number of photographs of Noreen that he must have taken as she presented herself so suggestively and the gems that he must have gathered in his collection—facial studies, general poses, suggestive rear views.

It was not hard to understand why Mr. Hardman wanted such a strapping young trollop as Noreen under discipline. His enthusiasm for her outdid his feelings for the slim redhead Claire Wicks with her pudding-basin crop and a vicious lesbian slant in her green eyes! It far outdid the appeal of soft brunette Vivienne with her page-boy cut. I know that there are worthy disciplinarians who would prefer to pony-whip the bare fledgling cheeks of Samantha Smith's little bottom while she was still in the first year of her juvenile arrogance, but I suspect Noreen is the challenge most men prefer.

I think you can imagine what I hoped would happen to Noreen! But just then I had so many matters of my own to attend to that I could do little more than hope. At the same time, I had the plain impression that Mr. Hardman saw in me a man who could be depended on and trusted. His influence was great. As I returned by rail from this visit, I noticed Noreen departing the other way. I wondered if this was something arranged by Mr. Hardman or whether she did this everyday. It did not matter. I had confidence in Mr. Hardman. I knew that he was thinking of doing something for me.

What of Elaine Cox? So far I had done little more than discipline her as she deserved. But my growing friendship with Mr. Hardman assured me that I need not be so timid Elaine was well able to serve a man's needs, having already done as much for boys of her own age. My study of Noreen the young window-dresser made me all the more eager to enjoy myself with my fifth-form tomboy that very night. As it happened, I was delayed and postponed my tryst with her until the following morning.

During the mornings I remained busy in my study, which overlooked the garden courtyard. At the rear, outside the door of the room, a corridor ran between the classroom where the girls were under instruction and their tiled cloakroom at the far end. By leaving my door open a little, I could see when one of the girls took leave of absence from the sewing class, walked along the corridor, and returned a little while later. Elaine usually appeared from the classroom at about ten o'clock in the morning. Bare-thighed in her short grey skirt, she strode easily along the corridor with the familiar toss of her lank fair hair into place.

I watched her now as I used to watch her just after four o'clock in the afternoon, making her insolent ruffianly way up the road, past the tennis court, on her way home from school. The morning after my return from Mr. Hardman I had decided that Elaine Cox would never have the chance to tell tales. My new friend would see to that by means I could not even imagine! I was still indescribably excited by her and needed regular relief. I heard the classroom door close and saw her coming along the corridor. The lank fair hair worn loose from its central parting to spread upon her shoulders framed the broad oval of her face with its snub-nosed slum-child impudence. I let her walk past. Then I slipped out after her as quietly as I could. Just as

she opened the door at the far end of the corridor, I came up close and followed her into the small tiled space.

Even a youngster like Elaine Cox was dismayed at finding herself in such a rudely suggestive place with a man. There was indignation and protest. But I had chosen this as a rendezvous where I could bolt the door and be sure of having her without interruption. I gave her the alternative of obeying me now—or else of having two stable-grooms to fasten her down, being enjoyed by all three of us, and then being whipped afterwards for her defiance. Elaine shook her lank fair hair into place. Her narrowed eyes and tight lips told their own story. She could not bring herself to say that she would obey me. Yet she would obey, having little option. Indeed, I do not think she could enjoy herself, defiant as she was, unless obedience to sexual demands was enforced upon her. Her life between home and school had accustomed her to the idea that sex was a matter of being lewd and vulgar with boy-friends. Whether or not she liked it, Elaine accepted this.

As well as the handbasin and pedestal, there was a shelf along one side-wall of the white-tiled room. A cane and a vaseline jar had been left on it, as if to remind any girl who sat here of what might be in store for her.

'Undo your skirt and drop it to your ankles, Elaine Cox,' I said quietly, reaching back to bolt the door.

Elaine undid her pleated little skirt and dropped it. I murmured to her, telling her to turn round with her back to me and bend over, supporting herself by her hands on the seat-rim. She flicked her hair back and did so. Throughout the session that followed, she did as she was told but did not yet express pleasure or excitement.

I want you to bend over so that I can see your bottom, Elaine Cox. You know why I want that, don't you?

She obeyed without answering. It was even left to me to take the waistband of Elaine's schoolgirl knickers and draw them down her thighs. These morning sessions in such a place were intended to confuse sex and punishment in the girl's thoughts. I wanted Elaine to take her knickers down for it there, where she usually did so for a more mundane reason. Before she pulled them up again, she would need to sit on the rim which now supported her hands. I wanted the sex to seem as much a part of such private rudeness as possible, so that even her more undignified visits would remind her of how available she was to a man in such a place. When I unbuttoned myself and made use of her, I wanted the youngster to think of what she usually did there in private. It was just as if Elaine was being a dirty girl with one of her boy-friends, behind the bolted door. She bent over, like a girl waiting to have something done to her, by a teacher or a matron. I kept her like that for a moment, Elaine looking down at tiles and porcelain, seat rim and her schoolgirl knickers in a tangle around her feet. And so I made the fun we were going to have as much like her visits to take her knickers down and sit on the rim as possible.

There was no need for preliminary wooing beyond the rattle of the lid on the vaseline jar, the application between Elaine Cox's bottom-cheeks, the tearing of paper from the roll to wipe away the excess. Combined with what she was about to feel behind her, this insolent tomboy was to remain uneasily aware of the reason that had brought her here. A man who permits such an impudent youngster as Elaine Cox to take advantage of his infatuation faces ruin. I wanted Elaine to feel that she had been brought to this functional tiled room to be used in a menial fashion. She was to be no more than a receptacle for the overflow of my passion.

Bend over a little more, Elaine. Shoulders right down. Tuck your knees forward a little. Try and make yourself look like a big-bottomed girl, Elaine Cox. That's better. Now I want to show you what you'll be feeling in a minute. Have a good look at it, Elaine. It makes you gnaw at your lip a little, I see! Is it the size of that big smooth cherry-top? You'll adjust to it after a few weeks of exercise in here every morning. A little uncomfortable today but easier after a while. You know you'll get it anyway, Elaine, whether it's easy for you or not.

So the shiny crimson head was presented to the tight little vortex. There was pressure and resistance. I saw Elaine's knuckles grow white as she bent a little tighter to make it easier for herself and gripped the porcelain rim. I steadied her with my hands on the paler flanks of her hips. I could feel the pressure mount in my veins. There was a gasp from Elaine and a half-uttered exclamation. The elasticity of vaselined tightness yielded at last and the delicious hot grip of her young arse passed over the head and down the length.

A nice long session now, Elaine, I said breathlessly. I'm sure one or two of your teachers at school must have longed to have you like this.

I saw that she had widened her knees a little and hollowed her waist downwards to accommodate the intruder more easily. I slid deeper, drew back a little, and then began the firm familiar rhythm. Positioning her like this, I was able to look down and watch Elaine Cox's tomboy bottom-cheeks as I rode between them. The sight stimulated me powerfully.

After a while I stopped, though pressing deeply in and enjoying the tightness upon me. I steadied her bare hip flanks with my hands and held her like that.

Just stay still, bending over like that for a few minutes, Elaine. We're going to have a pause from time to time to make it last longer. I've bolted the door, so we shan't be interrupted. Bend right over, Elaine. That's better. I've made you late already. I'm afraid the instructor will cane you for overstaying your time in here. Ah, does that scare you a little, Elaine? I promise you I shall authorise the bamboo across your bare bottom if he asks permission. I'm sure he will.

Her instinctive fright at this caused her to tighten deliciously on my stiffness. I stroked her bare hip and began to move. I made her have it for almost half an hour before my excitement drove me to a faster pace, an irregular hectic rhythm at the end, then the strong and lusty pulsing, muffled but audible in Elaine's backside.

I drew out and let her straighten up. Then it was time to leave her to do what she had come for. I smiled at the thought that there would be a plentiful adornment of male passion.

After that morning, I seldom let her escape my notice as she walked down that corridor. Sometimes she had to bend over with her hands on the rim of the seat. Often I chose another position, if I wished to prolong the morning session with her.

I want you lying on the floor, Elaine, I said a few days later.

There was just room for this as she lay down on the white tiles. She had to lie with her head close to the pedestal base. Her skirt was off and she reached with her own hands for the elastic waistband of her knickers, stripping them down to her knees. The full pallor of Elaine Cox's tomboy bottom-cheeks bore several fading imprints of bamboo. The instructor had wanted to cane her for absenting herself so long from class. Her insolence and robust young figure greatly excited him. Most educators would probably take the chance to cane the bare buttocks of a girl like Elaine. He was quite honest with me. He confided that he very much wanted to do it to Elaine Cox's bare bottom. I agreed to this. It was better for the girl and for him that she should be bare. He also confided to me that he wanted to make Elaine Cox scream. I authorised this by allowing him to have Elaine fastened. He was to cane her until she screamed. Then he was permitted to give her a further eighteen strokes with the prison bamboo.

