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A Blue Moon Original

Pleasure Beach



Richard Manton

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Miss Wenham held her over the table like this, gripping Alison's collar for a while longer. There was naturally some reproachful glancing from the young brunette and a subdued mewing of self-pity at the threat in Miss Wenham's eyes. But it was Anne with her tight-lidded blue eyes who watched in most apprehension. Mr Hardman paused in his spanking of the young brunette. As if to provoke him, Alison was slowly beginning her squeezing and tip-toe movements again, even while she lamented the callousness of such discipline.

"You see, Annie?" said Miss Wenham looking up at the petite young wriggler, "Alison 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."

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BLUE MOON

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CHAPTER ONE

I am told that the story of my life is a moral example to all who read it. When circumstances do not force me to join Mr Jessop and his friends in the former colonial enclave of Cheluna, I live in a delightful town where codes of conduct are strict and behaviour is proper. You will not find the movie screens of that community soiled by indecent images. The shelves of our bookshops and libraries have no lewd magazines nor perverse novels but are filled with wholesome examples like the present volume. The Reverend Doctor Root has gathered up offensive publications and warned the booksellers and librarians of the penalties they shall face if such impurity ever appears there again. In order that such confiscated material shall be safe from circulation, he has it under lock and key in his own house. To make assurance doubly sure, it is locked in his bedroom cupboard so that even a nocturnal burglar must penetrate so far to find it. Miss Crutch of the *Weekly Call* is one of his staunchest supporters. She is a frequent visitor to this black museum from which the Reverend Doctor Root assists her to select material for her campaign column. It is Miss Crutch who sits with him to view each movie and decree those scenes to be cut from it and stored in the same place. You may see her

emerge from Doctor Root's door, her colour heightened and her breath quickened by moral exhilaration.

My own pleasure is in hearing my name mentioned with approval from the pulpits of this fair town as one who sets an example to individual decency and family life. Elsewhere they will tell you that I am a conscientious disciplinary, an example to parents and children alike. "Spare the rod and spoil the child is" a principle upon which our community was founded.

It was not always like this. In my youth, I was a pernicious example to those who saw me. I owe it to the righteous Mr Jessop and the Reverend Doctor Root that I am what I am today. I have succeeded Mr Jessop in the running of an establishment which teaches our fair language to young ladies who are summer students from overseas. But what is teaching without morality? Like my predecessor I insist upon impeccable conduct and I discipline every deviation from that. I do not scruple to keep a secret eye upon these girls who have been entrusted to my supervision. I have no hesitation in providing photographic evidence to confirm their lapses. And I deal with them severely for their own good.

I am only human, of course. Like most teachers and clergymen I am seduced, in thought, if not in deed, by some cunning and lascivious young wench. But these lapses are few and my disciplinary triumphs are many. If you hear of critics who disapprove of such stories as mine, you may be sure that they are the basest immoralists, men and women who would not scruple to undermine the sanctity of the family and the pride of our nation. They would subvert true morality while pretending to it. They are the destroyers of youth and the corrupters of the community, all the more insidious because they will parade in masks of virtue. Enough of such humbugs. Let me introduce you to more agreeable company.

In the fine house overlooking the sea, where my friend and benefactor Mr Jessop once held sway, I have about twenty teenage girls at a time. They come from Italy and France, Germany and Scandanavia to study our language. There are classes in the morning and they are at leisure in the afternoon to go into the pleasant seaside town or to the beach. It is during the afternoon that I go out to keep an eye upon their conduct, carrying my camera as an irrefutable witness of any misconduct. I take many surreptitious photographs of the girls and sometimes have to study them for a while to decide whether this posture was not a little lewd or that exposure perhaps indecent—whether this girl's conduct with a boy was improper or another one broke one of our strictly maintained rules. If you were to come with me this afternoon and you should see for yourself whether I am not the true moralist.

I have sat down so often to begin this account of my adventures and have never yet had quite the courage to put pen to paper. The story I have to tell is only a year or two old. But am I wise to reveal my delight in the pleasures and punishments of half a dozen female pupils from Scandanavia, Germany and Italy? Suppose I confess the whole truth, will anyone believe it?

If I merely list the facts of my naked passions with Grete and Valeria, Marit and Elke, Heia and Cosima, I do not think for one minute that I should be believed. We all know men who boast in such a fashion and we regard most of them as liars. But if I explain how these things happened, I shall tell the whole of a very dangerous truth. Perhaps then I might be believed.

The nature of my story obliges me to warn the innocent reader who expects to find some gentle tale of love's awakening. The bare bodies of these teenage pupils were as likely to feel the sharp weal of the lash as the subtle caress of a lover's fingers. Their lover, in any case, was as likely to be one of the other girls as

a boy-friend met furtively on the promenade or in the prince's park.

But that truth is nothing compared to the discovery of a moral challenge which lingers among the summer finishing schools. I must also reveal that certain young ladies who are sent to complete their education at such colleges as that of my friend Mr Jessop never return home. It seems that they choose to be disposed of as slave-brides or harem concubines. Of course, they have no idea of their fate when they go to spend several weeks perfecting their English. After the trap closes, things are done by way of training and initiation which would be impossible if they were ever free to gossip or complain.

I imagine the reader smiling at this, thinking it a tall story. Such things do not happen in reality, do they? Believe me, they happen in reality a thousand times more often than in fiction. So long as the price of young female flesh remains high and so long as there are girls whose absence will not be much noticed, these genteel abductions will become more frequent and even more easy. A girl like Claudia or Elke, two of our charges, is assumed to have "gone off the rails" with a boy-friend and disappeared into the city life of Vienna or Berlin. A buxom Scandanavian lass like Grete Bryne may have decided to test her young strength and resolve by travelling the world. When those who know her in Oslo or Trondheim realise that her disappearance is permanent, it is too late to begin the search. A voluptuous olive-skinned wench like Valeria has surely left her life in Italy merely to find some better prospect of employment. What of a pretty youngster like Marit Aas? There is cause for alarm. We hear that the girl started home to her own country and never arrived. But if there is no evidence of her whatever, an investigation may prove futile. Alarm sinks into unease. Unease becomes resignation. Resignation grows into acceptance.

Like the older girls, pretty little Marit is supposed to have taken her future into her own hands, perhaps with a romantic boy of her own age.

And what of my own beginnings? Well, I was not poor, I am glad to say. Yet I confess at once that before I found myself assisting Mr Jessop at his institution I had been in several scrapes which almost brought disgrace on my family. Even so, I knew nothing of this strange world of female merchandise until a few summers ago. I would not part from it now and, by a quirk of fate, it was one of my scrapes that led me to it. If I say that I was in my middle twenties and that I had yet to reflect much credit on my uncle and aunt who were my guardians, that is as much as the reader need know of me at present. I suppose I might add that I was not short of money nor ever likely to be, unless I should commit an indiscretion of a quite monumental kind.

I had been thrown out of college twice and was assisting my uncle in a small way. He was a fruit importer with his own sheds down at the docks. I do not know that I was ever of much use to him and I think that, even before a scandal threatened, he had been planning to find me employment elsewhere.

CHAPTER TWO

How did I come so close to disgrace and ruin? From the time I was seven or eight, I had lived with an uncle and aunt. He was a merchant of some wealth and she was a lady of influence. During twenty years the family had been prosperous citizens of Altona, living a life that was privileged and agreeable. I do not think I was ever an extravagant lad but, had I chosen, I could have drunk champagne every night at dinner and reserved a comfortable seat at the opera two or three times a week.

My family's reputation was a particular asset. I was constantly reminded by my uncle and aunt that we were important folk in the town and that the eyes of society were upon us. I had best be on my guard against scandal. And I would not have you think I was a young scoundrel. My friends knew me to be loyal and my associates understood that I could be trusted invariably. But the damage which a scandal might do to my public image was nothing compared to the havoc that would be brought upon my family life. I shall say nothing about that life, except that I was very fortunate in almost all respects. There is probably a difficulty or two in every adolescence and most are a good deal worse than mine. I suppose my family and I were the best and truest of friends. Let it go at that.

But since the age of twelve or thirteen, I have always been obsessively interested in women at large. How foolish that sounds, and yet it is the truth. Not for the world would I injure my own partner if ever I were to marry. I have very little sympathy for the philanderer or the deceiver in reality. But in fantasy, no teenage lad was ever more lecherous than I. I had only to see a girl who took my fancy and I went home to write a full account of her and my desires for her in a private diary that I kept. It is something I had done since I was about fourteen. And with a minimum of skill, I have kept photographic records of such girls to accompany these memoirs. Very few of my subjects had even the least suspicion of my interest in them. In the photographs, most appear fully dressed, a number perhaps in swimsuits, rarely are they seen without their clothes on. But even the furtive pursuit and photographic possession of a woman with her clothes on has, for me, the thrill of the chase.

There were occasions when I saw far more than that. I recall an incident when I was lodging away from home to attend a certain school. A rare opportunity presented itself. I had a rear bedroom in an ordinary house and had just arrived on a summer afternoon. The road was one where the back gardens joined along a high dividing wall. Mrs Jones, a redheaded woman of about twenty-five, and two female friends had been sunbathing behind the wall, on the far side. Not for a moment did they suppose that anyone was watching or could see them. One of them, a slim young brunette whom I later met as Lesley Tyler, began to change from her swimsuit into her clothes, taking off her bikini and showing herself naked as she did so. I slipped the camera from its case, adjusted the zoom lens, and took a dozen portraits of this charming striptease. The girl could not have had the least idea that she was being photographed through a tiny chink in the curtains of

another house. Yet there she is in the photographs as I view them now, slim and naked, pulling down her bikini briefs and then pulling on a pair of panties. But such occasions for candid photography are very few.

Rarer still were those few little dramas when the subject of my interest realised what I was doing and protested. The first occasion when there was trouble was alarming at the time. Now I can smile at the memory of it. It was in March '67, soon after I had left school and was sent to fetch a bill of lading from the docks on a Saturday morning. It was soon done and I found myself by the shabby waterside with time to spare. Standing among the shops, I saw a girl who caught my attention. Do not ask me why. She was not a great beauty yet she gave off a warm sexual air. She was a girl of about twenty. Of all things, she was pushing a pram with a baby in it. You would not have called her a working-class Venus but she had a soft prettiness. Her dark brown hair was cut round her head in the shape of a Roman helmet, its length being piled in a tight little top-knot, held in place by a tortoise-shell comb. She had a soft pretty face with rather timid brown eyes and a few freckles. Her soft figure, perhaps having blossomed rather fully in giving birth to the infant in the pram, was sheathed in dark-brown ski-pants and a short waist-length suede jacket of the same dark brown.

I cannot tell you the infant in the pram was her own. If not, she seemed mighty pleased about it all the same. Taking the lens from my camera, I followed her at a little distance across a small park and up the steep roads of shabby houses towards the top of the hill. As she pushed the pram up the slope between the municipal houses of the drab estate she showed a shimmeringly seductive plumpness. The tight stretch-nylon of her dark brown ski-pants showed a seductive weight in her stocky young thighs. The short brown jacket was pulled

up clear of her backside as she laboured over the pram on the steep hill. I could not help smiling at the vulgarly fattened rear view she offered to anyone walking behind her. She was wearing panties with a frilled hem, their seat seemed too brief to cover her pale voluptuous buttocks completely. Under the tight brown ski-pants, she showed every wrinkle of her glamour-girl knickers.

A chance document that I later saw made me think that her name was Janet, but I cannot be sure. I assure you that, whatever her name, she was in no danger from me. The sight she offered roused amusement rather than lust. But a man likes pictures to smile over as well as those to make him long for the girl. I adjusted my camera as I followed her. No one was in sight as I quickened my step to walk just behind her and looked through the viewfinder. The suede jacket was still pulled high at the rear. The young trollop's rear cheeks filled out the skin-tight nylon with trembling tautness. I saw the full bows of her hips and thighs. The frilly hemmed panties caused a thick ridge to curve up high and taut over each cheek of her bottom under the straining brown pants. For ten minutes, as I followed her through the gardens and up the hill, her plump young bottom-cheeks writhed and shimmered before me. I photographed her as close up as possible and then a little way back. Sometimes I was twenty feet behind her and sometimes so close, holding the camera low, that her fat young backside and the tops of her straining thighs filled the entire picture. At last, almost at the top of the hill, she turned in at the gate of a house which had a child's swing in the back garden.

That was all, as I thought. It was some time later, when I was walking back to keep my appointment, that the girl rode past with a sharp-faced little man. She looked at me uncertainly while he screeched abuse as they went by, threatening all manner of bodily vengeance if he ever saw me near her again. He was one

of the most puny individuals I have ever set eyes on. He certainly sped on without offering to avenge his lady-love's photographed backside! I was suddenly taken by the thought of this little fellow perched high upon the naked beauty of his plump brunette, toiling away at her.

At that moment, a policeman also rode by. If the little Galahad had called him to deal with the outrage to his plump brunette, the officer had evidently told him that it is no crime to photograph a public view and that he had best mind his own business. I still think of the incident with amusement a few years later, as I study the photographs taken that morning. It was less amusing at the time. The young tart Janet, or whatever her name was, had complained to her little ponce. He had summoned the policeman on his bike. And, as fate would have it, the policeman either recognised me or discovered who I was.

Now, my uncle was not the sort of man to be approached by a common policeman. It was a very senior officer who had a quiet word with him. And so there was a family row, though my aunt was not told. I was good—or careful—for a while after that. There was another contretemps with a pair of shopgirls, one a dark-haired little wriggler and the other a fair-haired slut. I used to stop and admire them at their work, studying their legs and backsides as they bent or knelt. At first they giggled and thought it funny. Then they became insulted by such scrutiny. A passer-by spoke to me and I knew him at once for another policeman in plain clothes, probably the fancyman of the manageress doing her a private favour. He talked amiably, trying me for information. Politely, I dropped a name and an address which were not my own. Let them chase their tails on that.

But I was, as they say, skating on thin ice. Sooner or later, perhaps, there would be a scandal over some-

thing as trivial as that. I need not have worried about the two girls. Though they persuaded the woman to summon up her fancy-policeman, it proved that both the little teasers were amateur whores in a neighbouring city during the evenings. I think the true cause of their concern was that I had recognised them from their other game.

But one cannot be too careful. Only a few months after this I was admiring one of their colleagues—Vicky I believe her name was. She was a tousled and rather stocky little blonde, an ill-tempered young bitch whom I had seen walking home along Inverness Place or one of the slum terraces. Each time I passed I paused to watch her toiling in white blouse and brown pants tight enough to show the shape of her briefs under them. Kneeling and bending she gave an interesting display of hips and backside. Walking past one day, I saw a blush of indignation in her fair-skinned face while I smiled at the rear view she offered as she stooped. Straightening up, she yelled with the irony of the backstreets, “Seen all you want?”

It was tempting to engage in combat but I decided against it. Vicky, or whatever her name was, seemed scarcely worth it. I was a little more careful. Weeks and months passed without incident. But my tastes and enthusiasms did not change nor did I intend that they should.

So you see me as I am. Am I an innocent admirer of beauty or an enemy to feminine sensibilities? I do not much care. Why do I like pictures of girls in the albums of my concealed bookshelves? For the same reasons that Kings of France or the Pashas of the East commissioned great painters to hang their walls with masterpieces of female beauty. In part, it is erotic decoration. In part, such a picture gives one possession of the girl—even though one may have seen her only dur-

ing five or ten minutes when the photographs were taken.

So the outrages to Janet, Vicky and the other girls passed. I came to the present summer. On Thursday evenings, I met a college friend in a bar near the park and then walked home to dinner. If anyone had told me on a certain morning last May that I might be in a police cell by dusk, I should have thought it a joke in poor taste. I had never been accused of a crime in my life. I had never spoken to a policeman except on friendly terms. I knew of criminals and prisons only as the material of novels and entertainment.

CHAPTER THREE

Walking home on those Thursday evenings in summer, my way took me through the park and past the tennis court. There was a girl of about seventeen whom I used to see on every occasion playing tennis with a female friend. It was not always the same friend but the girl whom I heard called Kelly was there on every occasion. She was quite tall and slim with a pretty young face and her brown hair worn in a cluster of little curls that seemed like an aureole round her head and just touched the nape of her neck at the lowest point.

The tennis courts, deep pink asphalt fenced in by wire mesh, were open to public view. I stopped to watch. Kelly had a lithe well-exercised figure that a dancer might have envied. There was a silken-skinned beauty in the firm set of her chin and her nose, her face having the rounded open look of a pretty teenager. But in a blue sweater and short pleated tennis-skirt high on her trim young thighs, she would have occupied a place in any man's harem fantasies.

I stood, smoking a cigarette, and watched her run and weave, catching the ball at first bounce and whanging it back again. I made no attempt to conceal my interest, looking straight at her, letting her see that I was sizing up her figure and her face. As the short pleated skirt

swung with her movements, she gave me a glimpse of her panties. They were the white briefs of stretch cotton that most girls of her age and type wear on those occasions. I liked the moment when Kelly Williams turned to pick up a ball from the back of the court, bending and showing me a fuller view!

Kelly cannot have been unaware how much she showed to those who watched her. The pleated skirt did little more than cover her hips, leaving bare the lithe sun-dusted thighs and calves, legs whose slim agility a dancer might have envied. But the appeal of Kelly was in the way she showed her bare thighs and underpants so blatantly while glancing with contempt in her firm young features at anyone who dared to study such charms.

Nor was it just a matter of what she showed, as she hit the ball with a swirl of her pelvis and the little skirt flew high. She was agile enough to bend right over to pick the ball up from the back of the court. She showed her white cotton briefs, no doubt damp and clinging from the exertion, so that her tautly spread buttocks and even the fleshiness of her sex between the rear of her legs could be plainly seen in outline.

Then she would straighten up and turn with a contemptuous shake of the brown curls that clustered on her forehead. Her prim young jaw would tighten a little more as she slashed the ball across the court again in an energetic service.

I cannot ask you to share my feelings for this girl. I cannot even explain why they became so intense. Each time I stopped a little longer to watch. This was not uncommon. Men and women, taking an evening stroll, would often pause and watch the players as the summer sun went down. But in my mind, Kelly provoked thoughts and images. The evening came when I carried the small camera in my briefcase, slipping it out and using it, though concealing it a little behind the case itself.

I began to dream of mastering such an agile and

defiant young creature. If she defied me, in my dreams, then I saw Kelly with her wrists tied to the bedposts, even with a gag in her mouth, as I held her bare legs apart and penetrated to the depths of her warm young loins. Sometimes, in my imagination, I turned her over the other way and taught her obedience with a whip. I committed my feelings to paper, as I had done with a number of other girls.

Perhaps you recoil at these fantasies? I assure you that the violence of my response was provoked by the blatant and yet contemptuous manner of the young wench. She had the self-assured arrogance of those modern young women who believe that the world belongs first to them and that their elders—as well as the entire male sex—occupy a place in it only by their grudging consent. A more rational age or culture would give Kelly and her kind a good hiding—and then advise her to mend her manners.

Let me bring the drama to its climax. I had been watching her that evening, despite the occasional hard-faced glances. She and her partner had gone to change—or at least into the changing rooms. I finished my cigarette and then began to walk home, past the yews and laurels that screened the brick changing-rooms from the path. Near the gate that led to the door of these rooms, I saw on the path—unmistakably—the panties that Kelly had been wearing while she played tennis. Do not ask me how I knew they were hers. It was one of those moments of certainty when the events of life gather into such a pattern. I supposed that she must have changed quickly and gone while I was finishing my cigarette—and that she dropped these cast-off white briefs without noticing. Perhaps she was still in the changing-rooms but had left her clothes somewhere from which a gust of wind had blown the panties to their present location. Whatever the explanation, I

could not resist scooping them up as I walked past and pushing them into my pocket.

There are men who seduce a girl and find a sense of triumph in keeping her panties as a trophy of the chase. I had done no more than watch and admire Kelly but perhaps there was something of this in my impulse. As I walked on, I heard a girl's voice raised behind the screen of yew and laurel. But I could scarcely go back and explain myself. In any case, I was guilty of no crime in picking up the abandoned garment. Moreover, it amused me that Kelly should discover that her lost knickers were in my possession. I admit that I proposed to add them to my collection of curiosities and that possessing Kelly Williams's knickers also excited me a little. But that seemed to be the end of the matter.

I walked more casually through the gardens and crossed Altona Park. It was a warm evening and I was in no hurry. When I emerged on the far side, fifteen minutes later, there was a car parked on the broad carriage drive that ran between the trees. The two men in it got out and came towards me. One of them showed his identity card. He was courteous but unyielding. A complaint had been received of a man answering my description who had exposed himself indecently to a girl who was playing tennis with her friend. The rest, you may guess.

I knew that I was innocent of the accusation. Without witnesses against me, surely I had nothing to fear. But in that moment my life was to be destroyed. To be more accurate, my reputation and my livelihood were to be destroyed, my private life soured by accusation. The first search of my pockets and briefcase revealed the young brunette's panties and the camera with several photographs of her taken surreptitiously that evening. I could not deny that I had been foolish, perhaps discourteous, but nothing that I had done was criminal. At least, I never thought it was so.

But as soon as my pockets and the briefcase were

searched, I feared that the truth would not be believed and could not easily be proved. Precisely because I had a reputation and standing in the town, the authorities insisted upon a prosecution. It would never do for the public to think that I had escaped by virtue of my influence.

Too late I began to understand that this female perjurer was prepared to destroy a man against whom she felt resentment. My evenings of watching Kelly as she swirled her hips and bent over on the tennis court were now called "harassment." The charge of indecent exposure was added, though I hoped she had no second witness for this lie.

It was ridiculous, even laughable. I thought I still had my family's reputation to support me. But it will not surprise you to know that while I argued, I feared there might be an official search of my room at the Villa Altona. I had never bothered to hide away my collection of photographs and notebooks with enough care to foil the gendarmerie. These private thoughts and images might now become public property. Though I had merely photographed what was put before me and recorded my thoughts about the girls in the pictures, my character would be destroyed within the hour.

I suffered the delusion that a man who is innocent will somehow be vindicated. I still thought this. I had done nothing and harmed no one. My friends would think no worse of me. I had photographed girls, as a beach photographer does. I had picked up a pair of women's underpants from a path in the gardens, where they had fallen. But now I began to think they had not fallen there. They had been put there to bait a trap. If I was accused of entering the women's changing room and stealing young girls' panties, how could I prove my innocence?

It was my misfortune to have displeased a spiteful beauty of seventeen by my frank admiration and inspection of her charms. I still hoped that I should be vindicated. Then, of course, I was summoned to a

conference at the office of my uncle and his legal adviser. Mr Burgess took a less optimistic view of what the police might make of my case.

“If a young woman insists that she feels threatened, then the court accepts that she is threatened. Only she can say how she feels. You will not easily find a man sitting as a judge who will contradict her. It would show prejudice.”

“Prejudice!”

But he concealed nothing from me.

“Even if you had a stronger defence, it would not be easy. Dewhurst, who sits in this case, is a candidate for political office. He has everything to gain from showing sympathy to the cause of a young woman who makes such a complaint. If he appeared to favour you, then he might be dismissed from office.”

The facts and the truth were to be overridden in order to avoid prejudice! I could not believe it.

“You mean that I may be sent to prison, if the verdict goes against me?”

I sensed there was worse to come—and it came.

“There will be other charges,” Burgess said, “The police have examined the photographs that were in your camera. Two of them show the girl playing tennis.”

“But they are photographs of a public place.”

Again he shook his head.

“The fact that the girl was in suggestive postures when you took the photographs makes those photographs indecent. That is an offence.”

I could not understand a law which says that a girl bending to pick up a tennis ball and showing her back-side half bare is not indecent but the man who takes a photograph of this becomes a criminal.

“No one will make much of that,” I said smiling confidently.

But Mr Burgess did not smile.

“Then I fear you not appreciate that courts nowadays

take a more serious view of insults against women and such attempts to harass them," he said, "Moreover, a charge of indecent exposure is being considered."

I almost laughed at the absurdity of it but I saw that this young woman meant to destroy me by falsehood in revenge for the photographs I had taken. No court would take my side against her.

"How can there be witnesses to an offence that I never committed?"

Mr Burgess avoided my gaze, studying his hands.

"That charge will be thrown out," he said, "but the hearing of it will make matters worse for you on the other counts. Money will not prevent you from being condemned for indecent exposure, threatening a young woman, stealing her underwear, possessing pictures of young women whom you have followed in order to photograph them . . . It would be more than Dewhurst's career is worth to set you free after that. Your sentence would be intended as an example to other men. If it proves that any harm has come to any of the women in your photographs, then your position will be very serious indeed."

It was absurd enough to make one laugh, yet sinister enough to chill the blood.

"I have broken no law. If I am innocent, surely I cannot be proved guilty."

He shook his head again.

"You may find that you are guilty unless you can prove your innocence. Can you so that?"

The summer sunlight lit the leather chairs and the richly varnished wood of the lawyer's office. In the face of the modern law, as he described it, I knew that I could never prove my innocence. I might be dealt with more leniently if I admitted those crimes, for which I had no defence, and spared the two young women the ordeal of giving evidence. I had no doubt that he was right. All the same, I refused.

That evening I sat alone in my room. The house was

empty. My uncle had sent my aunt away to our cottage by the lake until the wretched business was over. I felt unease but not the least remorse. I regretted only that I had not done something to the spiteful young Kelly Williams to earn the retribution that lay in wait for me.

It was nine o'clock when the door opened and my uncle came in. He crossed to the fireplace and stood with his back to it, looking at me. I sensed that there was to be a decisive pronouncement.

"You are a fortunate young man," he said grimly, "Far more fortunate than you deserve. It has taken all my persuasion and a considerable sum of money to put this matter right. But most of all it has taken luck. Miss Williams is prepared to drop her allegations."

"You have paid her?"

I could not believe it.

"Do not ask me what I have done," he said, "Just listen to what I say."

"Very well."

"The matter will proceed no further. As for you, thee can be no question of your remaining here. That has been agreed."

"But where shall I go?"

"It is decided. You shall go to Eastcliff and there you shall earn your living."

This was too much to bear—to leave the Villa Altona for a town where I knew no one and had no interest.

"But I have no wish to go to Eastcliff. All my friends are here. The club is here and the theatre is here. I should be bored at Eastcliff."

"You shall go to Eastcliff!" he shouted, "Or, if you do not, then you shall make your own way in the world without a penny from me!"

Now this was a serious matter. I had no money but what he gave me.

"But what shall I do at Eastcliff?"

"Work!" he said vindictively. "Mr Burgess and I

have spoken to our friend Jessop. Despite all that he has heard about you, he is prepared to take you as an assistant in his college. You will be paid next to nothing but you will get your board and lodging. He needs a factotum for the summer when he takes language students from abroad."

"But I know nothing about how to teach."

"Then you shall find out before the summer is over," he said angrily, "In any case, you will not be required to do anything so exalted. Jessop tells me that he has a number of awkward students and that your tasks may be less agreeable than teaching them. It is time you learnt a little about discipline—your own as well as that of others."

As he said this, a look flickered in his eyes that I could not quite interpret. It was as if a thought had just struck him—a doubt of some kind—which it was now too late to speak of. As if half-guessing the truth, I seized the opportunity before he could withdraw it.

"Then I must go to Eastcliff," I said quietly.

"So you must," my uncle growled, "by the first train on Monday."

CHAPTER FOUR

So I was sent to do penance but I soon found that my uncle or, more probably, Mr Jessop had taken pity on me. It was as though I had been sent on holiday and then been paid for the inconvenience of enjoying myself!

There is perhaps no more agreeable place to be at the height of the summer than this mild and sunny coast. For many years I had enjoyed the peace of its waves and the bracing air at one resort or another. With the sparkle of the sun on water, good food and wine at the best hotels, distant France almost visible at times in one's imagination, what an enviable place it seemed to be! After dark, there was the beat of music and the coloured lights, the holiday romances and the discreet intrigues with a young lady from town or an obliging beach beauty.

Upon my arrival to take up my post as Mr Jessop's assistant I stepped from the train into the sea air with a sense of freedom and well-being. It was a perfect afternoon as the cab carried me from the station along the marine parade towards Mr Jessop's linguistic mansion among the leafy avenues at the upper end of the esplanade. That first week of July had brought the most perfect weather to the coast. The turf was warm on the

downlands above, where the scattered flocks of sheep grazed and the gorse thickets were in yellow bloom. Sunlight glinted on the calm waters of the channel and the band played on the pier whose iron spider-legs extended into the gentle breakers and the bottle-green shallows.

The house itself was built of warm-toned red brick with white-painted gables and verandahs. It had a solid Edwardian look, its wide garden shaded by laurel and yew, bordered by fir trees and box hedges. This academy stood above an unfrequented stretch of beach with a private path leading down to it. Where the promenade ends and the white cliffs begin, the pebble beach is hardly accessible to the public, even at low tide when the shelves of rocks and their mysterious pools are exposed.

The next two or three months of my life were to be spent in this house which stood on the cliffs beyond the promenade of an elegant resort, fronting the sea with the downland rising on one side and the long expanse of gardens and promenade running to the pier on the other. A man with a house of this kind may certainly turn it to his profit during the summer months of holidays and language studies.

I stood by the iron gate and looked back along the marine drive towards the pavilioned pier with the quiet tide sparkling about its iron supports. There was a view of the sand below the shingle where children play and swimsuited girls romp together. A double-funnelled steamer beat the tide with its paddle wheels on the afternoon excursion. Then along the elegant promenade with its sky-blue rails stood the bandstand, where the Coldstreams or the Grenadiers entertained the crowds of promenaders, afternoon and evening, on shining brass. The slope from the marine drive to the lower promenade was steep enough to have cliff walks running down to the shore through yellow broom and pink

tamarisk, here and there a glimpse of blue wind-slashed veronica.

In the area of Mr Jessop's college, the houses are set well apart, some with little corner towers and others with pretty gothic conservatories and ample lawns kept smooth and trim as green baize. In the mornings there are gardeners who come to weed the beds of blue delphiniums and mow the lawn or clip the hedges of thick yew. Through the mellow afternoon one hears the distant dance-music of a picnic and the laughter of a party. Girls in beach-pyjamas or slacks, even the tight sleekness of swimsuits, are glimpsed through a screen of tall hedges. As the warm shadows lengthen, there is a stillness broken here and there by the light tinkle of ice against glass and the murmur of voices. Sounds of dinner and a fragrance of tobacco fill the garden twilight, haunted by hawk-moth and the swoop of a bat.

The door of the house was shielded by a porch whose shelves were hung with baskets of flowers. I rang the bell and was admitted by a manservant, whom I supposed to be Mr Jessop's butler. They had evidently been expecting me with some unease. I really think they feared that I should decide at the last moment not to come. I had been removed from Cambridge at the request of the college eighteen months before. Yet now I was treated as a scholar and a gentleman whose accomplishments were almost too good for Lowood House, as the establishment was called.

I was led at once to Mr Jessop's study. He was a full-faced man of fifty who greeted me warmly. But admirable fellow though he was, Mr Jessop was scarcely my idea of a college principal. With his trim moustache and sharp glance, he was much more the businessman and entrepreneur. He was a clever chap, though. There is a trick which such people have—you notice it most among lawyers. They pretend to be a little slow. They do not quite take your meaning at first.

They seem to think you cleverer than they are and beg you to repeat yourself. I hope you will never be deceived by this. They are far ahead of you already and are inviting you to give yourself away, to tangle yourself in their questions more intricately.

But Mr Jessop was the soul of hospitality. Whatever my duties might be, he thought it ill-mannered to talk of them yet. But neither did he mention what I might be paid—if anything at all. We talked pleasantly of the weather and the holiday trade. As we did so, I thought that the room was more like an elegant drawing-room than a teacher's study with its Chinese porcelain and silks, settees in the Egyptian style and inlaid tables. Its windows offered another fine view across the glinting waves to the lightship on the horizon.

Mr Jessop assured me that we should meet privately at dinner in his own room that evening. He summoned the servant again and I was shown my quarters, a spacious sitting-room and bedroom on the first floor overlooking the garden. The sheets were freshly laundered and scented with lavender, the pillows soft and fragrant. For one who had been in disgrace a few days earlier, it was not a bad place in which to pay penance.

That evening, while it was still full sunlight in the garden with its westerly view of the sea, I sat down opposite Mr Jessop at dinner. The cut-glass sparkled on the linen cloth and the silver plate shone like white fire. There was sparkling Saumur and a dry claret to follow. We began our food with salmon mousse and continued it with game pie. There were strawberries and cherries to follow, all freshly picked from Mr Jessop's green-houses in the kitchen garden.

We were waited on by a girl whom Mr Jessop called Jenny. My eyes followed her everywhere. Her hair was a light brown tousled crop and there was a demure playfulness in the open beauty of her face, her brown eyes and seductive mouth. A pert little tilt to her nose

and a high-boned prettiness accentuated her appeal. She was wearing a short blue sweater that shaped her soft young breasts. Her rather tight-fitting pale blue jeans showed just a slight extra fullness in her thighs at twenty years old and a tomboyish swell in the cheeks of Jenny Langham's bottom. I could well understand that the men who walked behind her on the sloping path from the beach to the cliff top smiled at the view which Jenny Langham's bottom in tight jeans offered them.

Her tousled crop of light brown hair and the demure prettiness of her firm young face appealed to me. Jenny Langham's panties showed in outline through the tightened seat of her jeans. These knickers were a scandalously inadequate covering, revealing that her twenty-year-old thighs and hips had a hint of heaviness. The panties covered the girl's brown bush in the triangle of her loins. At the rear, they were cut a little too brief to cover completely the slight tomboy weight of Jenny Langham's bottom-cheeks.

I would have paid the young bitch more attention, had I not been obliged to keep up conversation with Mr Jessop, as we passed the port between us and cracked walnuts with silver tongs.

"They tell me," he said, "that you are something of an artist with a camera."

Did they indeed? Who the devil had told him that? It sounded as if Mr Jessop had read some private report of my indiscretions with Kelly Williams or the plump brunette whom I think may have been called Miss Janet Bond. Was there any means by which he could also know of my photographs of slim dark-haired Lesley Tyler with her pants down after the young women's sunbathing party in the back garden of the house I had watched?

"I believe I have a knack at it," I said modestly. He nodded.

“You may find it useful here. I will be honest with you, my young friend. I agreed to employ you here as a favour to your uncle, for whom I have a great regard. I cannot offer you a post as a teacher. You have no experience and the teaching of simple English to foreign girls is something far beneath a Cambridge man of your standing.”

“Then what am I to do?”

He waved his hand for patience.

“You shall be my eyes and ears.” He paused and smiled. “I need hardly tell you what the problems are of having ten or twenty girls here under these circumstances. In the mornings they have lessons. In the afternoons they go to the beach or to the town. You understand the problem?”

I shook my head.

“I don’t believe I do.”

Mr Jessop sighed like a philosopher contemplating the difficulties of existence.

“Then perhaps you have no idea how badly teenage girls sometimes behave when they are abroad, free from the restraints of life at home. Even good girls, as one calls them, are apt to be a little wild. My task is to care for the good name of this institution as well as for its pupils. I cannot spend my afternoons running after them to make sure that they behave. Now do you see my point?”

“You wish me to run after them?”

He laughed at this.

“I wish you to be my eyes and ears,” he said again, “I wish you to patrol the streets and beaches in the most courteous manner. I should like to be informed of any ill-behaviour by the girls who come here and I suggest that your camera will provide the proof of it.”

“But what sort of ill-behaviour am I to look for?”

Mr Jessop sighed again.

“Rowdy demeanour, indecent display on the beaches,

any assignments with boys from the town, anything that you believe worth reporting. I shall be the judge of what must be reprimanded.”

I had thought that he would want far more from me.

“Is that all?”

Mr Jessop smiled at me over the rim of his glass.

“You forget, I think, that I am not required to pay you a salary for your services. Board and lodging will not include a weekly allowance for tobacco and books, wine and entertainment. But I will pay you by results. For every instance of a girl’s misbehaviour which you report to me and for which she is disciplined, I will pay you a day’s wages equal to that of the teachers.”

“And I am to be paid merely for that? For spying and reporting?”

Mr Jessop threw back his head and laughed more vigorously this time.

“You will soon enough get into the way of that, my dear young sir! Soon enough!”

I did not doubt it—but I think he misunderstood me and supposed that I found the work distasteful. I was not questioning the ethics of my new employment but confirming my good fortune in spending the summer at such an intriguing game.

After dinner I was left to myself, while Mr Jessop attended to some business of his own. When the sweep of pearl-grey curtains was closed against the darkness, the light from the frosted glass of the ceiling-bowls bathed the elegant painted furniture with electric brilliance. I turned to the shelves of the bookcase with its modern novels and new detective stories in yellow jackets. But my eye kept returning to a volume which lay on top of the bookcase, as if to attract my attention. It was handsomely bound. I cannot tell you whether it was the limited edition of a fine-art printer or a gem of erotica from one of those publishers of sexual curiosi-

ties who flourish in Paris, near Montmartre or on the Left Bank.

I picked it up and saw that its title was simply *Elke Mähne*. The curious thing about it was that the illustrations between the handsomely printed pages were all photographs of much the informal kind that so many men take on the quiet when they see a promising subject. The words and pictures described a warm summer afternoon on the shingle of a pleasure beach. The subject of the narrative was described as an Austrian girl of sixteen, a summer student in just such an institution as Mr Jessop's. I wondered if he had taken this story as an example for his own system or whether it was, as I now suspected, a record of Mr Jessop's own achievement!

I read the opening pages of this wayward girl's story. Elke Mähne was a teenage student from Linz, lesbianised at her school in Vienna and lazily inclined to various forms of depravity. The photographs which illustrated the memoir showed a moody prettiness in her heart-shaped face. But in black sweater and tight jeans, the adolescent fullness of Elke Mähne's bottom-cheeks was ripely shaped in thin denim. There was a set of photographs taken when she was on the beach with a pair of boys. It looked as if she had picked them up casually. Perhaps it was Elke herself who was the pick-up! As I turned the pages, I thought her worth a few minutes' study before I surrendered to the exhaustion of the day.

