

**GRETA X**

**WHIPSDOM**

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# **Whipsdom**

Angela Pearson

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## Chapter One

“This is getting very boring,” said Eric, aged fourteen. “Let’s stop it.” His sister Joan, a beautiful girl of fifteen, looked up briefly from her picture magazine. “Shut up! You’ve only had half an hour of it.”

Eric was lying flat on his back on a ground-sheet under an apple tree in the orchard. His legs were wide open, with his ankles tied tightly to stout tent-pegs which had been driven into the hard earth. His arms were equally spread-eagled, with his wrists bound to other tent-pegs. His body was totally immobile. So was his head, for it was clamped between two other, longer, tent-pegs. Hanging from a branch above his head was a bucket of water. Through a small hole in the bottom of the bucket, a drop of water fell, every second, onto his forehead. Joan was sitting on her mackintosh a few yards away from him.

“And my shirt is sopping,” he said grumpily. “Come on, stop it. I’ve had enough. It’s all a lot of nonsense.”

“Shut up,” said his sister again, without looking up from her magazine.

The previous night she had read a story about the Chinese Water Torture. It had been easy to persuade Eric into an experiment. She had given him the story to read, and had then asked, in a sisterly dependent way, for his superior masculine opinion. “How long do you think it takes before a victim goes mad?”

“They probably don’t,” Eric had said loftily. “I can’t see anything to it. Just a

continuous dropping of water on the head. There's nothing to that."

"I wonder," she said thoughtfully. "They're supposed to go mad sooner or later."

"It's a lot of nonsense. That's what I think."

She looked at him provocatively. "Bet you wouldn't like it yourself."

"You're nuts," he said briefly, but with an uneasy feeling that he knew what was coming.

"I dare you."

He eyed her defensively. "To do what?"

"To test it on yourself."

"Don't be stupid." He moved uneasily in his chair. He felt himself beginning to be cornered. He picked up a newspaper and pretended to read it.

"You're a coward," she said softly, after a moment had passed.



He threw down the paper. “Oh, hell! all right. When? Now?”

She smiled in a silky, satisfied way. “Not now. It’s dark, silly. Tomorrow morning, after breakfast. We’ll see how long you can stand it. But if I see you beginning to go mad, I’ll untie you, of course.”

“What do you mean, untie me? For heaven’s sake, you don’t have to tie me up again.”

“Oh yes I do,” she replied, running the tip of her tongue lightly over her upper lip. “Of course I do. That’s part of the torture. I only hope it won’t be raining.”

It was not. The sun was shining in a cloudless sky. Immediately after breakfast she led him to the garage and found the necessary ropes, tent-pegs, mallet and groundsheet. She made him punch a small hole in the bottom of an old bucket. This she filled with water. Then she led him to the orchard and spreadeagled him on the ground beneath a tree.

He had now been in this position for a little over half an hour.

“Oh, come on, Joan,” he said irritably. “Let’s stop it, I tell you. It’s beginning to be very annoying.”

She looked up at once. “That must be the beginning of madness,” she said judicially. “How bad is it?”

“I want to pack the whole thing up.”

“Oh, no, Eric! Not when it’s just beginning to work.”

A big, broad-shouldered man came through the trees towards them. “Good God!” he said, staring at Eric. “What the devil’s going on here?”

“Hello, Daddy,” said Joan. “We’re trying out the Chinese Water Torture, and it’s just beginning to work.”

Clive Lyveden frowned thoughtfully at his daughter. “Beginning to work, is it? Then you better pack it up, hadn’t you? We don’t want a madman in the family.”

“Oh, Daddy, it’s only just beginning ...”

“You’d better pack it up,” he replied quietly.

Joan glanced at him, and then nodded. “All right. If you say so, Daddy.” When her father spoke in that quiet tone it was unwise to argue. She knelt beside Eric and began to untie the ropes.

Clive Lyveden looked at her, the thoughtful frown still on his face. How much, he was asking himself, has she inherited from her mother? Is she destined to have the same desires? It certainly looks like it. She shows all the signs. And she seems already to have a strong predilection for tying Eric up as often as she can.