I studied the fading bamboo imprints and fondled Elaine Cox's pale bottom-cheeks as she lay on the tiled floor. I fondled her a long time. Then, lying on the tiles behind her, I used the vaseline and felt her yield to the proud knob. I made her have an hour or so of it on the toilet floor during that morning. In order to prolong the session until noon, I stopped in the middle and smoked a cigarette as we lay there.

There was no resistance when I called her to my bedroom in the evening. I did this every night and commanded Elaine to attend to my needs. She must first take off her short pleated skirt. Then I liked to lie head-to-tail with her on the bed for an hour or two around midnight. I always lay so that this sturdy adolescent girl was obliged to suck—as she had done with boys of her own age—and to make it last for as long as possible. I kept her legs together and made her lay them over my waist. By this means, my close and immediate view was of Elaine Cox's bottom a little fuller and fatter by drawing her legs up, tightly clad in the white stretch-briefs of her uniform. As I studied this view of her, then eased her knickers down with kisses and fondling, I murmured to the girl.

Did you notice when I first began to follow you and take an interest in you, Elaine? What a little ruffian you seemed! You used to come home at midday for your dinner. Even then I walked after you once or twice on your way back—you and another girl....

She shifted her hips a little so that I could draw her underpants right off and drop them on the floor.

Let's have a closer look at your rear view, Elaine Cox! Don't tense your bottom! That's better. Such a tight little rear-dimple, Elaine, for a big fifth-form girl. I can promise you it's going to have an adventure tonight. Don't tighten the cheeks of your bottom, Elaine Cox! I want to play with you for an hour or two first. I daresay I feel very big in such a tight place when I ride that way. You'll feel a little uneasy when you wake up tomorrow morning, as if you've been at full stretch there. And you'll have to sit down rather carefully for a

day or two. But that's not too much for a girl with a sturdy teenage backside like yours to bear. I'm going to spend the next hour or so fondling and examining that schoolgirl bottom of yours, Elaine, so that I'll really be in the mood to enjoy it when the time comes.

Gently I began to coax her into position, wanting Elaine Cox bottom upwards a little more.

lie over a little more on your belly and arch your backside out a little more, Elaine. A nice big swell to those tomboy bottom-cheeks, Elaine Cox. I think you'll be getting a whipping before long. Draw this knee up a little, Elaine. That's better. You're showing your behind properly. Now my fingers are going to stroke your arsehole, Elaine Cox. A lot of stroking and tickling until you're all on edge and roused there. I'm surprised that none of your masters tried to use your bottom on the sly, Elaine. Suck the stiffness a little more.

You would not expect romantic passion from such a girl. But she had a natural lewdness and could not disguise it even when I made love to her backside. When I had enjoyed such tightness and was riding hard, Elaine would sometimes turn her impudent face with a knowing leer on her thin lips—the only way she knew how to greet a man I confess I was mighty glad I had chosen this way. The quantity of passion which saluted Elaine Cox's bottom in the next few weeks would have sired half a village of bastard children had it not fallen on such hot infertile soil.

For the first hour or so while she lay on the bed waiting, I was sometimes content to have her lying with her back to me, my own face level with her hips. She wore only her white uniform blouse, the striped tie, and the white socks which came up to the top of her calves. At leisure, I fondled those robust adolescent thighs, kissing and lipping them. I grew as familiar with the anatomy of Elaine Cox's fifth-form arse as with the lines of my own hand. Night after night, the fondling of the full pallor of her bottom-cheeks was the prelude to parting them and exploring her most lewdly. She submitted because it suited her to be known as a girl who had the master of the house in her power.

I summoned her almost every night for the next month or two to spend the night on my bed. I always exercised Elaine Cox's tomboy backside before sleep. Quite often I woke her in the darkness of the small hours to have it again. In the end, she scarcely came properly awake on these last occasions. While she slept I fondled the robust schoolgirl cheeks of Elaine Cox's bottom. I parted them and presented the swollen cherry-head. Half-consciously and instinctively, she arched her adolescent backside towards me. She even performed a slight responsive rhythm without waking properly.

Alter a month or two of these regular sessions, I had broken her in. There was a night when I needed Elaine Cox three times, the girl hardly waking for the last two. Even so, when Elaine's arse received my release, she must have felt it, if only subconsciously. She was always restive, even if not fully conscious, until that point. But after the tribute of passion in her young bottom, I felt her relax and drift into a deeper sleep again. Was it contentment at feeling the warm gruel released, or relief that she would now be able to sleep without being pestered again?

With an insolent youngster like Elaine, I never withdrew at the last moment. I made her take the tribute as deeply as possible. It was the best way to enforce her submission and keep her aware of it. In those two months, Elaine Cox's bottom felt such fulfilment more than a hundred times.

In most things, Elaine was contemptuous of the world of adult advice, especially its warnings and disapproval of her bad behaviour. Even so, she grew alarmed that my stretching of her behind morning and night—sometimes twice a night—was bound to do her some permanent harm, however slight. She murmured this into the pillow not turning her face to me, one evening as she lay on the bed with her back to me, wearing only her blouse and tie.

She could not see my face and I could not help smiling to myself at the predicament I had got her into. I tickled her between her rear cheeks.

Does it sometimes leave you feeling a little uncomfortable there, Elaine?

She nodded without speaking.

That's nothing for you to worry about, Elaine, I assured her. You're not properly used to it yet. That's all. It does no harm at your age. A lot of big girls of fifteen play fast and loose with their bottoms when they want to please their boy-friends and not get pregnant. A sensible medical man would tell you to do it as much as you liked.

I fondled her young backside a moment more.

Elaine Cox

Turn over on your belly now, Elaine. The pillow under your loins to make your bottom swell bigger. Some cool slipperiness on that hot little tightness. Is that nice? If the loving makes your behind feel a little uneasy afterwards, that's only because it's still too tight. The best thing is to do this more often, so that it gradually eases you. Then you'll always be ready to take a man in that way without difficulty, so long as he prepares you a little like this.

There was reluctance but no rebellion.

Keep your bottom still, Elaine. That's better. Still a little sensitive from this morning, I think.

I did not reveal the inconvenience she would feel in later years. As I enjoyed myself in the next half hour, I knew she would have cause to remember these sessions when it was too late. The excitement of the thought made my tool swell bigger. Thinking of it afterwards, as we lay there, I wanted Elaine's adolescent bottom again almost at once, excited by the alteration to her rear anatomy that I was causing. I would give her something to remember me by. Far from regretting it, my brain was on fire with eagerness. By giving Elaine Cox cause to remember these passionate nights of her young backside's downfall every day in the future, I would retain a certain possession of her even after I had seen her for the last time.

In matters of obsession one cannot choose. Yet Elaine Cox was the perfect partner for what I wanted to do to her. A vulgar youngster of her sort does not go to her betters and complain that she has had a man up behind her. Nor does she object that she has had a lashing across her bare backside with a pony-whip. All these things raise her in the esteem of the other girls. If she would be bully of the reformatory, she must accept them.

CHAPTER NINE

NOREEN: A WINDOW-DRESSER UNDER STRICT DISCIPLINE

It will seem strange that such a girl as Elaine could ever become a topic of contention between Mr. Hardman and I. It was not that he disapproved of anything I had done to her. On the contrary, he urged more exemplary chastisement. Nor was he censorious about my other uses of her. As we worked together more closely, it was impossible for him not to know that Elaine Cox spent most nights arse-upwards across my bed submitting to my passion. He shrugged it off, remarking that a young scrubber ill-behaved enough to be sent to such a place deserves no better. Moreover, he said, a man's tool does not drop off the moment he assumes authority in institutions of this kind. It is to be expected that some girls appear to ask for a taste of it. If they get it, the blame is theirs.

Mr. Hardman feared for me, not the girl. He was alarmed that I had nourished my obsession rather than giving my desire free rein with a number of girls. He would not mind if I indulged the same freaks with Sue and Jackie, Sharon and Louise, Pauline, and, of course the youngest, pretty Jane Mitchener. As surely as any moral guardian, Mr. Hardman wished to save me from myself.

During my visits to him, other beauties were paraded before me. The nudity of Rachel Williams with her mop of dark curls and sly blue eyes afforded a lustrous night of pleasure. But still I took no part in his own reformatory enthusiasms. I had agreed to the wisdom of combining our powers but it took a little while longer to bring this about.

One late spring afternoon we were talking an hour or two before dinner. We were in his south drawing-room in the company of several of his fellow-justices. He had informed me that morning that there was a girl of nineteen to be chastised after dinner that night at about ten o'clock.