The account began with a comment of Balzac's, to the effect that a woman will show her backside more readily than secrets of her heart. It came to the author of this account as he was strolling upon the promenade where girls in their teens relax from being language students and where the afternoon air is filled with a sound of shrill polyglot feminism. The writer was strolling between the pier and the bandstand. He had almost

reached the latter, when he became aware of shrill shouting and screaming on the pebbles. It was late in the afternoon, when the sun casts the beach into shadow and there are not many people about.

Looking down at the shingle, the promenader saw the girl who was making so much noise. Elke Mähne was about medium height, her straight brown hair cut short at her collar. She had a heart-shaped face with high-boned rounded cheeks, sly almond eyes and insolently pouting mouth. At that moment she was lying with her back to the observer dressed in a fashion that is common enough among European teenagers. A snug black sweater ended at her waist, shaping breasts and back that had a certain air of sleek flesh. The faded blue jeans that she wore were strained tight with a sheen like dull silk on a womanly ripeness of hips, thighs, and bottom. The photographs which he took then were the illustrations to the text. As I read this and looked at the pictures I began to think that Elke must be a real girl and that what I read was the truth. The writer looked through his viewfinder and took a snapshot, the adolescent cheeks of Elke Mähne's backside appearing seductively ripe and soft in the skin tightness of thin denim.

Elke was in the company of two ruffianly looking young men and a crop-haired and hard-faced young blonde, a girl-friend of her own. Elke was shouting and screaming, as if she might have been drunk, while the two young men took advantage of her state. They were taking turns to lie with their arms about her on the pebbles. At one moment she would shoot, "Salaud!" and scream abuse as they held her tight, then Elke would go limp in their arms, as if to let them do what they wished with her. As she began shouting again, one of the boys silenced her with a hand over her mouth. Sometimes the boy who was with her would hug her and writhe against her. Sometimes he would fiddle with

the fly-zip of Elke's jeans or feed her open mouth with his kisses. Still she would alternately scream and then lie limp against her partner as if doped. One of the boys leant over her, pulling up the hem of the sweater at the rear and studying the soft ripe cheek swell of Elke Mähne's bottom-cheeks in the thin denim skin of her jeans.

The voyeur could not resist walking down and taking a survey of this group, apparently having some authority over Elke which the girl did not realise. It was plain that she did not recognise who he was. When he approached to question the group, Elke was insolent and hysterical, her cheeks flushed with excitement. He asked her name. She shouted that she was Elke Mähne from Linz and that she went to school in Vienna. She was "ill with heart-ache because no boys liked her." One of the young men explained that Elke was high on aspirin and coke. The voyeur pretended to be satisfied by this but was careful to use his camera surreptitiously, so that he might be able to identify her beyond doubt when he got home. Using the zoom lens of the camera, he took several photographs of the girl, catching the firm chin and straight nose of her profile, the collar-length crop of light-brown hair swept into a little disorder by the sea-breeze. Elke saw what he was doing. She cried out as if in fright that he was taking photographs of her. She covered her face with her hands as she sat up. Then she lay down, restless and with one hand over her eyes, feeling the effects of the dope she had taken.

At length the boys left and the two girls were alone together. But Elke now turned into the arms of the hard-faced young blonde. She gave herself passionately and open-mouthed to the kisses of this sluttish German or Austrian girl. They lay down together in each other's arms, the beach now deserted and no one watching them. They were quite shameless. The voyeur walked

over and sat down three feet away, openly watching them. To his surprise and amusement, the young blonde bitch indicated with movements of her eyes, that he should lie down behind Elke. By this time the sluttish blonde had unzipped the fly of the Austrian girl's jeans, slipped her fingers in, and was masturbating Elke Mähne without compunction. Elke herself was in a state of confusion as her drug-dream mingled with reality. She seemed not quite to understand what was happening to her as she shuddered and moaned. She was in no state to resist. . . .

I closed the book and stared at its cover. I had no idea how the photographs came to be taken or who had printed this luxurious volume with its hand woven paper, fine type, and a binding of cream silk stamped in gold. Now, I daresay it was a classic of its kind and that you may have read it long ago. But though I enjoy a frisky tale as well as anyone, I had never seen this one on sale. And why had it been left for me in a place where I was surely bound to pick it up and examine it on the first evening? Was it intended to instruct me in my duties and, at the same time, indicate the pleasure I might find in them?

I went across to the window of my sitting-room looking out upon that same channel view which the drawing-room offered. A verandah ran along outside and would have afforded a pleasant walk or a place to muse from as the moon caught the waves of the dark tide with a glitter of pale phosphorus. I thought it would be agreeable to step out there for half an hour and air my thoughts. Lighting a cigar, I wondered exactly what Mr Jessop wanted of me. There was something about his establishment which did not ring true. I grant you that it would deceive a Scandanavian or German girl of fifteen or sixteen who knew little of the country and its customs. But if Mr Jessop was running no more than

a finishing academy for young ladies I would, as they say, eat my hat.

I stood in the fragrance of jasmin and honeysuckle rising from the garden alleys below me. I watched the arm of the lightship beam diminish to a dot, then burst out and swing across the quiescent sea. A distant music came faintly from the pier or the bandstand. From the windows of the other bedrooms diagonals of brightness slanted across the verandah and faded in the shadows of the wide lawns and shrubberies.

What then was I to do? I had no money and I should not be welcome by my uncle until my term of penance had been served. Well, was it such a bad thing to spend the summer spying on half-naked beauty and being paid a day's wages every time one of the girls was punished for some misdemeanour? Pinned on a board downstairs I had noticed a register of some kind on which there was a list of several girls' names. Grete Bryne. Helena Thelen. Marit Aas. Charlotte Nilesen. Nothing more.

Now, a man cannot be in such a situation without wondering what his chance may be with the girls. Will he strike lucky? Mr Jessop taught no boys in the house, only girls. Moreover, I was going to be in a position of some authority over them I smiled to myself and thought that I should feel hard done by if I was not successful with one or two before the summer's end.

And Mr Jessop? What was his game? I half thought that I knew. But if I had voiced my suspicions, I dare say I should have faced a steep bill for slander. In any case, I did not begrudge him his trade. I had taken a liking to Mr Jessop. So far as I was concerned, he could take a dozen teenage beauties and do with them as he pleased.

With this in mind, I went back to the arm-chair and picked up the volume entitled *Elke Mähne* once more. A curious story, was it not? yet it seemed to describe the employment which Mr Jessop wished me to under-

take with Grete Bryne and the other girls on the list I had seen downstairs. I turned the pages again. Now, I had no more idea than you have as to the identity of the photographer who wrote this account. Yet I was seized by a sudden and powerful conviction that it might be Mr Jessop himself! Poor fellow, I scarcely knew him and yet already I was casting him in some criminal role. It was absurd, of course. He would prove to be a most upright educator and a pillar of society. Why, then, was it so hard to get the idea out of my head?

As I read a little more of the account, I could not get the voice nor the face of Mr Jessop from my mind. After all, the man who had photographed Elke was not guilty of any crime. I felt this strongly from my own habit of recording beauty where I found it. But then I turned further on in the book and I am bound to tell you that the story was very different. There were delicious portraits of Elke's dismay as she found herself in a place where locked doors and barred windows secured her from the outside world. There were scenes of naked honeymoon passion with a rather unwilling teenage bride. There was Elke bottom-upwards over the bed, her hands tied to ensure compliance while the rampant menace of an African-skinned tool menaced her swell-cheeked young backside. There was a cameo of Elke's lips rounded on the same stiffness a little later on.

There was melodrama too. I saw a strap pinioning her lithe naked thighs, while the full bare cheeks of Elke Mähne's bottom faced up and a lash dangled from a man's hand. There was a portrait of Elke wide-mouthed and wild-eyed in frantic shrillness. There was an intriguing close-up of Elke Mähne's bottom after a sadistic caning—or perhaps a well-deserved punishment.

I closed the book and put it back on the shelf. How preposterous to suppose that this had anything to do

with Mr Jessop. It was merely a randy tale, left behind accidentally by some previous occupant of the guest room. After all, Mr Jessop was my uncle's college chum. The duty I must perform was that of keeping moral surveillance on the girls when they were out of bounds. True, I might sometimes use a camera but it was for quite a different purpose to that described by Elke Mähne's sadistic admirer.

I thought to myself that recent events with young slanderers like Kelly Williams had given me a lurid imagination. I must check such thoughts and attend to my duties here. With this resolve, I began to prepare for bed. Ten minutes later, I lay between the cool and lavender-scented sheets, while the lightship's beam touched the curtains in its long sweep and I heard the soothing rush and rattle of the tide on shingle below the cliff. I lay there and listened to the darkened house. There was not a sound. Nothing out of the ordinary. Mr Jessop and the girls slept soundly and chastely. I was quite sure of it. I thought it would be best not to open the pages of *Elke Mähne* again. The entire story was an absurdity. As for my notion that it was a confession by Mr Jessop, I now considered that to be ridiculous.

I was still teased by remembering phrases and subtles from the book. They passed through my mind as I lay there . . . Elke Mähne's childhood at Linz . . . Elke Mähne a lesbian at school in Vienna . . . Elke Mähne abducted at sixteen . . . Elke Mähne—bare bottom and pony-whip . . . Elke Mähne's prison caning . . . Elke Mähne bottom-upwards on the honeymoon bed. . . . Elke Mähne's obedience-training . . . Elke Mähne's slave-girl sex . . . Elke Mähne's slavery in Sodom . . . Elke Mähne strapped down and gagged . . . Elke Mähne's screams and promises . . . Elke Mähne whipped and weeping. . . . Elke Mähne's ordeal by sadism in a

soundproof vault . . . Elke Mähne's all-night discipline . . . But I smiled at the absurdity of such melodrama.

In this agreeable state, I drifted to sleep and woke next morning with the closed curtains flushed by early sun. From somewhere below me there was an agreeable aroma of warm toast and cooked breakfast. I remembered what my task would be and the rewards that Mr Jessop had promised if I was successful. I was ready to get up and eager to see what my new employment held in store for me.

CHAPTER FIVE

Breakfast was a leisurely affair. It was taken with Mr Jessop in the handsome dining room where we had eaten the night before. Now the sideboard was set out with chafing dishes and bowls which contained devilled kidneys, bacon, pickled eggs, and enough grilled delicacies to feed a dozen strong men.

He spoke little at the meal, retiring behind the pages of the *Times*. When the meal was over, he said nothing about my duties except asking me if I had a camera and if it was in working order. I assured him that I was a keen amateur lensman and that I had all the equipment necessary. I spoke of speeds and exposures and zoom lenses while Mr Jessop nodded, as though he did not understand but yet approved. He informed me that there was a brick shed in the garden with an interior door and a wooden shutter that could be fitted tightly across the window. With its sink and red lamp, its porcelain dishes and rack of bottles, he assured me that it would make an admirable workroom for developing and printing my films.

I thanked him for his consideration and then Mr Jessop handed me a large brown envelope with a cardboard back, which felt as though it already contained a number of photographs.

“When you have seen the dark-room,” he said, “I should like you to familiarise yourself with these photographs of several girls. You cannot be expected to recognise all our students at once, of course. I should like you to take these to begin with. When you go into the town and along the promenade this afternoon, seek them out and observe them. It takes a little practice. Your duty is certainly to prevent their misbehaviour but they also require our protection so that they are not taken advantage of by unscrupulous young men from the town.”

He spoke those last words with a rather knowing humour. Yet I knew that he was right. Correction and protection must go together, when a teenage girl lies almost naked and helpless on a beach in a strange country.

I spent the first part of the morning inspecting the makeshift dark-room at the far end of the long garden and finding it far more expensively fitted out than I had imagined. A man could work in peace and solitude here. There was even a set of chemicals and a head on the enlarger which would enable me to make prints at full plate size.

I came out into the garden again, blinking a little in the strong light. There was a patch of wild ground between the end of the garden and the cliff with a path through it along which the more adventurous holidaymakers sometimes walked. Purple splashes of clover shone through the tall nodding heads of the summer grass. There was a deep silence broken from time to time by the busy rhythm of grasshoppers among the fronds of dried seeds. The sun was high in a pale hot azure. Stretching to the horizon, the waves of the channel glittered and broke in sighs on the damp sand of the lower beach. I opened the album I had been given and prepared to improve my acquaintance with the first batch of students by examining the photographs Mr Jes-

sop had provided. They were only the usual snapshots of head and shoulders taken in order to identify the pupils. I could not even tell whether they were a good likeness. After a while I put them away and decided to see what the afternoon would bring.

I stood there a moment longer, thinking of that well-equipped dark-room. Across my mind passed a memory of the book I had been reading the night before and my outlandish suspicion that Mr Jessop might be its author. Absurd, of course. Yet as I dismissed the thought again, I could not help observing that such a dark-room would be more than adequate for producing those prints of sly and pouting Elke Mähne. But really it did not matter now, one way or the other. I was eager to begin my trade of spy and moral guardian.

In such places as this the mornings are occupied by instruction, afternoons by leisure. Leisure in this case was a matter of the girls sprawling on the warm pebbles and sand in their swimwear or wandering casually dressed among the shops and boutiques of the town. I was ready in good time, taking my lunch a little early, and setting off in advance of any of the students. I should command the high ground, as they say, and be better placed to look for Mr Jessop's girls among scores of them who beautify such resorts at midsummer. There were little tarts from France and Germany, Norway and Sweden, Italy and Spain, Holland and Austria, and anywhere else you might think of. But my interest was confined to half a dozen whose photographs I had seen and whose names I knew.

It was a pleasant occupation to stroll along the promenade and listen to the band playing or watch the fishing boats carry their summer passengers round the lighthouse and back. It was a fine afternoon in the first week of July, a day that showed the early summer at its most agreeable. The tide was slack, its waves breaking as a distant glitter of warm light. The long beaches lay quiet

at the upper end while the holiday folk clustered far off by the pier. The downland was peaceful and sunny above the town, the sheep grazing among bushes of yellow gorse.

But I saw nothing of Mr Jessop's girls on the beach as yet. So like a good policeman I patrolled my beat down the long road of fashionable shops that led from the pier to the terminus of the railway. Still I saw nothing until I came to the spacious part of the shopping promenade. I fancied I should find something here.

It was not merely intuition on my part. These foreign girls often like to make a display of vigorous and lascivious behaviour while free from the restraints of their own people. There is no doubt in my mind that a girl who leaves her own country will behave with greater freedom and even randiness in another. Where she is not known and where she will suffer none of the reproaches that would attend her in her home town, why should she care what people think of her? In addition, there was the free and easy atmosphere of the resort town in summer.

I was still walking towards the station when I saw two girls in front of me. One of them was a stranger but I recognised the other from the photographs that Mr Jessop had given me. She was a buxom Scandanavian lass of seventeen, a healthy young Amazon called Grete Bryne. She had deliciously golden sun-toasted limbs and a firm open young face to match her blue eyes and shock of blonde hair. At that moment Grete was wearing only a black sleeveless singlet and pair of brief denim shorts that had the ragged look of being cut from stone-washed jeans. As I uncapped my camera and followed a little more closely, I had an excellent view of her taut bare thighs, only the triangle of her loins being covered.

By standing a little to one side, I was able to take several photographs of the two girls as they walked

towards me. I studied Grete carefully as I did so, admiring the thick blond hair that was brushed back from her forehead and allowed to lie free so that it formed a pretty mane which just brushed the top of her back. She had a tall brow and quite high-boned cheeks with a straight nose and firm young chin. Her lips were lightly and appealing parted while there was a directness in the look of her blue eyes. Everything about Grete at seventeen suggested a healthy and athletic girl who loved her body to be suntanned to a rich gold. She was not shy about it, her arms were bare and the little shorts showed her legs to the tops of her thighs.

The two girls did not realise they were being photographed. I was easily able to follow them and take one or two shots of Grete's rear prospect. I thought it possible that she might have offended against the rules by parading bare-thighed among the shops rather than on the beach. It did not much matter. I merely wished to photograph her as a sign to Mr Jessop that I was doing my duty. All the same I thought I would rather like to get seventeen-year-old Grete Bryne into trouble. As I followed the two girls I saw that there was a black leather "slave-band" round Grete's bare left ankle. She was no doubt wearing it for some lucky boy-friend at home. I did not know whether she might have experienced his penis yet but I felt sure that Grete had had his hand inside her panties. I could imagine that many fanciers would have liked to have Grete as a proper slave-girl! The thought of this removed all compunction in dealing with her. So I walked at a little distance behind. Then I followed the two girls as they went into the busy and crowded post-office.

I watched my prey in her denim shorts, bending over in the post office to rummage in the bag she was carrying. Even the lower suntanned fatness of Grete Bryne's bottom-cheeks was bare when she bent over like this and the brief denim pants rode up at the back.

Every eye was upon the amazing rear view that Mr Jessop's Scandanavian girl-student presented! It is not easy to photograph a girl secretly in the subdued light of a place like this. However, my camera was an expensive one and I managed to do it, producing a full rear view of Grete bending over in this most suggestive posture. I wondered what Mr Jessop would think of it. I have since studied the photograph on many occasions. Her little shorts are pulled up tight by a white canvas belt as she bends over. The frayed denim is skin-tight, drawn hard into her anus cleft. Several times the study of this view has caused a stiffened penis.

Grete Bryne was never going to be a beauty queen. Her face was a little too plain perhaps. Her legs were firm but her thighs were perhaps a little too robust and a fraction too short. As she bent over to rummage in the bag Grete Bryne's bottom-cheeks were perhaps a little too full and broad for a swimsuited Venus. She looked like a girl who needed to be used hard and long by a demanding master. That, I find, is often more exciting than a girl who is a pretty ornament.

I still followed the girls when they left the post-office, seeing that they were mapping out the town for the next six weeks of their visit. From time to time they stopped and looked about them, as if they might be lost or taking their bearings. One or two of the photographs show a charming uncertainty and even displeasure in Grete's young face as she tried to puzzle out the route.

I wished that they had done something which would enable me to get them into trouble without delay. There was little enough. Even if I followed them for the rest of the afternoon, I should not compromise Grete much further. With some reluctance I adjourned my task and began to walk back to the beach. Though it was my first afternoon, I greatly hoped I should be able to take

back something that would impress Mr Jessop and earn me my first reward.

The search was not in vain. From the promenade, I looked down on to the shingle with the sand exposed beyond it. What I saw brought me relief and excitement simultaneously.

My second girl of the afternoon was another seventeen-year-old, this time a German girl called Cosima, who liked to be called Cosie for short. I was strolling on the paved promenade, rather than the beach, the yellow broom in flower above the rockeries and the sun glittering on the ebbing tide, which had uncovered the goodly stretch of sand below the shingle. I was almost at the pier gates and a stretch of ornamental lawn with flower-beds, laid out as a pattern. I leant upon the blue rails of the promenade, just past the white elegance of the larger hotels and stared out across the twinkling waters to the lightship which rode at its moorings close to the horizon. The colour of the later afternoon sky grew more intense. Overhead the blue canopy seemed deeper and more remote. Hot light caught the sea with a molten silver.

Cosima was an active and agile girl. I could not help admiring her lively face with its blonde Teutonic prettiness and her finely-set blue eyes. Her fair hair was parted at the centre, combed back behind her ears to fall in a lightly-waved cut that just failed to reach her shoulders. Behind her teenage prettiness, Cosima showed a promise of elegance and the noble beauty of a young warrior maiden. But though Cosima was eager to show her agility on the beach, she had brought no bathing-costume! The result was that she had merely taken off her jeans or skirt and was parading in her underwear. I daresay it covered her better than a bikini, yet it was suggestive to see her on show in scanty underpants which she normally tried to keep well hidden under her formal clothes. She was wearing a waist

length top, a red sleeveless singlet that hugged her body tight and looked like an undergarment. For the rest, she wore only her knickers. Cosima's knickers were briefs of white cotton-web that were elasticated to fit even tighter than her singlet. I promise you they left very little to the imagination.

While Mr Jessop permitted the girls to appear on the public beach in their swimwear, I thought he would have something to say about Cosima in her underwear. I studied the long suntanned length of her bare thighs and the firm tight cheeks of her backside shaped by her white briefs. I decided I would walk along the beach and photograph her close up. Cosima was in her element as she kicked up her feet and walked on her hands. Then she stepped acrobatically along the top of one of the wooden groins dividing the beach from promenade to sea, and joined a group of little boys at their football practice.

I knew by instinct the effect on Mr Jessop which the sight of a good-looking girl like Cosima in singlet and knickers would have. Her agility, dignity and natural beauty were finely blended. Yet her misbehaviour, the discredit she brought upon his summer school would excite his sexual and disciplinary zeal in equal portions. I could not be sure that I should earn a reward from Mr Jessop for catching Cosie in her underpants but I saw something else that ensured it. As Cosie turned from walking on her hands, I saw that there was a boy with her—not a little boy but one of her own age.

It may seem nothing to you. Indeed, the boy could have been her brother for all I knew. But well-run institutions like Mr Jessop's have one rule that is absolute. The girls are forbidden on pain of the severest punishment to fraternise with the opposite sex. A respectable teacher will take either girls or boys in his institution but never a mixture of the two. Think for a moment and you will see that it must be so. Suppose Cosima

or Grete Bryne were to develop a passion for local boy—or even one who was a student like themselves. There would be holding hands and fondling, then kissing and caressing. These are girls at an age when they lack life's experience but when the impulse to make love is young and lusty. In some cases, the boy's young penis would certainly be up his young lady-love's belly. The girls would return home to Germany or France, Scandanavia or Italy. Nine months later, one or two of these frauleins or mademoiselles or signorinas would be tearfully parading a swollen belly and then presenting their families with a most embarrassing addition.

No less distressing are those cases where girls from abroad fall so in love with boys met casually on a holiday beach that they elope together. Less blame may attach to the master but the disappearance of a pupil in this manner may still cause a certain difficulty!

Scandal of that kind need only happen once to ruin the reputation and the bank balance of a man in Mr Jessop's position. He later told me that the girls are informed from the outset of the penalty for being caught at such tricks. They are also assured that any resistance to punishment will result in the full details of their shame being supplied to their families. The result of such a report must be that a sound thrashing awaits them on their return home and that they are never trusted again. He assured me that he had never known a single case in which the girl had not meekly accepted his punishment. Indeed, some had actually begged him to deal with them in this manner rather than that their parents should be informed.

The knowledge of this practice made seventeen-year-old Cosima profoundly interesting to me. I went down to the beach where the long wooden groins divided the banked shingle. I walked along the damp sand uncov-

ered by the tide. It was simple to take a few general and incriminating views of Cosie in her underwear with the boy. I also needed a few close-ups in which she seemed to be putting on a blatantly indecent display of some kind. I stood there, pretending to look out to the sea along the length of the pier towards the lightship. But I was watching from the corner of my eye and my camera was ready.

Cosima was tracing her name in large letters on the west sand, using her toe or the edge of her foot. She was quite unaware of my presence, I think, and was chewing on the spearmint in her mouth as she traced, "COSIMA . . . COSIMA . . . COSIE . . . COSIE . . ." almost in the shadow of the pier that ran out to sea above us.

I cannot tell you how glad I was to have my camera ready, though concealed from Cosima as yet. I made a great show of pretending to be interested in the elegant old-fashioned pier with the pavilion at its end. I pretended to focus the zoom lens on the pavilion dome. Then I swung the camera a little. Cosie was talking to the boy and scarcely aware of me. Her spruce but ripely developed young tits were a pretty double weight in the tight red singlet. Her nipples were visibly erect through the thin material, the blonde tresses waving lightly to touch her bare shoulders. At her hips, only the thin stretched web of her white panties covered her, a mere triangle in her loins, drawn back tight under her legs with a distinct swell of cunt displayed to the world! I pressed the shutter-button and heard the camera click. I took another of Cosie smiling into the sun with the hair spilling across her face. Another of the girl studying her feet as she traced her name again in the sand.

To my amusement, Cosima now approached one of the iron pillars supporting the pier jetty. It was crusted with lichen and shells. She stood to examine them and

my camera clicked a dozen feet behind her as I walked past. The girl took a shell from the pillar and stooped to wash it in the sea. The pillar concealed me from the boy, while Cosie had no idea that I had moved back. I stood behind her as she spent a few minutes bending right over, washing the shell in the tide, looking at it and washing it again.

I was glad that no one could see me. The girl bent over with her knees tucked forward a little and the long lightly-muscular sweep of her bare thighs beautifully taut. Her hips were thrust back to give the tight seat of Cosima's knickers a big-bottomed swell. The white elastic hem was drawn up a little over these swelling buttock mounds, showing a rim of pale rear-cheek skin above the light gold suntan of her thighs. As this healthy seventeen-year-old girl bent over so easily and fully, the folds of Cosima's sexual flesh were moulded by the clinging white cotton between her legs.

The view she presented on this public beach would drive Mr Jessop wild, I had no doubt of it. Despite my own excitement, I was glad that my hand did not tremble as I pressed the shutter button, taking one photograph after another of Cosima bending over like this. As the young student straightened herself up, I walked quietly away. She still had no idea what I was doing. A moment later, she clambered up on to a wooden groin and sat in a long-legged pose, staring thoughtfully out to sea, towards France that might have been on the far side of an ocean. I photographed her unobtrusively in this pose, using the zoom lens to get close. The result would grace the pages of any glamour-girl magazine of the more respectable sort.

Cosie soon began her gymnastics again, walking along the top of the groin, foot by foot, as though it was a tightrope. Then she swung her arms back, bent right forward, and performed a graceful jump to the

sands. She did this several times. I no longer cared if she realised I was photographing her. Indeed, there is a certain pleasure for the secret cameraman in letting the girl see that she has been photographed in an innocently suggestive pose when it is too late for her to do anything about it. I moved right up. Cosima was above me on the groin. I took a general view of her and moved closer still. She swung her arms back again and bent. Her young back was perfectly straight, her knees tucked forward, the tight swell-cheeked spread of a German female bottom thrust out full. I did not care if everyone on the beach saw me. I moved close until the full swell of Cosima's backside filled the camera's view, sticking the lens right up at her. I pressed the shutter button once . . . twice . . .

The boy saw me. He called out and my German was good enough to catch his words.

“Look, Cosie! He's taking a picture of your arse!”

Cosima straightened up and looked down over her shoulder at me. In her healthy exuberance, not knowing what my secret thoughts about her were, her face portrayed amusement and pretended outrage, reproaching and teasing her fancier at the same time. I kept the camera on her and took a superb portrait of this expression.

Cosima turned away and jumped. By the time she scrambled up, I was walking to the promenade. I dare say it was an incident that she and the boy would remember but Cosie had no idea what the consequences might be. I think she was a little uneasy and embarrassed at the views of her which she guessed were now safely in my camera. There are, of course, occasions when the girl's awareness is not part of the pleasure. I think, for example, of the photographs of Lesley Tyler naked, while she was changing in the garden of her redheaded girl-friend with no idea that anyone was watching her over the wall from the opposite bedroom.

In that case she remained unaware of what had happened, though I think it would have pleased me for her to realise when it was beyond her power to retrieve the situation.

Smiling at my success with Cosima, I walked back to Mr Jessop's cliff-top mansion and the brick shed with its developing tanks.

CHAPTER SIX

I was not quite sure how Mr Jessop would react to my photographic display of Cosima's misbehaviour. I told him of the German girl's conduct on the beach. I described her illicit meeting with the boy. I talked of how she had pranced in her knickers before the crowds. He hummed and hahhed, as if uncertain whether to take any notice. That evening I produced fine large prints of the photographs for him to see. I laid almost twenty of them on his desk. Mr Jessop could scarcely leave them alone. I had taken them cunningly so that they emphasised details which others on the public beach might scarcely notice.

I half thought—and hoped!—that he would order me to summon the girl to my sitting room for a bare-bottom spanking with my own hands. Well, he did no such thing. The story I am telling you is truth, not fantasy.

To be honest about it, I thought he was going to brush the whole incident aside and forget it. He murmured to himself and shook his head doubtfully as he peered at the photographs of Cosie. He squinted close at the rear views of the seventeen-year-old fraulein bending, showing the curve of her bottom-cheeks and the flesh-folds of her cunt in the clinging white briefs. At last he straightened up.

“This is not a matter for us,” he said firmly, “I shall speak to Miss Wenham.”

Miss Wenham? At first I did not recognise the name. Then I realised that she was a young woman of twenty-five or so whom I had seen occasionally talking to groups of the girls or pursuing her hobby of gardening in Mr Jessop's grounds. She was a teacher of some kind, called upon when no one else was available. Now I realised that Mr Jessop had also made her his female disciplinarian.

Next morning I noticed Miss Wenham working in the garden as usual. With good reason, I scrutinised the firm fair-skinned face, revealed by the hair drawn back into its short pony-tail. I considered the plain fringe of it, brushed down on her forehead, which softened the firm crudity of her pale features and the present emptiness of her blue eyes. There was an indifferent look in the round fair-skinned appeal of her face with its light blue eyes. The features were firm and well-revealed by the manner in which she drew her fair hair back and wore it in its little tail that just overlapped her collar. At other times she wore it in a plain collar-length cut with a fringe. She had a sharper, cruder nose and weaker chin which gave her profile a prim demure look, by contrast with the rounder fuller look when she faced me. Miss Wenham wore no wedding-ring upon her finger. Yet a glance at her slack-hipped posture and her sluttish way of standing left no doubt that she had had many a helping of penis in the bedrooms of some illicit romance.

I contemplated her outline in the tightness of her singlet and pants. Miss Wenham was a well-built girl and the sight of garden-labour drew attention to the length of her legs and thighs, the lazy movement of her hips and backside as she walked. Her lower body had that well-exercised look which suggests that she had some hobby of an energetic kind. Indeed, I later saw

her in a short white skirt that had been worn for tennis. When she bent over, Miss Wenham presented a mature but supple-cheeked bottom and nicely-rounded hips. Then she had to bend tighter and the swell of her arse reminded one that she had passed for ever from the lithe teenager to the adult young woman. She had a quite tall and well-kept young figure, nicely-shaped for a good ride.

I learnt soon after this that, as I suspected, she had never been married. Miss Wenham had lived casually with a boy-friend. The story was a familiar one. Tiring of her after a while, the boy-friend packed his bags and left Miss Wenham to her fate. How she came to be under Mr Jessop's roof, I did not yet know. To be deserted by her boy-friend had left her subdued and self-conscious. But here was the curious thing. I thought that her strongest sexual feeling would be bitterness towards the male sex. It was not. I discovered that Miss Wenham had formed one or two passionate sexual friendships with girls of her own age. And yet it was towards some other girls that she felt most vindictive. Was it that they showed no response to her lesbian overtures? Was it that she saw them as rivals for a man's attention, rather as some other girl had stolen away her boy-friend?

I cannot answer those questions. What I can tell you is that Miss Wenham had no compunction about thrashing a girl of seventeen—or fourteen or eighteen—in a manner that was almost sadistic. Having done it once or twice, she seemed to have developed a taste for it. I may be wrong but, despite her lesbian affairs, I believe that she bore a furious grudge against these girls who were Mr Jessop's students, seeing them as the type who had taken her boy-friend from her.

“Miss Wenham has agreed to deal with Cosima this evening,” Mr Jessop at lunchtime the next day, “I have given Cosima the choice of accepting Miss Wenham's

discipline or else being dismissed and reported to her parents and teachers in Germany. I showed her one or two of the photographs that would be sent to them. She prefers to be punished by her mistress.”

I thought that was all. Presently he said.

“It is better that there should be someone else present on these occasions. It prevents allegations by the girl. I shall be there, of course. I know it is a disagreeable duty but I should be grateful if you would accompany me. Punishments of this sort are carried out at the far end of the garden in the old stable-block. The harness-room is a convenient place, out of earshot of the house. I have told Miss Wenham that nine o’clock, after dinner this evening, will be a suitable time.”

“If you wish . . .” I began. Mr Jessop nodded and thanked me.

“Another small matter,” he said gently, “I promised to reward you for promoting good conduct among these girls, every time that you brought an offence to my notice.”

His hand was in his breast-pocket and I heard the banknotes stir in the leather wallet. A gentleman does not make public the size of his income, any more than he boasts of the size of his virile member. Let me say only that I received an ample reward.

That evening, Mr Jessop and I went down the garden from the dining-room just before nine. It was a warm summer evening, the light turning a dusty gold and the trees just beginning to grow black against the pale blue translucence of sky above the sea. The harness-room was warm with the smell of licensed oil and leather. A tall stool was at the centre of its stone floor and the lights were on. Miss Wenham waited for us. I saw that there was a bamboo cane on the table to one side. It was about three feet in length, slim as one’s little finger and very supple.

“Let us have the girl in,” Mr Jessop said, as we took our chairs several feet behind the tall stool.

Miss Wenham went into the next room and fetched her. In order that the punishment should fit the crime, Cosima had been made to wear the same scandalously revealing costume which had caused so much scandal on the beach, the red sleeveless singlet and her elastic-tight briefs of white cotton. I could not help smiling a little at this. Mr Jessop frowned, as if to assure me that Cosie’s thrashing was no joke.

Cosima did not look with anger or contempt at us, as some girls do at those who have come to watch the punishment. From the firm and open beauty of her face she looked past us as if we did not exist. There was a taut and self-assured swell to the gracefully rounded cheeks of the German girl’s backside in the elastic-tight briefs. A score of my camera studies in his collection display her facial beauty and another score the erotic cheek-swell of Cosima’s seventeen-year-old arse in tight stretch-briefs as she stooped to the tide or bent forward to dive. She stood by the tall stool with the fair tresses brushed clear of her tall brow and lying just clear of her shoulders at the back. The firm set of her chin and the pride in her young face hinted at rebellion. But Cosima was a resolute girl who had made up her mind to be hurt by punishment here rather than to be shamed at home.

In red singlet and white stretch-briefs, Cosima bent forward over the stool, the sweep of fair hair falling forward in disarray about her face. The view from the rear was just as I had photographed it on the beach, the long athletic thighs bare with their light gold tan, the stretch-briefs showing a full spread of her rounded rear cheeks and suggesting that Cosie would have a rather majestic bottom when she matured to married womanhood at twenty-four or twenty-five. Though she stood with her legs together, she bent so tightly that it

was impossible not to see the soft shape of sexual flesh between the rear of her thighs.

Bending over the tall stool like this, it was natural that Cosima held the two forward legs with her hands to steady herself. Miss Wenham picked up a broad wrist-cuff of soft leather. Cosima instinctively drew her hand away. But Miss Wenham murmured something to the girl. Slowly and very reluctantly, Cosie resumed her hold on the wooden leg of the stool while the mistress strapped the girl's wrist to it firmly. Surrendering without further protest, Cosima watched her other wrist strapped to the next leg of the stool. As a further precaution, her ankles were fastened together on the near side. She was now held bending very tightly over. Her proud young buttocks filled out with a woman's softness but their teenage elasticity made them swell broader in this posture.

This delectable view, Cosima's hair spilling forward as she stretched taut over the tall stool, caused a natural excitement. The firm Teutonic prettiness of her face and steady blue eyes made one sigh with longing.

"I must have a private word with Miss Wenham before we begin," Mr Jessop said to me, summoning the mistress to the next room, "Perhaps you would complete the arrangements while I do so. On these occasions the girl's backside is always bare for the punishment."

As they went into the next room and pushed the door to, my heart pounded at the realisation that I had been instructed to take down seventeen-year-old Cosima's knickers. You may be sure that I did so. I walked across and stood over her as she bent. Cosie twisted her head round, the lightly-waved fair hair falling clear of her face as she tried to watch me.

The red singlet ended at her waist and it was easy to take hold of the elastic waistband of her briefs. I pulled these tight underpants down, the paler bottom-

flesh swelling a little fuller as the compression of the cotton web came clear of it. The bottom of a well-built German girl at this age has a shapely statuesque grace. I laid bare her rear cheeks. The cotton panties caught a little and I had to free them with my fingers between her legs. She shuddered and gasped.

“You’ll have some beautiful marks of the cane across your bottom, Cosie, before Miss Wenham finishes with you. Let’s have your panties right down.”

The briefs hung inverted in an untidy tangle round her lower thighs. I knelt behind the girl and tugged the cotton down until it fell freely to her ankles. Cosima actually shifted her thighs and opened her knees a little to make my task easier. It was the instinctive response of a girl of seventeen who is being undressed by a lover.

I kissed the nearer cheek-pallor of Cosima’s bottom finding it sleek as silk and cool as marble. She gasped and tensed at this. I laughed at her.

“I wanted to do that on the beach by the pier, Cosie, when you were bending forward to jump. I even wanted to kiss the seat of your knickers, Cosie, but I prefer it when you have them down.”

I laid my hands on her buttocks and pressed them apart, suddenly and excitedly seeing the anal-cleavage of Cosima’s crack pulled open. You may be sure she tensed desperately to close her rear approach.

“Lie still, Cosima!” I said sharply and her resistance ended. The young German student was obliged to bend submissively while I had a good look at her. Nothing was hidden from me and I was even able to study at leisure the tight dark vortex of Cosima’s arsehole.

As I stood up and went back to my chair, Mr Jessop and his assistant returned. The mistress took my place, standing over the girl. I saw Miss Wenham’s hand smooth up and down these graceful and agile young thighs, slipping between them. Her fingers manualised

Cosima for a moment in what seemed the most blatant caress. The girl twisted her head this way and that, her sweep of silky hair swishing to and fro. Her legs began to tense and writhe in their straps. The mistress fingered back to the rear of her leg-opening the pink folds of intimate flesh, so that the rest of us might study Cosie's young sex in its flushed state. Miss Wenham fondled the feminine roundeur of the German girl's firm young bottom-cheeks. She pressed the young student's rear cheeks apart. Cosima's arsehole must be displayed as a means of curbing her pride for the future. There was a sob of defeat as Cosima felt herself being exposed to us in this manner.

"No need to be shy about showing yourself, Cosima," said Miss Wenham quietly, "You'd better get used to that. I'm sure this won't be the last time you have to bend over in here for a caning."

Cosima had been brought in just after ten o'clock. It was half-past the hour before Miss Wenham—under the pretext of "inspection"—finished fondling, stroking, tickling and patting, hands shaping the German girl's hips and seat, finger-tips testing her feminine sensitivity and the tightness of Cosie's rear blow-hole.

Then we were ready for the mistress to begin Cosima's discipline. If you had decreed a contest for classic beauty between Helena Thelen, Grete Bryne, and Heia Ragnhild—or even those pretty youngsters of fourteen like Marit Aas who had been sent from other countries to learn the language—Cosie would have won it. Miss Wenham therefore found it more enjoyable to chastise her. That reason alone decreed three dozen strokes and the use of the bamboo cane, which Miss Wenham now picked up from the table. She applied her left hand to the girl's behind, fondling her as she spoke.