He remembered the last time he had come upon them, after she had tied him up. It had been the result of a “dare,” as he had no doubt this Chinese Water Torture now was. She had tied him hand and foot to the four corners of his bed and was jumping up and down on his stomach. She said it was for muscle exercise.

He wondered where her predilection would lead her next. He glanced up at the bucket hanging from the branch of the apple tree. This isn't very bad in itself, he told himself. But what will she think of next? She is certainly showing all the signs that she's growing up into what her mother was. What, in heaven's name, can I do?

There's nothing, absolutely nothing, he told himself sadly, that anyone can do about it. If she has it in her blood, or in her brain or spirit or whatever, she'll become what her mother was.

He sighed quietly to himself. As Eric stood up and rubbed his ankles and wrists, he said: “You'd better run and put on a dry shirt, old chap.” When Eric had gone he put an arm round his daughter's shoulders and squeezed her to him. “We don't want him to go mad, and we don't want him to have pneumonia, do we, darling?”

He sat at the head of the table, half an hour later, and gazed reflectively at his children as they ate lunch with ravenous appetites. Joan was on his right, Eric on his left. Opposite him, the fourth chair was unoccupied, as it had been since their mother's death. The housekeeper had her meals in her room.

There's nothing wrong with Eric, he thought. He hasn't inherited anything from her. He's a normal, healthy young animal. Perhaps he lets Joan rule him a bit too

much, but there's nothing in that. Many brothers let their sisters rule the roost. The only trouble is that it encourages her to get up to some potentially dangerous games.

How like her mother she is, he thought, gazing at her. Equally beautiful — or perhaps more beautiful? Time will tell. But she's already quite breath-taking. And her eyes have the same sort of smouldering fire from time to time that her mother's used to have. She's going to make some man, or men, suffer a great deal one of these days. And yet she's so kind-hearted, so gentle — like her mother. She's warm and responsive. She wouldn't deliberately give any mental or spiritual hurt to anyone. But physical hurt? That's a very different matter. Her mother was a kind-hearted person until her sexual desires got hold of her. How long will it be before Joan realises, and gives way to, what she has inside her. Perhaps going away to school will delay it a bit. It just might take it out of her, away from her, in some way. "Only a couple of weeks now," he said, "before you are off, both of you, to school. Looking forward to it?"

Eric thought for a moment. "I think so, but I'm not so sure. I suppose it'll be all right after the first term."

"The first three terms," said Joan, crisply. "Oh, I wouldn't say that," said Clive Lyveden. "It's only the first term that's a bit tough at a public school."

"It's three terms at Blackstone," said Joan. "Peter Windruch was telling me about it at his sister's party last week. He's there, you know. He's in his second year. He says the first year is awful."

Clive laughed. "Don't take any notice of her," he said to Eric. "She's just trying to put the wind up you."

“I’m not,” said Joan. “I think you ought to know what’s coming to you, that’s all. Sometime in the first week they’ll have the new boys’ concert. You’ll have to stand up on a table and sing something. And everyone will throw shoes at you.”

“Tennis shoes,” said Clive. “There’s nothing much in that.”

“And then,” Joan went on with a thinly disguised relish in her voice, “you’ll have to take off your trousers and pants and run the gauntlet up the length of the dormitory and then down again. And everybody will flick at your bare legs with the ends of wet towels.”

“Peter did tell you a lot, didn’t he?” said Eric, sourly.

“But that’s not all,” said Joan. “When that’s over you have to bend down for the head boy of the dormitory. And he gives you six of the best with a cane.”

Clive frowned. “I think you’d better shut up, young lady. The same things might happen to you, at Wetherby.”

“Oh, Daddy, I don’t think they cane girls nowadays at a public school.”

“Don’t be too sure of it,” said Eric pugnaciously. “I’ve heard some stories about Wetherby that would make your hair curl.”

“What, for instance?”

“They do use canes. They use ‘em quite a lot. At least, the prefects do.”

“Do they, indeed?” said Joan. “Why didn’t you tell me this before?”