It was a serious case. The culprit had not only defied the supervisor in charge of her shopwork. She had resisted his guiding hand, had fought and in the end had bitten his finger viciously as he tried to restrain her anger. Her punishment for this assault was to be an occasion of some importance. She had been under indefinite reformatory detention for a week or two but her tanning had been delayed until now. The gravity of the case required that the justices and their ladies should be there as witnesses. They were naturally eager to be and, indeed, they were also to be Mr. Hardman's guests at dinner beforehand. I did not know at that moment that it was nineteen-year-old Noreen, his window-dresser, who had been retained for private reformatory training by these justices for as long as they thought necessary.

Now, he said to me, as we finished tea that afternoon, you are accustomed to examine such girls before the penalty is inflicted. Are you not?

I am.

And a private bare-bottom examination of such a strapping young trollop as Noreen would not be too distasteful to you just now? I imagine you must have seen her dressing the store window.

Not in the least distasteful.

He favored me with a private smile.

Do me the favour of passing judgment on Noreen before we sit down to dinner and join us to witness her chastisement afterwards. She will be whipped anyway. But Noreen ought to have her arse looked at first, in case any of the justices feel uneasy. You are not in command of her here, so you can be accepted as an independent witness for that.

By all means. Where is she?

Waiting in my study, said Mr. Hardman quietly, leading me to the door of the drawing-room where we had been taking tea. You have two hours to inspect her, if you choose. I regret to say that Noreen is a resentful young slut so you had better be careful. She thinks far too highly of herself for a common bumpkin of her sort. For safety's sake, you will find that her wrists have been strapped to the frame of the study table as she bends over it.

I must tell you what happened next. Though it did not immediately involve Elaine, the fate of Noreen determined the future of both. At that moment I had not the least idea of such a thing. I walked from the

library to the room which Mr. Hardman called his study. When I opened the door, I saw that the window overlooked the apple orchards. In the alcove of the window space was a heavy mahogany table, polished to a dark liquid gloss. And there was Noreen, much as I had seen her when she bent to her work behind the plate glass, arranging the display of fabrics or perfume bottles in Mr. Hardman's store.

Noreen was bending over the broad table-top, her head towards the window and her seat towards the door as I came in. She looked as if she was being strained forward as she bent over the table. The very tension of her strong young body suggested that she bent over like this most unwillingly. Only as I moved into the room could I see that her arms were wide apart and drawn down at full stretch on the far side of the table. Each wrist was strapped to the heavy base of an opposite table-leg, so that she was held in this position.

As she lay forward, the collar-length of the young window-dresser's lank dark hair fell about her face, concealing her features from me. Then, as she heard the door open and close, my footsteps crossing the room towards her, Noreen flicked back her hair and twisted round. It was the gesture she used when she thought a man was watching her from behind as she knelt on all fours brushing the carpet or waxing the floor of the window display. I saw the firm features of her fair-skinned face under the narrow fringe of her dark hair. There was no mistaking the defiant slant in her brown eyes, the resolute line of her chin, the little glow of anger that showed at the points of her wide-set cheekbones.

She could not twist her face round quite far enough to look at me properly. In any case, I was now studying her figure in this posture. Noreen was wearing the singlet, the tight fit of her faded blue Falmer jeans, and the stout waist-belt that drew them skin-smooth on her strong nineteen-year-old hips and backside. Noreen was known as a strapping young trollop and this was hardly an exaggeration. At nineteen, she was a well-made and firm-figured girl. Bending over as she was, the tight Falmer jeans showed her off nicely. The thin denim was drumskin tight over the swelling and broadened mounds of Noreen's buttocks in this posture. The stout central seam of the denim seat was drawn taut and deep between the cheeks of Noreen's bottom, giving the young window-dresser's arse a most suggestive look. The lower fatter curve of Noreen's bottom-cheeks almost closed over the seam again. But one could see how it was strained forward like a hawser under her legs by the tightness of the jeans. The soft intimate flesh was moulded by it and the tension of the seam almost seemed to part the sensitive lips.

Ignoring the fury in Noreen's gaze, I drew up a chair behind her and sat down. I examined closely the view that now occupied me.

I studied the full-cheeked swell of Noreen's bottom.

I ran my hands over the thin denim that was tight and smooth on her rear cheeks. I heard her catch her breath and she tried to shift away from my fondling.

Quite still, Noreen! I shall have to undress you in a moment and examine you properly. Better get used to the idea, Noreen. You'll be feeling my fingers and hands examining your bottom, your thighs, and between your legs, Noreen. You may just as well decide to enjoy being felt, Noreen. You'll get it anyway. Just calm down and accept it. I promise you that you won't enjoy the pony-whipping that they're going to give you in an hour or two.

She was restive, breathless and struggling against the straps that held her wrists.

Your bottom, Noreen, I said quietly, I think it's time to unveil it."

I stood up, leaning over her. Her wide leather waist-belt had a little brass circlet at the rear but I slid my hands under her and found its fastening. I was also able to give Noreen's firm proud breasts a good fondling through the thin cotton of her singlet. Despite her defiance, her nipples stood hard before I finished. I drew the waist-belt out through the loops of her jeans and found the zip of her pants. It took me a moment to undo Noreen's jeans properly, to pull them down her legs and clear of her feet.

She was naked below the waist now except for her underpants. Noreen's knickers were the usual plain white briefs of elasticated cotton, worn by most working-girls. I stroked the bare pallor of her firm young thighs.

I'm going to take your knickers down in a moment, Noreen. You might just as well enjoy what's happening now, instead of being tense and resentful. After all, you've had boy-friends, haven't you? You can't pretend you never had your panties taken down on a date—or that you didn't like it then. However much you hate the whip, you'll feel the sexiness when they make you have it with your knickers off."

Stretched bending over the table as she was, there was little that Noreen could do to resist. She twisted her hips as far as she could while my fingers took the elastic waistband of her white stretch-briefs and drew it down. I laid bare the robust pallor of her hips and the firm big-cheeked swell of Noreen's bottom. I let the cotton briefs hang inverted round her knees. I studied the object of my examination.

Noreen's bottom!

Beyond the windows the red Beauty of Bath blush of full-grown apples shone in evening light on the orchard trees. But no Beauty of Bath outdid the full swelling pallor of Noreen's bottom!

However, there was ample time for what I had to do and no need to omit anything. One way of discovering how such a strapping young wench will endure punishment is to see her endure pleasure. First of all she needed to be manualised a little. I slipped my fingers under her legs, making her curse me as she twisted and tensed in vain.

Just relax and enjoy it, Noreen. I want to bring you off now. I shall work you up gently until you come. You're too defiant, Noreen. You need to get this out of your system. You'll feel the whip much worse if you're aroused and on edge from having this first of all. Just feel my fingers running over your sex, Noreen, tickling you up. Just be a sensible girl and enjoy it. I'm sure you like to be brought off, Noreen, don't you? Pretend it's your boyfriend doing it to you if you like.

A desperate struggle began between Noreen's determination to repress her enjoyment so that she would not yield to me—and her natural healthy instincts.

Just relax, Noreen. Feel the stroking and squeezing, the tickling and touching. You're getting warm and slippery already. You can't help moistening and lubricating, can you, Noreen? It's what nature makes you do. You're even getting the wet on the inside of your thighs, Noreen. I'm sure I shall make you come before I've finished.

At last there was a shuddering in her breath, a quick irregular tensing of her thighs and a clenching of her buttocks. A series of hard cries came from her, as if someone were pressing rhythmically on her belly to force them out. Then the rising, Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! of her excitement ended in a long exhalation and a shivering release.

Did you enjoy that, Noreen? I think you did! Did you close your eyes and imagine it was your boy-friend with you? Now we've got two hours together, Noreen. Plenty to do to pass the time. First of all, I'm going to bring you off a second time. All over again, Noreen. Just feel my fingers fondling you where you're warm and slippery between your legs. Let's fiddle with that little clitoris a moment. Ah, that makes you flinch. Still so sensitive there, Noreen? Does it tickle so much? Is it nice like this? Just let the swell of your sex rest in my hand, Noreen. Just relax and feel the fondling and squeezing and stroking. That's better. Enjoy what's going to happen anyway.

It took her ten minutes and then she lay unresisting and drained over the table.

Now your bottom, Noreen. I can't imagine how many men liked to see you bending over in your tight jeans when you were doing the window display.

My hands and then my lips touched the cool smooth pallor, sensing and enjoying the robust young cheeks of Noreen's bottom. Sometimes I moved her hips a little, wanting them angled to show the broad curve of her behind's fullest outward cheek-swell. Then I fondled and smacked the softer and rather fatter bottom-flesh low down on Noreen's rear cheeks. A little pressure revealed the more private inward slopes where her bum-cheeks curved in together suggestively. Then the cheeks of Noreen's backside had to be pulled hard apart to make her show herself properly.