"Your young bottom shall be soundly thrashed, Cosima. We shall cure you of having boy-friends on the sly and parading like a dirty little girl on the beach.

You need to feel the smart of the bamboo across your bare bottom, Cosie. I daresay you will think the sentence of thirty strokes severe. I'd rather be severe than lenient with you, Cosie. But you will thank us for it when you realise it is the means of enforcing your obedience."

Miss Wenham stood back and flexed the supple bamboo. Cosima twisted her face round, eyes wide and lips parted a little in fright. Her gaze met our quiet smiles. Before she could protest, the mistress had raised her arm high. The strip-lighting caught the flash of the supple bamboo. Then the cane landed with a report like a pistol-shot across the pale and graceful fullness of Cosie'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 bamboo flashed down a second time and printed its splendid rose-red brand across her elegant seventeen-year-old buttocks. Urgently she tensed those rear orbs together and let out a hiss of suppressed torment.

"Keep your arse still, Cosima!" said Miss Wenham, her command peremptory but her mouth smiling, as the girl tried to draw her knee up again.

The cane whipped and whipped again across the bare cheeks of Cosima's behind. A suppressed gasp escaped the girl, of such intensity that you might have thought she had just sat bare-bottomed on a nest of angry hornets. Then the cane slashed her cruelly low across her bare hind cheeks and really hurt her. There was such a full womanly swell to Cosima's bottom in this posture that I found a bedroom excitement in seeing her backside flesh-creasing and cheek-writhing, her thighs squirming together and her buttocks contorting desperately under the agony of the bamboo.

I think the cane across Cosie's bare bottom hurt her far more than she had expected. The pain of each stroke

increased after the moment of receiving it and her young arse got another long before she was ready to receive it. Being a strong healthy girl, she was thrashed hard like a mature woman under sentence in a prison of the most barbaric regime. Cosima's bottom had the look of mature married womanhood and this was now her downfall. At first her cries were those of astonishment or panic, rising more intensely at each stroke. There were ten or twelve prints of the bamboo cane across her backside now and one or two of them were tenderly swollen. The most sensitive were those which had been given low down on the softer fatter swell of Cosie's bottom-cheeks. Miss Wenham aimed a sadistic lash of the bamboo across them, catching the seventeen-year-old girl expertly across those stripes. The desperately controlled gasps and cries gave way at this. Cosima screamed at full pitch.

Her composure was broken. Cosie screamed all the time after that, like a little girl of ten or twelve having the spanking-strap for the first time from an eager teacher. Miss Wenham had given her at least twenty strokes and perhaps twenty-four when the moment of drama came. The mistress brought the bamboo down very hard. Perhaps it had already begun to split with the energy of the thrashing. Now, it broke off in the middle and one half flew across the room, landing on the far side. To my astonishment, Cosie was blamed for this!

"Very well, Cosima," Mr. Jessop said, "A girl who tenses her bottom to break the cane across it has to be taught a lesson with the whip instead."

Though she had been marked with the cane like a naughty schoolgirl, that hint of full-bottomed German womanhood removed all our scruples about using the stable-whip on the bare cheeks of Cosima's seventeen-year-old arse. Miss Wenham went into the next room

and returned with a short-tailed leather whip, no doubt used for training in the stable-yard.

“Get your bottom right over the top of the stool, Cosie. Settle down and behave yourself properly. A whipping lasts longer than a school caning. You’ll be here until well past midnight.”

The whip cracked and the tip of the lash caught the sensitive undercurve of the German girl’s bottom-cheeks, just above her thigh. With a sudden shrillness which made the heart jump, Cosima screamed at a new pitch. Miss Wenham smiled. Having found the place where the young student was so responsive, she aimed at it again. Cosie offered a seductive target, the firm athletic buttocks of a girl at seventeen which were made to broaden and swell into a pair of more fully feminine globes by the way she bent over. The whip caught her artfully low across them again—and yet again. Whatever one’s thoughts about Miss Wenham, it was impossible not to admire her skill in this matter.

With teeth set and eyes shining, Miss Wenham lashed the wildly contorting double swell of Cosima’s bottom six or eight times more to catch her low on its cheeks. Cosie screamed her refusal and her inability to endure such torment—but she screamed in vain. At last the weeping beauty paid the tribute of two or three vermilion trickles which ran from her lower bum-cheeks down the rear of her firm and agile thighs.

Miss Wenham paused, for her sweater had slipped round a little with the energy of her application. As the mistress drew her sweater straight, Cosima swept her fair collar-length tresses to and fro, weeping self-pityingly.

Miss Wenham was ready again.

“Now your bottom must be more thoroughly punished, Cosie,” she said smiling, “Such a strapping pair of rear cheeks requires exemplary discipline.”

She began to brand Cosima’s behind higher up,

where her delectable young buttocks swelled most fully. Frantically shrill, Cosima performed a sinuous squirming of her hips and an 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 caning would have been adequate and whip took her far beyond what she might be expected to bear. Yet Cosie had only herself to blame, for it was her agile young beauty which 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, Cosima managed to clench her swelling buttocks upon it, as if to detain it and deny her mistress its use. Miss Wenham tugged it from her at once. A second time Cosie attempted it with disaster to herself. The whip flashed down and she tightened her rear cheeks on it as it sped through the air. Her face instantly showed a superb portrayal of beauty in agony. Searing in the force of its motion, the speeding whiplash had caused Cosima to skin the inner slopes of her seventeen-year-old bottom-cheeks upon it.

“Do you want me to whip you between the cheeks of your bottom, Cosie?” Miss Wenham asked teasingly when the girl’s wild shrillness subsided.

Cosima lay forward over the stool, bending tighter to draw her buttocks hard apart and prevent two tender surfaces touching. Little did she know the wicked ideas such a posture suggested to Miss Wenham and Mr Jessop. Our German girl 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 a teacher’s chastising zeal.

Altering her aim, Miss Wenham brought the whip down short across the nearer of Cosima’s bottom-cheeks so that the lash curled and caught the girl agonisingly between her buttocks. The whitewashed walls sounded with the unrestrained shrillness of beauty

at seventeen. The whip caught her a second time like this before she could bear to clench—and then again just as she was trying to do so.

Miss Wenham uncorked *sal volatile* and enabled Cosima to undergo her discipline in full. I may tell you as a matter of simple arithmetic that the number of strokes first announced was ignored—and exceeded. Miss Wenham paused, catching the dismay in Cosie's eyes with a quiet smile, while Mr Jessop's tongue was running on his lips with excitement. Cosima's bottom-cheeks blazed with the loops and curlicues of the lash. She was held by the straps, bending over the tall stool, the usual calm of her young face turned to anguished pleading and the page-girl length of fair hair scattered in disorder. Miss Wenham spoke again, quietly.

“Beautiful young thighs, Cosie. . . . beautiful young bottom . . . bend right over the stool, tight as you can. . . . In a moment I'm going to give you a lesson in discipline that you won't easily forget. . . .”

Cosima's protest was wilder and Miss Wenham's answer just as firm.

It was a long while before Miss Wenham took a jar of heavily salted fat and smoothed the grease over Cosie's young behind to intensify the smart. Then the mistress was ready again.

“Keep your beautiful young arse quite still, Cosie. . . . bend right over the stool. . . . tighter than that. . . . now stick your bottom right out, Cosima. . . . you're going to feel the smart much worse when the salt fat sinks in. . . .”

Seventeen-year-old Cosima cried out and writhed as her bottom-cheeks blazed brighter red and sleek with grease of the salted fat. Such desperation on Cosie's part heightened the excitement of the spectators and chastiser alike. The discipline was prolonged far beyond the point I had thought possible. As midnight came and went, Mr Jessop and Miss Wenham took Cosima into

the darker territory of chastisement where my account is too discreet to follow.

Much later that night, when the ringing whip-smacks and the teenage frenzy died away at last, they kept her over the stool for a full hour while they considered the whip's handiwork and heard Cosima's quiet soprano aria of lamentation and reproach.

CHAPTER SEVEN

I do not know whether a whipping in itself changes the character or attitudes of a seventeen-year-old girl like Cosima. What makes the difference, I believe, is when her knickers are taken down and the whipping is given in the presence of onlookers. Every time that her eyes encounter those of a man who was present, whether they meet subsequently across the dinner table or in the classroom while he teaches her, she is reminded of their shared experience. He has heard her scream, listened to her wildness and pleading, the words of her frenzy which she remembers hearing herself shriek out. He has watched the contortions of her bare bottom and legs under the whip. He has been there while she danced and farted and kicked under the lash. He has seen her in a state that no boy-friend or husband ever will.

As their eyes meet, the girl wonders whether he is thinking of all this. Perhaps he is, perhaps he is not. But you may be sure she is thinking of it—and how he saw or heard it all!

For this reason, a relationship of almost unbearable intensity may develop on the girl's side towards such a man. She has nothing to hide from him any more, he has taken it from her with his eyes and ears. Perhaps

she saw that his penis was stiff in his pants with excitement as he watched her bare bottom thrashed. If that is the case, in the aftermath, her feeling towards him is almost as if they were secret lovers.

Nothing more than intense thought comes of this as a rule. But I believe there are occasions when the girl can only purge herself of this shame or self-consciousness by an act of truly sexual submission. The barriers are broken by this and she and the man are on the footing of lovers or equals. No longer is she merely the beaten one and he only the voyeur. Their new association is easier for the young to bear, giving her confidence and parity with the master. I was soon to discover the truth of this with Cosima in the most exciting manner!

From time to time, Mr Jessop organised an outing for the girls, usually taking four or five of them at a time. Several weeks later it was arranged that certain of the girls should accompany us on a picnic. The group included Claudia and Katharine who do not matter to this story, pretty little Marit Aas and statuesque olive-skinned Valeria, who will matter a little more. We were to drive to a village at the foot of the downland and then climb the field-path to a fine spot above the trees. It looked one way to the hot glitter of the summer sea and the other towards the blue distance of weald and forest.

It was perfect July weather. The quiet waters of the Channel glittered in warm indolence. White and red flowers gave a still heat to the perfumed garden shade. Inland, the long fields and distant hills were a picture of blue distances and shimmering horizons. We passed the little village that marked the end of the road, rising from the fields and miles from the next farm. The tall estate walls surrounding the manor house were of ancient mellow brick with wild roses climbing upon them. There was a church with flint walls and a handsome-

looking inn. Mossed stone was everywhere and the few cottages were overshadowed by the great beech trees wound with ivy.

Between us, we carried the picnic baskets, the wickerwork creaking with a promise of good things for lunch. We had walked through a screen of trees and came to the first of the wide fields that sloped up the downland in a wide green amphitheatre. The chalk paths glittered like snow in the strong light. There were banks of tall nettles by the hedgerows with blue and brown butterflies dozing upon them. The fine featheriness and ochre-coloured pods of "quaking grass" shivered at our approach. As we walked round the edge of the green standing corn there was an expanse of poppies nodding a little, like the wide-brimmed hats of a summer march of peasant girls in France or Holland. Above us in the cloudless blue rang the high note of pee-wit and curlew, the trill of the warbler. Sheep, grazing on the turf near the hill's crest, called to one another as we came nearer.

We climbed to the top of the path where the downland flattened out in a fine plateau of soft turf. Far off lay the steel-blue mist of the sea. Around us, a warm breeze gently rattled the tall grass. We stretched out on the grass and began to open the wickerwork baskets. The hedge-grass around us was scattered with pink and white bells of campion, the royal purple of wild thyme fit for a queen's last journey, here and there the beauty of a wild orchid. Far below, the field of green wheat moved in a tide as the breeze gathered and then fell away again in the panting heat.

A cork popped and the first pale sparkle of Saumur flooded the handsome glasses to whet our appetites for food. We lay back in the sun, feeling the grass soft against us. When the wine was finished, we ate the most sumptuous picnic among surroundings that would be a pleasant memory for ever. For my own part, I lay

in utter contentment on the downland turf that had been softly cropped by the sheep and where the evening-blue of cornflowers shone all about me. I heard one of the girls uncork a bottle of Chablis and my nostrils caught the first fragrance of *saumon fumé* with its pleasant recollection of salmon pools along the Shannon and Esk.

The picnic baskets were equipped with their neat stacks of china plates and the cutlery strapped into the lid. There were octagonal glass jars of tea and sugar, square white tins for sandwiches, and a little stove with its faint odour of methylated spirit to provide us with coffee after the meal.

When the meal was over, coffee was consumed and cigars lit by Mr Jessop and I. The girls wandered off across the downland a little way. Perhaps it was to escape our talk, perhaps to ease nature. Though the sweep of the downland seems bare at a distance, there are stunted wind-blown trees in groups and scattered thickets of gorse that rise several feet from the ground in places. Mr Jessop and I talked for a full hour while the afternoon sun moving westward turned the sea's steel glitter to a deeper bottle-green.

Mr Jessop had lunched well. Presently he lay back on the grass, arms folded under his head, and closed his eyes. It was just to be a nap after lunch—forty winks, as they say. I got up and strolled towards the great amphitheatre of downland with its gorse thickets. It was as I approached one of these that I heard a strange scampering sound, as if someone were moving away on all fours to avoid being seen.

Curiosity moved me. I walked round the outside of the walls of dense gorse and bracken which enclosed the grassy space. It had an entrance and a trodden path on the far side. I was too late to see who might have scrambled away but I stood in the entrance and blocked the escape of anyone else who might be there. I saw

Cosima's skirt lying on the grass. Of the young student herself there was no sign.

Of course, she was in there somewhere. Where was the boy? He must have tracked us with some skill up those downland paths to avoid being seen. No matter. I entered the strange gorse-walled silence of the grassy space and picked up the discarded skirt. Folding it away, I stretched out with my back against the green hummock that looked like a large mole hill.

"How long must I wait, Cosie?" I asked with a smile, "Must I go back to Mr Jessop alone with this skirt?"

Of course that brought her out of hiding. She stood there dressed in her singlet and underpants, almost exactly as she had been on the beach. I smiled at her knowingly.

"Well, Cosima?"

I waited to hear her plead or argue. She did neither. With some hesitation, as if to see whether I rejected her, Cosie came forward and knelt on the grass at my feet.

"Any reason why I should not report your deceit to Mr Jessop, Cosie?"

Cosima's fair hair slipped forward a little as she lowered her head. She still knelt in front of me as I lay back against the grassy hummock. There was no dismay nor anxiety in her calm and open young face. She looked as if she had made up her mind what she must do and knew there could be no going back.

Without the least sign of revulsion, acting just like a modest young bride on her honeymoon, Cosima unzipped the front of my pants. She drew out the warm stiffening penis. The touch of her smooth finely-shaped fingers was exquisite and I felt the bulk of my penis harden like rock at the cool caress.

"Want to suck it, Cosima? Do it properly, then."

Indifferent to the other girls who might be watching

her through the hedge, she looked down at what she held in her fingers. The tall brow and steady blue eyes showed Cosima for the young lady that she was. She was well-educated, well-informed in the facts of life, and actually more ready to perform such sexual submission than many a girl of the back-streets would have been. Still, a well-bred young lady of seventeen like Cosima must have wondered what it would be like to have a man's stiff tool in her mouth. She could hardly expect to avoid the taste of sperm and I think, if she had had time to reflect on this, it might have disgusted her.

I craned my head for a better view, so that I could see what Cosima was doing. I lay there smiling and watching the fair-haired German student with a mixture of amusement and vindictiveness. Cosima turned her head on one side, holding the stiffened truncheon of flesh in her hand and swept her collar-length hair clear again.

"Kneel the other way round with your backside towards me, Cosima!"

She turned herself, so that her feet were level with my shoulder. Then she lifted her hips from her heels.

"Kneel right forward, Cosie."

She did so, presenting the tension of her athletic bare thighs as her head went down and showing her full-cheeked bottom-view in the stretched cotton web of her white briefs. She touched her lips to the swelling ruby knob of the penis with a kiss which made it quiver and harden still more. She studied the erection thoughtfully and without dismay, like a sensible girl.

We were head to tail as she knelt, the swell of Cosima's backside and hips no more than eighteen inches from my eyes as I sat against the grassy mound. Again she kissed the knob and then kissed my erection along its length. Smiling to myself, I took the elastic waistband of her briefs and drew them down to her knees

so that she showed her sex and her arse fully and nakedly. Cosima paused suddenly. I think she was a little scared of being stripped like this in a public place, where there were people walking along the path not fifty feet away.

“Shall I take your panties away, Cosie, and leave you stranded here in nothing but your singlet?”

I confess the idea appealed to me. I could imagine what would happen when a group of four or five vigorous lads from the tougher end of the town sauntered in there and found Cosima nude from waist to feet!

She did not answer my question! How could she? Instead Cosima brushed the collar-length of fair hair clear of her face and bowed her head, looking steadily and bravely at the upright stiffness of the tool. Plucking up courage and taking the plunge, Cosima opened her lips, drawing the first inch or two into her mouth. I shivered with excitement as I felt the wet satin warmth of her soft tongue upon the smooth hardness of my penis.

Cosima sucked up and down the length of the stiffness. I am certain it was her first time but a well-educated girl of seventeen uses her feminine instinct in doing what she must. She paused and drew back so that only the knob was still in her mouth. Then she moved her tongue and used its tip to tickle the vent and the foreskin rim. I had no need to coax or command her. Cosima was indeed sucking with the skill and energy of a bride on her honeymoon night.

I had a fine bare view of her thighs, hips and arse while Cosima sucked the prick. Her bottom had a firm-cheeked swell as I leant forward and closely studied it. I stroked Cosie's rump a little and then felt her shiver as I tickled pussy-flesh between the rear of her thighs. There was great excitement in knowing that I would make the young German Amazon suck until the sperm boiled thickly over her tongue and she was obliged to

swallow it. I did not think Cosima's boy-friends would have had the nerve to make her swallow their sperm. I murmured to her, promising her that she was going to get a throatful of mine and I wondered whether the thought revolted or excited her.

I made her pause from time to time. I naturally wanted to make Cosima suck for as long as possible. During these intervals, which lasted for several minutes, my lips browsed over the cool sleek pallor of Cosima's bottom-cheeks, down her thighs, touching pussy at the rear, musing upwards and kissing just between the cheeks of her behind. I gave quiet commands to make the German girl alter her pose a little during this so that I could reach the areas of interest more easily.

"Knees apart a little more, Cosie . . . Show more cunt . . . Swell your bottom right out, Cosima . . . Keep your arse properly towards me . . ."

This mixture of kisses and commands shocked her a little. Seventeen-year-old Cosima had never imagined such a thing!

"Now suck the penis again, Cosima."

To give the order in a brutal and literal way made it strangely more thrilling, even for the girl who was being mastered. As if to bring her submission to a conclusion before the other girls found us, Cosima took the penis in her mouth again and sucked with greater energy. I grinned delightedly to myself at the sight she offered.

"Roll your tongue round it, Cosie, just like a little girl sucking a treat. Close your lips over it. That's excellent. Such a soft and warm young mouth. Let me feel you being a greedy girl Cosima. Suck as if you really felt on heat to taste what's coming."

Perhaps she did feel a thrill at the thought but it mattered little, one way or the other. I began to thrust more fully into her mouth. There was a tight sound of

difficulty from Cosima's throat at this but then she settled to her task again. Her quick and hard little sounds indicated how bulky the stiffened tool had become. I kissed the taut sleek flesh presented by the proudly rounded cheeks of Cosima's bottom as she knelt over my loins and sucked submissively. At the same time, the bare self-assured swell of Cosima's seventeen-year-old bottom-cheeks and her strong young thighs received my kisses.

"It's coming, Cosima. . . . I'm going to give you a real mouthful of it. . . . Swallow it like a good girl, while I kiss your bottom for you . . ."

I would not permit her to refuse it. A single muffled squirt was followed by a wild though muted sound of alarm from the German girl. I was sure that this was the first time she had ever tasted it. Then, after a pause, came an irregular salvo of squirts.

"Feel the sperm flooding your tongue, Cosima? . . . Swallow it down, Cosie. . . . That's good . . . Swallow some more, Cosima. . . . and some more . . ."

At last I felt her drain me of the last drop. I craned my head to watch her swallow such an outpouring of passion obediently. Then I made her lie there with her head pillowed on my thighs with my penis in her mouth for half an hour. Before that time was up, it was stiffening again and Cosima was required to repeat her submission. I cannot tell you whether the experience made her determined never to do such a thing for a man again—or whether the lucky fellow who wins her as a bride will have night after night of such exquisite pleasure in the marriage bed. If he does not, then he would be well advised to enforce it because Cosima has a natural talent for serving a man in this way,

I thought afterwards that one of the other girls, or even Mr Jessop, might have found us at our game. I believe I should have heard their approach in time but the bulge in my pants would have been difficult to ex-

plain! As it was, I left Cosima to pull her knickers up and put her skirt on. I walked thoughtfully back to the place of the picnic and found Mr Jessop just opening his eyes after his forty winks.

CHAPTER EIGHT

It was two weeks later when we had a visitor. I knew of him by reputation, for he was Mr Hardman and owned a good deal of property in this and other towns. A discount bookshop in Bond Street, a store in Milsom Street, a display of fashion in the High Street might wake memories of Julie, or Noreen or Jayne and the girls in his employment. His emporium nearby occupied half a street with its plate-glass windows, behind which lay displays of gathered silk and pyramids of porcelain. Mr Jessop was not at home when his friend called. It was left to me to show this burly dark-haired guest into the drawing-room. He had called to invite the master of the house to dinner and "amateur theatricals," as he called them, on the following Saturday evening. Even as he pronounced the words "amateur theatricals," I knew that they were not of the ordinary kind.

I explained that Mr Jessop was not at home just then. I also added that I thought he would be unable to accept Mr Hardman's invitation. I had heard my employer making arrangements for an almond-eyed Asian girl of eighteen or nineteen, Selina Cho, who was being despatched to a post as governess with a wealthy family near Port Xantra. It was not a matter that could be

postponed, though I believe that Mr Jessop's plans for this impassive Asian girl had been well laid.

Mr Hardman smiled. He knew my name and asked me if I was the son of the gentleman who lived at the Villa Altona, near Altona Park. I assured him I was. He inquired if I had had a certain difficulty, a scandal stirred up by a couple of ill-natured young women. Since he knew all about it, perhaps from Mr Jessop, there was no point in denying it. Mr Hardman seemed to think no worse of me.

"I like a young fellow of spirit!" he said with a laugh, "If Mr Jessop cannot oblige me on Saturday, should you like to come and see a couple of little wrigglers put through their paces? If Jessop cannot be there, we shall have an empty chair."

The invitation was so unexpected that I hesitated.

"Come now," Mr Hardman said, "These are shop-girls and cannot answer back. They owe their employment to me. What's more, they owe their liberty to me as well. I hope you won't look for fine ladies. These are two randy young scrubbers saved from the reformatory only as long as I give them a good report. You understand?"

I understood him perfectly. It was a situation of which I had often dreamt, having a pair of such girls in one's power with the full sanction of the law.

"I shall accept with pleasure." What else could I say?

"Dammit!" said Mr Hardman, clapping me on the shoulder with a grin, "I knew you must be a young fellow of spirit. I like you for that. We shall have no namby-pamby prudery where two young tarts like Annie and Alison are concerned. If you choose, you may familiarise yourself with them meanwhile. They are usually to be seen down at the emporium."

"I shall ask Miss Wenham if she will keep order here on Saturday in my absence."

“Miss Wenham?” he said, sounding surprised, “She will not be here. I count upon Miss Wenham to supervise such entertainments for me. She has just the right balance of severity and sensuality in her character. No, my young friend, we shall arrange for Sabrina Branchini or one of the older girls to keep order here. You need have no fear while they are in charge.”

When Mr Jessop heard of this, he was not the least put out. It seemed that his final dealings with almond-eyed Selina would keep him in town until very late. He was entirely satisfied with the arrangements that Mr Hardman had suggested. I could not help feeling that the invitation had been arranged to put me to a test of some kind.

During the rest of the week, I familiarised myself with the girls on display behind the glass of Mr Hardman's premises. Having heard what was planned, I naturally ignored Kim, Lucy and the other girls who worked there in favour of the two he had mentioned. This pair of young women in their early twenties was arranging a display of ornaments. Alison was the bigger and more sturdy girl, her brown hair in the style of a common young slattern, worn in a straight fringed basin-crop but shaved close on her neck. It was like the plain modern style of a girl in the 1920s. She was the taller of the two and had matured rather provocatively. Her hazel eyes were steady but her firm features seemed bold and even a little crude. Alison had a firm full-rounded chin, a rather impassive air and a look of indifference towards those who stared covetously at her. Her thighs were a little fuller and more robust than Anne's. Her well-controlled maturity had given a slightly heavier swell to the firm cheeks of Alison's bottom. At twenty-one years old, the girl was wearing a blue top and blue and white striped cotton trousers. In her case too there was a full firm swell to her hips. When she bent over, as one watched her behind the glass, the

cheeks of Alison's bottom parted but they showed a robust rondeur.

Though her companion Anne was a year or two older, she was also an inch or two shorter, a young teaser at twenty-four with a petite and almost impish look. Anne was a sensual girl, clad in trousers of snug-fitting grey corduroy and a hooped sweater in brown and white. There was an elfin sexuality in her face. The blue eyes were rather heavily tight-lidded, she had a pretty little nose and a demure chin. Her fair hair was worn in a short slant fringe on her forehead and cut in a rather straight loose punk crop to the level of her nape, which gave her a pretty ragamuffin look.

When she sat on her heels, the rear hem of the sweater pulled up at the rear to show fair untanned skin in the small of her back. There was a sexy fullness to the bottom-cheeks of this randy little minx. She emphasised this by going forward as she knelt, her rump jutting backwards. Anne with her light brown casually-brushed crop of punk hair and sensually heavy-lidded eyes, showed her lasciviously swelling bottom provokingly in her tight grey pants.

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

He did not in the least disapprove of lesbian passion between two girls of this kind, so long as they kept themselves ready to answer at once any demands of his own. He imposed one rule, however. If two of his 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 its fulfillment. 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. However, I was invited to see Anne and Alison under instruction by Miss Wenham, who was the most out-and-out of lesbian mistresses. The most intriguing aspect of this was that, though the two girls worked together, they had no sexual feelings towards each other. They were to become lesbian lovers on Mr Hardman's orders!

You could not ask for a more suitable rendezvous than his elegant double-fronted house on the wide avenue that led up to the promenade and the bandstand. To either side of the broad road were fine tall villas washed in cream or white, their elegant windows and balconies giving a sea view of quiet summer tides. Each handsome front door suggested that a liveried footman would answer your knock. Down the wide carriageway towards the promenade the only traffic was of handsome limousines polished to a mirror gloss. The shrubbery gardens were hidden behind tall wrought-iron railings, and the lower floors of the houses were well-screened by the gardens themselves.

Mr Hardman's summer evenings began as the western sun threw up a dusty light above the waves and the mellow radiance of the late sky turned the fine houses a deeper pink or gold. It was almost eight o'clock when the door was opened to me and I stepped into the tiled

hall, under the spiral staircase and the dome which lights us from the roof. Handsome rooms opened off the staircase landings at every level.

There was to be a dinner, after which Alison and Anne were to put on a display in honour of Mr Hardman's generosity. Did they protest? No. Why not? Because they knew that law and custom had made Mr Hardman their master. Moreover, these two young women of the common class of shopgirls would have had an ample taste of the penis from young men of their own class in their back-street bedrooms. They no longer had the right or inclination to bashfulness or concealment.

But first we were to have dinner. The two girls were to act as our waitresses. Alison's stolid and indifferent manner was still reflected in the plain short cut of brown hair, her sullen hazel eyes and the full curve of her firm chin. I guessed that when her master took down Alison's blue and white striped pants, he would find her a sturdy-bottomed girl well able to take the discipline of breaking in. When Alison bends over, she presents the firm and sturdy bottom-cheeks of a girl who has matured from her teens to her twenties.

The costume of our waitresses was most provoking. Each wore a black bodice with shoulder straps and a little white apron without a skirt! In addition, each girl wore a pair of tight-fitting panties in translucent black nylon. To make their rear views more suggestive, Mr Hardman decreed that the panties should be a size too small! The result was that Anne's black nylon knickers were tight as drumskin and too small to cover the saucy swell of her bottom-cheeks completely. Alison with her plain basin-crop of brown hair was the bigger girl and the seat of her panties left her fatter bottom-cheeks even more suggestively uncovered. The apron ribbons, which went round each waist, were tied in a large bow behind so that the tails hung down. The sight of these tails

brushing across bottom-cheeks only partly covered by tight nylon briefs as the girls walked in high-heeled black shoes was amusing and enticing at the same time.

Miss Wenham, with her rather sharp look of command, sat at the end of the table to give the girls their orders.

Alison came in first, the firm swelling 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 tails of her apron ribbon at the rear brushed lightly to and fro across the proud lower swell of Alison's bottom-cheeks, where her tight panties were too brief to cover her rear cheeks completely. No doubt it tickled her up a little and made her feel more sexy.

Miss Wenham, as mistress of ceremonies, turned to us.

“Alison will play the seducer tonight. She has consented and even asked to be allowed to perform that part. Alison is a sluttish young woman with more energy and daring than Annie. Annie may look like a pert little wriggler but there is a nervousness about her. Alison is well broken-in, well ridden by her lovers. She has that slight sensual fattening of her arse and hips at twenty-one years old. A young tart of her sort in one of those back-street bedrooms knows that all of Friday and Saturday nights are reserved for her boy-friend's demands.”

Alison 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 Miss Wenham said, it certainly brought no blush to her young face. Indeed, when she turned from me to serve Miss Wenham, she seemed to stoop a little more than was necessary and the proud-cheeked fattened pallor of Alison's bottom-cheeks was offered to me, the girl herself turning so that the ribbon-tails slid aside and revealed her scantily-clad backside properly.

The black translucent panties were drawn sensually tight and deep across Alison's bare buttocks which were mistily visible through the strained tautness.

Anne was similarly dressed. Our gaze studied Anne's sly and sensual young face with its heavy lidded eyes and the plain light brown cut of her punk style crop. But when the master took down Anne's jeans, he was always pleased by the first swelling maturity in her twenties of a girl who had been a trim-figured teenager. 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 Anne's consent to the display she would offer with Alison had been given with extreme reluctance!

There could be no doubt that we were about to witness Anne'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 her boy-friend's tool, on which she had had regular consolation. The sudden deprivation made her fretful and nervous. But Annie could not quite bring herself to abandon her nervous prudery in the arms of another young wife. Alison, with the firm self-assured swell of her bottom-cheeks and hips, walked to and fro between table and sideboard. The tails of the apron ribbons were bum-brushing across the young brunette's fuller rear cheeks as she seemed to swagger a little. Anne walked with cautious steps and her slyly hooded blue eyes avoided our gaze. It was as if she feared to provoke us by meeting our admiring gaze or allowing her mischievous hips and backside too free or seductive a movement.

There was a moment when Alison entered, her hands empty, a distant look in her hazel eyes and the features of the fair-skinned face still bold and indifferent. It was as if she was staring from the emporium window, her mind occupied by something far removed from the

work she was supposed to be doing. She stood beside Mr Hardman and leant right over the table in a most ungracious stoop to collect Miss Wenham's plate. As she did this, I saw that Alison seemed to turn the plain basin-crop of her straight fair hair. She was half looking sideways at him, as if to see how he would react. To pause and watch Alison bending over to her ordinary shopwork in tight blue and white pants is to smile at the slight lascivious fatness assumed by her bottom-cheeks in such a posture. She bent now and the pale half-bare cheeks of Alison's bottom swelled suggestively—all the more seductively for the tails of the apron ribbons that brushed the outward curve of her young buttocks. The thin black nylon film of her translucent panties was tight at the seat, stretched in translucent gloss over the full swell of her rear cheeks. As she bent to reach the plates across the table, she presented this rear view directly to my gaze.

Her bare thighs had a pallid weight to them. Her black nylon panties moulded the sexual flesh between her legs so that it appeared as a soft feminine bulge between the rear of her thighs. The narrow frilled hem of her knickers strained tight back between her legs. It dented her soft pale bottom flesh as it curved high and tight over each cheek of Alison's arse. I think they kept her busy deliberately in this posture so that I should enjoy this rear view for several minutes.

Like Anne, Kim, Lucy and the other girls who worked with her for Mr Hardman, Alison was naturally slutish. She tensed and shifted her bare thighs a little. The cheeks of Alison's backside flesh-creased and contorted a little. Had here been no one else in the room, I am sure she would have submitted to a man's tool between her legs. The sight of my penis would not have dismayed her. Had there been no time to undress her, I think Alison would not have rebelled at having the

tight glossy seat of her panties made wet and dribbled by a man's sperm. That was the sort of girl she was.

A little later, after the dessert, Alison bent to clear the table in a position which presented a similar view to her master. Mr Hardman studied this, laying aside the tail-ribbons so that they now fell over the flank of her hip rather than her seat. Alison 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 brunette was giving herself a good time in anticipation of what her master might do to her. It was her face that I now saw. The rather crude fair-skinned oval was animated by expectation, lips parted a little and eyes wider under the plain crop of brown hair. The young slut was showing Mr Hardman the soft warm bulge of her cunt-flesh moulded by the thin glossy nylon of her panties. But she also showed him how she was squeezing her bare thighs upon it, exciting herself, ready for some fun.

His mouth tightened a little and he administered a sounding cheek-smack on Alison'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 Alison's twenty-one-year-old backside, and then another. For the first time Alison's plain crop of hair swept her collar as she tried to twist her head round. Mr Hardman turned in his chair a little to spank the young brunette more soundly, while petite young Anne looked on with a troubled and apprehensive gaze.

Alison was not enjoying herself quite as much now, the tensing and twisting of her seductive young bottom was evidence of that. But as Anne watched, the bigger girl lay over the table, hips still jiggling a little as she squeezed herself. Miss Wenham had got up and was standing over her to ensure that she lay obediently over the table for this. I feel sure that the room was suffi-

ciently soundproof for Mr Hardman to deal as vindictively as he liked with his two shopgirls, knowing that Alison's shrillness or Annie's, however frantic, would be heard only as a faint owl-cry at the distant wall of the estate. And Miss Wenham was a true lesbian who now longed to avenge her own sex on the two young women who had betrayed the cause for several years by submitting to the enemy! Those who have read the romance of *Noreen* will recall that Mr Hardman had no compunction about strapping down that nineteen-year-old trollop over a punishment-trestle in a soundproof vault. Had Miss Wenham been in command of Noreen's bare-bottom punishment, I assure you that the sturdy young wench would have had even more reason for panic!

While Miss Wenham conveyed the sense of this with her hard blue eyes, Alison responded in a reproachful and self-pitying manner. And yet I was fascinated to see how 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 Mr Hardman or Miss Wenham to pity her.

Miss Wenham held her over the table like this, gripping Alison's collar for a while longer. There was naturally some reproachful glancing from the young brunette and a subdued mewing of self-pity at the threat in Miss Wenham's eyes. But it was Anne with her tight-lidded blue eyes who watched in most apprehension. Mr Hardman paused in his spanking of the young brunette. As if to provoke him, Alison was slowly beginning her squeezing and tip-toe movements again, even while she lamented the callousness of such discipline.

"You see, Annie?" said Miss Wenham looking up at the petite young wriggler, "Alison 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. Alison 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 Anne shed tears and mourned after scolding or whipping. But Alison sought refuge, even while being tanned, in the distraction of sensual enjoyment.

When dinner was over, there was half an hour of leisure for coffee and liqueurs. Alison and Anne stood by obediently. Then Miss Wenham resumed her role as mistress of ceremonies. The two girls were told to clear the cups from the table. We prepared ourselves to enjoy their love-making.

“Get yourself ready, Alison,” said Miss Wenham quietly.

Alison reached behind her, undid her ribbons and drew off the little apron. She hooked her thumbs in the waistband of her panties and drew them down, stepping out of the these scanty black knickers a little awkwardly. She put one bare knee on the edge of the table and drew herself up with a sensually awkward squirming of her mature young thighs and hips. She stretched out and undid her own bra and set free the bobbling weight of her cherry-nippled breasts. Alison was naked now, lying arse-upwards over the table round which we sat.

Mr Hardman wanted to deal with twenty-two-year-old Anne himself.

“Come to me, Anne!” he said. The sensual little slut obeyed, walking apprehensively towards him. “Turn your back, Anne. Bend over and rest your hands on your knees.”

Anne obeyed and her master undid the ribbons in the small of her back and drew the little apron clear. He drew down her panties until they fell to her ankles, and made her step out of them. He kept her bending while

Annie dropped the ragamuffin crop of her hair to hide her face. He studied the warm light-haired folds of her sexual flesh. He considered the petite fullness of her bottom-cheeks, parting them to look at Anne's tightly-closed arsehole.

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

Presently, the two girls were made to turn more revealing towards each other. Annie and Alison were stretched out side by side, lying so that they faced one another closely. Alison's hazel eyes met Anne's with a faint and lascivious reassurance. But the tight-lidded blue eyes of the older girl were troubled and almost fearful.

"Make love together," said Miss Wenham casually, "I'm sure your boy-friends have taught you what to do."

There was no possibility of refusal unless they wished to suffer retribution from their master. Both Alison and Anne knew that. In a charmingly awkward way, they drew close and kissed each other's lips. Anne kissed and lip-tickled Alison's face and her neck, left bare by the short plain crop of her hair. Alison kissed Anne's sensitive bare neck and ears more cunningly, so that the petite young woman shuddered with an excitement and anticipation that even her boy-friend had never inspired in her.

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

Alison drew her hand away and stroked the short punk crop of fair hair instead. Anne would permit

kisses and cuddles but could not bring herself to share more than that. Alison took command of her unwilling girl-friend, turning turtle so that they now lay head-to-tail. Each lay on her side, presented to the face of the other in an upward squat. Alison guided Annie to draw her knees up more. Annie's thighs, hips and bottom were offered to Alison'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 Anne's face.