“Didn’t want to put the wind up you. You’ll find out for yourself soon enough. I don’t know whether they have new girls’ concerts and that sort of thing. But I do know that the prefects do a lot of caning.”

“Oh,” said Joan pensively. “I wonder how long it takes to become a prefect.”

Yes, thought her father. I was wondering myself whether you’d think of that. “I’ll be away for eight days,” he said, to change the subject. “Just promise me that you’ll behave yourself, both of you. And don’t give Mrs. Belton any trouble.”

“We won’t,” said Joan. “When are you off?”

“Before breakfast tomorrow morning. Very early. There’s no need for you to get up. I’ll have some days with you before you go off to school.”

Two days later, a friend of Eric’s came to tea. It was raining heavily. They began to amuse themselves playing Monopoly but Joan soon tired of it and left them to themselves. Robert, the friend, a tall boy of sixteen, had fallen under the

influence of Joan's dark loveliness and very quickly tired of the game himself after she had left the table. He got up and went to her chair. He looked down at her hair and wished he could touch it.

"What shall we do now?" he asked.

Joan shook her head. "Don't know. Unless we go for a walk."

Eric snorted. "In this rain! Are you nuts?"

"I like walking in the rain," said Joan. "You know I do."

"So do I," said Robert quickly.

Joan gave him a dazzling smile. She stood up. "Good. Let's put on macks and go, then. It'll give us an appetite for tea. Let Eric do what he likes."

Robert looked at his host doubtfully. "What about it, Eric? It's a good idea. Come on."

"It's a bloody silly idea," said Eric. "But all right, if you want to."

They put on mackintoshes and went out into the downpour. Robert very soon

began to agree with Eric, but he strode along manfully at Joan's side, trying to keep his head as erect as hers. She had the better of him, of course, because she was wearing a hood and he wasn't, and the rain began to drip down his neck. Eric plodded moodily behind them, saying nothing.

"I love rain," said Joan. "It's so invigorating."

"May I ask you something?" said Robert.

"Do."

"How old are you?" He asked the question diffidently.

"Nearly sixteen," said Joan promptly.

"Is that all? I thought you were older. About eighteen, I thought."

Joan turned her head and gave him a grateful smile. "Did you? Many people have thought that." She hoped that Eric would not say that she had already lied. "Anyway, I feel sixteen. I feel like a woman, not a child."

Robert opened his mouth to say something, then shut it quickly. He blushed.



“What were you going to say?” asked Joan inquisitively.

“Nothing. I wasn’t going to say anything.”

“Yes, you were,” said Joan sagely. “But we’ll let it pass.”

They walked on until they reached the outskirts of the village, and Eric said: “Come on, let’s pack this up. I’ve never heard of such a damn silly idea as this. Let’s go home. I’m wet through. And I’ll bet you are too, Robert.”

“I am, a bit,” said Robert. “At least, my shirt is. And my pants are beginning to be a bit damp too. The rain’s been seeping down my back.”

“Never mind,” said Joan. “There’s a big fire at home. You can both take off all your clothes and send them to the kitchen to dry. You can wrap yourselves up in big bath-towels and sit in front of the fire and have tea.” She eyed Robert thoughtfully. He was an attractive boy. “You’ll look nice, both of you, wearing nothing but a big bath-towel. You’ll look like Arabian Sheiks.”

They sat round the big, blazing log-fire and had a tea of richly buttered crumpets and chocolate cake. The two boys had nothing on underneath their large bath-towels. Their socks also had to be sent to the kitchen to dry. Eric, of course, could have put on other clothes, but in deference to his guest he draped himself too in a towel. He admitted to himself that it was rather fun to have tea looking a bit like a sheik.

Joan looked appreciatively at Robert as she poured the tea. A very attractive boy, indeed, she thought. A sudden quick twinge of desire went through her. She wished she could pull the towel off him and see what he looked like naked. To her surprise she felt a momentary hot breathlessness in her throat. She looked away from him. The breathlessness went away.