I studied Noreen's behind with great care. I enjoyed the tightening and tensing of her buttocks, their shifting and fattened swelling and clenching. I made her bend over more tightly, the strapping young cheeks of Noreen's bottom drawn apart until the tight dark vortex of the young window-dresser's arse was the focus of attention. Though she was a strongly-built girl of nineteen, I was intrigued to see how small and tight Noreen's arsehole still appeared. Her posture over the table emphasized the enforced stretching apart of the warm inward buttock-slopes that normally concealed it, making her anus seem all the more shrinking and vulnerable. Noreen seemed conscious of it, too, by the way she was tensing her bottom and trying to contract the little hole still tighter. But even by doing this she acknowledged the thoughts of an admirer who had her strapped down over the table.

It was a little before seven o'clock, when I was ready to go to dinner. I pressed the bell and three of Mr. Hardman's burly assistants conducted Noreen to the basement vault where she was to receive correction for her conduct. She was dressed again in her singlet and jeans but, you may be sure, she was in no mood to submit. Every inch of the way this strongly-built girl of nineteen resisted them. With head bowed and lank collar-length of dark hair flying side to side, she braced her straining legs against the direction of the march. Bowing forward in their grasp she struggled side to side, lunging her robust young hips against the men in a frantic attempt to break free.

Fortunately, they had dealt with such resistance before on the part of other delinquent girls of her kind. They soon marched her down the basement steps to the stone-flagged vault where the padded trestle stood waiting. While Mr. Hardman and the rest of us enjoyed an excellent dinner in the room overlooking his balustraded terrace and his lawns, these servants prepared the scene in the basement vault.

It was more than an hour later, when dinner was over, that I accompanied Mr. Hardman, three justices, and their ladies down the stone steps to the spacious underground vaults and cellars of the old manor house. We walked along a stone-flagged corridor where lamps shone in iron brackets on the rough stone walls. Here and there I glimpsed an opening and a rack of dark bottles, belonging to the excellent cellar of Bordeaux and Burgundy which he keeps. It was from this that we had just drunk four excellent bottles of St. Julien, Chateau Talbot, almost thirty years old.

At the far end of the underground corridor a heavy oak door stood open. I could see through its stone archway that the thick-walled underground room beyond was brightly-lit.

This vaulted basement-room chosen for Noreen's discipline that night was about twenty feet square. Its only window was small and closely-barred, set at one end of the high vaulted ceiling. This aperture was below ground, looking out on a sunken gully in the courtyard. A small patch of wan and faded moonlight, lying in a fan shape on the vaulted ceiling, was all that penetrated from the outside world above us. The window itself, being made of thick glass and not capable of being opened, ensured that even the shrillest female scream from the vaulted room was unlikely to be heard even in the courtyard above.

I had been here once or twice before. A pair of tight blue nylon panties, glossy and translucent, had been drawn down to show the bare pallor of Rachel Williams's twenty-year-old bottom-cheeks. No heroine of melodrama ever uttered screams to match Rachel's as the walls rang to the crack of the stable-lash. Yet the vault was so soundproof that nothing was heard in the rest of the house. The night before, Mr. Hardman had subjected Noreen's workmate, dark-haired and plump-bottomed Angela to a pony-whipping for deceit in that vault. It had been a discipline so extreme that it made Miss Angela yell with all the power of her lungs. But even though the window was unshuttered, Ange's wildness was less than a distant owl-cry in the silent darkness of the courtyard.

Many of the Union Street idlers who watched Noreen at her shopwork, or followed her past orange grove and spring gardens to her boy-friend's car, or past north gate or south gate, had dreamt of having her in a place like this underground vault. The rough stone of the whitewashed walls was quite two feet thick, as one would expect from these foundations. The oak doors were stout and heavy, fitting tight enough to make the vaulted cellars completely soundproof to one another.

Such was to be the scene of Noreen's retribution. The flagstones of the vault that was being prepared were sparsely enough furnished. There was a tall oak frame, very heavy and standing at waist-height, something like a large counting-house stool that a clerk might have used a hundred years ago. But it was more stoutly built and had been strengthened here and there by iron braces. In addition, it was bolted to the floor. At various levels on its thick oak frame, strong buckle-straps for restraining a culprit under discipline had been firmly threaded through slits cut purposely in the thick oak supports. One of these straps was longer than the rest. It was positioned as if to hold a subject down by the waist. This curious piece of furniture stood close to the main wall at one end of the room. Apart from that the vault was almost empty.

Across the ceiling four fluorescent strip-lights cast a harsh white brilliance on the rough-cast wall of the underground room. There were two or three small tables with ashtrays on them and a cuspidor half-full in the corner. In another far corner a drawing-room screen stood with its panels folded together. Several small wooden chairs were stacked by the back wall but they did not look as if they had been used. A shelf ran along above them. A school cane lay upon it and a short lash of the kind with which Angela had been disciplined.

By the time that Mr. Hardman and his guests came down to this brightly-lit vault, Noreen was positioned. Though she had wrestled hard in the grip of the three men, they had forced her down the deep cellar-steps and along the fluorescent-lit passageway to the vault. Then there had been defiant panting and wrestling as she was bent tightly forward over the heavy oak of the tall wide-topped trestle-frame that resembled a high old-fashioned stool. The two stable-grooms had held her over. Mr. Hardman's valet and two stable-boys had drawn Noreen's arms at full stretch down the far side, strapping her wrists into the fixed leather cuffs at its base. Struggle as she might, she was now obliged to bend right over the heavy oak frame. Even a strong girl of nineteen would never break these stout regulation straps.

As we entered, Noreen still wore her short white singlet and her own brown leather waist-belt with its circular brass ornament at the back. This belt was now drawn tight round her body, just above her waist. It kept her white cotton singlet-hem high above her broadened hips so that the full-swelling Amazon-girl pallor of Noreen's bottom-cheeks was properly bare. It was important that while she was being punished, Noreen's backside and even the peep of her cunt between the rear of her legs should be fully at the disposal of the stable-groom's skill.

The groom's assistants had finished their preparations. Noreen bent waiting over the heavy wooden frame. Her pale buttocks, pulled harder apart by her posture, swelled out full and broad under the stout waist-strap. It was of great importance that Noreen should get the whip across her bare bottom. Had she been permitted to wear the white stretch-briefs of her knickers, the effect of the whip on her bottom would have been concealed from the justices. They naturally needed to see whether its impact was too severe or not severe enough. I would also be the first to admit that the breathless anticipation in the room was always greater when the punishment was given on a girl's bare bottom, whether it was Noreen, Angela, or Rachel who was the culprit!

Noreen naturally hated and dreaded the whip, as much as she loathed and feared those who inflicted it upon her. But by making her have it with her knickers down and her bottom bare, it was intended that she should also be made to feel the perverse sexiness of the occasion. Having her knickers taken down by one of the grooms inevitably woke memories for Noreen of when they were taken down in the back of her boy-friend's car or in a tent with him while she was camping. To have them pulled down now in the presence of other men and women made the stagnant air of the underground vault seem heavy with sexual suggestion. I certainly thought it best for Noreen that it should be so. The young window-dresser would feel her punishment more keenly if she was troubled by sexy associations.

To have Noreen strapped down firmly over the punishment-trestle was also most important. Besides having her arse bare and positioned as he chose, the groom naturally wanted to inflict prolonged and severe retribution on Noreen's bottom without the girl being able to impede him. He proposed to discipline Noreen beyond anything that even a strongly-made girl of her sort could bear. The wrists and legs of this rebellious nineteen-year-old working girl must therefore be securely pinioned to the frame so that she could not interfere with what was done to her. That the groom would whip Noreen's bare bottom far beyond the extreme limits of punishment was exciting to the men who watched and caused amusement to their ladies. The men were understandably excited, seeing the bare cheek-swell of Noreen's behind so suggestively presented. The ladies smiled wickedly at her. They were delighted to see Noreen in the hands of such a sadist and were eager to show Noreen their delight. Any young slut of a window-dresser was a rival for their menfolk and they regarded her with more dispassionate cruelty than the men did.

The spectators took their places at the end of the room furthest from the heavy oak trestle-frame, about twelve feet to the rear of the girl. The groom's assistants closed the thick studded door tight, sliding the iron bolts across so that there should be no interruptions. These two servants waited to one side of the groom, in case assistance should be needed.