We leant forward round the table for an hour or more and watched at close range the seduction of our lascivious little ragamuffin Annie by the more sensual and indolent Alison. So it was Alison who took the initiative and Anne who became the pupil, copying what was done to her. I felt more certain as I watched that Alison had no lesbian inclination of her own. She had been ordered to seduce Anne in this manner, having been quietly warned by Miss Wenham of where she would be taken, if she refused, and the things that would be done to her there. The fright of that had removed any compunction about becoming the masturbator of the girl she worked with!

The girls still lay head to tail. Alison's fingers gently and comfortingly took Anne'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 girl-friend. In this she was proved right, as Anne's full-curved little hips began to stir. Alison also kissed the bare trimly-rounded cheeks of Anne's bottom, soothing the lingering smack of Miss Wenham's hand. Anne gasped as she drew breath. She could not keep her petite but voluptuous thighs from squirming a little.

Meanwhile, the swelling cheek-pallor of Alison's

bottom and her spreading thighs were presented patiently and expectantly to Anne's gaze. Anne'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 Anne was receiving pleasure. At last her fingers tentatively stroked the peep of Alison's feminine flesh between the rear of the bigger girl's slightly fattened thighs. Alison lifted her upper leg a little, crooking it back from the knee, to make herself more fully accessible.

Anne closed her eyes as if to recreate some private memory of her own married ecstasy while Alison caressed her. Her nimble fingers began to fondle Alison's intimacy, although she did it rather inexpertly. Then her startled blue eyes opened again, prompted by a stab of excitement and a little dismayed. But Annie now looked closely at what her fingers were doing, as if fascinated by Alison's secret anatomy. Despite herself, Anne was intrigued by the other girl's body and the effect that her caresses were having upon it. Annie's eyes grew gentle and loving as she continued to gaze at the moistening and roused feminine flesh.

"Use your other hand on Alison's bottom-cheeks," Miss Wenham murmured to Anne, "You needn't be shy about doing such things to her in front of us. I'm certain that Alison wants to feel you fondling her there!"

There was no protest from randy little Anne. Her tight-lidded blue eyes looked adoringly at the fatter swell presented by the lightly parted cheeks of Alison's backside. While her other hand remained busy with more important matters, she also stroked the young brunette's bare rear cheeks. Then, as if imagining what she would like Alison to do to her, Anne's fingers slid gently between the cheeks of Alison's pallid backside, tickling and stroking.

Soon there would be no more difficulty in persuading

Anne to play the part of a boy with another girl. Mr Hardman made her do so with both Kim and Lucy. She began to kiss the backs of Alison's bare legs, starting behind the knees and working up. Alison, excited at this, touched her lips to Anne's roused intimate flesh, kissing it lightly and then beginning to flicker her tongue upon it. Anne shuddered and moaned but never ceased to kiss Alison'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 Miss Wenham 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 Alison and Anne 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 Anne, after so much reluctance, quite unable to hold back. Her fingertips played lightly and tantalisingly on the bigger girl's secret places. At the same time, Anne kissed the cheeks of Alison's bottom which Alison herself now thrust out more fully. Anne hesitated and then, flinging caution aside, kissed between them, lips close to Alison's anus.

"Kiss her there, Anne," murmured Miss Wenham gently, "No need to be afraid or shy. Don't hold back, Annie. Enjoy being rude with her there. Use your imagination between her rear cheeks, Anne. Make her cry out with excitement."

Alison herself was manualising Annie with great skill and had brought her close to a crisis. An excruciating pang of pleasure seemed to paralyse the round-hipped little urchin. Then, tormented deliciously by the tension of her spasm, Anne's tongue was stuck out, firm and

urgent, its tip disappearing where Alison's bottom is better imagined than described. Anne herself was shuddering and whimpering with the first release of her tension. Miss Wenham held her firmly while she was having it. When it was over, there was a danger that Anne 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, Annie," whispered Miss Wenham, "You'll come several 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, Annie? You'll be going somewhere special for your reformatory training with girls from Asia and Africa soon—Selina, Nonette and the others. You'll do nothing but make naked and passionate love with them for the first few months. 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, Annie, before you know the real truth about yourself."

As she said this, Miss Wenham also began to fondle Alison with gentle and knowing fingers, bringing the young wriggler to a gasping and shuddering conclusion.

"Lie still, just as you are," Miss Wenham 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 Anne's bottom and hips, the wetness sounded slippery between her legs and rear cheeks. Miss Wenham took a white linen nap-

kin and wiped her over, though without interrupting the nuzzling and caressing, the tongue-tickling and kissing of the two girls.

This time, Alison 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 urchin girl-friend. When Annie 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 Miss Wenham 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 Anne and the other to Alison. 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. Mr Hardman picked up a tailed strap and went to visit Anne with whom he had a score or two to settle! Miss Wenham took me and led me purposefully along a corridor. To this day, I cannot tell you whether Mr Hardman intended that I should visit Alison or whether Miss Wenham had taken the decision for herself. I had certainly not concealed my admiration of the

sensually fair-skinned brunette with her bold oval face and plain-cropped 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 Alison'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 Alison 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, Alison?" 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 inside you for 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 pale full-fleshed bum-cheeks. Suddenly she let out a muffled scream of ecstasy into my mouth and her crisis was precipitated.

Presently it was Alison who sat up, swung a leg over her mount and lowered herself on the phallic saddle-pommel once more. Her 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 hind cheeks to excite her preversely. 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 Alison'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. Alison 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. Alison 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 Alison shook the plain crop of her dark 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 an exercise room. At one end of it, hidden in shadow until she switched on another light, there was a fine padded vaulting-horse. You will guess before I tell you what it was that Alison wanted now.

I mounted pillion behind the perspiring young brunette. 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. Alison arched back the proud mature swell of her hips and threw her head up. She panted and whimpered with longing for the next moment of release that she felt had been so long delayed.

As we rode together Alison had that delightful elasticity which one finds in eager young women of her type. Whatever easing there had been was compensated for by Alison'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 Alison 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 swell-hipped young brunette 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.

I felt sure that Alison and Anne would not escape their fate merely by performing lesbian knick-knacks on the table after dinner. I guessed that they would make a one-way journey to some place where Mr Hardman or a new master might enjoy them at leisure. The view presented by Alison's bare bottom as she bent over made me think that she and Anne would be given a good whipping on their arrival there. I was intrigued by this and several times, surreptitiously studied the young window-dresser when I saw her at work. As she bent to her work in black matador pants, the rather fat-cheeked swell of Alison's bottom was presented to the street. Few men seeing her then would have wanted to save her from a punishment with the lash.

It was midnight when I left Mr Hardman's hospitable house and walked up the tree-lined avenue towards the bandstand and the sea. The coloured lights strung between the lamp-posts of the promenade had been turned off. The broad walk itself was almost deserted, except for a few courting couples who kissed and cuddled on the public benches set back in recesses of the low privet hedge. It would be hypocritical to pretend that I had begun a great romance with a plump-bottomed young slut like Alison. I had enjoyed riding her but I was quite content for her to be despatched to whatever destination Mr Hardman chose. If the rather fatly-presented bare cheeks of Alison's bottom were regularly whipped after sex, I could understand the feelings of the man who treated her in that way.

As I lay in bed, alone an hour later, I thought that everything which had happened that evening was no mere coincidence. I felt sure once again that I was being tested. Mr Hardman had tried first to see if I

would accept his invitation to a performance by two of his shopgirls. When I accepted, he had tried me again, to see if I would be shocked or indignant at what he made them do. Finally, it was Miss Wenham who had led me to the gates of pleasure within which Alison sprawled waiting. Was she obeying the command of Mr Hardman when she did this? Was she acting on her own? Or had she, perhaps, been instructed by Mr Jes-sop? I smiled at these thoughts and was soon asleep. I had enjoyed myself greatly that evening and I no longer cared what the motive of my hosts might be.

CHAPTER NINE

Not for one moment did it occur to me so far that I should play a part directly in dealing with such young tarts as Alison and Annie. But then two accidents occurred. Neither was important in itself. Taken together, they were momentous. Mr Jessop was called away to a most important conference on the future of such establishments as his own. A commission was to be set up with powers to impose regulations on these summer studies. You need not fear that he was restricted by this. When the dust settled, it was found that Mr Jessop himself was head of that commission. If my story were merely a daydream, I would tell you that, in his frequent absence on this business, I was given absolute power to do as I chose with the girls. Far from it. Mr Jessop informed me that I should be answerable to Mr Hardman, who was his business partner in the enterprise.

Now Mr Hardman was a person of strong tastes, well able to deal with young wenches like Anne and Alison or Kim and Lucy as they deserved. But he was not likely to risk his reputation in the town merely so that I might enjoy myself sexually with our young female students. I was under strict orders.

To begin with, Mr Jessop was to be away for a fortnight. In the middle of the first week, Mr Hardman

came to see me. I have said that his business interests were extensive. He had been advised that a certain company of machine-tool makers in the Ruhr was about to buy up a run-down firm to the north-east of Paris. Mr Hardman had a chance to invest cheaply and see his investment rise. But first, being a man of sense, he must go to France and see for himself.

He came and gave me my instructions. Then he paused.

“The Scandanavian girl, Grete Bryne. You know her?”

How could I forget her? On my first afternoon, the camera had recorded Grete in her ragged little jeans-pants. I thought of the vulgar but sexy rear view as she bent over in the post office.

“You know her?” Mr Hardman said sharply.

“Yes,” I said innocently, “I believe I do.”

“Good. There have been complaints of her conduct. She needs a good whipping. See to it, there’s a good fellow.”

“See to it?”

What a milksop I must have seemed to him!

“By all means!” said Mr Hardman impatiently, “Must I explain myself further? By the time I return, three or four days from now, I shall expect there to be some fine marks across the young tart’s backside and a look of obedience on her face.”

“You wish me to do that?”

The look he gave me was one that a man of sense reserves for a simpleton.

“Must I tell you how to take a girl’s pants down for a punishment?” he asked sharply, “Do you require instruction in how to bend her over? Have you never seen a whip applied to the rump of a filly? What more do you need to know?”

“Nothing,” I said foolishly, though the truth was I needed a good deal more, “It is merely a matter of inexperience.”

Mr Hardman looked about him helplessly. The truth was that he seemed pressed for time. There was a train

to catch and a boat as well, before he came to his destination near Amiens.

“Use your judgment,” he said impatiently, “Do as you please and I shall support you. If you are to succeed in this place, you must begin somewhere. Look here.”

We were standing outside Mr Jessop’s study. Mr Hardman went in, leaving me in the doorway. He pulled open the deep lower drawer of the desk. To my surprise, he took out several handsomely-bound leather volumes and handed them to me.

“If you need more advice or information,” he said, “look for it in these.”

I had no idea what to expect but when I glanced at the books they had such titles as *Noreen*, *Miss Jolly*, *Elaine Cox*, and *Tania Nicoll*. Curious titles for instruction.

“Do as those tell you and you will not go far wrong,” he said, “If you are a little too severe with Grete, I shall not mind. Lenient punishments which have to be repeated are more barbaric than a single exemplary whipping.”

Still I hesitated. Mr Hardman gave me a knowing look.

“I am a man of the world,” he said quietly, “I know better than you do what the effect is of having such a girl as Grete with her pants down. A few little things may happen by way of preliminaries. A man who disciplines such a girl is a man all the same. So long as there are no unfortunate consequences nine months from now, any complaints by such a girl will be regarded as malicious lies—and punished in themselves. In Grete’s case, her future has been decided. Such complaints will fall on deaf ears, in any case. I hope you understand me now. I hope, moreover, that you will not fail me.”

With that, Mr Hardman left me. I understood him indeed! I might do as I liked with Grete Bryne and have no fear of the consequences. I felt almost faint

with excitement and needed a day or two to calm my nerves before dealing with her.

I dipped into one or two of the volumes which Mr Hardman had provided for my instruction. I read of the reformatory girl Elaine Cox at Mr S T Cryes school. I learnt of the Broad Green schoolgirls, Sandra Williams of Form 5A and sly young Linda Jennings of Form 3B. Mr Hardman had insisted that I was to follow the example of their masters! When I thought of doing such things to a healthy seventeen-year-old Scandanavian girl like Grete, I was torn between apprehension and extreme excitement. Mr Hardman had even marked certain passages which showed me that I was to inform the girl on the morning of her punishment. In the afternoon she was to bend over my desk while I examined minutely those parts of her upon which the whip or birch would be used. I was entitled—and exhorted!—to follow the example of moralists like the Reverend Doctor Root and spend all afternoon feeling and fondling, parting and probing. After dinner that evening, Grete would be taken to a room that was virtually soundproof and fastened over a stool. Her pants would be pulled down and she would be left to await the discipline. I should be alone with her and there would be no limit to the length of the session, except my own inclinations.

The night after reading these details, I could scarcely sleep for thinking of them! I decided that Saturday would be the day when I performed my duty. Meantime I watched seventeen-year-old Grete furtively in her black sleeveless singlet and the ragged little jeans-pants on her buxom suntanned hips. Miss Wenham also spoke to me confidentially about Grete needing a lesson in manners. From her tone, I knew that I might do just as I pleased.

On Saturday morning there were no classes but the girls were required to finish certain chores. Grete and several other girls had been ordered to weed the paving

of the paths outside the garden windows. I sat down at my desk in the window of the study, at ground level. Was it by chance that Miss Wenham had given Grete the task of weeding between the little tiles of the path immediately outside? I do not think so. Though the glass separated us, the buxom young Scandanavian blonde was no more than four or five feet from me.

Grete stood there idly, the shock of blonde hair brushed back from her broad forehead and allowed to lie free, in its usual manner, so that it formed a pretty mane which just brushed across the backs of her shoulders. Once again I was able to admire Grete's deliciously golden sun-toasted limbs and her firm open young face matching her blue eyes and her thick shock of blond hair. On a sunny day like this, the young Amazon was wearing her customary black sleeveless singlet and the pair of brief denim shorts that had the ragged look of being cut from stone-washed jeans. Those proud Scandanavian tits gave a provocative shape to the clinging black web of her singlet. I studied her strong bare thighs in their gold-dust of sun-tan, only the triangle of her loins being covered.

When she turned her back to the window, the ragged little denim pants fitted tight and gave a somewhat fuller and heavier look to the cheeks of Grete Bryne's bottom. I greatly enjoyed this vulgar and suggestive appearance as the young tart now bent to her task. The scanty denim seat was tight as drumskin when she stooped, without a crease or a wrinkle. Even the lower suntanned fatness of Grete's bottom-cheeks was bare when she bent over like this and the brief denim pants rode up at the back. The little shorts were strained taut by a white canvas belt round her waist. The denim shaped each rear cheek separately as it the cloth was drawn hard into her anus cleft by the way in which she bent to her task. Need I tell you that the front of my pants

grew uncomfortably tight as I studied the view that the young scrubber offered me?

The things which I imagined myself doing to that part of Grete's anatomy filled my thoughts. I gazed at the strapping young backside of this adolescent Amazon! She had the air of a pupil and a future teacher—unless an alternative career could be found for her, far from the dull and self-righteous climate of Scandanavia. The movements of her fattened pants-seat as she stooped and shifted, straining the tight cloth this way and that, entirely seduced me.

Grete knew I was watching her. From time to time, she paused and glanced back at me. At my leisure, I admired the tall brow and high-boned cheeks, the straight nose and firm young chin. Her lips were lightly and appealingly parted while there was a directness in the look of her blue eyes. Everything about Grete at seventeen suggested a healthy and athletic girl who loved her voluptuous body to be suntanned to this rich gold. She was not shy about it, her arms were bare and the little shorts showed her legs to the tops of her thighs. They educate girls in her country to have a self-confidence and even an arrogance in the presence of a man. So it was with some satisfaction that I saw a charming uncertainty and even displeasure in Grete's young face as she realised how lewdly I was gazing at the rear view she presented!

I leant forward more earnestly and made a closer study of her broadened and fattened rear view as the tight smoothness of her ragged little pants presented it to me. There is a peculiar pleasure in having such a girl in one's power, when she has been brought up in a country where the woman is always right and the man inevitably at fault. The effect of a sound thrashing across Grete's well-fleshed bottom would be all the more devastating to this aspiring pupil-teacher!

She looked back again at me. My gaze moved down

to the soft silky gold of her young thighs, wanting her to see that I was doing so. I had never caned a girl before but I badly wanted to do it to Grete. Before I disciplined her, I would fondle her bare thighs and backside—and I would fiddle between her bottom-cheeks and under her legs. A teenager like Grete has that adolescent sturdiness which is appealing to a man. It removes any need to treat her gently as one punishes her.

Presently I looked up again and saw confronting me the same vulgarly fattened cheeks of Grete's arse a few feet before my face. 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 Scandanavian girl. I was sure that her teachers had educated her to believe that her authority must prevail against a man's desires. Soon she would learn the error of such lessons! I leant forward again and studied the view which the youngster was offering me. I cannot describe the excitement I felt. I knew what I was going to do. Once again I opened the window.

"Grete Bryne! At two o'clock this afternoon, you shall present yourself in my study. Tonight, you shall have the punishment that Mr Jessop ordered for you. I shall attend to the matter myself. A taste of bare-bottom discipline while you're strapped over the stool after dinner! And I shall make it last all night, if I choose. I'll teach you manners in a way you'll never forget! Now, get on with your work and see that it's properly done. This afternoon, I shall want you bending for my examination."

The dismay in her firm suntanned young face was charming! Grete bent over to her work again. I noticed that she glanced back several times in a nervous and instinctive fashion. But she would also brush back her thick blonde hair as she worked and would give me a questioning glance. It seemed that Grete guessed her punishment would involve something sexy between us and she was searching my face to guess what! 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. I let her see my eyes return to a study of her young backside, so that she knew it would be the focus of my attention! Presently I saw that Grete was still wearing that black leather slave band round her left ankle for her boy-friend in Scandanavia. It was the sight of this which prompted me to feel sure that Mr Jessop and Mr Hardman had destined her for true slavery of some kind.

My heart was pounding with excitement at what I was going to do to her and I could think of nothing else. It might have been any of the other girls, Helena Thelen, Martina Ellman or her sister, or Heia Ragnhild, but I was now obsessed by Grete. As the girl bent in her big-bottomed posture and the ragged seat of her little denim pants was smooth and tight over her sturdy Scandanavian buttocks, I studied this rear view of her still more closely and intently. I was deaf or blind to any scandal that might result.

The rounding and shifting of Grete's backside as she stooped and tensed, her bum-cheeks well broadened and stretched apart under the tight ragged denim, held my attention so completely that I scarcely looked away from this view until Miss Wenham ordered the girls to cease work for the morning.

Lunch was a leisurely meal in my own rooms, lasting until almost two o'clock. I went into the study after that and waited for Grete to be brought to me. Of course, I had given orders that I was not to be disturbed while I examined Grete and that the other girls were to be kept out of earshot. Not even Miss Wenham to be near. I closed the mirrored shutters and turned on the fluorescent lights, so that I might do as I chose without being spied upon.

I cannot begin to describe to you the excitement I felt in knowing that in a few minutes I should be able to examine seventeen-year-old Grete with her pants

down and her bottom bare before she was whipped! Through the window beyond the table was a view of the garden and a glitter of sea beyond it. I knew what I must do and yet I could scarcely believe that I should be permitted to do it. Well, the proof of the pudding would be in the eating. Looking round the room for the best position, I had chosen the desk for Grete to bend over while I inspected her. I drew up my chair to the desk and pretended to be working but all the time my heart was pounding with anticipation. The desk was of a fine large kind with a leather inset and a knee-hole space between the two stacks of drawers, a common type in institutions such as this.

There was a knock at the door and my heart jumped. I called her in. She knew why she was there, of course. She had been told in the morning that she would be examined before the whipping that evening. Grete stood there, a young Scandanavian Amazon briefly clad in her black sleeveless singlet and the tight ragged shorts cut from jeans of mottled blue and white. The collar length sweep of her blond hair had been brushed roughly into place. I gazed at the firm open youthfulness of Grete's face, the sturdiness of her bare suntanned thighs and legs. If Scandanavian girls are brought up to believe in the rights and privileges due to them, I was now going to enjoy Grete's submission all the more.

"Stand over here at the desk, Grete, in front of my chair."

My eyes lingered on the silk-skinned sun-tan of her strong bare thighs as she approached. The tight denim of Grete's shorts encased her robust young hips. Even this arrogantly casual dress suggested that the girl thought herself entitled to parade her charms before the male sex with disdain and impunity. She pushed past my knees and stood before my chair. I shifted the chair back a little without standing up.

"Stand at the desk, Grete. Right up against it. Thighs

pressed against it. Now bend right over and lie forward across the top of it.”

Grete brushed back her shock of blonde hair with her hands as she stood against the desk, looking round at me with the firm open pride of her suntanned face. Then she turned away and went forward, first on her elbows and forearms, then bending right over so that the upper half of her body lay flat and face-down over the surface of the desk with her arms down the far side.

I drew the chair up close behind her, my blood racing and hammering in my head as if my skull might burst. I could scarcely believe that I was really doing this to the girl whom I had first noticed when she was walking through the town in this same provoking costume with another girl from the language school. I had a dozen photographs taken on that occasion! My erection was already so uncomfortable in the tightness of my pants that I longed to pull the zip down and release it. Grete lay waiting over the desk with her shock of blonde hair pillowed on one side, looking back towards me. The black singlet ended at the back of her waist. The smooth tight denim of the tattered jeans shorts now moulded the full healthy cheeks of Grete’s bottom. These brief pants shaped her behind most suggestively and also allowed me to see the slight bulge of pubic flesh in the cotton between her thighs.

“I’m going to take your shorts down now, Grete. Lie still while I undress you.”

She twisted her face to me with a look that was resolute but otherwise still without expression. I took the white canvas belt of the little shorts and undid it. Then I wrestled the tight tattered denim now until Grete’s pants hung in an untidy tangle round her knees.

I studied the light-haired folds of the Scandanavian girl’s sex between the rear of her warm golden thighs. Perhaps she had given some favoured lad a glimpse, her pants down and skirt up, behind a shed in the school

grounds during a break between lessons. The full paler swell of Grete Bryne's bottom-cheeks called for examination at once. Her young arse was to spend the entire afternoon over my desk, exposed to the cool air.

"I'd very much like to thrash the cheeks of your bare bottom with a bamboo cane this afternoon, Grete," I said quietly, my pulse still racing, "Even a big girl like you must feel scared and vulnerable with her backside bare. I'd like to take you somewhere very private and do it to you, Grete. But that must wait until this evening. For the moment, I shall have a good look at your young backside. Bend over properly and keep still."

I fondled her rear cheeks, stroking them and weighing them in my hands. I fear my zip had to be undone for comfort. My tool poked its smooth swollen head out until the fever-hot cherry-knob touched hard against the cooler golden-tanned smoothness at the rear of Grete's thigh.

My hands fondled Grete's adolescent bottom. She tried instinctively to tighten herself against my pressure a little as I parted the cheeks firmly. A girl of her age knows how vulnerable she must be with her hind cheeks pulled apart and the tight rear entrance to her body revealed. Thoughts of soldiers' pikes and death by impalement linger deep in the female consciousness! But I succeeded in parting her buttocks for my more benevolent purpose. I was soon able to make an intimate study of her shadowy rear cleavage and view the dark tight little vortex of Grete Bryne's arsehole.

Presently I let her rear cheeks close together again and gave her a lingering kiss on each. As I drew back, she twisted her face round a little more and I could see the firm line of her chin and her high-boned cheeks. I could keep Grete like this for as long as I wished. I leant forward and settled down to musing and nuzzling upon the sturdy cheek-swell of Grete's robust young bottom, as well as the rear of her voluptuous and golden-tanned young thighs and the light haired vaginal

folds. I coaxed back these warm folds of cunt-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 kissing rhythm, which soon had Grete gasping and tensing.

My lips began to move over each cheek of Grete's seventeen-year-old bottom in turn. 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 teenage bum-cheeks again. The warmth of the day and the work she had been doing had left her a little damp between them. Even a self-regarding teenager like Grete tensed away at the threat of being kissed there. But my lewdness was now a match for her. To have a bare-bottomed young Amazon like this girl 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 Scandinavian girl's sturdy bottom, where it shadowed towards Grete Bryne's arsehole. 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.

I spent a little longer kissing over the warm-lipped flesh of her sex, then the full-cheeked pallor of Grete's bottom again. The young student 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 backs of Grete's robust young thighs. I went right down, almost to her knees, where her denim shorts still hung in their untidy tangle. Then I kissed my way back up her thighs.

I sat in my chair and leant forward. I coaxed the

girl's warm folds of vaginal flesh back between her legs and gave her a rhythmic kissing. Then I settled down to kiss all over the swelling cheeks of her bottom again. I longed to grow familiar with the anatomy of Grete Bryne's young arse. Again I kissed the inward cheek-slopes where they curved in together. Once more she tensed them together instinctively.

"Show me a full view of your young backside, Grete! Don't tense your bottom-cheeks together. That's better. I want to play with your young behind a little more, Grete. A girl with sturdy rear cheeks 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 fondling and studying that teenage bottom of yours, Grete."

I cared nothing for the consequences as I turned a little and gently kissed the tight dark little vortex of Grete Bryne's arsehole. She gasped, almost as if with fright. I held her firmly while I kissed her anus again and then again.

"Keep your bottom still, Grete Bryne. Quite still, Grete. Bend right over. Properly. That's better."

Until that moment I had never thought of kissing a girl student's rear blow-hole. But now, kissing Grete Bryne's arsehole, it seemed the randiest thing of all. If the other girls had been there, I would have bent them in a row over the desk like this and kissed Heia Ragnhild's arsehole, treating Cosima, Valeria and Marit in the same way. I was never so excited. In any case, Grete herself was a bold-faced girl 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 got up, my erection still poking out of my open pants. As I leant forward, my stiff upright tool suddenly

lay against one cool cheek-swell of the girl's bottom. I lay against her like this. It was so delicious to feel the over-excited tool against the bare rear-cheek of this seventeen-year-old Scandanavian girl that I could not draw back. The knob squirted. At first I felt dismay but then amusement and satisfaction. Grete gasped and tried to straighten up but I held her down by the shock of her hair. The sperm splashed up and then trickled down, leaving its shining traces on Grete's bottom-cheeks and thighs.

"Lie still, Grete," I murmured, "You're going to be photographed now and during your punishment. They're not the sort of photographs that the petticoat-government of your country permits, does it? But we'll be sending sets of prints to one or two people in your town who like this sort of thing. And we'll be sending other sets to collectors. A little public humiliation of that kind generally curbs the arrogance of girls like you."

I took my camera from a drawer and took a dozen shots of Grete, most from the rear and some showing her face, so that she would be easily identified by those fanciers who lived near her. I took two full-plate close-ups of her young bottom with the tell-tale trickles of my passion down its bare cheeks.

"Do you like the idea of being shown to men like this in photographs, Grete? Even a few in your own town! No? I daresay some of them will come courting you. They'll know where to find you. We'll make sure your name is on the prints, Grete."

When I had finished photographing her, I allowed her to straighten up and dress. It was with great unease and one or two grimaces that Grete pulled up her little shorts, the tight denim on her wet bottom soon showing a patch or two of damp. Miss Wenham and an assistant led her to the harness room. She was made to lie there and wait on a broken down sofa. To ensure that she did so when they left her alone, they clipped a light

metal cuff round one bare ankle and closed the connected cuff on the sofa-frame.

There was a small interior window looking into the room. It was dusty and never used. I could not resist going to it and spying on the adolescent girl. When I did so, I found that Grete already had a visitor. My camera was busy now and half an hour later I had used three rolls of film.

Grete's companion was Anne, Mr Hardman's pretty ragamuffin shop-girl. Annie was not supposed to be there but had gone sneaking in to comfort the girl who would be whipped in a few hours. Grete was scared and desperate for comfort. Knowing this, randy Annie was able to seduce her far more easily than she might have done. Such pertness in Anne's tight-lidded blue eyes and saucy little nose! Such coquetry in the plain short-fringed ragamuffin crop of fair hair. I watched her slip off her grey corduroy trousers with her underpants inside.

Anne slid down on the sofa beside Grete and began to undo the white canvas belt round the waist of the Scandanavian girl's jeans-shorts. Whatever disapproval Scandanavia may show when a man wants to enjoy himself with a girl, the icy archipelago smiles benignly on sex between a couple of lesbians. Anne's ragamuffin crop was bowed in salute as she watched her own hands taking Grete's pants down. When Grete was naked apart from the black sleeveless singlet, Anne drew the hem of the singlet up clear of the girl's hips and lay with her face-to-face.

Anne and Grete had the awkwardness which girls together often show and which a man with a woman knows how to overcome. They sprawled naked against one another in a most ungainly attitude. Grete with her shock of pale blonde hair brushed back was biting her lip gently with the intensity of her pleasure. All the stolid beauty of the sturdy seventeen-year-old pupil had

gone and her face was racked by the pangs of sexual passion of a woman for a lover.

Anne had one arm round Grete's fair-skinned waist as she rode her loins against those of the adolescent Scandanavian girl. Her other hand fondled between Grete's robust and suntanned young thighs as they relaxed and opened to this caress by a sexually experienced working-girl. Anne with the tight-lidded sensuality of her blue eyes, her urchin-girl crop and the randy swagger of her full-cheeked little bottom in her twenties, was conditioning Grete to pleasures with womankind. In the female society of her own country, Grete would soon be taught that these lesbian knick-knacks were not only the equal of pleasure with men but morally and sensuously superior!

The scents of Grete's bottom and legs teased Annie's nostrils as her fingers began to milk her victim remorselessly. Grete writhed and squirmed her graceful thighs upon the shameless fingers, gasping, crying out softly and catching her breath in sobs of panic as the pleasure in her loins swelled ever fuller. Grete was inexperienced but could not remain merely passive. Sweeping back her pale blonde shock of hair, she began to apply random kisses to Anne's upper legs which were still like an overgrown child's even after her teens. Then with a whimper of gratitude and adoration, the sturdy Scandanavian girl held Anne's femininity like a fledgling bird in her fingers. Softly she moulded and coaxed it, causing a gasp and a rapid gathering of dew. A moment more and Grete touched her lips to the dampness of the pink, roused flesh.

Anne and Grete made love together on the broken-down sofa for the next half hour. I saw by the relaxation and fulfillment on the face of the teenage Amazon that Grete had climaxed on the experienced fingers of Mr Hardman's young shopgirl. But Anne began to arouse her again at once, slowly and cunningly. They

were quieter and more gently affectionate now. They explored and fondled one another's bodies like little girls with toys or dolls. Grete showed an honest fascination as she explored every hole and corner of Anne's body as they lay quietly in their embrace.

The sofa springs stirred again as the two girls moved and now lay head to tail, each having her eyes and lips level with the loins and backside of the other. Grete might be a novice in such a posture of perversity but Anne was not! There was a sluttish impudent air about randy Anne with her ragamuffin crop, the tight-lidded blue eyes and prim nose. She guided Grete to turn on her side and then snuggled down with her, lying head to tail. Each girl now presented her bare thighs and backside to the other, well spread in an upward squat!

They kissed the folds of one another's sexual flesh. Their tongues teased the most sensitive cracks and crevices. I saw Anne kiss Grete Bryne's anus quite as passionately as I had done. At the same time Grete was running her tongue in the soft-haired folds of moistening flesh between Annie's thighs. At the same time, Anne held Grete very firmly in this upward squat. In dealing with a Scandanavian girl of seventeen, Anne had the advantage of having had a good deal of sex with men, which seemed to give her authority over Grete in making love.

There was one moment during the furtive love-making of these randy little lesbians which caused me great amusement and satisfaction. The impatient sperm from my tool had boiled over on the robust young cheeks of Grete's bottom at a time when she could be given no chance to repair the damage. Grete was made to pull her tight tattered jeans-pants up and endure the dampness. The young woman who was with her now had no suspicion of this. However, I saw Anne's tongue moving with lascivious slowness on the swelling cheeks of Grete's robust teenage bottom. I grinned and wondered

whether she could taste the sperm with which I had splashed those rear cheeks an hour before. I saw Grete tense her buttocks a little, no doubt as she realised what Anne was licking. But our Scandanavian student lacked the courage and perhaps the English vocabulary to put her misgivings into words. So, to my amusement, Anne licked the passion-juice from another girl's bottom without knowing it. Yet she was such a randy little bitch that perhaps the thought would have excited her.

During this session, I clicked the shutter of the camera, wound the film on and clicked the shutter once more. I had taken at least eighty or ninety photographs of randy little Anne and Grete making love for more than an hour. Some of these were classics of lesbian randiness. I made no attempt to prevent Anne slipping away from the room. Indeed, I made sure that neither she nor Grete knew that I had seen them.

"You little devil, Anne!" I murmured, as if she could hear me, "Is that how you like Grete to use her tongue? I'm sure you give your boy-friend a good time . . . And Grete's nipples—you can reach them too? . . . You like Anne doing it to you, don't you, Grete? By all means kiss Grete's bottom-cheeks, Anne, for the birch will do it anyway in a little while! Most men would envy you the chance to kiss those graceful thighs and the elegant cheeks of Grete's bottom as well! . . . What made you cry out then, Anne?. . . Are you coming? I think you are! . . . You wanton young slut! Bringing herself off astride Grete's leg!"

Anne knelt frantically astride the seventeen-year-old pupil's bare thigh, gasping and jiggling, until with a series of short rising cries she came at last. Though she slipped out presently, I was able to peep through the little window and see Grete sprawled over the sofa, trying urgently to complete what Anne had begun. I watched through the viewfinder and took four most revealing photographs of Grete Bryne masturbating.

When the coast was clear and the two young she-devils had finished masturbation, I went to the brick-built dark room at the end of the garden. In half an hour I had developed the films. An hour later, when the negatives were dry printed a dozen pictures. It was seven o'clock. In an hour, Grete would be thrashed. I would make her submit to it without attempting to argue about her feminine rights or dignity. Taking the prints, I went to the harness-room where she lay on the sofa, her ankle fastened to the frame.

"Lie still, Grete!" I said sharply, as she began to squirm, "You'll get your punishment presently. But first you must have a look at some charming photographs of your hour on the sofa with Anne. Ah, I think that startles you, Grete. Did you really think you had not been spied upon."

She hid her face in the sofa and murmured an indistinct pleading to have her feminine modesty respected. I could not help smiling at this.

"I shall decide about that later on, Grete. Would you like your family to see the photographs of your misconduct with Anne? I don't suppose they can have seen you as naked as this since you were quite a little girl. Does the idea shock you? If necessary, we shall arrange that your teachers see them as well. It will help them in your moral training. . . ."

This brought her head up with a look on her face that seemed as stupefied as if she had just been struck a blow. There was an imploring wail and I could not help smiling again.

"Very well, Grete. But let me remind you of something. If you show the least defiance or disobedience while being disciplined, you know what will happen to the photographs. If you decide to complain about your treatment or protest that you have been whipped too severely, then we shall show your people the reason

why. Do you understand me, you young slut? I think you do.”

As the time approached, my mouth was dry with excitement. I knew that arrangements were being made in the harness-room. I would wait ten minutes more and then I would go down there. I went out into the corridor to find a folder for the photographs. As I did so, my heart sank. To be more accurate, the world of my dreams was shattered like a crystal goblet. Coming towards me were Miss Wenham and Mr Jessop. What were they doing here at a time when I thought I was master of the place?

Mr Jessop greeted me warmly, explaining that he had returned that afternoon. His business was completed a day or two earlier than he had expected. Then he said,

“You will not mind it, I know. Had it been only Grete Bryne, I would have left you to deal with her. For some time, however, I have had suspicions of one of the shopgirl, Anne. The little bitch is dishonest and has been caught at it. My proposal is that she shall be dealt with at the same time. Well now, my dear fellow, I can hardly ask you to deal with randy Anne. That might get you into trouble. I shall deal with her myself and two fellow justices will be here as witnesses. I cannot very well ask you to birch Grete in front of them. I have the authority to do so by virtue of my office. It will be safer that way.”

There was an end of all my dreams. Once again, I was to be a spectator rather than an actor in the drama. Next to the harness-room there was a long shed with a tiled floor. It was here that I met Mr Holloway and Miss Barron. It had never occurred to me that one of Mr Jessop's judicial comrades in arms would be a lady. Miss Barron was a desiccated specimen of femininity but female none the less. Both were enthusiasts for discipline of this kind and could hardly wait to have the introductions over before beginning the ritual. I un-

derstood why when Mr Jessop explained to me that these two worthies would be teaching Grete her lesson.

It was Anne who was brought before us first. Anne stood before us, wearing only the short blouse whose tail hung untidily aslant her cheeky young bottom. Two sturdy female assistants provided by Miss Barron came forward and led the sly young shopgirl to judgement. They made her kneel on one end of a leather bench, her ankles strapped to that extremity. She lay forward over a leather bolster so that it was under her loins to raise and fatten the swell of her sluttish young backside. They secured her wrists, arms at full stretch, to the far end of the bench. Though she twisted her prim little face round from time to time, we saw for the most part only the round short punk-cut of Anne's ragamuffin crop.

It will not surprise you that Anne cried out and began to squirm at the menacing sight of Mr Jessop who now entered by the far door. The assistants finished their preparations. One knelt over the bench. Looking closely, she tucked the tail of the blouse high so that the softly-shaped yet youthfully rounded cheeks of Anne's bottom were laid bare. The woman also examined the state the twenty-two-year-old shopgirl was in by first slipping two fingers between the rear of her legs and asking an intimate question or two—which Mr Jessop commanded her to answer. Tense and self-conscious, the young woman did so. The female assistant parted Anne's buttocks and peeped between them. Another question and another reluctant answer.

The chastiser and the female assistant changed places. The burly woman wadded Anne's mouth to quieten her outbursts, uncapped a phial of smelling-salts and held it by her nostrils. Mr Jessop took up the judicial rod with its three long switches of young birch cunningly budded and still wet from the salt-water.

“Thirty strokes with the prison birch across your bare

bottom, Anne," Mr Jessop said, "You'll be the best behaved girl in Mr Hardman's employment before I've finished with you!"

Tight-lipped, he stood over the young woman and touched the wet birch to the saucily fattened cheeks of Anne's bare arse. How the young bitch tensed those rear orbs desperately at the wet and cold menace of the birch-rod! He raised the birch and thrashed—and thrashed again before she could force her first mewling cry through the wadded cotton which gagged her. By means of this and by stretching her so tight over the bolster, they had almost removed the power protest from her by sound or movement!

Mr Jessop birched her so pitilessly that he made the randy-looking tight-lidded window-dresser scream with all her power at the fourth lash of the birch, to judge from the shrillness of the mewling through her gag. His female assistant held Anne's head firmly with an arm round her neck. Mr Jessop 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 trim thighs. Then he caught her bare bottom again, and soon its impudent little bare cheeks bore a thicket of raised abrasions. Presently the birch landed with more savage energy in a sounding smack. A score of pinpricks rose and trickled down. Ten strokes across her backside and a few to smarten her legs made Anne's punk-cut ragamuffin crop droop. The female assistant was obliged to apply the salts to the shopgirl's nostrils, smiling to herself as she did so.

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 sexy young Anne was an ordeal she would never forget. From time to time Mr Jessop would issue his reprimand.

“Don’t tense the cheeks of your bottom, Anne! Must I birch the backs of your legs again to make you lie properly? Two more across the rear of your thighs to teach obedience!”

What skinning strokes they were—and so were the six that followed across Anne’s bottom! Again her head drooped and the female assistant coaxed her by the smelling-bottle to her nostrils. I had never expected such discipline as this, driving the randy culprits far beyond their endurance. Mr Jessop was quite right to do it himself. I should never have had the nerve to inflict such severity. Anne shrilled and strained at her straps. Though a common young tart in any case, her vulgarity was quite that of a dirty little girl of half her age.

Mr Jessop made her take all the thirty strokes before she was unfastened and led away, her knees giving as if they would not support her.

I imagined that Anne, at twenty-two and well used to regular sex, would be far more severely chastised than Grete at seventeen. In this case they were more severe with the younger girl. Perhaps that was to Miss Barron’s taste. Grete was warned to expect thirty-six, which was half a dozen more than Anne. And these were to be administered with the snakeskin pony-lash! This degree of discipline, the woven lash, is infinitely more severe and forbidden officially for a girl of less than sixteen.

So Grete entered—to a murmur of admiration for her buxom teenage figure. She was a provoking sight for those who liked a healthy and well-built girl of her age, the shock of blonde Nordic hair swept back along her collar. She turned her firm young profile. They approved of the way that the slope of her forehead led down to finely marked brows and a straight prim nose with a look of frank openness in her blue eyes. Grete had a firm chin to which she now gave a certain proud

tilt of defiance. The width of her cheek-bones enhanced her natural dignity. That short mane of silky golden-blond hair was swept back in a manner that suggested strength and pride.

Her body had that healthy and robust look which is seldom seen in a girl after her teens. She appeared now in the same tattered and tight-fitting little jeans-shorts, the same sleeveless black singlet, even the black slave-band round her left ankle as a memento of some lucky lad in her home town. Her bare sun-golden thighs were firm, strong and sensuous. The cheeks of Grete's backside had that suggestion of sturdiness which would make her a temptingly bit-bottomed youngster when they bent her over. But everything about her suggested youth, health and the outdoor life.

She did not argue with her character nor appeal to the witnesses. Grete with her adolescent self-assurance looked past us as if we did not exist. There was a well-fleshed and delicious swell to the cheeks of Grete's backside in the tightness of thin denim. I was glad that I had followed her through the town that first afternoon, photographing her discreetly, before she realised what I was doing. A set of camera studies in my collection display her facial beauty and another set the erotic cheek-rounding of Grete Bryne's arse in her tight jeans-shorts.

Imagine my anticipation when Mr Jessop led her to the tall fixed stool and instructed her to bend over it. Grete had to bend over it, very tightly. It was like the day when I had taken a rear-view photograph of her in the post office as she rummaged in her bag. Grete's warm-tanned slightly heavy thighs were deliciously bare. The little denim shorts were tight on the swelling promise of her robust young bottom-cheeks.

"Take your pants down, Grete Bryne," Mr Jessop said, the suggestion of a teasing smile on his lips,

“Reach back and do it while you lie over the stool. Push them right down to your ankles.”

The tilt of her chin and the pride in her young face hinted at rebellion. But Grete knew she had no choice in the matter. So the young student fumbled with her white canvas belt a moment. Then she reached aside to either hip. These tattered jeans-shorts with their broad white stripe down either flank in which she liked to parade were tight to her skin and took some wriggling out of. But presently she had worked them down over her hips and they slithered quite easily to her ankles. We gazed longingly at the bare pale cheek-swell of Grete’s rather tomboyish bottom.

One of the women now strapped Grete’s wrists to the wooden legs on the far side of the stool with her arms pulled down at full stretch, while her ankles were more or less pinioned by her fallen shorts. Her sturdy young buttocks filled out with a woman’s pride but their adolescent elasticity made them part a little as she bent right over.

This delectable view, Grete’s hair disordered in a blonde shock as she stretched taut over the tall stool, caused a wistful murmuring from the onlookers. The firm open appeal of her face and the wide-set blue eyes made one sigh with longing. Every man present was excited at the prospect of seeing this seventeen-year-old Scandanavian girl under discipline. Yet each would have preferred her for himself. A stable-block is out of sight and earshot of the house, admirably situated for chastising a young beauty. How they longed to have Grete there, bending over the harness rail wrists and ankles securely held. They smiled at the scene the grooms would find when she came to take the girl away. There would be the odour of arousal between those suntanned thighs and the magenta stripes of the riding-switch across Grete’s strong young buttocks, as well as a tell-tale glisten of saddle-soap smeared between.

There is a taste for seeing such a girl tearful and pathetic, as one enjoys the humbling of her pride and self-assurance.

Mr Jessop was entitled to have such a young delinquent displayed in this manner while he punished her. His hand smoothed up and down those robust young thighs, even slipping between them. I am sure that his fingers masturbated Grete secretly for a moment in a half-concealed caress. The girl twisted her head this way and that, her shock of blonde hair brushing to and fro. Her strong suntanned legs began to tense and writhe. Mr Jessop fingered back to the rear of her thighs the pink folds of intimate flesh, so that we might study Grete's young sex in its flushed state. He fondled the tomboy swell of her firm young bottom-cheeks, standing close behind her so that she might feel the shape of his stiffened manhood. He pressed her sturdy rear cheeks apart. Grete Bryne's arsehole was displayed before she was whipped as a means of curbing her pride for the future. It was a little while before he finished fondling, stroking, tickling and patting, hands shaping her hips and seat, finger-tips testing her feminine sensitivity and the tightness of Grete's rear blow-hole.

At last Mr Jessop picked up the short lash from the table. He applied his left hand to Grete's behind, fondling her as he spoke.

"You'll be properly whipped, Grete. I'll give you a punishment lesson that you'll remember long after you leave this place. You'll learn to be more submissive after this, to think less of your own rights and more of the rights of others. Not quite so self-assured in future, Grete! A little more timid, perhaps, when a man gives you orders."

Then Mr Jessop stood back and drew the short lash of woven snakeskin through his fingers. Grete twisted her face round, blue eyes wide and lips parted a little

in fright. Her gaze met the quiet smiles of the other women and the eager faces of the men.

Before she could say a word, Mr Jessop had raised his arm high. The light caught the flash of a black leather curve. Then the whip landed with a report like a pistol-shot across the rather vulgarly broadened cheeks of Grete's seventeen-year-old bottom. The anguish of it searched her cruelly. She tried 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 robust young buttocks. Urgently she tensed her rear cheeks together and let out a gasp of agony.

"Keep your arse still, Grete Bryne, you young slut!" said Mr Jessop a tremor of excitement in his voice.

The whip cracked a third time and the tip of the lash caught the sensitive undercurve of the adolescent girl's full-swelling bottom-cheeks, just above her thigh. With a sudden shrillness which made us quicken with excitement, Grete Bryne screamed. Mr Jessop paused to take a better aim. Having found the place where she was so responsive, he aimed at it again. Grete offered a seductive target, the firm tomboy cheeks of a girl-student which were made to broaden and swell into a pair of fuller curves by the way she bent over. The whip caught her cruelly low across them again—and then again. How I envied Mr Jessop his opportunity with the girl and admired his skill.

With mouth tight and eyes brightened by excitement, he lashed Grete's sturdy young bottom six or eight times more to catch her low on its cheeks. She screamed under such torment—but she screamed in vain. At last the Scandanavian tomboy paid her chas-tiser the tribute of two ruby droplets which trickled from her lower bum-cheeks down the rear of her well-fleshed suntanned thighs. As Mr Jessop paused to renew his aim, Grete twisted her shock of blonde hair to and

fro, weeping self-pityingly. Mr Jessop drew the lash through his finger as he warned her again.

“Get your arse right over the stool, Grete,” he said quietly, “From now on you’ll be getting exemplary discipline.”

He lash-marked her where the swell of her backside was spread most fully. Frantic with the atrocious smart, Grete performed a sinuous squirming of her hips and an 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 taught her a lesson. What followed was intended to take her far beyond what she could bear.

She was screaming madly for an end to the discipline. Then she shrieked for a pause, even if it were only for a short minute. As if teasing her with what was to come next, Mr Jessop allowed the whip to dangle down her bottom after a lash. In her sobbing desperation, Grete managed to clench her tomboy buttocks upon it, as if to detain it and deny her master its use. He pulled it free. Presently, as the whip flashed down she tightened her rear cheeks on it while it sped through the air. The beauty of her firm young face was instantly transfixed by agony. Searing in the force of its motion, the speeding whip had caused Grete to skin the inner slopes of her hind cheeks upon it.

“Do you want me to give you the whip between the cheeks of your bottom, Grete?” Mr Jessop asked quietly.

Grete lay forward over the stool, as if she could no longer support herself, her buttocks drawn more fully apart in this posture. It was impossible for her chastiser not to have cruel ideas which such a posture suggested to him. Grete had cast all modesty aside in her predicament, bending so that her entire rear anatomy was of-

ferred. There was no mistaking the excitement in Mr Jessop's face.

Altering his aim, he brought the whip down short across the nearer of Grete's bottom-cheeks so that the lash curled and caught her agonisingly between her buttocks. The whitewashed walls sounded with the unrestrained shrillness of teenage girlhood on the verge of hysteria. 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.

There was a brief pause while one of the women held the smelling salts to the girl's nostrils. I had been far too engrossed to count the strokes, though I feel sure she had had more than twenty by this time. However, Mr Jessop assured her that she had only had fifteen and that there were still twenty-one kisses of naked agony to be inflicted across her bare bottom. I think he had little aptitude for arithmetic and could not tell the difference between twenty-one and thirty-one, which was what she received next! There was another pause during this for Grete to breathe the smelling-salts to calm her wildness. But he made her undergo her discipline in full. Indeed, the admirers of her whip-embroidered bottom-cheeks would have been disappointed to see her receive anything less. When the punishment-lesson ended, they examined her over the stool. Complimenting Mr Jessop on his skill and smiling at Grete's weeping lament for the state of her young backside.

I went to bed that night unable to forget the images and sounds of such a drama. I knew now that there was far more to Mr Jessop's regime than I had dared to imagine. He exercised a power over some of his adolescent girls which I could not fully understand. He also enjoyed the protection of powerful and influential men and women, like my companions who had witnessed Grete's chastisement. He arranged these sessions

with great skill. For example, Grete would find it hard to complain of her punishment when she went home without bringing disgrace upon herself. But I could not help thinking that some of the girls in his care were destined not to return. The idea was shocking and yet, I confess, extremely intriguing!

CHAPTER TEN

It was in such circumstances that I discovered something of the true nature of Mr Jessop's regime. Of course, it was possible to feel misgivings over the treatment of a girl like Grete, though she needed to taste some such discipline as part of her moral self-discovery. Moreover, there are younger girls who are far from being as open and innocent as she. Some are depraved enough to deserve everything they get. I was about to make that discovery too. The fate that overtook Marit Aas was no more than she merited. Let me explain.

I was on duty in the shopping precinct, a little distance from the sea, carrying my camera and warmed by the enthusiasm of the town's moral leaders for the good work of Mr Jessop. He had been sincerely, though privately, commended by the mayor for his work in nurturing moral discipline among his female pupils. Though I was not present to witness the honour, I was assured that his name had been twice mentioned with tears of admiration in the sermons of two men of the cloth. Both of them had not only commended his moral zeal but asked to be present when he exerted it. They had even volunteered to deputise for him, if Mr Jessop should ever be called away or should sprain his wrist.

So I patrolled the shopping precinct unobtrusively,

where the paving is shaded by trees and wooden seats are set out at intervals. It was then that I saw Marit with one of her girl friends. Let me say at once that Marit was the sort of pretty fledgling nymph who was quite indifferent to the moral instructions of her elders and betters. This is a serious matter. Unless she is corrected in time, who knows what snares she may be caught by? Imagine, then, her firm and pert little features which match the lightly sun-browned silkiness of her fair skin. The tilt of her nose and her tight little chin were as charming as her blue eyes and the light brown waves of her lustrous hair which were worn loose to nestle round her collar. Perched on this was a cheeky white little summer cap with a long peak.

When I saw her first, she was just coming out of one of the shops and I thought nothing of that. She wore a white short-sleeved shirt and a pair of rather well-worn jeans whose pale blue denim fitted very tight. A pair of black boots, for all the world as if she was about to set off on a route-march, completed her wardrobe. When I compare her to a young nymph, her figure as well as her face justifies the description. Her legs and thighs were straight and narrow, the thighs themselves scarcely thicker than a man's upper arm. She moved with an easy languid movement, lean-hipped, flat-bellied, and with pretty tightly-rounded bottom-cheeks under the tight denim of her jeans-seat.

Had that been all, I should have given her an admiring glance, perhaps made a camera study or two for my private collection, and thought no more about her just then. Marit and the other girl sat down on one of the wooden seats, not ten feet away from where I was sitting. It was then that she took a cigarette from the white bag slung on her shoulder and lit it. Now Marit had not yet reached the point at which either Mr Jessop or the rest of the world allows a girl to smoke. If you think no worse of it, she was in breach of law and

convention. But there was much worse. If this were permitted to continue, she might ruin her health by her filthy and degraded habit. She might infect others by it. I decided, in the girl's own interest, that there must be a reckoning.

She was smiling and talking to the other girl, hardly aware of my presence and having no idea who I might be. I slipped the cap from the camera lens and began to take those incriminating photographs. One . . . two . . . three . . . four . . . five . . . six . . . I could imagine how the evidence of her lawless conduct would excite Mr Jessop's moral concern. Nine . . . ten . . . By fourteen or fifteen, Marit seen in photographic prints was no doubt already a charming subject for moral discipline printed on her slim taut buttocks by her teacher's whip. It is never too early to begin moral teaching with such a little teaser.

I knew that the incriminating photographs of Marit drawing prettily at a cigarette would justify my dealing with her when I showed them to Mr Jessop. Knowing this, I naturally wanted to study her that day. The other Scandanavian girl went off to her classes and Marit walked alone along the shoreline to the point where a wooden groin runs down and fences off an area which is reserved for female bathing only. I confess that I walked higher up and came down a cliff path so that I was well concealed but had a close view on either side of the wooden partition.

Then I stopped in astonishment and wondered whether I was the victim of delusion or coincidence. Ahead of me was a young woman of twenty-five or so with a small child, going to the female bathing beach. I recognised her from the time I had lodged briefly in the town on a previous occasion. It was when I looked out from my bedroom that sunny afternoon to the back yard of the house behind. There, as you may recall, I had seen three young women in bikinis relaxing with their small

children. There was one of them, a slim vivacious brunette with a tumble of shoulder-length hair. I had used a zoom lens to photograph them all from behind the curtain. But this brunette had thought no one could see her behind the high boundary wall and had changed from bikini into blouse and jeans while standing in the garden. My camera immortalised her several times. I have one charming shot from that occasion, showing her panties round her knees with her slim thighs and the slender cheeks of Lesley Tyler's bottom quite bare!

My present interest was in Marit as the youngster walked along the beach. But the young brunette was also to play a part in my afternoon's amusement. As her child scampered off to build sand-castles, the brunette began to unbutton her blouse and loosen her jeans. I smiled to myself and settled down to enjoy watching her from a higher ledge behind a screen of gorse bushes. It was only then that I saw the drama unfolding below me.

There was a white canvas screen running down inside the wooden groin to shield the ladies from prying eyes. But it was in several sections and the workmen who erected them had left narrow gaps—no doubt for their own use! One of these was opposite a hole in the groin—about the size of a lifebelt—through which a voyeur could easily get his head and shoulders. At that moment there was a lad not much more than Marit's age who was doing just that. Master Rupert, as I later knew him to be, had come from the sea in wet bathing pants when he saw the young brunette and her child coming down. The sly young dog guessed he might see Lesley Tyler's arse and loins nude. How could he resist an afternoon of gazing at her?

He was so engrossed that he had no idea Marit was approaching behind him or that anyone else was within half a mile! Marit in her long-peaked cap, blouse and jeans, stopped. She had seen the young brunette coming

down the path and could now see what the young scamp Rupert was up to! It will do no harm if I tell you that Master Rupert was then undergoing a moral education at an establishment presided over by a fine moralist who talked of the values of family and flag as being more important than anything else. The Reverend Doctor Root was the loudest spokesman for decency and discipline that you would ever hear. Alas, it seemed that his instruction had had little effect on Master Rupert.

As I watched them, young Rupert slid the upper half of his body through the hole in the groin until he could apply his eye to the narrow gap in the canvas screen. He was now able to study the young woman as she undressed. Lesley Tyler had no idea that she was being watched as she drew off her pants, showing the bare pallor of her slim elegant legs and taut bottom-cheeks. Rupert was grinning with delight and his tongue protruded a little between his teeth. The young woman, free from the cares of her children and family for the afternoon, shook her shoulder-length tumble of dark curls into place. She lay down on her belly on the warm sand, turning her blue-eyed and lightly suntanned face towards her unseen admirer, her head pillowed on her folded arms.

Open-mouthed, Master Rupert allowed his gaze to travel from the half hidden suggestion of her breasts, down her back, over the slim-cheeked curve of Lesley Tyler's bottom, down her trim thighs and back up again. There was a slight mark across one cheek of her arse and thoughts of how it might have got there caused the front of his tight swimming-pants to bulge with excitement. Indeed, he needed a little attention from his hand to put things in order.

Marit stood silently behind him, a vision of outrage on behalf of injured womanhood, which shows as plainly at fourteen as at forty. She shook the silky waves of her brown hair into place impatiently. Then she drew the strong cord from the neck of her beach

bag. Before he knew what was happening, Marit had run it round his bare waist and tied the ends round the iron upright on this side of the wood, where the lad's hands would never reach it. Master Rupert found that he could neither move backwards nor forwards more than a few inches. He now needed his hands to support himself on the far side of the groin and so was bending through the hole entirely at the disposal of our fledgling nymph. The nylon cord from the girl-student's bag was strong enough to hold a weight much greater even than Master Rupert.

He struggled and gasped a little.

“Look here! I say! Undo this, will you? A joke's a joke, I mean but this has gone too far . . . That dreadful old swine Root will be along here any minute . . . Look here! I say. . . .”

He was wasting his breath. Marit said nothing. She searched in her bag and drew out a spare pair of panties, a pair of stretch-briefs that were quite diminutive but sufficient for a girl of her age. She stepped up and leant over the top of the groin. I saw her take hold of Master Rupert's hair and draw his head back forcibly. As he opened his mouth with an instinctive gasp at such discomfort, the Nordic nymph crammed the wadded panties in and at once drew the belt from her jeans between his teeth and behind his nape to hold them in place. With his mouth filled by the teenage gossamer of Marit Aas's knickers, Master Rupert's protests were reduced to the merest groan or growl. At the same time, he was tantalised by Lesley Tyler who stood up and turned her back, then bent over with legs astride to search for something in her beach-bag.

Marit lit a cigarette and drew upon it. Her pretty young face was a study in youthful concentration. She reached for the waist of Master Rupert's bathing pants and stripped them down to his knees. The poor young fellow emitted a muffled sound that was half protest and half delight. But the little bitch was going to leave

him there to be caught in this state by the worthy Doctor Root. Before that, however, she had a score to settle with this lad who showed so little respect for feminine privacy. Marit took a peppermint and popped it into her mouth, sucking and smoking alternately. From her bag she took something that looked like a stout boot lace. Master Rupert's tool was easily accessible, standing out half-stiff. It quivered as her hand touched it. But Marit used the looped boot lace to lasso his appendage at the base. Helpless to defend himself, he was like a beast of burden whom she led side to side by this bridle. Her fingers gave him a quick little friction to stiffen him, then left him to droop again.

She walked to the top of the beach and, from the weeds and scrub, picked a bunch of nettles which she held with her hand wrapped in a cloth. Meanwhile, Rupert's arms and hands waved vainly on the far side of the groin. Marit came back to Master Rupert. The pretty youngster took the peppermint from her mouth, which had sucked it round and smooth. Her fingers pressed it to the tight dimple between the lad's buttocks. He uttered a muffled "OOO!" of consternation and excitement as it disappeared within. Marit stood back and began to brush the ferocious sting-tips of the spiked leaves up and down Master Rupert's bare backside. His legs danced and kicked frantically. Marit tamed him by holding his appendage to keep him still while she stroked the stings over the tenderness they had already inflicted. While his muffled howls rose and rear cheeks caught fire with the stings the manner in which his little temptress dealt with him had another effect as well. Without warning, nature got the better of his loins and he spermed all over Marit's hand as she held him by his youthful tool.

There could be no doubt that Rupert was in trouble now. From the corner of my eye I saw that the venerable Dr Root, in sporting tweeds and clerical collar, was

storming across the cliff. Marit saw him too. She made no attempt to release Master Rupert. Marit in her way was as much a moralist as he was. Instead she clambered over the groin and dropped down on the other side, out of Dr Root's view. She seemed determined that Master Rupert should be caught and given the thrashing of his life for his disgusting conduct.

The venerable teacher reached the scene and gave a roar of moral outrage at the sight that Rupert presented, bending through the hole in the groin to spy upon the young brunette, having his bathing shorts down and his tool on show. If conduct of this kind is permitted to continue, the moral fibre of the nation is doomed to speedy decay. I could just hear Dr Root shouting at Rupert, calling him every species of filthy and disgusting young fellow. Indeed, the splendid educator mounted the groin a little and looked over for himself. He saw the slim bare thighs and slender bare bottom-cheeks of Lesley Tyler lying nude upon the sand, the dark haired-bush in the flatness of her loins shown as she turned a little. Under his grey hair, his face assumed a mottled and dangerous colour. His mouth formed an "Ooooo!" of amazement and enthusiasm for this task. For a moment his hand was in his pants pocket, apparently counting the coins there rapidly and vigorously. Then he got down, flexed the cane he always carried on his patrols, and began to thrash Master Rupert's backside with great energy.

The unfortunate lad made frenzied but muffled sounds, while Marit from her concealment tugged on the little boot lace-bridle to keep him still. I could not help pitying him and so, presently, I walked down to the beach as well. Dr Root stopped his disciplinary exercise. Marit now secretly released the cord round the boy's waist. Rupert drew himself painfully out and stood before his moral educator, a boot lace round his tool and a pair of little-girl panties in his mouth. Words

failed Dr Root at the sight of such depraved adornments. He turned to me, assuring me that such behaviour had never been known among his pupils before and that Master Rupert would receive the thrashing of his life the minute that the reverend gentleman got him back to the college where moral leadership was taught.

I assured him that I was not the least inconvenienced by the lad's behaviour. I pleaded that boys will be boys and that he should not look upon Master Rupert's behaviour too severely. At that moment, Marit walked round the seaward end of the groin, looking as though she knew nothing of what was happening and just happened to be passing by.

"You have nothing to reproach yourself with, my dear sir," I said to Dr Root, "Incidents of this kind will happen however well one runs establishments like yours."

He shook his head tragically.

"It is not to be endured," he muttered.

"Look!" I pointed out to him the figure of the fledgling nymph as Marit passed by us, "There is a girl who has to be dealt with this evening. She belongs to Mr Jessop's institution, where I am at present in charge of arrangements. I could not help her misconduct but it is my duty to correct it."

He looked quickly at her pretty young face under the long-peaked cap and at her slender young thighs in the tight jeans.

"Corrected in what way?"

"The birch," I said casually, "across her bare buttocks."

He watched Marit and his face darkened to that dangerous apoplectic colour again. His hand in his pants pocket counted his coins in a brief vigorous movement before he checked his enthusiasm.

"I have great experience in such matters," he said breathlessly, "Great experience in moral education. My pamphlet, 'Spare the Rod and spoil the Child' is in its

tenth edition. I have preached and lectured upon the theme frequently. If Mr Jessop would permit me, I should deem it an honour to assist, advise. . . .”

His tongue passed over his dry lips as he gazed at Marit. She was a pretty little thing and well worth gazing at.

“I cannot speak for Mr Jessop,” I said.

“Please!” he murmured, his eyes following Marit with an expression that was almost that of a man in pain, “Before you decline my offer, hear me out. I have great influence in the world of moral vigilance. I am the patron of two reformatories and three chastising services. I might do much good for you.”

“I will certainly speak to Mr Jessop.”

“You will not regret it, sir.” Doctor Root pumped my hand sincerely, his eyes still watching the girl, “What might her name be?”

“Marit,” I said, “our youngest Scandanavian pupil.”

“Marit!” he gasped. At that moment, the girl bent over to put her beach-bag down and Doctor Root emitted a soft sound that was between a sigh and a whimper.

I was reluctant to leave him in such a state but he had business to attend to with Master Rupert. In any case, I could not resist half an hour on the higher path above the female bathing beach, where it was easy to train my zoom lens on the slim nudity of Lesley Tyler.

I returned to Mr Jessop’s villa and developed the photographs of Marit, sitting on a bench in the precinct and drawing on a cigarette. I showed them to Mr Jessop who drew breath sharply and yet smiled to himself. The youngster had never yet been disciplined and he thought we should not delay. I told him of my conversation with Doctor Root and the venerable gentleman’s offer to assist us. At first I thought that Mr Jessop was displeased by the suggestion. But he paused and gave it some thought.

“It might be to our advantage,” he said at length, “Doctor Root’s lectures on family values and moral

training were most instructive. He is a man after my own heart when it comes to the methods of moral training to be imposed upon little sluts like Marit Aas. Perhaps we should see what he can do for us.”

It was later that day when I heard how Mr Jessop had invited Doctor Root to dinner on the following evening. After dinner, the venerable doctor was to go to a whitewashed room with a stone floor, furnished only by a heavy punishment-trestle. Marit would be lying bare-bottomed over the trestle. The instrument chosen by Mr Jessop for the discipline would be lying on a little stool and the allotted number of strokes would be chalked on a slate. This would save a distressing conversation at the dinner table on the extent and manner of Marit’s discipline.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Even if Marit's fate was not generally known in the two institutions, it was certainly rumoured in advance. Mr Jessop decreed that the girl should be positioned and prepared. I would be left to stand guard on the door of the whitewashed room while he was at dinner with Doctor Root and his other guests. After dinner, the others would withdraw to a polite distance. Doctor Root would come and find Marit prepared for him. Then he would do his stern moral duty, using whatever rod was left there and giving the number of strokes which Mr Jessop would chalk on the slate.

After all that, Mr Jessop did no more than leave a reformatory birch on the stool and chalk "10" strokes on the slate. He knew that Dr Root would inflict the punishment with atrocious moral zeal on the slim bare cheeks of Marit's adolescent bottom and he did not dare to permit more strokes or anything of greater severity than a reform school birch. So Marit was escorted to the room a little before eight o'clock. Under Miss Wenham's instructions, the youngster bent tightly forward over the padded leather of the heavy trestle. Her wrists were strapped into the leather cuffs on the far side to keep her in this position.

The door was closed but I had a good view through

the spy-hole. Marit was at that stage where the elfin girl is almost a budding nymph. The prim and pretty features of her blue-eyed face turned steadily and thoughtfully towards the door, the collar-length of brown tresses falling in disorder a little. The white singlet and tight jeans showed her figure to advantage, the slender thighs and the bottom-cheeks which were slim but very hard stretched and parted in this posture.

Mr Jessop had not been gone five minutes when I heard a sound and wondered what Marit might be doing. I looked through the spy-hole and, to my astonishment, saw Master Rupert. He had come across the lawn and climbed up to the window, no doubt having gone to great lengths to discover the location of the punishment room. Opening the window, with a bag on his shoulder, he pulled himself through and dropped down. Marit uttered a cry of quiet terror and Rupert grinned at her. If you imagine him coming to her rescue, you are mistaken. He had a score to settle with the pretty little slut and one cannot blame him.

Marit watched in dismay as he took several articles from the bag. One of these was a glove and another was a fine bunch of nettles with a sting more savage than any she had used on him. He stood behind her, undid the waist of her jeans, and drew them off with her panties inside them. He smiled to himself at the naked charms of Marit's slim rear cheeks and slender thighs, especially as her trimly-rounded bottom-cheeks were pulled hard apart so revealingly by the way she was fastened.

He drew on the glove and took the bunch of wicked nettles in that hand. It was an occasion when justice must be done. There was no mistaking the excitement in the lad's eyes, however. He ignored the imploring backward look which Marit's pretty little face turned upon him. His anxious gaze was directed intently at her at the bare fledgling feminine beauty in the taut slim

cheeks of Marit's backside. The spiked leaves of the nettles brushed her pretty bare lightly and Marit 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 little bottom-cheeks for more than a few seconds. He began to brush the dark leaves up and down the nearer cheek of Marit's tight-cheeked 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, Marit yelled to be left alone. She shouted that her bottom was already smarting too fiercely to endure her punishment and pleaded with him not to put her in an even worse predicament. He grinned at this, unbuttoning and showing her his manly stiffness, telling his charming little pupil to shut her mouth and keep her bottom still.

Then he settled to his task. He brushed the leaves up and down the rear of one of Marit's bare and slender adolescent 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.

"I'm going to ginger you up properly, Marit," said Master Rupert quietly, "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, Marit?" he asked presently, "You might just as well keep your it still, Marit. Quite still, Marit! Settle down and take it calmly."

“No!” Her face was twisted round as if stuck in that position, mouth wide and yelling, the collar length of silky brown hair spilling side to side as she twisted harder. “No!”

“You’re an insolent little scrubber, Marit Aas!” Master Rupert said smiling, “One cheek of your bottom hasn’t been touched yet. We’ll start there. Is that making your toes curl, Marit? . . . The other cheek of your bottom presently, Marit . . . Just a tickle down the backs of your legs first of all . . . Behind your knees . . . A little tickle from the rear for pussy . . . And now your bottom again, Marit. . . .”

The wildness of her open mouth rang back from the whitewashed walls. A third time the lad brushed the bare flanks of her hips and thighs. He began again 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 slim young legs and just caught pussy between them at the rear. Then it was the slim and tautly-rounded cheeks of Marit’s pretty little 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 cheeks of Marit’s young backside. I knew that any lad who was interested in the Scandanavian girl’s prim young bottom-cheeks would sooner or later progress to the humid crack between them. He pressed her buttocks apart.

“Now you get it in your crack, Marit Aas, you dirty little scrubber!”

I watched all this, greatly intrigued, for it shows what even lads in their teens feel about such a girl as Marit. The boy held the cheeks of her bottom apart and was giving Marit’s anus crack a severe time of it. It was interesting to witness a situation with a boy from a better class, in which he could see that she was unable

to bear the atrocious smart, and yet made her bear it all the same.

I could have intervened at any point but I preferred to see justice done. I left Marit at Master Rupert's disposal for the hour during which the Reverend Doctor Root and Mr Jessop were at dinner, ensuring that our pretty little teaser endured a session 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 birch. The choice offered intriguing possibilities!

I studied her through the peep-hole. This pretty featured girl was wild with desperation, all the self-assured impudence gone from her brimming eyes and howling mouth. She might be exaggerating her ordeal, though I did not think so. By viewing her adolescent bottom as she presented it slim-cheeked over the padded leather of the trestle I was able to derive great personal satisfaction from Master Rupert's act of retribution for the trick she had played on him the previous day. I studied the fledgling nymph-cheeks of Marit Aas's backside and conceded that her squirming buttocks were blazing and smarting fiercely. The nettles now stroked her scorchingly between her rear cheeks a dozen times. Master Rupert paused and grinned at his handiwork. He allowed her a minute to compose herself. Then the frenzy which gathered in her face as the nettles again brushed her flaming buttocks suggested the wildness Marit might have shown as a zealous hangman tightened a noose about her throat.

But in her present posture, Marit's pretty little bottom also had a look of bare-cheeked impudence. Her insolence had been such that, even when she was a year or two younger, many who had charge of her in her own country regretted that its laws forbad their longing to thrash her young buttocks soundly. I had still not been able to deal with her and so I felt that she needed it all

the more. I smiled as I remembered how she had paraded her youthful charms scornfully and casually in tight jeans and singlet before the wistful middle-aged men in the shopping precinct the previous morning. The conduct of Master Rupert with the nettles was not to be condemned. Indeed it was understandable. Once again, I studied Marit's bottom, the slim adolescent cheeks rounded so blushing, curving in together in her shadowy rear crack. Unless I intervened, the youngster would hear the walls ring with her own frenzy until dinner was over. Her pretty little bottom would be smarting most violently by the time that Doctor Root arrived. And then there would be half an hour during which the prison birch would make its intimate acquaintance with Marit's young backside. Half an hour whose every second she would remember vividly for the rest of her young life.

I stood and watched eagerly through the spy-hole in the door. Marit squirmed her slim 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 leather-padded trestle. But in doing so, Marit's slender bottom-cheeks swelled and parted 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 prison birching from Doctor Root merely because Master Rupert had left her young backside untouchably sore. As the lad now murmured to her, so long as she was securely held over the heavy trestle, and so long as the reverend moralist remained implacable with her, Marit 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 neat and pretty features of her young face with the sheen of her brown hair falling about it. I considered the slim budding ovals of the girl's rear cheeks smarting furnace red. My gaze lingered eagerly in the rear cleavage of Marit's demure little bottom-crack and on the peeping folds of pussy-flesh between the rear of her slender thighs. Though it was not quite correct to leave her to the attentions of the smiling lad with his nettles, I would not have interrupted him for the world! In a twinkling, the lad tucked a nosegay of more nettles between Marit's hard stretched rear cheeks and created havoc in her flinching bottom-crack. I listened to Marit's ringing descant eagerly for a moment and felt my pulse quicken with exhilaration.

The session had lasted more than half an hour but Master Rupert still had a surprise or two in store for the little bitch. The boy ensured that the youngster continued to feel the smart keenly. He had a packet of salt on the table. I do not deny that the crimson-blushing cheeks of Marit's bottom were already sore enough to make her squirm. But he filled his palm with salt and rubbed its scorching harshness over her smarting rear cheeks. Marit's slim-cheeked teenage bottom was soon blushing more brightly. The salt smarted like fire on her young backside after the torment with the nettles. She jammed her knees hard together, tensed her thighs and buttocks, struggling to contain the throbbing tenderness.

Master Rupert had not quite finished with her yet and, remembering how Marit had treated him the day before, I could not blame him. He took cream on his fingers which had a strong peppermint perfume. With this left hand he manualised her firmly between the rear of her slim and squirming thighs, rousing her and making her moisten but massaging the hot cream into the sensitive folds at the same time. His other hand took some fat which had the consistency of putty and was shaped like a small egg. He powdered it, sneezing once

as pepper makes one sneeze. Then he dipped it in a little oil. The narrow end of the egg-shape disappeared between the girl's rear cheeks, while she responded despite herself to the manualising by this other hand between her legs. Master Rupert pressed until Marit Aas's anus yielded and the egg-shape disappeared up her bottom, where the warmth of her body would melt it.

What more could he do? He took a thin strap from the cupboard, picked Marit's panties from the floor and by this means fixed a wad that made it impossible for her to protest coherently. I was not surprised when he next stood with his back to the door, just behind the girl as she writhed over the trestle, and appeared to polish something vigorously as he held it in his lap. At last he gave a gasp and shudder, a sigh of fulfilment, moving aside and revealing Marit as a girl who had apparently just sat down in a plate of thick warm gruel.

He was not shame-faced at this but still grinning at her in her predicament. He picked up the birch which Mr Jessop had left and put it back in the cupboard. From his own bag he took a birch that was made of three similar yard-long switches. But this was spring-thorn rather than birch, supple as a rapier and with several dozen hard little thorn buds, notorious for their piercing sharpness. Marit gave a wild cry at the sight of it. Master Rupert grinned at her and left it conspicuously on the stool. He went to the slate on which Mr Jessop had chalked "10" as the allotted number of strokes. Still grinning at the girl's dismay, the lad picked up the stub of chalk and made the slight alteration which transforms "10" to "40."

Marit was desperate now, her slim young buttocks writhing and squeezing in real fright at what was going to happen. Master Rupert had not only brought the girl's pretty little arse to a state where she could scarcely endure a breath of air upon it. He now ensured that her punishment would be given with a birch of

atrocious severity and would be four times as long. He gathered up the evidence of his presence, showed her his tool a last time, zipped up his pants. and clambered up to the window. He stood there a moment, laughing delightedly at the girl in such a plight, his eyes meeting hers with vindictive humour. Then he dropped down outside and left her for Doctor Root to find. But I assure you he remained concealed close by, listening eagerly and excitedly to what happened to Marit when she was in the hands of this stern and venerable moralist.

In a few minutes more, Doctor Root appeared and went into the room alone. The excitement of moral duty was in his eyes, making him almost run the last few steps, his hand counting the coins furiously in his pants pocket and his clergyman's collar seeming in danger of strangling him as he swelled with disciplinary zeal. There was an exclamation of surprise and delight as he saw the bare juvenile cheeks of Marit's bottom, the spring-thorn birch and the "40" chalked on the board. Afterwards he frequently spoke of Mr Jessop's "generosity" He took the birch and thrashed the air with it several times for practice while Marit's pretty little bottom-cheeks tightened with fear at the sound. In his enthusiasm, I really think he did not notice how vividly her young backside blushed at him. Perhaps he thought it was merely glowing from a hot bath?

I soon guessed the state she was in. He gave her a smack on the bottom with his hand as a warning to be ready. But the youngster's bottom was so tender that even this made her give a quick gulping cry that was as much fright as pain. She was going to remember this for the rest of her life and Doctor Root had no scruples in dealing with fourteen as severely as if she had been forty.