Noreen flicked back her lank dark hair, turning her firm young jaw and defiant brown eyes on the spectators with breathless fury. But the broad-cheeked swell of Noreen's backside presented a fine target. The groom ran his tongue humorously along his lips and favored her with a knowing smile as he picked up a slim quivering switch of polished leather. This stable-whip was quite three feet in length, beginning with a handle thick as his thumb. At the end it tapered to a quivering pencil-point tip.

The strongly-built shopgirl tensed herself over the heavy frame as he touched the whip across her bare backside and took his aim. The contempt in the slant of Noreen's brown eyes under the level fringe of her dark

hair was giving way to doubt and dismay. The lank dark hair slid across her collar as she twisted her head to the limit, trying to look round and see what he was doing. He raised the switch high behind his shoulder and brought it down with vicious skill. The sharpness of supple leather smacking hard across the bare cheeks of Noreen's bottom made the stone walls sing with its resonance.

Another savage stroke of the supple switch aslant Noreen's bare backside... A soft sound from her and an urgent tensing of her bare buttocks... The whip low across the young window-dresser's bottom... Noreen's breath caught in a frantic gasp... The strong pale firmness of her legs twisting... The groom admiring the backs of Noreen's well-exercised Amazon thighs... An agonising smack of the whip high up across the backs of her legs... Across her backside... Her backside again... Her thighs... Her bottom... bottom... bottom... Her thighs... The ears of the witnesses stunned by an ear-splitting smack of leather across Noreen's bottom... Though the nineteen-year-old window-dresser was a sturdy and defiant girl, the magistrates now heard Noreen scream... Noreen's shriek gave a keener edge to the excitement of the portly middle-aged justices who watched her... The girl's buttocks contorted as she twisted her face round, her brown eyes wild under her level fringe of dark hair, her mouth open in frantic shrillness...

Even in the strictest training-stables, a rider would hesitate before using such a whip to this extent upon the hind-quarters of the most rebellious filly. But the groom had paused only to take off his jacket and roll up his sleeves. As he did so, we heard Noreen's breath breaking in struggling gasps of panic. The heavy oak frame creaked under the weight of this young shopgirl-Amazon writhing against it. There was the dry squeak of strained leather as she pulled unavailingly against the straps that held her down.

Her chastiser was ready to proceed. The naked ferocity of whip-leather flashed across the pale swelling globes of Noreen's arse again... Across the backs of her thighs... Her thighs again... Her bottom... Thighs... thighs... thighs... Noreen's bottom... bottom... bottom... bottom... thighs... bottom... The walls ringing with Noreen's shrillness... Her bottom again... And again... thighs... bottom... bottom... The state of Noreen's bottom stiffening every middle-aged justice's tool... Noreen's legs hardly able to support her had she not been securely strapped down over the heavy oak frame...

The groom stood back as if to regain his breath. Noreen was gasping and squirming in her straps. His tongue ran along his lips as he contemplated the sight of Noreen's backside, its cheeks embossed by more than twenty raised welts of his quivering leather switch. With the young window-dresser arse-upwards over the frame such surging and squirming of the strapping young cheeks of Noreen's bottom had a suggestively erotic quality. She was tensing and rounding them just as if her boy-friend was lying underneath her and she was coaxing his manhood between her legs.

A wickedly-aimed stroke of the leather switch across the lower fatness of Noreen's bare buttocks... Another whistling of leather across that same soft undercurve... Another and then another again just above the light flesh-crease dividing her rear cheeks and her thighs. A dangerous-looking plum-coloured stripe raised across that lower and fatter part of Noreen's arse. The groom unable to resist improving it! A wickedly aimed stroke across it—and another... Noreen kicking and shrieking, the collar-length of her dark hair flying... The whip aslant her arse to tame her... Another slanting cut... A ringing smack of leather across the crowns of her rear cheeks... The quivering leather switch landing with a report sharp as a ringmaster's whip across Noreen's bottom-cheeks... Noreen's buttocks contorting urgently... The whip across her thighs... across Noreen's bottom... bottom... Noreen screaming... A singing smack of leather across her bottom... bottom... bottom... Noreen's shrill desperation answered by a savage smack of the whip across her bottom again... across Noreen's bottom... her wild shrillness... a flashing smack of the leather switch low across Noreen's bottom... Noreen farting... the lank dark hair flying and head twisting... the whip like white fire across her bottom-cheeks... Noreen shrilling... kicking wildly...

To prevent the young window-dresser kicking out, the assistants held her legs while the groom strapped Noreen's bare thighs firmly together just above her knees. He did not chide her for kicking out at him but enjoyed Ins revenge by murmuring to her as he tightened and buckled the strap to the heavy frame.

It was only a moment's pause. Then the walls sang with the impact of the leather switch across the broad bare mounds of Noreen's buttocks again... across the rear of Noreen's thighs... low across the backs of her thighs... across the backs of her knees... across her bottom... Six diagonals aimed this way across the blaze of Noreen's backside... Then six slanting strokes the other way... The switch smacking across Noreen's thighs...

Noreen's bottom, a smack aimed wickedly low... across her thighs again... low across her bottom... her thighs... Noreen's bottom... Noreen's bottom... Noreen's bottom... Noreen's bottom.... A pause as if it might be over... panic in her brown eyes and a wild girl-cry of anticipation as she realised it was not... the sharp resonance of leather across Noreen's backside again... then her thighs... thighs... bottom... Noreen's bottom... Noreen's bottom... Noreen's bottom...

The stable-groom, on the instructions of the justices, made Noreen's punishment last for the rest of the evening. Quite a long while later the young window-dresser's ordeal was over, or so it seemed. Noreen still lay strapped down bottom-upwards over the trestle. The bleak midnight glare of the fluorescent strip-lights showed the cheeks of her nineteen-year-old backside as a blazing tribute to the whipmaker's art and the sadistic skill of the stable-groom. After such chastisement, it was Mr. Hardman's custom to leave the culprit strapped over the heavy frame until next morning with the room fully lit. An adolescent stable-lad was instructed to empty the ashtrays, put away the chairs and then leave Noreen to her thoughts for the night. When the lad pulled the door closed after him, it would lock automatically. No one but Mr. Hardman would have a key to enter until morning.

Mr. Hardman went to see his guests to their cars. I found myself in the courtyard, able to peep down into the vault through the tiny barred window. There had been no reason to close the inside shutters across it that night. I could not resist peeping and was glad that I did so. In the next few minutes, I witnessed an intriguing encounter between the stable-lad and Noreen. The stable-boy was carrying a familiar jar of white substance. From the glitter of crystals here and there, I could see that it was soft kitchen fat melted with a good quantity of salt and the mixture allowed to congeal again.

The lad dug his finger into the jar and scooped up the white softness of the salted fat. He smeared it sleekly over the whip-skinned cheeks of Noreen's bottom to ensure that she smarted untouchably for the rest of the night. He knew that the girl would not find the salted fat painful at the first touch. The unguent might even soothe her a little. Only as it sank into the glowing and extremely tender cheek-skin of Noreen's backside would the smart of it flare up ferociously, scorching her arse as long as it remained upon it. Only a master who wanted to subject Noreen to extreme discipline would leave her like this for the whole night.

The lad spread another finger-load of grease gently over Noreen's rear cheeks, feeling her first stirrings as the effects began. She remained strapped over the frame, tensing and squirming. The swelling cheeks of Noreen's bottom were red as flame and sleek with the thickly-salted grease. This gave her buttocks a fuller and fatter appearance as the light caught their greasy shine of deeper and violently smarting crimson. From the mere sight of that deeper and lurid blush I could see that Noreen's swelling bottom-cheeks were even more sore than when the groom had finished with her.

I confess that I was one of those who had stood and watched her at her shopwork, the big-cheeked swell of Noreen's bottom in tightened jeans shown to the street as she polished the display-case floor on all fours. I had seen the insolence of her backward stare to dismiss the men who stood to admire this view. The memory of this made me regret that I was not alone with her in the brightly-lit vault now. Noreen's swelling bottom-cheeks were blushing beetroot colour. But with an ordinary school spanking-strap I would have kept her busy into the small hours, alternately fondling her feminine sensitivity and then giving her half an hour of the strap across her blushing backside. When I administered the final smearing of salt-fat to the cheeks of Noreen's bottom she would truly have felt it.

As I watched the lad, he put down the jar and stood close to Noreen. His back was turned to me but he appeared to be holding something in his lap, while Noreen twisted her face round and stared at it in dismay. Then he seemed to polish this treasure very vigorously for several minutes, still holding it in his lap and making Noreen see it all the time. Then he took a step closer and directed his passionate energy so that it fell in splashes and runs across the rose-crimson full-cheeked swell of Noreen's backside.