There was soft wrestling and gasping as Marit writhed in the straps that now held her down by wrists, waist and ankles. Doctor Root remarked that Marit Aas strapped down bare-bottomed over the tall stool looked

an insolent little tart. He murmured that even now the slim taut cheeks of Marit's backside were old enough for a prison birching. There was more wrestling and wild protest through a mouthful of wadded panty-cotton. Her muted outburst provoked a sharp smack on a budding feminine swell of bare rear-cheek flesh.

Marit's soprano panic was now a wadded mewling. Her tension against restraining straps caused a creak of supporting timber. Her writhing sounded as an urgent smoothing of bare belly on polished leather. The tautly rounded bare cheeks of Marit's young bottom, provocatively spread as she bent tightly over the padded trestle, looked as if she was begging for a taste of the prison birch. Doctor Root gave a disciplinary chuckle at this. But Marit was in a true panic now at her helplessness and what was about to be done to her.

There followed the light dry rattle of the thorn-budded birch being picked up. Doctor Root gazed at Marit in moral disapproval, her lustrous brown hair spilling forward, the prim beauty of her face, the slender young figure and the pretty swell of her bottom-cheeks. It was to be expected that, seeing her like this, he would want to give the bare cheeks of Marit Aas's backside an exemplary prison birching.

"Your pretty little bottom makes a nice target for forty, Marit Aas."

A sharp swishing impact sounded through the door and Marit gave that shrill gulping intake of breath which sounds like terror as well as anguish. I listened eagerly. Forty with a spring-thorn birch across the bare fledgling bottom-cheeks of a girl like Marit is a ferocious ordeal in some opinions but a trivial discipline in the eyes of a venerable moralist like Doctor Root. It was an occasion for solemn satisfaction.

Doctor Root thrashed the supple birch switches across Marit's slim-cheeked adolescent backside with disciplinary energy and growing enthusiasm. A wadded

urgency sounded like Marit screaming “No!” through the tight wadded cotton. Even this provoked no more than Doctor Root’s grunt of moral satisfaction. I was to hear the same frenzy many times in the future. At Cheluna I was to hear it when the whip was used across the bare backside of a proud-bottomed young woman of twenty-eight like Mandy Worth. Yet Mandy’s bare Amazonian backside seemed double the age of the bare emergent femininity of Marit Aas’s pretty bottom-cheeks. I knew how natural Marit’s panic was. But feminine panic and frenzy in the punishment-room were far too common to alter Doctor Root’s stern resolve.

Marit’s alarm mewled again, more urgently, as the birch rattled against the table. Doctor Root had been tucking up his shirt-sleeves to get more energy into the strokes of the birching. There was a flesh-whisper as Marit’s collar-length brushed her bare neck while she twisted her head wildly. Her muffled panic was a distant keening as the birch cut the air behind her with another trial swish. Then the thorn-budded switches landed with an ear-splitting smack across the tight spread of her squirming buttocks.

Marit’s keen-edged mewling rose in a wild uneven arpeggio. It surged more frantically, as if she tried to force her shrillness through the cotton web. But she was held right over by the straps so that Doctor Root viewed Marit Aas bare-bottomed in a posture which made her show her complete rear view and inflame his disciplinary moral zeal.

“Your head up, Marit . . . You really feel the weals of the birch smarting across your backside now, don’t you? . . . Yes, it makes you flinch even when I touch you with a finger there, doesn’t it? . . . Better get used to that, Marit Aas! I haven’t finished with you yet, you young tart! . . . Another session with the birch across your bottom, Marit. . . . Stop your noise, you little

slut, or you'll feel the stable-lash lash across your bare rear cheeks"

A pause. Plaintive mewing on one side, spanking rear-cheek smacks from the other. The prim young cheeks of Marit Aas's bottom, drawn hard apart by her present posture, looked as if she was asking most lewdly for a prison-farm birching. The warden dismissed the Scandanavian girl's inexperience, birching her like a mature and wanton married woman.

The thrash! . . . thrash! . . . thrash! of the birch. A measured punishment whose forty strokes were severe as a prison discipline across the surging slim-cheeked spread of Marit's backside. A keen-edged shrillness from a frantic girl-pupil, prudently muted, accompanied this.

Master Rupert was avenged for the gross and immoral conduct of this girl-student. Doctor Root came out half an hour later to despatch her to bed in disgrace. I watched from behind a door. He was carrying her in a fireman's lift, Marit wearing only her short-sleeved white singlet. She had reason to be tearful. Her arms and head hung down Doctor Root's back as he carried her over his shoulder in this manner. The waves of light brown hair that usually nestled round her collar were now in disorder. The firm and pert little features of her lightly suntanned face were turned to me, so that I saw the tilt of her nose and her tight little chin, but the mouth was forlorn and the blue eyes brimming over in self-pity.

Doctor Root turned away from the door and now I saw the youngster from the waist down as she lay over his shoulder, his arm crooked round her slim straight thighs. My gaze was held by the pretty little cheeks of Marit Aas's bottom! What a sight they presented! From now on, I felt sure she would be the best behaved girl Mr Jessop had ever had in his establishment. I had never see a deeper beetroot blush in my life! In addition, the birch switches had raised a pattern that would make it almost impossible for her to wear her tight jeans for a

few days. For the rest of the week, Marit was apt to give a wince and a gasp unless she sat down very carefully.

Doctor Root took me under his wing. Before he left for home, he assured me that he had spoken to Mr Jessop, commending my moral vigilance in the case of Master Rupert and Marit Aas. He murmured to me that Mr Jessop had agreed that I should deal with the next young lady who disgraced herself. Doctor Root became confidential. This venerable moralist promised that he would keep a careful eye on the girls himself and that, if he could, he would provide evidence to enable me to achieve my long-held moral ambition.

I could scarcely sleep that night for thinking which of them it might be.

CHAPTER TWELVE

I had no intention of being disloyal to so fine and upstanding a public moralist as Doctor Root. But I was so intrigued by what he promised that, a day or two later, I found myself following him on the promenade. For his part, the reverend gentleman was so anxious to find a challenge for me that he had almost begun to do my job for me—even to the extent of having a camera slung on his shoulder. He had Mr Jessop's word for it that the next teenage girl who stepped out of line should be answerable to me alone. And here was the great moralist looking keenly to find such a girl.

I saw him stop, look about him, and then go down the steps to the shingle of the beach. What had he seen? I drew closer. Glancing quickly over the rail I saw Valeria and my heart jumped with excitement.

Now, of course, you have never met our Italian student Valeria, so let me introduce you. Imagine a girl of seventeen or eighteen who has a strong beauty in the full firm oval of her face with its tan of southern Europe. The resolute chin and straight nose, the level look of her dark eyes added to this. As usual, her hair was worn in its clustering dark ringlets. Valeria was still wearing her olive-green blouse and snug-fitting jeans of well-worn denim. She was quite tall and showed one of those statuesque

young figures that is straight and strong-hipped without being plump. Valeria would suit a man who prefers a girl sturdy enough to take whatever he has in mind for her.

It was a Monday afternoon, the hottest day of the year, by the fishing-boat ramp. Valeria was with a blonde stocky girl. Affectionate pats and rubbings were exchanged. The blonde's name was Gina but she was not one of Mr Jessop's students, so I had no authority over her. It was Valeria who now became the focus of my interest. The two girls lay in the shade, Valeria in olive green top and faded blue jeans. There was a solemnity, almost an austerity in her long tawny cheekbones, level mouth and thoughtful brown eyes. Her dark hair was worn in light curls to her collar, combed back over her ears, appearing as a rather unruly shock.

As she lay on her side facing her blonde girl-friend, Valeria still appeared quite tall and well-made. Though small breasted, she had a narrow waist and accentuated hips. A pair of snug brief panties was ridged through the tight seat of her jeans. The seat of the jeans was full-cheeked and seductive, broad but not fat. She curved forward a little from her waist, holding hands with the robust young blonde Gina, and her knees were drawn up a little. This posture exaggerated the curve of her haunch a little and gave a most voluptuous and suggestive swell to the cheeks of Valeria's bottom in the thin tight denim of her jeans.

Doctor Root sat down on the shingle about ten feet behind her and pretended that he was having a little difficulty in adjusting his camera. As one who had so often taken camera portraits of girls on a summer beach, I could see what he was really doing. He was using the zoom lens to take general views and close-ups of Valeria. When I saw them later, there were a dozen full-plate close-ups of the Italian girl's arse, Valeria's bottom-cheeks swelling firm but voluptuously in the tightened jeans. There were general views as well,

showing her long thighs and strong young back, the tousled dark hair from the rear. There were others in which she reached out to hold Gina's hand and a few more in which there were gentle touchings and reassurances. I was a little uneasy about the severity that would be inflicted for this. I also concede that the photographs exaggerated the girls' friendship, making gentle affection look like rampant lesbianism on a public beach. Even if Valeria and Gina did not masturbate together, it certainly looked as though they would from the way that Doctor Root took these photographs. He had the eye of a true moralist in choosing his shots.

For half an hour, Doctor Root studied the full olive-skinned cheek-swell of Valeria's bottom in this posture. When the girls got up to leave, their beach bags slung on their shoulders, he followed at a little distance. The girls stopped at a little shop to choose postcards from a rack. Doctor Root photographed them, once or twice as they stood there and again when they came out of the shop after paying for the cards. He photographed Valeria from behind. Then he walked on, overtaking her, and photographed her from the front as she came towards him, pretending that he was merely holding the camera in his hand. He did this several times and at last the Italian girl looked at him in such a way that I could see he had at last roused her suspicions. Valeria guessed that this man had been photographing her and realised that he must have done so from behind while she and Gina were on the beach. She blushed a little with indignation, assuming that he was some randy old fellow who would use these pictures of her to stimulate his passion. She could not know that he was a stern moralist.

A little while later, Doctor Root showed his photographs to Mr Jessop. They say that the camera does not lie but it sometimes exaggerates. The results certainly suggested that Valeria had been exchanging lesbian fondness with the fair-haired Gina on the public beach,

in full view of the holiday crowds. And Doctor Root, true moralist that he is, assured Mr Jessop that the truth was even worse than the photographic images revealed.

Mr Jessop and Miss Wenham summoned Valeria for an interview. They produced evidence of her public indecency. Mr Jessop insisted that Valeria must be sent home in disgrace. Copies of the photographs would be mailed to her family. When the news spread in her home town that she was a budding lesbian, her character might be ruined and all prospects of a good marriage would be remote. Valeria was distraught and begged to be punished in some other way. Miss Wenham described the alternative. Valeria agreed without hesitation and almost thanked Miss Wenham for permitting it. The girl was told to report to my room after dinner that evening, at nine o'clock. I leave you to imagine my feelings of anticipation!

It was a profoundly exciting moral thought that I was going to deal with this well-built and olive-skinned Italian girl. Eighteen-year-old Valeria was brought to me at nine o'clock by Miss Wenham. The girl with her southern Mediterranean tan was still wearing the same clothes as on the beach. The tightness of the jeans again caused them to crease across the tops of her thighs as she walked forward and stood by the fireplace. Miss Wenham left us. I locked the door to prevent interruptions, and put the key in my pocket. Then I went back and sat down in the arm-chair, while eighteen-year-old Valeria stood uncertainly before me.

Our eyes met and I gave her a knowing look of amusement that was almost a smile. There was no need for hypocrisy. I wanted Valeria to know that I should enjoy punishing her.

"Turn round, Valeria," I said quietly, "Turn your back to me."

She obeyed and stood there waiting while I studied her firm but full-cheeked backside in the tight jeans.

“Take your jeans and knickers off, Valeria. Leave them on the chair.”

She hesitated but only for a moment. Then she undid the zip, stooped and drew her legs out one by one, and laid the jeans aside.

She was wearing black briefs as her knickers, as girls from southern Europe often do. The green blouse came down only to her waist. I admired the warm Latin tan of her strong young thighs. Valeria put her thumbs in the elastic waistband of her knickers and stooped forward, her shock of dark hair falling in disorder as she drew her feet from her panties one by one.

The tall firm-featured Italian girl dropped her panties on the floor and straightened up. I studied her long thighs and the voluptuous olive-skinned tan of her Amazon-cheeked bottom. Valeria turned her head and looked back at me over her shoulder. There was a fierce directness in her dark eyes and the firm bold lines of her young face. I smiled at her knowingly, relishing her predicament.

She maintained the directness of her gaze as she turned towards me. I wondered what she was about to do. But then she knelt down immediately in front of me, still looking me in the face. She was not about to beg for mercy. Instead, her fingers went straight to the front of my pants, unzipped them, and drew out the sleeping penis which began to stir into life at the touch of her fingers. The cunning young signorina then bowed her head and took it in her mouth without hesitation.

Even a moralist may be caught off his guard, as I was then. Valeria bowed the tousled crop of her dark hair as she sucked and in two minutes I was so stiff that I hardly knew where I was. She stood up, straddled, and lowered herself till she sat astride my thighs, facing me, the tool impaling her loins easily. All I had to do was sit there while Valeria rode in a steady rhythm. It was an ecstatic experience and, I feel sure, not the first time she had won the heart of a teacher by

this method! Indeed, her passionate cunt did not respond as if this were the first time it had been exercised.

She was leaning forward towards me and I was embracing her tight, so that she was looking down over the back of my shoulder as she rode. I greatly enjoyed myself and I knew that I should never be able to stop before the spout boiled over. At the same time, I was apprehensive that I might compromise Mr Jessop if a young Italian girl like Valeria developed a swollen belly and produced a baby nine months after her visit to his language school.

As danger approached, I stilled her and made her stand up. I told her to reach for a tin of rose-scented brilliantine which I had bought at the barber's shop that day and which was on the mantelpiece. I took a little on my finger. I think this was Valeria's first time for such a thing but she lowered her Italian-tan bottom, not quite sitting but almost, waiting for my finger to spread the scented hair grease on her anus. I smeared it there with great enjoyment, grinning my delight at what I was going to make her do. I guided her down, so that she would sit on my lap with her back to me this time. I heard her gasp as the hardness of the knob made it enter Valeria's brilliantined anus as soon as it touched her there. Her sturdy olive-skinned bottom-cheeks touched my lap and my stiffness was held excitingly tight in the warmth of Valeria's arse.

She sat with her back to me, inclining forward to raise and lower her seat rhythmically. I think it was hard for her and she was too apprehensive to do it vigorously. I made her stand, still impaling her young behind. Then, still without drawing out, I guided her to lie on her belly over the arm of the opposite chair. Her feet were on the floor and her legs at an angle, while she supported herself with her arms folded on the chair seat. I was now able to enjoy a sight of the big-cheeked swell of Valeria's olive-skinned bottom as I had sex with her young backside. I did it to her in a strong

and steady rhythm which made her gasp a little and even cry out in alarm. She murmured reproachfully, begging me to withdraw before the crucial moment. She brushed back her shock of dark hair and turned her fierce southern beauty to me. But I enforced submission and presently, for the first time in her life, Valeria felt the warm pulse of a man's sperm in her bottom.

When I recovered my wits, I knew that there could be no question of allowing her to escape discipline. A girl who seduces a moralist deserves it all the more. Without being told to, she pulled her black panties up.

"Go over and stand facing the table, Valeria," I said quietly.

She turned and walked slowly across.

"Lie forward over the table, Valeria. Bend forward over it."

The sight was extremely provoking. As she bent over she instinctively drew the hem of her blouse up above her hips, as if knowing I should want to see her like that. Had I not been told that Valeria was never whipped in the past, I should have thought she had been chastised before and knew what was expected of her. Was it feminine instinct that made her draw the blouse up like that? Or had she been told of such punishments by some other girl? She now showed herself properly in the translucent black panties. The voluptuous olive tan of Valeria's bottom-cheeks was mistily visible through the sheer black gloss, making her look very sexy indeed.

"Give me your hands, Valeria."

She reached them out in front of her, above her head as she lay there. I slipped a strap round her wrists and drew it tight. Then I ran a length of stout cord round the strap, drew her arms out at full stretch and tied the cord firmly to the legs at the far end of the table. Valeria turned her face aside and shook her dark tousled hair into place, her cheek resting on the table.

I fixed the hem of the blouse above the waist of her

panties. Now that I had Valeria bending over, the seat of those knickers presented two broadened and swelling young bottom-cheeks, smooth as full tawny moons with the forbidden anus-cleavage shadowy between them. She bent over, the collar length of her dark hair shaken clear as she also tried to twist her face round.

“Now your briefs, Valeria,” I said, “You must be properly undressed for this.”

I took these down more slowly, beginning by drawing the elastic waist-band away from the olive-skinned hip-flesh that it compressed. Valeria was very tense but made no complaint as I allowed my hands to touch the sleek olive-skinned swell of her young hips. At the rear, when I drew the filmy black nylon of the panties away from where they clung rather to the humid skin, I weighed the bare smoothness of Valeria’s bottom-cheeks in my hands, as she tensed and gasped with apprehension.

I now studied Valeria’s bare bottom with its voluptuous weight of olive-tanned flesh. This suited her figure and her character. She had a figure that many women from southern Europe would have envied. Valeria was quite a big-bottomed girl in this posture but it was a firm and natural shape that carried little surplus fat. I stooped and made a close examination of the bare cheeks of the Italian girl’s arse.

I smoothed my hand upon it next and gave a light cheek-smack, causing Valeria’s warm-coloured arse-flesh to jump and quiver. I gave her another rear-cheek smack, fondled her bottom and thighs a little more and tickled Valeria’s tight rear hole while she gasped at the sting of the bottom-smacks and writhed against the indignity of my tickling and teasing finger. I bottom-smacked one of Valeria’s rear-cheeks with my hand and then the other again.

Presently the Italian tan of Valeria’s bottom-cheeks tightened with alarm as she saw that I had also taken a whip from its cupboard. I chose a switch of smooth

leather, three feet long but no thicker than my little finger. Its core was of bamboo, which gave the switch a fine suppleness. Valeria's mouth was a quivering contrast to the previous calm indifference of her brown eyes, which had quite disappeared. She could see that she was going to be punished severely, a fear that was all the more dreadful because she had never had such a thing done to her before.

"A whipping across your bare bottom, Valeria," I said, no longer concealing my excitement. "By the time I've finished with you this evening, you'll have a few dozen swollen weals across the cheeks of your bottom and the backs of your thighs. For the next week or two you'll find it uncomfortable to walk and even to sit down."

I touched the whip lightly across the smoothly-tanned swell of Valeria's eighteen-year-old bottom-cheeks and she flinched at the cold menace of it.

"Never had the whip before, Valeria?"

She bit her lip and said nothing.

"Answer when you're spoken to!"

There was a pause and then the answer came almost as a gasp.

"No!"

I gave the same bottom-cheek another light smack with my hand.

"You shall have a taste of the pony-switch, Valeria. I'm sure you've seen it used to train dogs and horses. I prefer to use it on the bare backsides of girls of eighteen who forget their manners."

Though her face was hidden, her young body now betrayed Valeria's panic. Her shoulders were braced downwards, her belly taut, and her knees were pressed together as she tried to compress her rear cleavage. I stood over her, put one arm round her waist and closely inspected her young backside and the rear opening of her thighs.

“Relax your body, Valeria. I shall want to have a good look at you first.”

And so I did, admiring the rear aspect of her sex. She tried to tighten again presently, when I pressed hard apart and considered the little vortex of Valeria’s arsehole. I straightened up, gave her another light slap on her bottom and went across to the desk where the slim black switch was lying. I picked up the switch and a leather belt. The latter went tightly round Valeria’s bare waist, for I intended her to remain very firmly bending over the table.

I cut the air with the switch and the sound of it made her jump with fright. The proud southern swell of Valeria’s buttocks tensed instinctively.

I spent a little while taking my aim, touching the cold leather of the switch one way and another across the olive-skinned fullness of Valeria’s bare and flinching rear cheeks. My purpose had begun to harden and I very much wanted to make this a long session. I touched the long slim leather across the bare spread of her rear cheeks again as they swelled and shimmered lightly with her writhing. I touched it there several times, teasing her with the fright of it. Valeria’s tousled dark hair swept wildly across her face as she felt me taking careful aim. I raised the supple switch high behind my shoulder. Then it flashed down, hard and sharp across her sallow bottom-cheeks.

Before she could catch her breath I raised the long slim switch again and brought it down hard with a flick of the wrist, catching Valeria’s squirming young back-side expertly aslant the flesh-creasing Latin tan of its rather fatly-presented cheeks. The room rang with the smack of leather on the firm bare swell of Valeria’s bottom. The passionate eighteen-year-old girl gasped again and then her gasp rose to a cry as if the anguish increased for a moment after the impact. The collar length of her dark hair was shaken clear as she tried to

twist her face round to me. The whip smacked hard across her young arse once more, so that the air sang with the sharpness of it, making her young bottom-cheeks quiver again and then again.

Valeria bent one knee up quickly and desperately as if that might ease the lingering smart of the whip, something I was also to see Marit Aas and Heia Ragnhild do on later occasions. I caught her again with a cut that touched the searing red of the first stripe and Valeria yelled wildly. Her cries betrayed her confusion and the brown eyes were filled with dismay. Valeria had never dreamt that anyone would hurt her like this in reprisal for her misconduct. Her legs were squirming and jiggling. The whip smacked low across her bottom-cheeks. Valeria uttered a wild and wordless soprano shrillness.

The voluptuous weight of Valeria's bottom-cheeks still jumped and quivered a little under the force of each impact. She performed arse-contortions that a professional belly-dancer might have envied. The slim black switch whipped and whipped again across her young backside until Valeria made the walls ring after every smarting impact. She kicked out with her strong sun-kissed legs this way and that, receiving six measured cuts across the backs of her squirming thighs to discourage such rebellion. Her knees seemed to give at this point. Had she been merely bending over to touch her toes, Valeria would have collapsed on the floor. How wise I had been to position her over the table so that she had to take what was given her, whether her legs would support her or not.

Valeria gave a quick cry at the next stroke of the whip across her voluptuous olive skinned bottom-cheeks and her movements grew more intense. But without being able to help it, the moody young signorina was putting on a most suggestive display. Her thighs and bottom tensed and thrust, her rear cheeks drawing in tightly and then surging out invitingly, in a very lascivious rhythm,

as she bent tighter and rose a little in her struggles. The tousled dark hair swept this way and that across her collar. A whipmaker or a gaoler would have been inspired to great severity by this fattened swelling and tensing of Valeria's olive-skinned bottom-cheeks.

As she writhed with desperate but flagging energy, I determined to begin by giving the Latin-tan cheek-swell of Valeria's backside a full judicial whipping, impersonal but pitiless. I aimed the strokes hard and quick, so that she should not be able to contain the anguish of one of them across her bare bottom-cheeks before she got the next. I saw the desperate tensing in Valeria's rear cheeks and upper thighs as the naked torment of the leather whip across her bare backside branded her like white fire. But I wanted my revenge upon her for her conduct. I had no compunction about keeping Valeria under this discipline for as long as it pleased me.

The whip smacked hard across Valeria's quivering backside again, making her tawny bottom-flesh jump and shimmer at every stroke. Yelling frantically, she bent one knee up quickly and desperately to ease the lingering smart of the whip. In doing this, her whole body was tensed in immobility.

I caught her again with a cut that touched the raised and swollen plum-coloured imprint of a previous stroke. Valeria screamed, her fierce dark eyes now filled with dismay. She jammed one knee into the back of the other, as if to contain the torment of the whip. The intensity of the naked smart again seemed to immobilise every muscle in her young body. She lay rather than bent over the table, her legs tight and straight at an angle behind her. One knee still jammed into the rear hollow of the other, thighs tensed hard together, the proud Italian cheeks of Valeria's bottom compressing their cleavage to a thin line, she was desperately trying to contain the agony of the whip.

I was determined prevent her from curbing the an-

guish. I took aim, my mouth tightening. As she lay tight and immobile over the table like this, I landed a series of savage and rapid strokes across the tensed and flesh-creasing cheeks of Valeria's bottom. Valeria's shrillness was all the more suggestive for being frantic. With her bare belly slithering on the polished table, she writhed and kicked but to no avail.

The self-possessed firmness of Valeria's face and the indifference of her brown eyes had first given way to a look of disbelief and fright. Now it was a wild and howling self-pity. The atrocious smart of the whip across the tan-skin cheeks of the Italian girl's bottom was only the beginning of her correction. It was evident to me as I watched her tighten her rear cheeks quickly that Valeria could hardly control herself at the thought of what was still to come.

In order to train Valeria on this first occasion I had chosen the supple pony-switch. The torment of this whip across the soft cheeks of Valeria's bottom was so intense that it checked her movements rather than quickened them. It was my intention to order Valeria to bend properly and keep her bottom still, then to punish her so severely that she could not do it, and then punish her all the harder for disobeying. She clenched repeatedly, motionless with one knee drawn up and her leg cocked, or else with her voluptuously tanned buttocks urgently contorted and her legs crossed hard. I cured her of this with severe and rapid strokes across the seductive weight of her rear cheeks and several across her thighs. The air shimmered with the hard and rapid rhythm, the whip! whip! whip! of the strokes. Valeria's bare belly and loins slipped and slithered against the polished wood of the table as she strained frantically at the straps holding her down and I heard again the wild cries of her shrillness.

In such a posture, eighteen-year-old Valeria presented her most suggestively fat-bottomed view, floun-

dering and surging as she lay over the trestle. The cheeks of her backside quivered and contorted as I thrashed hard, this way and that, across her squirming arse. Valeria wallowed, bottom-upwards over the polished surface of the heavy table. My manhood stiffened as I stood back. Valeria was writhing in a fat-arsed contorting of her olive-skinned bottom-cheeks, as if asking for the whip in the most sexy manner, though that was the last thing she intended to do.

For the first part of the discipline, Valeria was whipped while she twisted and writhed over the table. By then, her swelling olive-skinned backside was fire-streaked and striped by the leather switch. Even her most intimate female friend would hardly have recognised Valeria's bottom now! I made sure that she sometimes caught it across the backs of her strong tan-skinned thighs as well, though Valeria's behind received most.

Valeria's rather fatly presented rear cheeks flesh-creased more urgently and she strove against the straps. I took up the whip again. I turned to where Valeria lay over the table, her back rising and sinking, her backside swelling out and tensing inwards alternately, trying to work off the atrocious smart.

The whip whistled and smacked, making the soft Latin-tan cheeks of Valeria's seventeen-year-old bottom jump and quiver again under the sharp lashing impacts. I whipped this young Italian student very hard in this way, catching her thighs and the backs of her knees as well as her behind. I intended that Valeria's arse should also be a lesson to younger pupils like pretty little Marit Aas, when they saw the state of the older girl's bottom. Fine plum-coloured stripes appeared on the rounding halves of her backside. Valeria let rip in a most vulgar manner and her strong tawny-skinned legs clenched urgently. Her feet did a little dance and several times she tried to kick out.

I do not know if she regretted all her previous mis-

conduct but she looked extremely sorry for herself. From its deep blushes and crimson streaking, Valeria's eighteen-year-old bottom now looked as if she had made to sit all day on a chamber-pot filled with a boiling brew of sharpest thorn-twigs.

I stood back and gave her six for luck. Then, reluctantly, I laid down the whip. I freed her and she burst out in a heaving lament. I undid her and let her stand up. Like a little girl who has had a smacked bottom, she wanted only to be out of her chastiser's presence and safe in her own room. She kept her face down to hide her howling self-pity from me, but her legs were tensing, knees flexing, while she had one hand behind her, shielding her bottom's soreness, a statuesque and voluptuous olive-skinned girl of eighteen behaving just like a spanked little girl weeping in front of a strict teacher!

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

I confess that I woke up next morning, after having had such fun with Valeria, in utter dismay at the memory or what I had done. I had acted only with the best intentions of a moral disciplinarian and yet I had fallen into error. It was mere weakness which had allowed a sultry eighteen-year-old like Valeria to seduce me in a most scandalous manner. I had retrieved the situation by exercising my whip across her olive-skinned bottom-cheeks. I was proud to have thrashed her so soundly. Yet my first attempt at discipline had been blemished by moral laxity.

Worse still, what would happen if she spread the news round the town? I was already becoming known as one of its moral leaders, a worthy companion for the Reverend Doctor Root and Miss Crutch. I tell you frankly, I wondered if it might not be best to pack my bags and disappear.

Mr Jessop came to my aid, as he so often did. I confided in this splendid man and he understood my predicament. He explained to me that mishaps of this sort sometimes happen during moral discipline, when a girl necessarily bares her bottom for chastisement. Even our great moral leaders are still men. Mr Jessop told me not to worry, for a girl who gives herself to a man

in such circumstances—even when she seduces him—will realise that it has merely enhanced her punishment.

Mr Jessop made me a partner in his private thoughts. He confided in me that the moral leaders of our community had been devising a plan to purify it by the removal of certain young women. This entailed a single journey to far-off places with names like Cheluna and Cambina Alta, where absolute obedience was enforced and from which such troublesome girls did not return. There were several who were to make that journey. He mentioned pretty little Marit Aas, buxom Grete Bryne, and Heia Ragnhild, an adolescent blonde. Pretexts had been found why they should not return to their counties of origin. The two shopgirls, Alison and Anne, were also to make the journey. None of the girls would know this until it was too late. They would be panic-stricken if allowed to know before hand and might make attempts to escape the decision of the moralists.

Mr Jessop thought that a winter in the southern hemisphere would do me good. He also thought that, if I were to make a career as a moral disciplinarian. It would be an excellent thing to spend a few months in a place where men of stern resolve deal with such girls without compunction.

And so it happened. Three months later I found myself on a remote and well-guarded estate in the wooded foothills of a mountain range. If you would know more, you must read elsewhere of the captives of Cheluna. I grew passionately interested in the training of the adolescent blonde Heia, having seen her often during the summer. Let me confess that I had been diligently watching and following Heia. There are a dozen photographs of her which I had taken in the course of one afternoon's survey of the girls' conduct on the public beach. They are quite charming. Many of them were taken with the telephoto lens while Heia was stripped to a makeshift bikini and lying with several other girls

on the shingle in the afternoon sun. They show this Scandinavian adolescent as a well-built girl with long strong thighs that were dusted palest gold by the sun. At a distance, she looks older than her age. I daresay you would not call her a dazzling beauty. Her blue-eyed face has a firm rather stolid look in the photographs. Of course, Heia had no idea at that time that I was photographing her, though she may have guessed it later on as I followed her from the beach. Her tawny-blond hair was worn in a loose bell-shape with a fringe, its length cut short above her shoulders. I remember taking one of the photographs, as she and another girl walked together through the town, Heia in blue shorts and blouse, white socks to her knees. She turned suddenly and, as I look at her now, her face shows misgiving about the man with the camera following her. As she turned her face and shook into place the fringe of her lank fair hair, there was a challenge in the firm set of her fair-skinned features, the sluttish glance of her blue eyes.

Let me move ahead to the events of that winter in the south. How Mr Jessop and I helped to take a dozen of the girls there is a story in itself. After a week or two at a fine plantation house in the remote foothills beyond Camba Real, we were joined by Mr Hardman. He was very courteous to me and suggested that perhaps I should teach moral discipline to a girl who needed a little humiliation to curb her self-regard. Without thinking, I named Heia as the youngster whom I would prefer. Mr Hardman suggested the basement washroom late at night. It would be out of earshot and there would be no interruptions then. I asked if it would be possible for Heia to be wearing her beach costume. I showed him my beach photographs of her in a white bra and a pair of tight black bikini briefs in glossy nylon. Mr Hardman thought it an excellent idea that she should dress like that again, since it was the way

in which Heia first caught my attention. He intended that I should enjoy teaching Heia Ragnhild her punishment-lesson late at night in the tiled basement room.

When the night came, three of the servants brought Heia into that spacious and fluorescent-lit room. As they led her forward, dressed charmingly in her swimwear of white bra and tight black bikini pants, the girl tensed against their grip but was not yet uneasy enough to struggle and curse. In any case, the three men were a match for her. There was no doubt that the adolescent Scandanavian girl looked extremely sexy, even in such a place. There was also something perversely exciting in the prospect of being alone with her behind a locked door in this situation.

The black leather bolster was placed on the tiled floor, a few feet in front of the pedestal.

“Lie down, Heia. Lie on your belly over the bolster.”

She stood there a moment and hesitated, the warmly suntanned figure of a healthy adolescent Nordic girl, the lank honey-blonde hair plainly cut with its fringe and its collar-length framing her firm young features. The law forbids such punishments for girls in the country she comes from, so I think Heia still was not certain of what was going to be done to her. She knelt down, her handsome young tits filling the white bra quite nicely at the front. Then she lay forward with the leather bolster under her belly, her suntanned arms crossed in front of her and her robust young legs apart a little, just as I had seen her on the beach when I took the camera studies of her.

She looked up, wide blue eyes startled a little, as two of the men knelt down, each taking her by a wrist and clipping round it a stout leather cuff with a metal link. Heia tried to pull back a little but they easily drew her arms out until they could run a light chain around the base of the toilet pedestal and clip its ends to the

links in the wrist-cuffs. The third man took a thin leather strap and ran it round her bare waist, an inch or two above the top of her tight black nylon hip-panties. He ran it through a strong leather loop in the bolster, just under her young belly. Heia was now positioned. Her legs were still free and, of course, she could still twist and turn her hips a little. She might even push her adolescent backside up by straining hard on the loop through which her waist-strap ran. But she must lie bottom-upwards over the bolster for as long as I chose. At any time I could control her struggles by a tight strap round her lower thighs and an ankle-pinion. I postponed my decision on that for the time being. There would be no one within earshot and, in any case, the basement walls of the room were thick and the door padded.

I thanked the three men for their assistance and dismissed them. Then I bolted the door and began my preparations. Going to the built-in cupboard by the handbasin, I unlocked it and took out a prison cane and a short snakeskin lash. From the corner of my eye, I saw Heia's honey-blond hair slide across her face a little as she twisted her head, looking up and watching me. I laid the cane across the pedestal seat just above her and placed the curled shape of the whip on the floor.

I sat down on the floor beside her and ran my hand down the warm silky suntan of her young back.

"I'm sure you've been taught early about sex, haven't you, Heia? I'd be surprised if you haven't experimented a little with one of your boy-friends by now! A well-built girl with healthy female appetites, I think. I'm going to put you to the test first. Lie still."

I examined my sturdy young pupil's knickers. Heia's glossy black nylon panties had a frilled top round her hips which dented the soft suntanned puppy-flesh of adolescence a little. The black nylon was pulled skin-

taut by a black elastic hem which curved out to either side from the rear parting of her legs and arched up to either side over the cheeks of her robust teenage arse. Heia Ragnhild's panties were suggestively sexy, even by the standards of beachwear! She was certainly well-built, I suppose, her thighs and hips well-exercised but without surplus fat. In her present posture, Heia Ragnhild looked quite a big-bottomed girl but only in the way that such adolescent tomboys often do.

Of course I should take her knickers down to whip her. For the moment, I could put her to the test better while she wore them.

"Keep your legs apart, Heia," I murmured, "Just let them lie apart like that."

Between her legs, the thin black nylon tightly moulded a soft swell of her young cunt-flesh. When my finger touched it, Heia gasped as if she had stung herself.

"I'm going to masturbate you first, Heia. Lie still for it. Legs a little apart."

Her legs closed and she tried to twist on to her side.

"Very well, Heia," I said gently, "You shall have an extra taste of the whip for your disobedience. And you will obey, after all."

She stopped squirming and eased her legs apart. I bowed over her and very gently pressed my fingers over the warm bulge of her young sex in the tight nylon. She tensed but did not resist otherwise. Some girls would have tried to hide their faces at this point. Heia turned the honey-blond of her head, half-looking over her shoulder. It was as if she wanted to see what was happening as well as feel it but had not quite the courage to do so! You may be sure it was not the first time she had been handled in such a way. She came from a place where girls are taught to put their interests before those of the male and to court such self-centered pleasures quite flagrantly. Girls from Heia's background

also demand the right to taste pleasure early. She needed discipline to bring her to her senses.

I reached to the hand basin, where one of the girls had left a tube of cream after washing and cleaning her teeth before bed. There was a hot pungent peppermint scent as I unscrewed the cap of the tube. I squeezed a little of the white cream on to my fingers. My hand slid inside the waistband of the black nylon bikini pants at the rear and found the warm light-haired folds of sexual flesh flesh between the rear of her thighs. She tensed and flinched a little as my finger tips smoothed the pungent cream into the sensitive folds. It made Heia smart and squirm a little, yet teased and excited her at the same time while she was being roused.

I drew my hand out and began to manualise her soft sexual flesh through the thin black nylon, moulding, fondling, stroking, squeezing gently. There was tension in her strong young thighs and the smooth suntanned sweep of her back. The seat of her black bikini briefs was so tight that it was drawn deep between the robust cheeks of Heia Ragnhild's arse. She tensed her young bottom as I masturbated her through the thin nylon film, her rear cheeks pressing together and then relaxing as if she was trying to hold the pleasure in her loins and backside.

In the excitement of riding to her orgasm, Heia was able to push the smart of the cream to the back of her mind. It increased her sensitivity and even heightened the intensity of her arousal.

It was important to make her come. I had curbed Heia's resistance and imposed my mastery upon her by masturbating her against her will until she climaxed. Also I helped to ensure that whatever sexy feelings the teenage Scandanavian Amazon might have were worked out of her system. The lather slave-band on her left ankle suggested that Heia had been masturbated by her boy-friend's hand in her pants during secret moments

of schoolgirl passion. She would respond easily, if unwillingly, to it now!

And so she did, my fingers on the thin black nylon tantalised her smarting but excited folds of intimate flesh. In a little while she was wet with arousal and the glossy nylon shone with it. I had never known a girl dew herself as Heia did then. Even when the time came for her submit to her husband on their honeymoon night, Heia would never be more passionate and excited as a bride than she was now. She writhed and wallowed over the leather bolster, shuddering at the smarting yet tantalising caress. When she came, it was with rising cries, turning side to side, legs crossed violently as if the imprison the moment of climax between them for ever.

She shuddered and lay still. But now the excitement was over. Yet the suntanned young blonde still felt the smarting heat of the peppermint creaminess that had been worked into the warm folds of her cunt. Though it was not enough to make her cry out, the shifting and tensing of her robust sun-golden thighs betrayed the discomfort. I allowed her to squirm like this for several minutes while I watched her. I squeezed a little more of the cream on to my fingers. I smoothed it into those flesh-folds without fondling her, ensuring that she was teased by it during the events that followed.