As I say, the lad had no key to the door of the vault. Once he closed it as he went out, he would not be able to enter again. By the same token, once he did this, Noreen was condemned to the torment of the salted fat on her tender buttocks until Mr. Hardman returned in eight hours time. When the stable-boy moved towards the door, the girl twisted her face round to him with a flick of her dark hair. It seemed that Noreen had not believed the scamp would leave her in this predicament.

But he did what any of the young window-dresser's shop-gazing admirers would do. He opened the door

and stood in its arch, meeting the wild slant of Noreen's brown eyes. There was no smile on his face, only a calm determination. He studied the tempting sight of Noreen strapped bottom-upwards over the frame. The big swelling pallor of Noreen's rear cheeks now glowed a deeper plum-crimson like sunset fire. The lank dark hair fell about the firm resolute features of the young window-dresser's face. Dismay filled the brown eyes under the level fringe. Noreen was shouting not to be left like this. I saw a sudden big-cheeked surging and writhing of Noreen's bottom. A pout of cunt between the rear of her strong but firmly-strapped young thighs. Her backside surging out, cheeks drawn hard apart to give a glimpse of Noreen's arsehole. I think the excitement of seeing that sealed her fate as far as the lad was concerned. He stood back and closed the door upon her.

I drew back into the shadows as he came up. I was not surprised to see him take my place, looking down through the little window high above, watching the desperate tensing and writhing of Noreen's crimson rear cheeks as she lay over the stool, alone in the room. He tapped at the glass until he drew her attention, looking down at her, watching. He gazed down from the high window, this way and that, earnestly and almost tenderly, as if anxious not to miss a single tensing of Noreen's bottom-cheeks under her smarting ordeal or to lose a single frantic look in her face. He caught her eyes whenever she twisted her face round. I spied on him in turn, from my window. He watched Noreen's sore-bottomed squirming until the dawn grew from grey to yellow. Still he did not smile. The tightness of his mouth and the calmness in his eyes when they met Noreen's must have caused a flutter of panic in the young window-dresser's belly at the thought that one day she might be strapped over the frame with her knickers pulled down, under the discipline of this torturer's apprentice.

The upshot of the evening's drama was a discussion between my host and I. Mr. Hardman spoke to me again about Elaine. Had I not seen enough to understand the folly of my obsession? Were there not enough girls of Noreen's sort to enjoy without the danger of being encumbered? Would I not have Rachel Williams or Trish Mitchell, or both together? He assured me that the sooner another place was found for Elaine Cox and her big sister Pauline, the better.

For the moment, we agreed to disagree. I confess that I was very much taken with the idea of having Noreen under obedience-training. But I was not quite won over. Of course, I did not resist his further proposal that we should join forces. We had gone too far in our preparations to pull back now. All the same, after what I had seen and what he had said, I guessed that Elaine might not be with us long once my friend and I were under the same roof.

CHAPTER TEN

ELAINE COX AND JANE MITCHENER

An obsession will die as surely as it grows. Obsessions are like a good warming fire in the grate on a dark winter afternoon. The most intense will blaze up and expire in a short while, as mine did in a few months from acquiring possession of its object. Perhaps it is as well that they do not survive, or that the participants meet an untimely fate. Imagine Romeo and Juliet, Heloise and Abelard in old age, munching their teeth and cackling over the world's misfortunes. I cannot believe the inhabitants of Ithaca cared much for the small talk of grey-haired Odysseus and Penelope.

I can tell you when my own enthusiasm for Elaine Cox was safely curbed. It was on the morning when I woke and knew that the difficulties I had caused for myself were more important than the pleasures and excitements awaiting me. You may be sure, of course, that the music stool with its top of padded green velvet was waiting in my study. That morning I studied the bare double-cheek swell of Elaine Cox's adolescent bottom as she knelt over it, tensing and shifting for a couple of hours. Before lunch she had an ample taste of the thin leather spanking strap across her bare fifth-form backside.

But I was now increasingly anxious to solve the problem of Elaine. I felt less desire to keep her under my command. But if I did not keep control of her, I was well aware of the trouble that such a boastful and rebellious youngster might cause. So I had no choice in the matter. She must remain a reformatory girl for as long as necessary.

A few weeks later I received a visit from Mr. Hardman. That evening he asked me if I would grant him a favour. Of course I would. How could I not? He wished to transfer one of the girls from my care to his own. When we combined our activities it would not matter, of course. In advance of that, he would like her under his roof.

I thought I was going to be free of Elaine Cox. This was his way of getting her out of my system. Absence makes the heart grow cooler. I agreed rather too quickly and then slyly asked the name of the girl. I thought I misheard him when he told me.

Jane Mitchener!

It was not what I expected but I could hardly refuse. So pretty Jane, the youngest of the delinquents under my care, made her journey to Mr. Hardman's establishment. There was an end of the matter, I thought. A fortnight later Mr. Hardman returned with a man I will simply call Raoul.

Mr. Hardman guessed my predicament. He suggested blandly that the best thing would be for incorrigible girls like Elaine and her sisters to pass into the keeping of employers abroad. It was not advisable they should be heard from again. I agreed with that wholeheartedly, knowing what it was that the world might hear from a little scrubber like Elaine Cox! So Mr. Hardman had used his good offices, he said, and Mr. Raoul visited us to see what could be done.

Fate would have it that Raoul's first view of Elaine was the very one that had been my downfall. With several other girls, the youngster was bending to her gardening in the courtyard. The tight smoothness of her blue-grey working-trousers presented most suggestively the slight heaviness of her adolescent thighs and the tomboy cheeks of Elaine Cox's bottom at the awkward age. Just then she tossed back her fair hair and turned the broad oval of her snub-nosed face with an impudence few such men can resist. Few men of his sort could ignore the challenge of bringing a rebellious youngster like Elaine to absolute obedience.

At once he offered to take her off our hands and find employment for her abroad. He asked no reward but, seeing Elaine's big sister bend to her task nearby, he positively insisted that the two girls must go together. Mr. Hardman scarcely asked my consent in the matter. I would not have refused anyway. Here was the ideal way out of my problems with Elaine. Raoul and Mr. Hardman made the arrangements. I knew nothing whatever of the suggestion that Raoul intended both sisters for a remote house beyond the Danube where he was free to inflict the final severities of execution.

A week or two after the sisters' departure, Mr. Hardman spoke jokingly of stories of a sinister room in that house, to which Raoul would escort a girl and from which he returned alone. Such haunts of extreme

voluptuousness certainly exist but are rarely confirmed. It was just after-dinner bawdy when Mr. Hardman described the use of a trestle to hold the girl astride upon all fours. Pauline's plump nudity and Elaine's tomboy charms must be entirely available, he said, the access to loins and bottom unimpeded. Every device which cunning villainy or disciplinary zeal could devise was provided. That Raoul enjoyed himself to the uttermost with each girl separately was alleged. He came out alone at last, calmer and satisfied, leaving the room empty. The lifeless victim had been tumbled through a convenient trap-door in the floor to rocks far below where predators snuffled for food.

It is the kind of macabre fancy that a couple of bottles of Chateau Tablain would inspire in less witty men than Mr. Hardman. Just that and no more. So I thought at the time. But then came my turn to visit him, two months later. After dinner I was in confidential talk with one of the justices who had witnessed Noreen's spanking. I happened to say that I had seen nothing of her this time. I asked whether Noreen's conduct had improved since the young window-dresser had her tanning.

He looked at me significantly and tapped the side of his nose. Had he not drunk a good deal of excellent wine, I should never have heard the story from him. Mind you, he said, it was all allegation, nothing proved.

Mr. Hardman had been in the habit of taking two of his young window-dressers, Noreen and a stocky warm-blooded celtic blonde called Maggie, to a secluded grove in the woods of his estate. A broad wooden forester's bench enabled him to have them kneeling over it in opposite directions. As a matter of prudence their wrists were leather-cuffed to the frame and a strap drawn tight to secure their waists. Maggie's face and Noreen's bare backside presented to him on one side, Mag's bare bottom and Noreen's face on the other. After employing Maggie's bottom for a while he had presented himself to Noreen's lips. Refusal and threat alternated until obedience was exacted. The cause of Mr. Hardman's injury was that he teased Noreen while she was doing it so reluctantly.

She endured his triumphant mockery a while, then with a gasp of anger she closed her teeth upon his stiffness. Whether or not Noreen knew it, she had committed the crime for which a slave-girl pays an extreme penalty. Though Maggie was innocent of this, it was her misfortune to be a witness of the crime and the sequel. Her silence was prized so greatly that she was to share Noreen's demise.

The injured master furiously urged the groom to do his duty before the sun set. The stable-lad needed no urging. It was he who had watched Noreen long and earnestly through the little window after her evening in the underground vault. Now he took the lead, muting and muffling with the two pairs of cotton-web briefs, since he was not sure who might be in earshot.