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 Heia, drawn forward over the leather bolster on the tiled floor by the straps, shook back her shoulder-length of lank blonde hair and turned the firm young mouth and steady blue eyes upon me upon me. The look she gave me from her open face with the wide-set points of its cheek-bones was uncomprehending but still resolute.

It was delightful to have Heia dressed as she had been on that first day on the beach when I had photo-

graphed her. She surely realised that her life as a slave of her master had begun and that she was about to receive her first lesson, here on the floor of in this tiled and soundproof basement room in the middle of the night. As she lay forward on her young belly over the bolster, the black nylon briefs of her bikini swim-pants were drawn very tight. They rode up a little to uncover the lower softness of each bottom-cheek. Her strong lightly suntanned thighs were quite bare. I met her eyes with a smile

“I’ll take your panties down now, Heia. I’m sure you know that girls of your kind sometimes get their bare bottoms caned quite sadistically as a punishment in places like this.”

My hands fumbled at her waist as I deprived this adolescent tomboy of her pants. The smooth tightness of her black swimming pants shaped the full swell of Heia’s backside, broadened and fattened by her posture. She had struggled hard in her orgasm. This had caused the elastic hem of her briefs to ride up at one side, laying bare more of the pale fattened crescent on the lower curve of that bottom-cheek! It was delightful to see her in this state of disordered undress.

I took the waistband of the youngster’s tight black panties and drew them down. The pale cheek-flesh of Heia Ragnhild’s young bottom swelled a little fuller as the tightness of the slinky black nylon was drawn clear. She flicked back her lank blond hair and twisted her impudent face round, as I drew her panties down and studied the swelling pallor of her bare rear cheeks.

As any moralist might have done before punishing her, I bowed my head over her and inspected this profoundly exciting rear view of my adolescent tomboy. There was time to fondle the slight heaviness of her pale adolescent thighs. She gasped and protested but I smiled to reassure her.

“Presently I shall use the bamboo across your bare

bottom, Heia Ragnhild. 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 some time ago."

I was already bursting in the tightness of my suiting and obliged to unbutton in front of her, manhood fully armed.

"A big-bottomed girl of your sort has to have a taste of the this, Heia Ragnhild, before she's caned!"

Her protest was part a gasp and part a cry. I heard the leather bolster shift as she pulled vainly at her straps.

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

"Lie properly bottom-upwards over the bolster, Heia! Right over it! Tighter than that!"

I smiled as I was confronted by the fattish adolescent pallor of Heia'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 strongest language imaginable. Even this was gratifying, in my present mood, and I avenged the insults by a little teasing.

"You'll get the reformatory cane afterwards, Heia. But first I must employ that impudent backside of yours for another purpose. This is what you shall feel behind you first, Heia! Have a good look at it, by all means."

To ease my stiffness by the exquisite tightness of Heia's bottom would be the most blatant criminal act in her own country. To discharge the warmth of my passion into the backside of this teenage Scandanavian pupil would be a felony worse than almost any other—except perhaps the whipping she would get afterwards! But in Cambina Alta both Mr Jessop and Mr Hardman enjoyed the protection of the law. Imagine, then, the scene in that tiled room, the fluorescent light shining

brightly on the bare pallor of her sturdy hips, thighs and rear cheeks. The curtains drawn against the southern night outside. 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 Heia strapped lying over the leather bolster until dawn, if I chose.

I knelt over her and gave my close attention to Heia Ragnhild's arse-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 ten o'clock in the evening when I began. 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 Heia Ragnhild'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 hind 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. Heia 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 adolescent girl like Heia can be inspired with outrage and disgust when a man forces her to undergo such a lewd form of attention as this!

I drew away from her at last and stood up. To my astonishment, it was now well after eleven 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 prepared myself. Then her bare rear cheeks surged and squirmed unavailingly.

To curb this resistance, I smacked her broad young buttocks hard and repeatedly for a minute or two. It was not a severe discipline but the slaps on her bare rear 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, 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 bolster, Heia!”

There were protests and a brief moment of shrillness. But my own determination was stronger than any resistance. 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. The scene of the ravishing of Heia's young backside, among tiles and basin and porcelain pedestal, was scarcely romantic. But then Heia with her stolid adolescent surliness was

not the romantic type! 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 that I gasped out to her, "Heia! . . . Heia! . . . Heia, darling . . . Darling Heia! . . ." I was quite out of my senses as I discharged my piece, determined only that it should be in the very depths of her young backside.

It was exciting to ride her in this way. When the moment came she and I both heard the sharp, though muffled, squirt of sperm in the depths of Heia Ragnhild's bottom. The youngster naturally tensed a little at the feel of it deep inside her, in such a place and I saw the bare flanks of her hips hollow a little as she did so.

"Lie still, Heia," I gasped, "Keep your bottom still while you're getting the passion juice."

I felt sure it must be the first time she had felt the pulse of a man's sperm discharging inside her. Getting it in her bottom like this was something she would always remember. I am inclined to think she felt no pleasure in it this time but that was an important lesson in submission. She turned her head aside, the fringed honey blonde collar-length of her lank hair slipping forward a little. With her sun-tanned young body face-down over the bolster, there was a pensive and almost self-pitying look in the firm open appeal of her face. Her arse was stretched in its grip round the tool, her bottom receiving the squirts of sperm in a place where its other functions caused her some embarrassment in the presence of a man. The discharge of my passion in so rude a place made her hide her face altogether. But a girl of her kind with a healthy suntanned young figure was well able to take it. I made no attempt to spare her blushes.

She had a strong young body and there was a robust cheek-swell to Heia's bottom, though she had good rea-

son to tense and compress those cheeks now. Her arms were pulled out, wrists cuffed round the base of the porcelain pedestal, her bare legs and thighs were not restrained. She was naked now apart from her white bra, her lightly suntanned legs resting apart a little.

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 Heia Ragnhild's tomboy backside.

Perhaps Heia imagined that when this was over, she would have her wrists unfastened and would be left alone for her own purposes. There were cries of dismay and protest when she realised that she was going to have to remain like that over the bolster. The dismay grew to panic when she saw that I had chosen a bamboo cane that was long and supple.

But first I took the uncapped tube of the cream with its strong peppermint odour. I inserted the nozzle in Heia's bottom. I squeezed the tube and heard her gasp at the sudden scorching surge of the cream. The rather heavy-cheeked swell of Heia's behind was now my object of interest. She compressed the cheeks and tensed herself, caught between ladylike reticence and a desperate need to be rid of the smarting heat of the cream. I ignored this and prepared her for her punishment.

“Never had your bare bottom disciplined before, Heia? You'll get a training session now. The cane across your bare bottom-cheeks. Lie still for it.”

Much more than an hour had passed since she was made to lie on her bare belly over the bolster. It was time to pick up the supple cane with which she was to receive the first of her punishments.

“I'll punish you with the cane first of all, Heia. Then I'll leave you over the bolster for an hour. After that you'll get a bare-bottomed lesson with the pony-lash. I'll be training you for obedience, Heia Ragnhild! You

shall have another evening lesson in a few weeks' time."

She had twisted the firm open appeal of her young face round as I spoke and the resentment in Heia's mouth and wide blue eyes seemed to falter, for she guessed my meaning.

There is an art in applying the bamboo to a sturdy youngster of this kind. I tried to copy the example of Mr Hardman. 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 Heia 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 bolster, Heia!"

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 on her 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 Heia's buttocks. The girl's lank honey blonde hair swept upon her neck as she turned her face. I guessed those two swelling and burning imprints of the bamboo must be smarting dreadfully across her bare teenage bottom-cheeks.

Heia was gritting her teeth desperately as she waited for the next one. Her wide blue eyes betrayed the first sign of panic. She looked at the cane in my hand and then with alarm and renewed fascination at the returning stiffness of unbuttoned manhood. Many a teacher who thrashed her in this manner might find satisfaction in showing Heia his tool as he did so. Since her bikini pants were taken down and she showed herself bare, what greater scandal could there be in the man unbuttoning and displaying himself in front of her while he carried out the discipline? She looked and gnawed anx-

iously 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 prints of bamboo already inflicted.

"I shall begin your punishment presently, Heia. 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.

"A session with the cane across the backs of those bare tomboy thighs, Heia! You're not a little child any longer. You must expect a few extra strokes high on the backs of your legs."

I gave her four and I thought she would burst my ear-drums by way of retaliation.

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 strokes, this way and that. At fifteen, the full bare cheeks of Heia Ragnhild's bottom surged and writhed so far as her straps permitted, like the rear view of a belly-dancer.

"In the mood for your tanning now, Heia?"

There was another wild protest and I heard the squeak of strained leather as she squirmed unavailingly in her straps. In imitation of Mr Hardman, I caned her low down, 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 school-girl over the sofa scroll and not a young teenage Amazon of Heia's kind.

As I had promised, I made her wait over the scroll

for an hour. However, I placed the short pony-lash of woven snakeskin where she could see it. During much of that hour, I sat beside 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 Heia 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 Heia 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 a little for her chastisement by the lash. She could not possibly have endured it unless firmly held down by the leather straps.

While she waited for the whipping, she looked up and argued with such a soulful expression on the firm blue-eyed face framed by its lank blonde hair and fringe. Her buxom adolescent thighs were tensing together as is trying to squeeze away the irritant heat of the cream. Twice I cooled her by applying a little more of the white cream there. But though cool to the touch it soon turned scorching hot on such sensitive folds of flesh. As for her young bottom, Heia pleaded in her charmingly accented English that she very much wanted to sit on the rim of the porcelain pedestal rather than lie over the black leather bolster in front of it.

I can assure you that she was unable to take her eyes off me as I picked up the pony-whip from the table and drew the woven lash through my fingers. Even now it would be indiscreet of me to give a full 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. Heia 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 the 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 Heia Ragnhild's buttocks. Nor did I wish to do so. The result was to teach her a lesson she would remember always. The whip also smacked her low down where the bamboo prints were raised and throbbing tenderly. The results of this are better imagined than described!

Images and sounds of that session remain vivid to me. A sharp and curling smack of the whip low across the bare pale cheek-swell of Heia Ragnhild's fifteen-year-old bottom. Wildness in her mouth and eyes as she twisted her face round, the lank blonde hair and fringe falling aslant. Another lash of the whip caught her low. Desperate tension in her sturdy young bottom-cheeks. Another crack of the whip before she could contain the torment of the last. All her stolid indifference and self-containment gone. To break her defiance completely, she needed the whip hard and fast while she was in this predicament. One! Two! Three! low across her bottom-cheeks. Four! Five! Six! Seven! Eight! without a pause. Wide-mouthed frenzy and hip-surfing. The full-cheeked swell of adolescent bottom-cheeks whip-marked and flesh-creasing. The effect of the tool in her behind and the heat of the slippery cream making her desperate. Nine! Ten! Eleven! Twelve! Thirteen! Fourteen! The last two beautiful low and curling low down on Heia's bottom-cheeks. The tiled room ringing with her shrillness. Something very unladylike, though tipped by white cream, peeping from Heia Ragnhild's behind. Desperate self-containment enabled a

withdrawal. A moment for tearing tissue and removing a smudge or two. A smile and a few teasing words to let her know that such an unfeminine glimpse had not gone unnoticed.

“If you behave like a rude little girl, Heia, we’ll have to start your lesson from the beginning again.”

At fifteen, Heia behaved more rudely still. You will not be surprised to learn that her full-cheeked young bottom incurred its penalty! It was half an hour later when her tears were checked a little, though her eyes still brimmed over. She lowered the honey-blond sleekness of her hair, hiding her face.

Finally, I informed her that whipping was over but not her lesson. I summoned the three servants who had brought her there and I informed the girl of her fate.

“You’ll lie like that, Heia, with the door open, on display to anyone who wants to look at you tonight. I’m going to leave the whip on the toilet seat and I shall give the servants full permission to use it on your bare bottom if they think it necessary when they find you here. This shall be your first lesson in submission.”

The three men caught her dismay with quiet knowing looks. We left her there lying on her belly over the bolster, wrists still secured and panties round her ankles. Heia could well imagine what would happen when the three men found a bare-bottomed blond Amazon of fifteen at their disposal for discipline next morning. In the meantime, I felt sure that there would be no sleep for Heia Ragnhild that night, only fretting and rising panic as she watched the hands of the clock move slowly towards morning.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

I thought at first that only Heia, Marit and one or two of the other Scandanavian girls had been brought to Camba Real. But Mr Hardman had made his contribution too by taking into custody his two young shop-girls, Alison and Anne. I discovered this when it was announced that there would be competition after dinner between our two guests, Rohmer and Jiminez, both men of importance in the city of Cheluna. I had no idea what the competition might be but Mr Jessop hinted that both Anne and Alison would have very sore bottoms by the time it was over.

That morning the two girls were set to work in the harness room, polishing the implements and devices that might be needed in the course of their ordeal. There were bamboo canes to be waxed, making them more supple and flexible. There were stout black restraining straps to be brought to a fine gloss. The two most intriguing items were a pair of short pony-tails, their separate plumes matching the hair-colour of the two girls. These tails were gathered at the base into a sausage-shape of black rubber. The whips which Anne and Alison had to polish were hung in a rack, the handles upright and the lashes dangling. The four snakeskin

pony-lashes were formed with handles which each represented an upright penis in hard polished leather.

I had no idea quite what to expect but I heard that Alison and Anne had agreed, however reluctantly, to take part in a competition. There was a prize, consisting of a hair-band made of fine gold wire. They were greedy young bitches and the mention of this overcame all thoughts of decency.

After dinner, two narrow tables were set out, side by side, in the next room. Alison was brought in. She stood there with her short fringed crop of brown hair accentuating the full rounded chin and firm young profile. The rather impassive indifference of her brown eyes was now clouded by apprehension to the first one and made to lie along it on her belly. A rubber bolster was packed under her. This twenty-year-old was once again dressed in her blue top and blue and white striped cotton trousers. She offered no resistance when told to take these trousers off, as well as the knickers she wore underneath, and to lie arse-upwards over the bolster on the table. As she clambered up, there was a full firm sell to her hips. When she lay forward, the pallid cheeks of Alison's bottom showed a robust rondeur. She was half-kneeling and half-lying over the bolster as two of the attendants took her arms, drew them down, and strapped her wrists firmly to the base of the table-legs. She was also secured by a tight strap round her waist. Below the waist-length hem of her blue top, she was naked, though they left her free to writhe and twist her bare hips and thighs. She kept turning short basin-crop of brown hair this way and that, trying to look round and see what was about to happen.

Having got Alison on the first table, they then brought in twenty-three-year-old Anne. She was quite a petite figure by contrast, except that the tight grey cord of her trousers already showed a lascivious swell and swagger to her backside and hips. The same elfin

sexuality was evident in her tight-lidded blue eyes and pert little face with short-trimmed crop.

In this case, two men held her while a third undid her grey corduroy pants and stripped them down with Anne's knickers inside. She stood with head bowed, rather a diminutive figure between the two well-built men, and murmured a request of some kind. They refused her with smiles and I saw the pale sexy swell of Anne's bottom tighten in a rather fearful instinct of feminine reticence. They made her get on to the second table and lie on her belly over its rubber bolster while her wrists and waist were secured.

As she lay strapped over the divan with her jeans and knickers removed, the groom laid his hand on the cool lascivious swell of Anne's bottom-cheeks. Even while he caressed her in this fashion, Alison begged him for a moment's delay. He met the pretty tilt of her young face and the appeal of her tight-lidded blue eyes with a smile as he refused. He lowered his face to the tousled crop of her brown hair and murmured in her ear. As he did so, his hand still lay on the tomboyish swell of her bare backside. His finger dug vaseline from the jar and began to play with Anne's arsehole. The onlookers saw the girl tighten her rear hole desperately as if trying not to compromise herself while the fingertip plagued and teased her. Then there was another struggle as two of the grooms held her head still. An india-rubber "bit," an inch thick, was wedged between her upper and lower teeth, held in place by a thin strap which was buckled tightly in the bare nape of her neck.

The groom promised the randy elfin shopgirl that she need have no worries about her feminine reluctance while she was being dealt with. Harness straps would enforce her restraint and submission, as she lay on her belly over the rubber bolster.

The other two men were preparing the bigger girl. Despite her singlet, Alison no longer wore the skin-

tight cotton web of her white stretch-briefs which had moulded the full cheek-swell of her pale bottom and her robust young hips. Alison lay tense with apprehension while the grooms tightened the leather harness-strap round her bare waist. Gently and mockingly Rohmer stroked aside the fringe of her brown pudding-basin crop. One man held her head while they fastened a rubber bit between her teeth, as they had done with Anne. Then his hand went under Alison's bare belly and buckled a second strap to the front of this waist-belt. This second strap was to be drawn down and back, tightly under the girl's legs, then up between the full pale cheeks of her backside to fasten at the rear of her waist belt.

Before completing this, the groom chose a black india-rubber butt, the shape and size of a large pork sausage. There was a sheen of vaseline on it. The two men held Alison's legs and hips still. The girl tensed and strained against them in vain. Then the groom pressed the sausage-shape of the black rubber butt into Alison's anus. There was desperate resistance, muffled shrillness, real inability to accommodate a rubber tool of such size! Though one man held her hips still and another held Alison's bottom-cheeks apart, it was only the determination of the groom and the use of more vaseline which overcame the tightness and smallness of the rear entrance. Alison mewed as the rubber "pork-sausage" forced her to yield. Its five-inch length was engulfed but the end through which the strap ran protruded a little with Alison's arsehole stretched round it. Now the groom drew the strap up, where it emerged between the rear of Alison's thighs. The strap was drawn up as tight as possible between Alison's buttocks and buckled at the rear of the girl's waist.

From the rear with this harness in place, Alison now looked like a most suggestive young mare who had been docked of her tail.

Anne, meanwhile, looked extremely sexy in her similar predicament. They harnessed her in the same way, fastening a tail to match her own close shaped crop of fair hair. But the man who was to be her driver insisted upon a stouter butt than the one filling Alison's arse. It was as far round as the hose of a vacuum cleaner. There was a considerable struggle to insert this in the vaselined tightness of Anne's arsehole, the girl's keening frenzy muffled a little by the rubber bit between her teeth. But presently she and Alison lay on the parallel tables, bare backsides raised by the bolsters over which they lay, hips twisting and thighs squirming with the discomfort of the inserted rubber butts, the plumed tables brushing sexily across each swelling pair of bare rear cheeks.

The contest was a simple one. A hair band fashioned from gold wire, of the kind used by teenage girls to hold their more orthodox pony-tails, was fastened on each girl's plume, where it rose out from under her waist-strap. By squirming, writhing and lunging, Alison and Anne could toss their tails to and fro. The motion would make the two hair-bands slip gradually down the tail. At last, as sometimes happens accidentally when girls put their hair up in this manner, the bands would fall free.

There was to be race to see if each girl could free her tail of the hair band first before the clock in the room chimed the half-hour. The sight of two bare backsides and bare thighs writhing and surging with such energy would be extremely sexy. To ensure the best performance each of the two men would use the whip on his chosen girl. Rohmer was to have Alison and Jiminez would deal with Anne. Each man had placed a bet of several hundred dollars on his girl—or rather on his own sadistic skill in what he could make her do! Most of the other guests, who now gathered to watch, had placed smaller bets. Most favoured Alison because

she seemed the bigger girl with fuller hips and thighs. Because the straps left them free from the waist down, both Mr Hardman's shopgirls were able to put all their energy into the contest.

Rohmer and Jiminez selected their whips and each stood over the girl of his choice. These were short snakeskin lashes, which trailed about eighteen inches from the penis-shaped handles. Mr Hardman acted as judge in the contest.

The wide-eyed apprehension of Alison's bold-featured face was a study in panic. She dreaded the very thought of the naked agony which the whip would inflict on the bare cheeks of her bottom. But this was compounded by the desperate discomfort of being stretched so hard and by the bulk of the black rubber which she urgently needed to expel.

Jiminez murmured to Anne, promising this punk-cropped girl that the ordeal of the whip would be prolonged and severe. He assured her that it would last all night, if necessary and that there would be time for other incidental attentions. He sat on the edge of the divan, his back to her face, and leaned down until he could kiss the bare coolness of Anne's tomboyish bottom-cheeks. Her tension and dismay suggested that Anne had never been bottom-kissed before, even by her most passionate boy-friend! Jiminez pouted his kisses to one cheek, then the other. It was ten or fifteen minutes before he had finished. Then it was a stable-lad who came forward to adjust the pillows under the girl's belly.

When the contest began, Rohmer used his supple leather switch sadistically across the fuller pallor of the dark-haired girl's backside. He striped and lashed the sturdy cheeks of her hind-quarters as Alison's bottom contorted and writhed under the whip.

The black strap drawn tight under her legs and deep in Alison's arse-crack kept her buttocks parted in a sug-

gestively sexual fashion. The twenty-year-old shopgirl floundered bare-hipped over the pillows. The fine shimmering switch made the air sing as it whipped and whipped across the pale swelling mounds of Alison's bare backside. As the sturdy cheek-swell of Alison's bottom writhed and twisted side to side, the sleek length of her dark-haired pony-tail slid across her surging rear-cheeks and fell aside over her hip. With her strong young thighs adorned by a black harness strap round each, the harness belt at her waist and between her buttocks, the suggestive tail plume brushing the big-cheeked swell of her behind, Alison offered her driver a pony-girl rump that made him want to train her very sadistically.

"Toss your pony-tail properly, Alison!" Rohmer said sharply.

He pursed his lips and aimed the lash carefully across the lower and fatter swell of the young slave-girl's bottom, just above the lowest cheek-crease division of her arse and thighs.

Whip! . . . Whip! . . . Whip! . . .

The supple leather smacked with pistol-shot sharpness across the fatter pallor low down on Alison's bottom-cheeks. Her strong bare thighs tensed frantically. We saw the full swell of Alison's backside flesh-creasing and squirming, her buttocks contorting and thrusting. Alison screamed, though only a muffled shrillness penetrated the india-rubber bit held between her teeth by the thin strap. But Alison's bottom-rounding and writhing, the pony-tail sweeping and slithering across her bare backside, was truly suggestive of a filly between the shafts.

Anne had far more sexiness about her than Alison. It was in part the rather heavily-lidded blue eyes, the pert little crop of fair hair shaped close to her head, the slight fattening of Anne's pale bottom cheeks as she progressed from her teens through her twenties. She

looked a randy little thing as she lay arse-upwards over the bolster, surging and writhing her bum-cheeks while Jiminez branded the lower cheek-flesh of Anne's backside with raised imprints. He thrashed her across them and then thrashed her again. He concentrated upon his task with the anxious care and passionate zeal of a lover, choosing the most dangerous raised weals and thrashing them again. After a dozen strokes he drew a punctuation line of ruby dots.

The whip made the pale tomboyish cheeks of Annie's bottom jump and quiver as her drive thrashed the girl's bare backside with the savage energy of a man who had broken in many a young filly. Anne's punk crop of fair hair twisted round and we saw the dismay of being hurt in her brown eyes, the strap tight between her teeth as she mewed wildly into her gag. The base of the rubber butt protruding an inch from her behind showed her tight young arsehole stretched amazingly and perilously round its rim. The grooms were excited to think that the young woman's rear anatomy would be altered permanently by this ordeal. It would be a trivial alteration but enough to ensure that she never forgot her discipline on this night.

Rohmer's technique was to crack the lash across the bigger cheeks of Alison's bare bottom in measured strokes, each printing a crimson snake across the pale double swell. The rubber bit muffled her shrillness but she surged her hips and threw the pony-tail side to side, sometimes thrusting her backside out until its fattened cheeks were parted to show the strap between them. The young tart tossed her tail with all her strength so that it slid across the snaking crimson weals printed by the whip on each bottom-cheek. It slid over the flank of her hip. She knelt right up and Rohmer's lash printed three agonising kisses across her bare backside while she used all her energy to toss the tail back again.

Alison's strong pale hips writhed and the short crop

of lank brown hair flew as she twisted her face round wildly, as if in a vain attempt to watch what was being done to her! Rohmer's snakeskin lash printed another stripe low across the rounding cheek-swell of Anne's bottom and then another which raised a ruby droplet at its tip. As he stood back, the creasing and contorting of Anne's rear-cheek flesh was smarting agonisingly, the pony-tail plume from the back of her waist-strap now bum-brushing seductively across her twenty-three-year-old backside as she writhed. But even as she squirmed under the fierce kisses of the leather whip, the naked anguish was embellished by humiliating discomforts.

While she tensed her buttocks at the torment of the stable-whip across her bare backside, Alison's arsehole was widened on the rubber "pork-sausage" of the pony-tail butt. As she mewed and contorted her rear cheeks under the lash, the tightness of Alison's behind was put to discomfort in the most mocking fashion by the device. Her pony-girl arse-strap parted her buttocks and enabled one to glimpse this. A writhing view of Alison's arsehole hard stretched round the black rubber sausage added to our enjoyment of the stable-training inflicted on her. Those who were frequent spectators when such girls were whipped, also saw certain tell-tale tightenings and tensings as the groom paused. The rubber "pork sausage" was five inches long and round as a fat cigar-tube. Though the pony-girl arse-strap held it firmly in place, there was no doubt that Alison's behind was teased by the size of the india-rubber butt in her rear tightness. The whip smacked across her bare hind cheeks and the pony-tail brushed the tortured swell of Alison's surging backside while she let loose her shrillness. The young slave-girl's bottom was desperate to expel the bulk of the rubber sausage without being able to do so.

To have a well-built working-girl in this predicament

greatly increased her admirer's enjoyment. With a girl of Alison's kind, it is always better to add such discomforts or humiliations to her thrashing. Her discipline lasted longer and was sure to be more severe as a result.

There was no doubt that Alison's bigger bottom and hips gave her an advantage, though she was the more lethargic of the two girls by nature. The hair band had slipped almost half-way down the pony-tail. But Anne was a sexy little thing in appearance and character. Jiminez now dealt severely with the saucily fat little bottom-cheeks of this twenty-three-year-old slave-girl. He whipped harder and more implacably than I had ever seen a man do. Anne kicked wildly and the lower half of her body rolled side to side. The close-cut ragamuffin crop of her fair hair twisted and the plume of the pony-tail seemed to dance across the rounding cheeks of her impudent little bottom.

Whip! Whip! Whip! Whip!

Hard and rapidly he smacked the snakeskin lash across her backside.

Whip! Whip! Whip! Whip! Whip! Whip! . . .

The onlookers almost held their breath in the drama of such severity.

Whip! Whip! Whip! Whip! . . .

Anne's hair was cropped short enough for us to see the thin strap buckled at her bare nape, reminding us that only the rubber bit wedged between her teeth subdued her shrillness, which otherwise must have been full-throated screams.

Whip! Whip! Whip! Whip! . . .

She was frantic to obey. Anne's bottom was thrust right out at us, as if begging us to see how she struggled. He gave her a dozen of the most sadistic whip-strokes across its cheeky double swell. Then suddenly she sprawled limp over the rubber bolster, cropped hair drooping, thighs apart, eyes closed. The pony-tail lay motionless aslant Anne's bottom, the hair band now

half way down it. The sexy cheek swell of the little tart's bottom was a sight to behold. Annie's twenty-three-year-old bottom looked as if she had sat by accident on a red-hot mesh. Her pale-skinned thighs shone wet with the sweat of her exertions in the warm summer night.

Mr Hardman held up his hand to prevent Rohmer taking an unfair advantage with Alison. Jiminez stood with his mouth tightened in sadistic satisfaction. He tore several sheets of tissue from a roll and dipped them in a little bowl from which rose the pungent fumes of hot mustard oil. Anne's vulgar little bottom-cheeks were rather skinned by now and the abrasions of the whip were dangerously deep coloured. Remembering my adventure with Heia, I murmured some advice about the peppermint-scented cream. It was this which he used to impregnate a cloth. Holding the limp girl round the waist, he rubbed it into the whipped flesh of Anne's bottom-cheeks. Nor did he miss the chance to loose the rear strap a little and sponge her between those rear cheeks. He was able to draw the butt out and insert it again well lubricated with the smarting cream.

Anne's ragamuffin crop stirred and she came to herself with muffled frenzy. The scorching smart of her rear cheeks now drove her mad, though I think the feel of it in her bottom as well inspired her with panic too. She struggled and kicked out wildly in every direction. Her randy little arse was flesh-creasing and surging. Jiminez touched his lips unsmilingly to her ear.

“Wait till you're sold, you little cheat . . .”

The contest resumed. Rohmer brought his lash down across the fatter swell of Alison's rear cheek flesh, embossed already by tender welts and cuts. But it was Jiminez who had won the day. For the next ten minutes it truly seemed that the cheek-swell and surging of Alison's backside, the tension of her harness straps, the

movements of her pony-tail, were those which a filly presents to her driver during carriage exercise. But Anne's fatly-presented little bottom looked as if it had been visited by a swarm of angry hornets. She twisted her hips desperately, her bottom-cheeks tensing and flesh-creasing while Jiminez smacked the short-tailed pony-lash across them.

She sweltered in her labours until even the strap between her buttocks shone dark and moist with her sweat. But the lash now snaked and cracked across Anne's bum-cheeks, wealing and skinning the tender swell, the mustard oil scalding her arse with ferocious intensity. Though the girls were almost level, the hair band hung briefly at the very tip of Anne's pony-tail and then fell to the floor just a moment before Alison's.

After the men had adjourned to the next room, there was some amiable argument as to whether the peppermint-scented cream as a restorative was truly fair dealing. Mr Jessop suggested that in a few weeks, when Alison and Anne had recovered from the drama, the race might be re-run. But Mr Hardman had been in conversation with Jiminez. When appealed to, he smiled.

"In a few weeks, gentlemen, you must apply to Monsieur Jiminez. He and I have agreed to a commercial transaction. By that time, Alison and Anne will be his property and you will have to travel a long way to find them. I am sure that they will take part in many such contests on his plantation. if you wish to try your luck here, then you must be content with Grete and Heia, or the Sylvester sisters, or perhaps with young Marit Aas and her companions."

There was eager conversation as to which pair of contestants should wear the hair bands and pony tails the following week. To my delight, I heard that Heia, the lazy adolescent blonde, and pretty Marit Aas had been chosen to contest the issue!

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

The moral example of the Reverend Doctor Root and the influence of Miss Crutch's weekly journalism in our municipal paper persuaded me to leave Camba Real soon after these events. I had loyally supported Mr Jessop and Miss Wenham up to this point but I began to doubt whether such exhibitions as that put on by Alison and Anne could truly be regarded as morally instructive. I do not mean to be dogmatic—who are we to say that such things do not have their moral functions?—but I began to have doubts.

I hesitate to describe the occasion of my departure for home, aware how easily I may bring a blush to the cheek of certain readers. Yet I know that those who have read as far as this will have done so only in the earnest desire of taking themselves in hand and improving their standing in the community. Well, then, let me be open and specific in describing the crisis.

Mr Jessop quite rightly thought that there are girls and young women who can only thrive under strict moral guidance. In our own country we should find them a reverend or moral lady or gentleman as their instructor. Perhaps they would be put to work under such command as domestic servants. They would be at liberty to come and go—but not very far. Yet customs

vary according to countries. Let me repeat my question in a somewhat different form. Who are we to say that our own way is the best or has a monopoly of moral wisdom? Well, then, from time immemorial the custom in Cheluna has been to confine such a wayward girl and, when a suitable client is found, to sell her to him as a slave. Let us remember, in the long day of the universe, that it is only during the last two or three seconds that we have ceased a similar custom ourselves. Call it a hundred years, if you like, but and it is only the blink of an eye on such a scale.

As I pondered this, I turned again to the volumes which lay on the shelves of Cambina Alta, as they had done at Mr Jessop's seaside *pensionnat*. Retiring to bed alone. I read once more the stories of the Broad Green schoolgirls. There was sensible Sandra Williams, a smiling and willing tomboy in Form 5A with her rather ungainly adolescent figure and her lank brown hair worn in a long page-boy style. And there was her junior, the sly and sensuous little blonde, Linda Jennings of Form 3B with her pearly-pale face and figure, the short mane of fair hair lying forward on her lapel. Sly and sniggering Linda was dealt with as she deserved.

Linda, even on arriving at fourteen, had been in need of moral training. To postpone it longer at this stage had seemed unwise. I was intrigued to read of how the teacher had watched her drop her skirt, push down the white elasticated briefs, of her schoolgirl knickers, and step out of them. Believe me, there was nothing lewd or libidinous in this. It was a moral occasion. The teacher made Linda Jennings kneel astride on the arms of a padded chair in his study, facing the back of the chair, of course. Then he made her bend forward, kneeling tightly over the back of the chair, and presenting her rear view very fully! Her arms were pulled down at full stretch so that her wrists could be strapped to the base of the chair-frame. An inch thick wedge of

india rubber was fastened between her perfect young teeth to prevent them being damaged when Linda clenched them hard during her ordeal.

The teacher used a supple prison bamboo across the plump pearly cheeks of Linda Jennings's bottom, the cane being three feet long and quiveringly slim. Linda Jennings screamed and contorted her rear cheeks as the bamboo thrashed savagely across her bare backside. But is that an argument against moral discipline? On these evenings, there was no questioning of counting the number of strokes. Linda was caned until the teacher was completely satisfied with the state of her young bottom, which is much the best way. The punishment continued for a very long time that evening. Because Linda was a sexy-looking little blonde, moral lessons needed to be exceptionally strict. Did her sly and wanton looks not need curbing? As the cane lashed across the pearly plumpness of her bottom-cheeks, Linda Jennings screamed and strained wildly against her straps. Should moral training therefore have been abandoned?

The teacher inflicted an agonising crimson willow-pattern of bamboo across the junior glamour-girl cheeks of Linda Jennings's bottom. He went to extremes in caning her, too indiscreet to describe! At last the little blonde's short mane of hair slid forward, her head drooped on the padded chair-back, her eyes fluttered closed. In a moment of almost sensual abandon under the bare-bottomed agony of a prolonged sadistic caning, Linda Jennings drooled helplessly over the rubber bit fastened between her teeth! But the wanton sensuality of the rather fatly presented cheeks of her bottom interested her chastiser most. A fondling hand between her thighs and pungent salts held to her nostrils restored her. Despite its whipped state, Linda's backside faced more discipline. I too would have continued beyond this romantic swoon. With a soft and sly young thing like her, one must begin early and end late. Once a

week, on Saturday evenings, this future glamour girl would kneel over the back of my study chair, her skirt and knickers discarded. The pearly cheeks of Linda Jennings's bottom would receive long and exemplary caning every time.

There is nothing depraved or debauched about such punishments. Let us admit that Linda Jennings had a sexy little bottom and that the chastiser was not indifferent to this. Should that be a reason for moral laxity?

As master, I would deal severely with Sandra Williams and the younger but more wanton Linda Jennings. Morality must be taught daily like any school subject. How easily it will be done in private, morning or afternoon, behind the bolted door of the girls toilet. Sandra must bend over with her skirt and knickers round her ankles, supported by her hands on the porcelain seat-rim of the toilet. A girl of fifteen often takes her knickers down in here with no sense of indecency. Now leather wrist-cuffs and inset steel rings hold her hands in place on the seat-rim. A man may also unbutton in such a place. Before the caning, it will be necessary to tear toilet-roll and wipe splashes and trickles of sperm from the tomboy cheeks of Sandra Williams's bottom. Sandra Williams will learn from the humiliation of feeling her bottom used as a sperm target and then screaming under a sadistic bottom-thrashing.

So Sandra would bend there, the lank collar-length of brown hair falling forward and hiding something of her firm and appealing young face as she twists it round. The round healthy cheeks of Sandra Williams's pale bottom have a rather ungainly tomboy look. I would begin with hand-testing and rear-cheeks smacks on Sandra's bare bottom. You can imagine how startled and apprehensive the fifth-form tomboy looks at this preliminary spanking. Then the plain walls ring with the ear-splitting smacks of the bamboo across bare fifteen-year-old female bottom-flesh. I shall make the

caning of Sandra Williams last until lunch or all afternoon, if I choose. With her wrists fastened to the porcelain pedestal and her robust young thighs pinioned, I shall not hesitate. Sandra perhaps came here for a different purpose and will be desperate under the naked smart of the bamboo. I may well see Sandra Williams's bottom do things which are common in this place and which may teach her a lesson by humiliation. That form of moral discipline will please me.

I would be a hypocrite to suggest that I felt no emotion while caning the bare adolescent bottom of girl like Sandra. But let me ask you this. Why does a man become a hangman or a public executioner? Presumably he must want to do it. If he found it objectionable, he would earn his living some other way. Now, take those worthy men and women who uphold the need for capital punishment. Fine people these with no shirking of the sternest moral penalties. But have you ever heard one of them object and say that, after all, capital punishment is morally unacceptable because the executioner somehow obtains gratification from the work? Nor have I ever heard it said by advocates of the noose or the electric chair that a man in that trade should not be allowed to bind and and put to death a young woman. How strange that when it is a matter of spanking a female bottom—which is rarely fatal—there are cries of outrage which are not heard when a woman is hanged, electrocuted, gassed or whatever it may be. Is there, after all, a certain whiff of hypocrisy somewhere? Ask a female delinquent whether she would rather be whipped on her bare bottom or despatched by the gallows or in the electric chair. Can you not guess the answer?

I say this in defence of Mr Jessop because through I was to part company with Camba Real, it was not disapproval of that good man which was uppermost in my mind. I would happily have taken on an educational

establishment filled with girls like Sadra and Linda. I would willingly have dealt with reformatory delinquents of nineteen or twenty like Jayne Webb and Karen Dearlove who featured elsewhere. But I soon decided that I must be on the move.

At Camba Real. I had ample opportunity to read and to reflect on such matters. But it was life rather than literature which affected me most. The Austrian student. Elke Mähne, proved to be no mere figment of a story but one of the girls who has passed through Mr Jessop's hands and was now at Camba Real, awaiting her destiny. I encountered her now, just as she was about to pass into plantation bondage. I recall an evening when I was sitting with Mr Jessop and when he decided to deal with Elke for her moral delinquencies as she deserved. Nor did he exaggerate. You may recall our first glimpse of Elke, high on aspirin and coke, writhing in the embrace of two young ruffians on the public beach and exchanging lesbian tongue-kisses with her blonde butch Claudia. Mr Jessop summoned one of the servants, giving orders that Elke Mähne was to be brought before him, her jeans and panties removed.