Noreen and Maggie remained kneeling on all fours over the broad bench, each girl's thighs strapped together as well as the restraint of her wrists and waist. Their leather training-collars were capable of sinister adjustment. The lad pleaded very hard that Noreen should be allotted to him. The groom agreed.

The final curtain must fall before sunset. But there was no urgency. Sunset was six hours away. So there was no reason why Noreen and Maggie should not have their bottoms tanned and undergo other attentions first. It would make no difference to the outcome, so far as they were concerned. To the stable-lad and the groom, on the other hand, it was a rare opportunity. The manner in which Noreen and Maggie presented themselves as they lay kneeling over the bench made them seem as if they were asking for it.

There was a vaseline whisper and Noreen's bottom tensed desperately as she was obliged to accommodate the eager stable-lad. At the mid-point he withdrew, still stiff and resolute. The glade rang like a circus ring to the echoes of whip-smacks across the cheeks of Noreen's backside. The severity was of a kind only possible when there is to be no going back. The lad seemed calm and implacable. At last there was a pause and the glade was scented with cigarette smoke. The lad knelt behind Noreen, brushing away a little ash that fell on her hip. He kissed all over Noreen's bottom-cheeks and between them. Where his lips touched each time, he then gave her a red-hot thrill. At last he stood up from his fierce enjoyment, several cigarette butts trodden out in the turf.

The peremptory whip-cracks of the circus ring sang in the warm air again. At last, each loyal servant knelt behind his chosen culprit. The sinister tightening of the collars began. As this continued, the stable-boy's firmness naturally pressed against the cheeks of Noreen's bottom. He lay over her, murmuring in her ear, drawing the laces, inexorably. Then one hand slipped into his pocket and the head of his stiffness was capped with a warlike device. The hard-nosed intruder parted Noreen's rear cheeks, entering with a will of its own

and wrought havoc. He wanted Noreen to feel this pillage past mending. So the outcome for her was inevitable. The lad worked her hard until it was he who let out a long expiring gasp. Calmer now, his hands held the collar-laces. Breathless with the exertion, he drew them tight, slowly and almost lasciviously. Lying over her with that same look of tender concern, he constricted the collar, holding it firmly like this for several long minutes until he felt that Noreen's resentment and resistance was over at last.

I was astonished at this story of Noreen's demise. But what followed was stranger still. Mr. Hardman had rewarded that solitary and brooding stable-lad who had dealt finally with Noreen. For ridding him of Noreen, the master gave this thoughtful youth a younger girl to train. It was not usually the case that an adolescent stable-boy was put in charge of one of the girls. But his services had been exceptional. My informant had seen the girl in question. He described an appealing youngster with a firm open face, a direct gaze in her brown eyes, straight dark hair almost touching her shoulders and brushed in a slanting little fringe on her forehead. Her figure was supple and forming nicely, though her development had some way to go. She had a rounded chin and a nice but rather provocative smile. He smiled at the way she tilted her jaw slightly and set her teeth on her lower lip, teasing her admirers like a little vamp.

I knew, even before he told me, that he was talking about Jane Mitchener. I understand now why Mr. Hardman had asked for her. And I knew from his confirmation that I heard the truth about Noreen.

The implacable stable-lad was not yet allowed to be as sadistic with his young pupil as he wished. But he was permitted to have Jane Mitchener's knickers down when the smooth tense promise of her bare waist and hips, the taut resilience of Jane Mitchener's bottom-cheeks required a tanning. A school spanking-strap was sanctioned, a strip of thin leather two inches wide and eighteen inches long, split into flat tails for the last inch or so of its length. The spankings were inflicted on the bare and budding womanhood of Jane Mitchener's young bottom. He punished her like a common little thief once or twice a week.

There was a time, soon after this, when the girl became well-acquainted with that brightly-lit underground vault during the hours of a long night. I remember the occasion well because Mr. Hardman and I were the only others present in that whitewashed vault when the stable-lad exacted penance from pretty Jane Mitchener. She was not told beforehand that this rendezvous was to take place. Instead she was made to dress in a harem dancing-girl costume and perform seductively before the chair of her young master. This took place in the old stable where we sat round in a circle and watched her. Jane appeared, looking deliciously doubtful and appealing. She was dressed in pretty little shoes an embroidered breast-halter to leave bare her belly and the small of her back. She wore an imitated harem diadem in a helmet-curve upon her head and a pair of tight brief panties, made of translucent apple-green nylon.

Rachel Williams, tall and nicely-figured at twenty, with her crop of dark curls and sly looks, was summoned to demonstrate the art. She had stripped to a short singlet and a pair of similar tight nylon panties in translucent blue. With her back to the boy's chair, Rachel twined her arms above her head while young Samantha Smith beat out the rhythm of the harem dance on a tambourine. The boy licked his lips. His eyes travelled down from the twining arms to the dark curls, the sinuous back, the rounding hips and the lascivious squirming of Rachel Williams's bottom-cheeks in their tight translucent veil of blue nylon. He began at her feet and followed up the nude graceful length of her legs, the tensing of her bare thighs, and again to the lithe cheek-swell and seductive roundings of Rachel Williams's backside.

Then it was Jane's turn. But Rachel and her friend Nicola took the youngster aside. Wiser in the ways of sex, these older beauties prepared her a little more. Rachel took the bottle of liquid soap from the handbasin and tipped it on a sponge. She pressed this over the seat of Jane Mitchener's knickers. By the time Rachel Williams finished, the filmy nylon clung tighter as well as wet and glossy, to the cheeks of Jane's prim little arse.

In a delightfully inexperienced way, Jane turned her back to the stable-lad and began her harem dance. Though she had no idea that she was stimulating him for the discipline to be inflicted on her in the basement vault that night, there was an appealingly uneasy look in her steady brown eyes and the firm open features of her fair-skinned face. Under the narrow slanting fringe of her dark and lank collar-length hair, she looked increasingly dismayed at the effect her bottom-rolling must be having on her young master. Her teeth touched her lower lip prettily, in apprehension this time rather than in mockery.

Jane Mitchener's bottom rounded out towards the stable-lad in the most charming innocence. She arched

and writhed the lithe resilience of her young backside. She bent forward a little and the slippery wet nylon clung smooth as drumskin to the prim cheeks of her young arse. Even without being told, she was also tensing and squirming her bare resilient thighs upon her own sensitivity in a squeeze-and-rub, squeeze-and-rub rhythm.

The boy licked his lips, looking up and down to admire her slim bare arms, her young belly taut and flat to exaggerate the backward jut of her hips, the fledgling beauty of her tense young thighs. As she squirmed her rear cheeks with such endearing inexperience, the feminine promise of Jane Mitchener's prim bottom-cheeks was not quite fulfilled. At the end of the dance, as she was required to bend forward and offer the most alluring rear view to her young master in his chair, I watched his face. He studied Jane Mitchener's young backside, spread-cheeked in the tight translucent nylon as she bent submissively for his approval. It was as well she could not see him. I did not know the truth of it but I could well imagine him closing the throttle-collar upon a strapping young trollop like Noreen.

There was a pause and a consultation. Then to Jane's dismay she was led down the steps to that vault with its heavy oak trestle-frame and its thick walls. She bent over obediently but most reluctantly while the straps were adjusted and her wet nylon panties drawn down. On this one occasion, the stable-lad was permitted his choice of reformatory birch and school cane, training-lash and pony-switch. The excitement provided by his pretty pupil was beyond description. As the lamps paled in the dawn light, the bare and tautly-rounded cheeks of Jane Mitchener's bottom exemplified every refinement of the whipmaker's art.

Yet after one or two sessions of this sort, I saved her by claiming her as my own servant. The lad must have been disappointed but not for long. Mr. Hardman allowed him another pupil, Rachel Williams, who was a few years older than this stable apprentice himself! At twenty years old, shapely Rachel was quite frantic. The spanking-strap was her daily reprimand. Soon after, the lad was permitted to take her to that same nocturnal vault. Rachel returned more quiet and self-conscious, but with a far greater degree of self-knowledge.

Mr. Hardman and I joined forces. About a month later I was passing a pleasant morning with Jane Mitchener over the bed. An envelope had arrived addressed to me. I opened it and found a well-taken photograph, a scrawled sheet of paper, and another sealed envelope. The photograph was curious. A note on the back identified the subject as Elaine Cox. The picture showed an open trapdoor in a wooden floor. I did not need to be reminded of the house beyond the Danube.

There was a bar across the open trap, Elaine suspended over it, head and feet dangling together, bottom facing up. A wide band of black silk with an elegant bow, tight round one tomboy thigh suggested the sombre drama. This was confirmed by the laces of the sinister collar. After that finale, she had been draped over the bar of the trap-door. Before the bar was drawn free and the guilty evidence tumbled through, Elaine had been dressed for her final photograph. A small pair of cream silk panties suitable for a girl smaller than Elaine had been pulled up into place. They would have suited a mournful little girl, having a black lace hem and black teardrop pattern. The youthful prettiness of Maxine's little panties on the bigger arse of her adolescent sister gave an extremely sexy look to the full cheek-swell of Elaine Cox's backside even now. The greater part of Elaine's bottom-cheeks was left bare by the panties. One saw that the minions who laid her out over the bar had been unable to hold back a final spending of passion on the rear cheeks of this big-bottomed girl.

The message accompanying the photograph was written in dismay and outrage. Yet it could not conceal that Raoul was an artist in such matters. As the drama unfolded in the sinister room, Elaine's muffled shrillness was edged by disbelief that such things would be done in earnest. The pale double cheek-swell of her impudent young backside invited them. Bamboo and snakeskin commanded and disciplined Elaine Cox's bare bottom-cheeks. This admirer of her adolescent behind allowed his glance to fall upon long-nozzled bellows and ingenious squirt. Almost unprompted he paid his tribute to her young backside. Elaine appeared to have sat down accidentally in a bowl of gruel.

Her midnight undoing was the suggestive association of cucumber device and Elaine Cox's tomboy bottom. Resolute intervention was needed to end the proceedings in that room. There was military precision and determination as the bottom path was chosen. The energy of the assault achieved an almost impossible storming of the rear postern, a vigorous conquest whose devastation Elaine was conscious of deeply and tumultuously. The youngster's instinctive feminine sense of havoc beyond repair assured her of her situation.

Ignoring her muted panic, the conqueror proceeded calmly and inexorably. He was quiet and logical, insisting that an extreme ordeal was necessary to do justice to the finale that was now inevitable.

Many things became possible to him, now that there could be only one outcome. This called for Elaine's retrenchment, a keen-edged intimate trimming and pruning of feminine sensitivity, cunning as in Arabia. Then the room must echo with whip-cracks like the walls of a riding-school. A wickedly woven lash used only on the rumps of the most obstinate fillies must be tested thoroughly on a tomboy's bare bottom. A long session was necessary to exhaust the possibilities of the ingenious lash. The marking tip shimmered in the brazier coals. The pallor of Elaine Cox's bottom-cheeks suggested rouging. At last, with implements empty, the brazier dead, the whip cast aside, the veins stood out on Raoul's forehead with the effort of lacing her collar.

This indignant allegation—never proved by her!—was from one of Raoul's older and rebellious pupils who, at twenty-five, would only sign herself Deborah C—n. In the other envelope, she added, was all the information needed to bring this male fiend to justice. I looked at the photograph of Elaine and hesitated. Telling pretty Jane to remain lying over the bed, I went to see Mr. Hardman. He had been in his room but was there no longer. I saw that he too had received something through the post. In the waste-paper basket were three discarded photographs. All were of the strange trap-door occupied by a farewell glimpse of female rear anatomy. There was one I had already seen. When I turned them over, I saw that each was marked with a name, Pauline, Elaine, Maxine. Hastily I took charge of these. But before Mr. Hardman returned, I saw that there was another, hastily concealed under some papers. I drew it out. This fourth gem showed a softly plump backside of twenty-five facing up from the opening, and Deborah C—n noted on the back.

When he came in, I said nothing of all this. It was Mr. Hardman who raised the subject first.

There is a matter concerning Raoul, he said. I am obliged to him for taking Elaine and her sister off our hands. He writes to me now that he has a vacancy for a new pupil. I should like to put Jane Mitchener under his authority. You have no objection?

I made none. It struck me so quickly that I had no time. I returned to my room with the purloined photographs and the memory of seeing that final shot of Deborah C—n. Mr. Hardman knew nothing of the envelope that had come to me. As for the last peevish protest of Deborah, I must open the second envelope or not. I must either denounce Raoul or seal Jane Mitchener's fate. Once I knew what was in the envelope, the temptation to prevent her going to Raoul would be too great somehow or other. Secrecy takes a lifetime to preserve, revelation needs only a moment to destroy it.

It was a considerable decision. I lay down again, head-to-tail with my pretty servant. I gave her a command. Jane Mitchener's lank dark hair fell about my lap as she bowed her open mouth and rounded it over the hard warm cherry. While Jane employed the witchcraft of her lips and tongue, I considered the three photographs. The three female bottoms that faced up to the camera differed by a spread of years. One showed slutish plumpness, the next a tomboy impudence, the third an endearing pertness and primness. That they were three daughters formed by the same anatomy was beyond question. I smiled at the thought. I studied each girl's rear view carefully again, as if in honor of its last posthumous appearance. I glanced aside at the flesh and blood prettiness of Jane Mitchener's bottom-cheeks. I tickled them for her. Then I studied the photographs again. Elaine bottom-upwards over the bar of the open trap. Pauline's slutish and Maxine's bum-cheeks full of promise. What if Raoul was innocent but slandered by peevish Deborah? Jane's agile tongue tickled out exquisite moments here and there. I stilled her movements.

Get up, Jane, and bring that envelope from the table.

She scrambled up and crossed the room barefoot, the taut resilient cheeks of her young bottom moving self-consciously in a demure and ladylike way. She came back and stood before me, the dark hair with its slanting fringe framing the firm openness of her face, her teeth touching her lower lip in the teasing mannerism of hers. Her young body still had the nude freshness of flat belly, the backward jut of her hips, the taut sheen of supple flesh.

Put the envelope on the bedside table. Now lie down again, Jane, and go on with what you were doing. And tilt the little mirror, Jane, so that I can see your face.

I gazed at the reflection of the slanting fringe and the straight look of her brown eyes. Close to me, however, I saw the slight fledgling tension of Jane Mitchener's bottom-cheeks, a peep of intimate femininity between the rear of smooth straight thighs. I had no doubt that she would soon follow Elaine's path in the

hands of such a master as Raoul, if Deborah's malice proved true. Her hips were slimmer than Elaine's. Jane Mitchener's prim young bottom-cheeks were no match yet for such a tomboy's. She was tight behind and the accommodation was limited. She would be pressed very hard indeed. And then such a little teaser would soon find her way to the room that had no name. In there, tightness would yield to insistence. The whip that was reserved for the most disobedient fillies would be tested on the bare cheeks of Jane Mitchener's bottom. He would spare her nothing, if the accusation were true. But one does not endorse slander easily.

I kissed one taut resilient young cheek of Jane Mitchener's bottom again and looked at the three photographs once more. Jane's loving mouth and the three studies of the open trap filled by bare-bottomed female charm were having a prodigious effect on me. The crest of the wave was coming and I would soon be down the other side.

Reach for the envelope on the bedside table, Jane. I might have been passing sentence, I suppose. My gaze rested on the leather collar's victims. Pauline's bottom full and plump, Elaine's tomboy rear-cheeks, the pert promise of Maxine's backside.

Just toss the envelope on to the fire, Jane. Right on to the coals. Do it at once.

I felt her bum-cheeks grow tense under my kisses as she stretched out. Then I heard the light fall of the paper and the puff of flame. I drew her to her task again. As the spiral of flame and blackening paper determined her future, I pouted at her warm young sex and bottom-kissed Jane Mitchener again, while my passion boiled over at the thought of what might lie in store for her now. It was several months before I received a photograph of which Jane Mitchener was the subject and the open trap was the frame.

The black silk thigh-band was familiar. But this time the composition also included the snake-like form of the whip lying by the edge of the opening. Coupled with the bare prospect of the prettily rounded cheeks of Jane Mitchener's bottom, it made one catch one's breath. One had only to glimpse the shining leather snake to know that no riding-school would permit its use on the hind quarters of a filly. There are Arab countries where a wicked young murderess, before meeting her fate, pays a very severe penalty under such a cunning lash. I could not personally approve of such thing. Yet it had been decided upon by Raoul. Since it was to happen anyway and would have been beyond my power to prevent had I been there, I confess I would have bribed the Arab servants handsomely for a keyhole view of pretty Jane Mitchener bare-bottomed under such pony-discipline. To have listened at the keyhole would have been a lesson in human nature. To have peeped through for that hour would have been an education.

I have not hesitated to confide her story to this account. She was as much a consequence of Elaine's hold over me as anything else had been. Even now I look back and sometimes feel something of the stirring that, at the time, I experienced on hearing the very name of Elaine Cox. Even now, I cannot hear of a girl called Elaine without assuming that she must be a rebellious adolescent tomboy. She proves to be a demure middle-class little lady or a frowning female moralist. When that happens I smile and shake my head. There is only one for me. So long as she was under my keeping she was Elaine Cox, a tomboy well-chastised.