I heard the men bring her to the next room. Elke's indignation and refusal greeted the command to undress. It seems she wanted a delay for some reason. A brief struggle followed and then an exclamation of anger from one of the men, as Elke bit or scratched. There was the soft sound of a rubber-heeled canvas shoe being spat upon for luck. Then several powerful impacts upon tightly rounded rear-cheek smoothness and the sound of Elke trying to force her shrillness through a strong hand.

Then the sixteen-year-old Austrian girl was brought before us. Elke was wearing only her waist-length black sweater. Her lips were parted as if drawing breath after exertion, and she blinked moisture from her eyes. Mr Jessop ordered her to stand in the corner facing the

wall. As she obeyed, with bad grace, he smiled to see the full adolescent cheek-pallor of Elke Mähne's bottom. There was a deep blush on the cheeks of Elke Mähne's young arse and the rubber heel of the spat-upon plimsoll was muddily printed on their swelling glow a dozen times.

He kept her standing in the corner with her back to us. After a while Elke lowered her sulky heart-shaped young face and the bell-shape of her light brown hair hung forward a little. Mr Jessop smiled at the tension in the bare weight of her young thighs. The seductively-fattened pallor of Elke Mähne's sixteen-year-old bottom-cheeks tightened suddenly. The girl almost turned to say something, then thought better of it. We just caught the heart-shaped face with its rounded cheek-bones, firm chin and straight nose. The cheeks of her adolescent backside were tensed hard together now, so that Elke Mähne's bottom-crack was pressed to a thin tight line.

"Elke Mähne!" Mr Jessop said teasingly, "Bend over to touch your toes!"

She turned the heart-shaped prettiness of her sulky young face and looked round at him uneasily.

"Obey the command, Elke!"

Cautiously, Elke stooped, one hand on her knee. Her head turned so that we could see her eyes betraying unease. She held her other hand over her bottom.

"Elke Mähne!" There was amusement in Mr Jessop's voice, "Take your hand away from your bottom, Elke! Bend right over."

Elke bent, very reluctantly, until her fingers touched her toes. The strain of the posture showed in her pallid adolescent thighs. The pale cheeks of Elke Mähne's arse swelled suggestively fatter.

Mr Jessop turned to the cupboard, where the canes and the whips were kept. As he took out a bamboo, a sound of impudence came from the bending girl. You

might have thought Elke had put her tongue to her lips and blown the most vulgar trumpet of defiance. But sixteen-year-old Elke Mähne straightened up suddenly with a gasp of dismay at the vulgar sound her young arse had made. She looked back at us with fright in her sulky young face, her hand over her sleek-fleshed young bottom again. Mr Jessop smiled and promised her a sadistic bare-bottomed caning for such adolescent insolence.

Elke was standing with her back to us, her buttocks once again compressed hard together, her head bowed like a little girl in disgrace. It will not surprise you to learn that we took this sulky and self-centred adolescent girl into the next room and taught her a lesson. There was another session of soft wrestling and gasping. At last, one of the grooms gave a breathless laugh of relief, as if his task was done. Elke Mähne was strapped down bare-bottomed over the tall stool looking like a fat-arsed young tart, the cheeks of her backside shapely enough for a prison thrashing. Elke Mähne's knickers were dampened and wadded to quieten her. There was more wrestling and wild protest through a mouthful of wadded panty-cotton. A slither of leather confirmed that they had got the thin strap tight between her teeth and there was the sound of leather slipping as they buckled it at the nape of her neck. Her muted outburst provoked a sharp smack on an adolescent swell of bare feminine rear-cheek flesh.

Elke's wildness was a like a distant mewing. Her writhing against restraining straps was only a creak of leather. Her panic was an urgent smoothing of bare belly on polished wood. Elke was in a true panic now at her helplessness and what was about to be done to her.

There was the light dry rattle of the bamboo cane being picked up. Mr Jessop gazed at Elke Mähne in sadistic contemplation, her bell-shape of light brown

hair falling forward, the sullen adolescent appeal of her face, the nubile young figure and the assured swell of the Austrian student's bottom-cheeks. It was to be expected that, seeing her like this, he would want to give the bare cheeks of Elke Mähne's backside a severe caning.

The sharp swishing impacts sounded through wadded shrillness. From the men who listened outside there were murmurs of amusement. Strokes by the dozen with a prison cane across the bare fattened bottom-cheeks of a girl of sixteen like Elke is a ferocious ordeal in some opinions but a trivial discipline in the police states of the tropics. It was an occasion for smiles rather than solemnity.

Mr Jessop thrashed the Elke Mähne's full-cheeked adolescent backside with sadistic energy and growing excitement. A wadded urgency that sounded like Elke screaming "No!" through the tight wadded panty-cotton of her gag. Even this provoked no more than gentle amusement. The eavesdroppers had heard the same frenzy many times before. They heard it when the whip was used across the bare backside of a proud-bottomed young woman of thirty like Trish Mitchell. They heard it when the stable-lash was used across the plump little bottom-cheeks of a petite and randy nineteen-year-old like Jayne Webb with her reddish-blond tresses. These men knew how natural Elke Mähne's panic was. But feminine panic and frenzy in that punishment-room were far too common to evoke more than a smile.

Elke's alarm mewed again, more urgently, as a riding-switch cut the air when Mr Jessop tested its suppleness. The onlookers breathed an air of excitement. There was a flesh-whisper as Elke's adolescent thighs tensed in their pinion strap. Her muted panic was a distant keening as the leather riding-switch cut the air behind her with another trial swish. Then the whip

landed with an ear-splitting smack across the sleek swell of her squirming buttocks.

Elke's keen-edged mewling rose in a wild uneven arpeggio. It surged more frantically, as if she tried to force her shrillness through the cotton web. The outburst faded. The wood creaked as if Elke's nude weight lay suddenly limp and bottom-upwards across it, a suggestive appearance that would receive no leniency. Mr Jessop chided her.

"You randy young bitch, Elke Mähne! . . . You really feel the welts smarting across your backside now, don't you? . . . I haven't finished with you yet, you young tart! . . . Another session with the leather whip across your bottom, Elke. . . ."

A pause followed before Elke Mähne's sleek adolescent bottom-cheeks were whipped again. Mr Jessop remarked that the cheeks of Elke Mähne's bottom, naturally fattened by her present posture, looked as if she was positioned for a prison thrashing. There was a light swish of the riding-whip cutting air again in preparation. A moment of panic and a fart from Elke Mähne followed by a rear-cheek smack to reprimand her. A measured punishment followed. It echoed again like a ringmaster's whip across the surging full-cheeked swell of Elke Mähne's backside.

My reason for deciding to return from Camba Real was that I discovered how easily a young wanton like Elke can corrupt her guardians. While in charge of her, I was confronted by Elke in the tight jeans that fitted like a skin on the full-cheeked swell of her young bottom. She was high again on something like the aspirin and coke of the first occasion. She was excessively lewd and randy, though vulgar and noisy with it. In a moment of weakness, I ordered the servants to confine her in my bedroom for safety. Presently she was bottom-upwards over the bed. It was hard work taking down those tight jeans. There was a vaseline to hand

and it was smeared between the pallid cheek-weight of Elke Mähne's bottom. The tightness of Elke Mähne's arsehole held my stiffness. Her vague wailing dissent was quietened by Renata Fernandez, the young maid, feeding Elke a little more of her dream food. The sight of my tool engulfed between the pallid swelling cheeks of Elke's bottom inspired me. I assure you that all this was unpremeditated. By the time the afternoon was over, my sperm had escaped three times in the depths of Elke Mähne's backside. Though she needed to withdraw to the cubicle where she could unburden herself of it, I insisted that she must not leave the bedroom until the following morning and that she must sleep bottom-upwards over those pillows, available to me.

Apart from this regrettable lapse, I had nothing to do with her. In a few weeks she would pass into the ownership of an admirer. Meantime, Mr Jessop trained her hard. I recall my last night in the house. I confess it was stimulating to see Elke bending very tightly forward with the black straps round her bare waist and thighs, her wrists held by leather cuffs. Her young bottom's natural rudeness was curbed by a leather strap from the front of her waist, drawn back under legs and pulled up tight between the vulgarly swelling cheeks of Elke Mähne's bottom. Mr Jessop drew on his cheroot, the sparkle brightening. His hand moved and he touched it to the left cheek of Elke Mähne's bottom. It was a moment which signalled the beginning of her first true ordeal of slavery. This was to be a night that the young Austrian student would remember for the rest of her time here. There had been a sluttish and arrogant look to the cheeks of Elke's backside in her smooth and tight-fitting jeans when she was on the beach with the two young men and the hard-faced bitch. Mr Jessop began with her after dinner and continued until midnight. The training of Elke Mähne's bottom was also to be the training of her mind. By the time that she

passed into the ownership of her plantation master, Elke would be a changed girl.

It may not surprise you to learn that the two youths on the beach proved to be the captors who brought her to Camba Real and were handsomely rewarded. Indeed, they left the place at the same time as I did, on the morning after this drama. They were not permitted to watch Elke's ordeal as Mr Jessop touched her up. But when it was over she was left fastened over the trestle for an hour. The two were told that spy-holes had been opened so that if they wished they might separately peep at the rear view Elke now presented. Both of them took the opportunity of a long farewell peep.

The cheeks of Elke Mähne's backside were blushing deeply and smarting like fire. In his usual resolve that she should feel the effects of red-hot passion all the more, Mr Jessop had used the customary methods of enhancing her torment. He had smeared the salted fat over the Austrian girl's glowing rear cheeks, leaving them glossy with it. Elke was sobbing like a bereft little girl. She could not keep her young arse still, its cheeks smarting untouchably. Though she did not know that anyone was watching her, she performed a rear-cheek writhing and squirming that was unintentionally sexy as well as insolent in its suggestiveness.

The two youths saw the fire-coloured swell of Elke Mähne's bottom-cheeks writhe and contort, flesh-creasing and swelling in her torment as she remained strapped down bending over the tall stool. In a slack-cheeked and tight-cheeked rhythm, she squirmed her rather fatly presented young Austrian arse and lamented her fate. From time to time an incautious movement made her behind smart so violently that her lament rose in a wail of alarm. In the wildness of her young backside's surging, the youths heard Elke Mähne fart desperately from between the fatly swelling and sleekly glowing cheeks of her young bottom. Each of the youths stayed the full

hour, spying on her until the moment the peep-holes were closed. They could not see one another and probably did not care if anyone saw them. Each of them was obliged to unbutton as he peeped at Elke and give himself manual relief. They would not admit it publicly but each of them also envied Mr Jessop the chance of giving Elke Mähne's backside such a touching up. They were excited that the young Austrian student would have her months of training under the command of such men as Mr Jessop and the plantation master. They knew that Elke would get just what she deserved.

Mr Jessop and I had had a long discussion the previous evening after dinner. He assured me that I had the makings of a leader and that I should be greatly missed by Doctor Root and Miss Crutch if I remained at Camba Real. Moreover, the time was coming to prepare for another season at the college which he had created. Mr Jessop had no doubt that I would make an ideal deputy until his return. He himself would be detained at Camba Real for another six months. There were certain girls there with whom Mr Jessop wished to deal. Like Linda Jennings or Jayne Webb, their stories belong to another volume. Yet Brigid Price, the Sylvester girls, Suzy Hooper and a score of others were to make their submission to slave-girl masters there.

I seized the opportunity to return to the summer school as Mr Jessop's deputy. In a sense, that is the end of the story. I have admitted to you that my career was not without lapses of the kind which occurred with Elke Mähne and Heia Ragnhild. Yet if one wishes to be a moral leader, one must not speak publicly of such things. If moral leaders, such as I now earnestly aspired to be, are to be known for all their failings, the result will be catastrophic. Because those who preach morality are found to have failings, it will be said that the principals they advocate are suspect. Better that I should have enjoyed myself secretly with Elke and Heia while pub-

licly remaining a figure for moral admiration than that the entire structure of civic morality should be brought down.

So I came home and talked the matter over confidentially with the Reverend Dr Root and Miss Crutch. Dr Root insisted on hearing the story of Elke and Heia several times to be sure that he had missed none of the evidence. He even asked whether I might not have a photograph or two to clarify certain moral ambiguities. Then he gave it as his opinion that I should put all such things from my mind and give myself exclusively to the role of moral leadership in our community. I could find no fault with such wisdom. As Dr Root remarked, only those who have tailed a girl like Elke or fondled a young wanton like Heia can truly appreciate the moral dangers that lurk on all sides for others. He and Miss Crutch even invited me to join their weekly meetings, at which movies and literature were scanned to ensure that there was nothing in them to compromise the purity of our noble town.

But since you have kept me company so far, perhaps it is only right that you should have a final glimpse and see me as I now as, during the summer after the events which I have described.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Today it is low tide after lunch. I much prefer this because it gives a more spacious look to the beaches. When the summer season begins, the pebbles and sand begin to grow crowded with the holiday folk from the grand hotels and boarding houses, not to mention the trains and coaches that bring trippers down for the day from London and elsewhere. At low tide, the stretch of sand further down the beach is also uncovered, giving one a sense of space and sunlit openness.

The beach is divided by tall wooden groins running down to the sea at intervals, the space between them covered by pale grey pebble or shingle with sand lower down. By nightfall that sand will be covered by the tide once more. But during the long afternoon, the rim of the sea is a distant glitter, as if it had withdrawn half-way to the opposite coast. The broad expanse of damp sand that has been uncovered is a place to walk or play, far below the crowded shingle.

With the camera ready, I begin my walk from the quieter and more select end near the old town. Ahead of me lies miles of sunlit coast towards the low fields of the Pevensy shore and the distant hills beyond. I smile at the shouts and laughter of English girlhood, wading and splashing in the shallows of low tide. From

the bathing station to the pier and on to the edge of the town, the beach is crowded with prettiness and beauty of every shape and age from fourteen to forty. From the slack and rippling edge of the tide, one hears only the faintest sounds of traffic from where the grand hotels and the flower gardens of the sea-front stand high above the wavelets.

I walk for about half an hour through this agreeable display of girls in their sleek nylon swimsuits that always seem wet and clinging tight to their breasts and thighs, bottoms and bellies. But though I take a surreptitious photograph here and there, I do not see any young nymph to whom I need devote an afternoon of peeping and clicking, while her first suspicion that she is being photographed grows to nervousness and alarm at the suggestive postures she may might have assumed—unawares—in front of the camera.

As you keep me company, I have passed the bandstand and almost reached the pier before coming upon a most delightful and seducing group of German girls, playing and laughing no more than twenty feet above the ripple of the ebb tide. Shall I pause here? Why not? These teenage nymphs are laughing and sporting in the most innocent and agile manner. There are half a dozen of them, but it is Katharine and Claudia who at once attract my attention. Like the others they are deliciously stripped down to brief and tight bikini swimwear. They have never encountered me face to face, so that I have the advantage of recognising them, from photographs and secret peeps, while they do not yet know me. Katharine is a tall and plump Rhinemaiden of seventeen with her silkily-golden sun-toasted flesh. Her pale blond tresses are lightly waved and sweep seductively on her satiny bare shoulders. Claudia is an appealing contrast. She is a thoughtful and polite sixteen-year-old nymph with a crop of light brown curls and a face of innocent heart-shaped beauty.

It is intriguing to see that all the girls in the group are dressed in nothing more than breast halters and briefs. Either a dip in the sea or the dampness of the sand causes the thin smooth fabric of the swimwear to cling tight as a second skin to the areas it covered. Well, I shall not discipline for that.

They are playing a child's game, adolescent nymphs acting just like little girls of seven or eight. One of them sits at the centre of the circle while the others kneel round her, facing her and sitting on their heels. With eager laughter, they scoop up handfuls of the wet sand and begin to pile it against her legs and hips, burying their laughing victim to the waist.

They are far too busy to notice me. I move unobtrusively towards them, and I take the cap of the lens from the camera. To begin with, I stop about six or eight feet behind Katharine and squat down, pretending to make some adjustment to the camera itself. The great advantage of photography is that it enables the cameraman to take up a position like this on the pretext that some technical adjustment needs to be made.

Katharine is sitting on her heels with her back to me, the blonde tresses brushing loose on her sleek sun-toasted shoulders. The light-blue eyes, strong features, the golden tanned back and thighs of this softly voluptuous German Venus are a pleasure to behold. None of the girls looks at me as I peer through the viewfinder of the camera and pretend to be focusing upon the nearby pier, as if to take a picture. Yet each time I move the camera just enough to fill the frame with one aspect or another of Katharine's voluptuously seductive charm.

The light is so good and I am so close to the girl that every picture is a gem of its kind. I take a dozen portraits of her face, some of her laughing and others showing a pensive mood. I make sure to have a good many which show how the thin russet-brown nylon of

her swimwear clings damp and revealing to her body. Several will show Katharine's plump seventeen-year-old breasts displayed in every line and curve through the wet tight costume. The prints also show clearly that the stimulation of the cold sea has erected her dark pink nipples in their youthful vitality.

I squat down just behind her again and pretend to be puzzling over the workings of the camera. Katharine's rear view is well worth studying. One might browse contentedly on the bare sheen of her sun-browned and sand-dusted back. One might long to handle those strong bare young thighs and sleek-fleshed hips in the tight swimming briefs. The photographs add that she has a lover's gold slave-chain round her left ankle. For which lucky boy in her home town of Cologne does she wear that?

Katharine is so soft-hipped that the elastic waistband of her briefs dents the flesh quite deeply. How voluptuously she fills those skimpy pants! Just then, she reaches forward to pile more sand against the girl at the centre of their circle. Lifting her hips from her heels, she goes forward on all fours. It is impossible not to feel one's pulse quicken at the vulgar and yet seducing rear view that this voluptuous seventeen-year-old offers. Has she transgressed from innocent romping to indecent public display by this movement? I shall be the judge of that presently. The damp cotton of the brown briefs clings smooth and tight to the fatter-cheeked swell of Katharine's bottom. the slight soft bulge of her sex at the rear of her thighs is visible. Raised like this, the tension and strength of her bare young thighs provokes the most challenging moral dilemma.

A dozen times the shutter clicks, while she is in this posture, the blonde Rhinemaiden's backside and bare thighs filling the entire view of the camera. I would be the first to concede that Katharine is not to every man's

taste. One ought not to make too much of her. Her voluptuousness at seventeen may turn to grossness by twenty-four or twenty-five. Yet for those who like a modern Rubenesque beauty, an athletic and sun-golden teenager, she is a perfect object of amusement.

I might have spent longer prying into Katharine's nooks and crannies with my camera but the girls end their game and stand up. They begin to walk up the beach to the place where they have left their clothes and their towels on the pebbles. My attention now turns to the younger girl, Claudia. I would be reluctant to lose the chance of pleasure with either of them but, of the two, Claudia is far more appealing as a subject for moral discipline. By contrast with the plump charms of Katharine, Claudia has the perfection of the nymph. Using a zoom lens, we manage to take several photographs showing the allure of her lively eyes and trim features, the perfection of a face whose proportions run from wider cheekbones to a firm round chin. Her prettily tousled light brown hair curls over her forehead, and its thickness is cut short at her nape.

At her present stage of development, almost two years younger than Katharine, Claudia's figure has the elasticity and resilience of youth. Yet though she has not quite blossomed into full femininity, the lines of womanliness are already visible in her adolescent form. Of the two girls, she would be my choice. I feel almost envious of the lucky teacher who rules over Claudia at her grammar school in Dusseldorf.

I am no more than six feet behind the girls when they come to the little piles of their clothes and towels. Claudia kneels down to smooth out her towel on the pebbles, where she is going to lie and laze in the sun. Like Katharine a little while before, Claudia sits on her heels with her back to me. To see her dressed only in the wet elastic tightness of her emerald green briefs and breast halter is breathtaking. Her young shoulders, her

back and her legs are more lightly sun-tanned than Katharine's. Her figure is greatly to my taste. Claudia still has a narrow-waisted elegance and the delicate bone-pattern of her spine is prettily contoured under her satiny skin. Like so many German girls of fifteen or sixteen, Claudia already has that self-assured swell of the hips that might lead to fatness in ten years time. It is the tragedy of so many young German women to be fat in the seat by the time they are twenty-five or so, which means only that one must make hay while the sun shines upon such Teutonic beauty! Just now, the damp emerald green briefs fit like a sheen of skin over Claudia's flanks and bottom-cheeks, the elastic waist-band denting her nubile flesh a little, as Katharine's had done. For a few years, at least, her rear cheek-swell will be merely suggestive and alluring, enough so to have many male admirers sniffing and nosing after her.

I squat down again, aim the camera, and take two or three pictures of this charming posterior view. And then Claudia raises her hips and goes forward on all fours to smooth out the towel upon which she is going to lie. She fills the viewfinder of the camera with the most delicious posture. So far as I am concerned, it seals her fate. Surely this is a most indecent display on a public beach with so many men of all ages staring in her direction? Claudia kneels on all fours with her knees a little apart. The cheeks of her sixteen-year-old back-side are broadened and rounded in a most womanly manner under the tight elastic skin of her green swimming pants. The slight bulge of feminine flesh between the rear of her legs is also moulded by the damp briefs.

As Claudia offers herself like this, even though innocently and unawares, I take two or three more full-plate photographs. They would be among the gems of any moral disciplinarian's collection of lewd postures. Every detail is perfectly shown. The bare soles of her

feet are pretty enough to kiss. Following her lithe young thighs to their tops, there is a slight but delicious softness on their inner surfaces, just before her legs join. Many of those watching now must long to kiss and tongue-tickle her there, in just such a state as she is now. They would love to taste the sea upon her young flesh and to savour the mineral tang of Claudia's own body. And they would kiss the adolescent ovals of Claudia's bottom-cheeks. On no account must she squander her posterior beauty upon the seat of her desk in Dusseldorf.

I sit down on the pebbles, not far from the girls, like a casual holidaymaker. From time to time I lift the camera, as if to look through its viewfinder. Each time, in its sweeping arc, it comes to rest upon Claudia and I take another photograph. At last, she and Katharine get up and run down towards the incoming tide, splashing into it and getting up to all sorts of wholesome frolics. This is the best chance so far. Though I might have preferred Claudia on her own, at least the two girl-friends are separated from the rest of the group.

I wait a moment, then walk down slowly by the pier. As the two girls come back up the beach towards the point where I stand, I let them see me lift the camera and take several shots of them. I no longer bother to disguise my interest. A shadow of doubt crosses Katharine's face as she sees what I am doing. She turns to Claudia and they stand together, talking in a solemn and subdued manner with many a glance in my direction.

Presently Claudia turns from her friend and begins winking towards me, slowly and I think rather reluctantly. Katharine follows her at a little distance. I think I see my chance. I have made my choice and am determined to call Claudia to account this evening. She stops in front of me. Though Claudia is the younger of the two girls, she is the better linguist.

"Excuse me," she says in her charmingly Germanic

English, "I think you have been taking photographs of us. No?"

I laugh at this, reassuring her a little.

"A man who takes pictures of such a beach cannot avoid those who are upon it. Or did you wish me to take photograph of you so that you may have it for a keepsake?"

By pretending to misunderstand—as if thinking they were asking me to take their pictures—I hope to make progress. The two girls talk quietly together for a moment and then politely decline the offer. They are, indeed, a polite pair of girls. At least Claudia is, for Katharine is nervous and does not say much.

I try another tactic, introducing myself and asking what their names were. You may be sure I only offer them my *nom de guerre*. My two polite young frauleins give me their names at once.

"My name is Katharine," says the buxom seventeen-year-old Rhinemaiden, "I am coming From Cologne and I have seven years English in the grammar school."

I turn to Claudia smiling at the nymphlike figure with her tousled crop of light brown curls.

"My name is Claudia," she says, pronouncing it charmingly as Cloud-ee-ah, "I am coming from Dusseldorf. I have five years English in the grammar school."

We talk pleasantly. I see Katharine cast glances up the beach where the rest of the German girls lie in the sun. I hope she will return to them so that I may have Claudia to myself. But Claudia does not take the hint. In the end we part and I curse the habit that makes it so difficult for a strange to separate one girl from another in that situation.

I do not think I have wanted to reprimand any girl for some time as much as I want to discipline Claudia. I watch her rejoin the others. A cooler breeze has sprung up as the tide begins to come in. She slips on

a black velveteen vest, a simple thing of shoulder-straps and a hem ending at her waist. Claudia's hips and backside are still trimly clad in the tight emerald green swimming briefs and her legs are bare.

By this time I have a score of excellent camera studies of the two German girls and it is time to develop and print them. By this evening the full-plate prints will be ready for consideration. Let us study these images of Claudia and Katharine. Are they innocent and allowable? Or are these postures suggestive, indecent, reflecting discreditably on the girls and on this noble institution where they receive moral instruction? There is Claudia in her bikini with that thoughtful young face and the shock of light brown hair. She is drawing up the bikini waist at the back so that the cheeks of her bottom are distinctly separated, the declivity of her anus-crack shows clearly and one even sees the slight swell of sexual flesh between her thighs. What would her teachers and family in Dusseldorf think of that? Here is a rear-view close-up of Claudia on all fours. Her bottom is half-bare in the bikini brevity and is presented as if she were posing for a lewd magazine! Claudia squatting back, showing the full swell of her arse with the bikini waist drawn dangerously low! Claudia on all fours again with knees apart, showing the soft swell of her inner thigh surfaces and a distinct moulding of sexual flesh by the damp material.

After such a public display, is Claudia a subject for reprimand and discipline or is she not? If public displays of this sort are encouraged by a girl at the tender age of fifteen or sixteen, are they not worse than the randiest movie or the lewdest magazines? Can we overlook such things in our strictly moral community? Claudia's young thighs and backside may have seduced the imagination of respectable fathers of families and lads of tender years. Are we to condone that?

And Katharine from Cologne, with her blond tresses

and baby-blue eyes is quite as blatant. See how those nipples stand out through the thin bikini bra, wet from the sea. See how she sticks her arse right back as she kneels at the beach game, her rear cheeks parted as if inviting something between them. Let her be seen by the wrong sort of person and one can imagine the fate in store for our Rhinemaiden blonde.

Shall we summon them, dressed in those same damp bikinis, and order them to assume the suggestive postures in front of us, so that we may judge more closely. Even a stray pubic hair peeps under the elastic leg-hem of Claudia's briefs. Is it better to overlook their public posturing and leave them prey to every unscrupulous molester? Or is it best to chastise their carelessness or love them a little to comfort them? Is it best to overlook indecent display because it was not intended? In that case, the moral lessons of teachers and clergy must count for nothing.

A timely spanking is not the end of the world. It happens very often and is the best way to enforce moral discipline. Claudia and Katharine are not little children but have womanly young backsides well able to endure discipline with the cane. Indeed, they will learn to endure far worse in the routine trials of life.

Perhaps you have never heard a moralist speak as frankly as I do now. I confess that some of us are hypocrites who talk of morality while dreaming of lechery. I like to think that I am more straightforward. In my youth, I admit, I was as bad as bad can be. It is only by meeting such teachers as Mr Jessop and such fine upstanding clergymen as the Reverend Doctor Root that I have learnt the art of imposing moral discipline on those who need it most.

You still hesitate? Is it better that Claudia should show us her bare bottom now for half an hour or that she should be seduced and ruined through her own carelessness? Is it worse that she should receive discipline

upon that bare bottom or that she should be ravished, raped, abducted, even destroyed as a result of being innocently provocative? You see? As chastisers, we have the girl's best interests at heart. And I cannot imagine that the sight of such a charming young frau-lein's bare bottom would frighten you!

The cane is the cupboard and that desk will be the best thing for her to bend over. Shall we call her in? Very well. I must keep my promise to tell you the story of my adventures with such girls and how I came to succeed Mr Jessop as owner of this language school. I hope you are discreet, because I was very bad indeed to begin with and I should not like the world to be told about it now. We can keep Claudia and Katharine waiting until tomorrow evening, if we choose. Let me tell you first how I came to be the man that I am. Let this be the autobiography of one who toiled through lechery and seduction to emerge as a moralist, a protector of young women and a leader of good taste in this town.

The ideal time for a reprimand is when Claudia has spent the afternoon with some of the other girls on the little bathing beach just below the house. She comes back up the path barefoot, the emerald green bikini clinging wet-tight to her young body. Perhaps, as a late breeze springs up, she also wears her short sleeveless singlet of black velveteen.

Claudia will be surprised but not alarmed to be summoned into the study while she is dressed like this. There is no need for great formality, her damp bikini costume will suit her well. I sit in the comfortably upholstered wing chair and order her to kneel on all fours over my lap. Claudia's rather solemn prettiness is a little clouded by doubt at this. However, she is given to alternative but to obey. If there is a certain confusion in her face it is perhaps because the mirrors are arranged so that she sees herself from several angles—face, rear, and side, as she kneels over like this. Even

at sixteen, Claudia's bottom has the first look of Germanic feminine stateliness and I think she is a little self-conscious about it!

To begin with, though, it is only necessary to stroke her tousled light brown hair and face, calming her as she pressed down over one's lap. The other hand moves gently over Claudia's adolescent hips in their tight emerald kin of damp bikini pants. This hand then moves in a gentle shaping motion over the tightly clad cheeks of Claudia's bottom. She tenses a little but soon calms herself. The hand is doing no more than a consoling or comforting parental touch may sometimes do with a girl like Claudia. But now the hand touches bare smooth thighs. Fingers travel back up again, their tips pressing where the taut bikini-cloth is drawn in between the cheeks of Claudia's bottom. She catches her breath—only the thin pants remain between a fingertip and Claudia's adolescent anus. Instinctively, she tightens her rear cheeks together but this has the effect of imprisoning the fingers between them, as a girl might do if she was really enjoying the tickling of her tight rear hole. Claudia realises this and hides her face in utter confusion. I smile at her in the mirror and then murmur in her ear.

The hand moves down a little. The fingers insinuate between her smooth sea-damp thighs. Claudia starts, like a girl stung by a wasp, as the fingers touch the soft folds of her sexual flesh moulded by the tight bikini between her legs. The fingers remain there, imposing a firm but gentle pressure of reassurance until Claudia settles down and relaxes a little. Then the fingers move slightly and slowly, to and fro. Claudia's face in the mirror is startled but no longer afraid.

The soothing caress continues through the thin bikini cloth. Little by little, the tension in Claudia's straight young back and braced thighs begins to fall away. Claudia yields to the gentle masturbation, liking it very

much indeed. I murmur to her, making her relax a little more and move her knees apart a little. The soft warm folds of Claudia's cunt begin to feel humid through the thin tight cloth. Still moving slowly, fondling, stroking, tickling, the fingers make her toes curl with a sudden shiver of excitement. I shall masturbate Claudia for half an hour and still have ample time to discipline her before she must go to change for dinner.

Stroking, smoothing, tickling, the fingers make her gasp a little and her hips begin to stir in response. The slipperiness of her sexual lubrication is now making the guest of her bikini panties wet to my touch. Claudia's arse is thrust back and her knees shift further apart. The girl is truly opening herself to these caresses, all her shyness overcome and her resistance to pleasure dissolved.

I feel her move in a steady responsive rhythm as she lies over my lap. I hardly need to move my fingers any more. As they intrude between the rear of her bare thighs, Claudia makes love to them by her own movements, riding them gently like a passion-saddle!

When I draw my hand away, she catches her breath in dismay and her body shivers as it had done when I first touched her there. Claudia, her head bowed and face concealed, utters a little sound of woe. She cannot bring herself to say the words and may not be sure of how to express such feelings anyway in another language. Yet I know the meaning of the wordless sound. Claudia is begging me to masturbate her to the climax which is now almost in her grasp.

I smile at her in the mirror and begin again. Touching my lips to her ear as I do so, I promise Claudia that I will now take her all the way, though I warn her that I shall then give her the allotted punishment-lesson with a spanking-strap.

Who knows whether the thought of a spanking may not have precipitated a thrill of release. Riding with her

hips, like a bitch with a dog behind her, Claudia must come in a series of powerful cries, lying limp at last in her release.

Her bikini pants are taken down by their waistband. I make her lie forward over my knee a little more, like a child about to be smacked. I reach for the spanking-strap, thin leather two inches broad and split into tails at its end. The Teutonic stateliness of Claudia's bottom-cheeks faces me. On! . . . Two! . . . Three! . . . Four! . . . Claudia's arse-contortions under the sharp impacts of the strap are the sexiest thing imaginable. I have half an hour before dinner in which to teach her the first lesson in obedience. One does not care to hurry these things. Claudia sees herself in the mirror with her eyes wild and her mouth distended in adolescent shrillness.

Those who count would note Seventeen! . . . Eighteen! . . . Nineteen! . . . After a brief pause they might calculate Thirty-Four! . . . Thirty-Five! . . . Thirty-Six! . . . and still there would be fifteen minutes to go before Claudia must stand up and walk uncomfortably away, gasping and blinking back her tears as she goes to dress for dinner. Claudia will be coming back to the study after the meal and we shall resume the lesson. You may see the consequence for yourself. Our demure teenage from her grammar school in Dusseldorf will be trained as a dignified yet obedient young woman. You will not, of course, expect to see her on the promenade near this house nor in the streets of Dusseldorf. By the time you read these lines, Mr Jessop will have arranged that both Claudia and Katharine will be gracing the love-couches or punishment-trestles of men who have chosen them at Cambina Alta and led them away to remote destinations.

Though a moralist, I have witnessed many shocking incidents. You may imagine the scenes in the sound-proof midnight vaults of Camba Real, where female

captives learn their lessons in obedience. I recall the image of a young woman who was not much less than thirty years old, perhaps a year or two more. I think of her and I recall the sullen young face, the moody mouth and chin, dismissive blue eyes, the long parted fringe of her fair hair in its plain pudding-basin crop. Her firm maturity of figure suggested the regular sex of marriage and lovers, a swollen belly on one or two occasions in her teens. Lesley and her elfin schoolgirl daughter were to be a double purchase by a harem master. I recall the pallor of Lesley's bottom-cheeks swelling firmly as she was presented lying face-down over a leather bolster for his inspection. Her bottom's erotic maturity was a tribute to the carrying of an elfin girl in her belly in her eagerness. The toil of bedroom passion and the labour of giving the world such a charming little replica of herself were suggested by the assured swell of her backside's pearly sleekness.

In the vault stood a padded leather vaulting-horse. Lesley and her youngster had been taken to this punishment-room late in the evening. Through my allotted spy-hole I glimpsed Lesley, naked but for black straps holding her down tightly by wrists, waist and ankles, bending tightly forward along the horse so that it supported her. Astride her waist was her sulky schoolgirl daughter, Rachel, also lying forward on Lesley's back and fastened down. I studied the two bare backsides presented so enticingly in this posture, the pale self-assured cheek-swell of mature young womanhood, straddled by elfin thighs and crowned by a charming little arse which had just the first promise of femininity.

I stiffened with excitement, as much at the thrill of the situation as at the image itself. They were waiting to be whipped. Two such mournful and self-pitying faces were twisted round to the door behind them, Lesley and Rachel both sulky and reproachful in a manner that highlighted the similarity of the young wanton and

her daughter. There was soon a third figure in the vault, anonymously dressed in a uniform with a cap, a prison officer of some kind who had been employed as an experienced chastiser. He would not be affected by frantic female screams and bare-bottomed writhing. He was standing behind the two culprits, sideways to the camera, though his face was turned to the two backsides displayed on the vaulting-horse and only the rear of his head was seen. His pants were unbuttoned and his erect penis stood out hard and veined for the subjects of his chastisement to see. From his hand dangled the short lash of a prison whip.

It will not surprise you to learn that gags were imposed. During the midnight whipping of their two bare backsides, Rachel first heard the sharp rear-cheeks smacks of the lash across the bare full moon pallor of Lesley's bottom and the youngster felt Lesley's nude writhing between her own slim thighs astride the naked waist. Rachel's solemn and reproachful little face with her fair tresses merely increased the severity of the lash across the taut fledgling womanhood of her own pretty bottom-cheeks. Lesley, her backside smarting wildly from the lashing she had just received, awaited her next ordeal while she felt her youngster's slim bare thighs riding her nudity in desperate writhing as the whip kissed Rachel's young bottom with savage imprints.

The uniformed chastiser was greatly excited at such a rare opportunity. It was a long session. Just after dawn, when the servants came to release the culprits, two such howling and mournful faces were turned to the open door. The mouths of the servants rounded in smiling amazement at the whip-skinned state of Lesley's full-cheeked backside and the pretty little cheeks of Rachel's bottom in a similar state. The servants' smiles broadened as they saw the cane and the birch discarded on the floor, the vaseline jar and the chamberpot, the roll of tissue and the whip with its phallus

handle, the slim glass squirt and the bottle of restorative ammoniac. Daylight had already touched the gratings overhead before the session ended. Shocking though this may be, the purpose of these nights was to subdue the arrogance and resentment of such a young woman and her schoolgirl nymph as they made their submission to the harem master whom they must serve.

That is no way for a true educator to conduct his establishment. As you will see, my own profession is to train the girls here for whatever walk of life may be chosen for them by their fates. Be it as smartly dressed young women of the Dusseldorf bourgeoisie or a slave of a plantation master or a harem pasha, the life they lead will be easier for the education and moral discipline they have undergone at my hands. I seek neither praise nor reward for my labours beyond a sense of doing my duty. Moralists and leaders of society need no longer regard themselves as in my debt. I am not their benefactor any longer but one of their number. Dr Root and his kind are my comrades. Comrades, I would say to them, let us go forward together on our great adventure of moral reformation. The aim of uprightness in these matters is surely an end in itself.



Sundancer



Briony Shilton

“Right. In future you will do **PRECISELY** what I tell you, and no more. Understand this—you have no name until I give you one. You have no possessions unless I give them to you. Your body is not yours, but mine. If I wish to thrash you daily, I will. You will not fight but accept without screaming for mercy. You will scream. I shall not feel I have done the job properly unless you do, but you won’t plead or say no. Do you understand? I cannot control your thoughts, no doubt they are full of hatred for me at the moment! You hate me all right, but in time, in time you will hate your boyfriend more, for he knew what he was handing to me when he signed the contract. Long have I wanted to initiate someone into the joys of submission!”



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