She had been having these momentary twinges of desire for some months now. She had been thinking of them when she told Robert that she felt like a woman, not a child. At first they had worried her. She had not expected that a girl of her age could begin to have them so strongly. Having no mother with whom she could discuss the matter, she had spoken about it to a friend of hers, who was about her own age. The friend had found the matter inexplicable, and had been no help.

“What shall we do now?” said Eric. “Ping-pong?”

“All right,” said Robert.

“The table is upstairs,” said Joan, “and it’s cold up there. Besides, you’d find it a bit difficult to play ping-pong in those towels.”

“We can put on our clothes.”

“They won’t be nearly dry yet.”

“What then?”

“Don’t know.” Joan stared at the fire and toyed with an idea that had just come into her mind.

“You might try to be a bit constructive,” said her brother.

“What do you mean, constructive?”

“I mean helpful.”

“All right,” said Joan, crossing her legs. “I do know of something to do.”

“What is it?”

“I tie you both up and ...”

Eric groaned. “Not again, for God’s sake!” He turned to Robert. “She’s completely nuts, you know. Always wanting to tie people up.”

“Why don’t you let me finish?”

“All right then,” said Eric with exaggerated patience. “Finish.”

“I tie you both up, hand and foot, and you lie on the floor at the end of the room and race each other on your stomachs to the other end.”

Robert looked at her with nerves tingling. It sounded exciting, for some reason, to be tied up by her.

“Now that is really a bloody silly idea!” said Eric explosively. “I mean, what’s the reason for anyone ever to do a thing like that? Nobody would ever crawl over the floor with his hands and feet tied up. Let’s find something to do that’s logical, for God’s sake.”

“It’s you who’s bloody silly,” said Joan hotly, stung more by his tone than his words. “You’ve simply no imagination.”

“All right,” said Eric, nodding his head with an air of elaborate fairness. “Just give us some situation where it could happen logically, and we might think about doing it.”

Joan stared again into the fire, pretending to think. Then:

“People do get captured now and again, don’t they? By — by Chinese bandits and so on.”

“Not nowadays.”

“Oh, they do, Eric,” said Robert quickly. “By Chinese communists, anyway.”

Joan gave him a grateful smile. “See?” she said triumphantly to Eric.

“What’s that got to do with crawling over the floor, anyway?”

“I’m coming to that,” said Joan, uncrossing her legs and pressing her knees tightly together. “You’ve been captured and you’re now being tortured. Or rather, you’re being beaten with a long bamboo cane. Very naturally, you’ve been tied up hand and foot. And you’re lying on your stomach on the floor. The man who is beating you breaks the cane and goes away to get another one. He leaves the door open; because you’re so tied up he thinks you’re helpless. But you start crawling across the floor to make you getaway. You’d do that, wouldn’t you?” She looked at her brother belligerently.

“That’s another matter. You’d have a shot. And you told me to give you a situation where you could logically crawl over the floor with your hands and feet tied.”

Robert was listening with his nerves tingling. He very much wished that Eric would stop arguing.

“Well, what do you say?” demanded Joan “I’ve given it to you, haven’t I?”

“Well, yes, in a way,” said Eric. “But” — he made a movement with his towel-

draped arms — “we can’t do it like this. Not in these towels.”

“Take them off.”

Eric opened his eyes wide. “We’re naked underneath. Didn’t you know?” He spoke with heavy sarcasm.

“Of course I know. And you’d be naked in the situation. Do you think you’d be beaten with a bamboo cane with any clothes on?” She matched his sarcastic tone with her own.

“But we can’t crawl about the room naked with you here.”

“Why not? I don’t mind. What’s so terrible about being naked? What about all the nudist camps?”

Robert’s heart was now pounding fast. He glanced at Eric. “I don’t mind, myself,” he said lightly. “Not if Joan doesn’t. Let’s do it. It might be good fun. And I’ll beat you to the other end of the room.”

Joan gave him another grateful smile.

“Oh, all right,” said Eric grumpily. “But she does have some extraordinary ideas.”

“I think it sounds rather good fun.”

Joan jumped up and ran out of the room. “I’ll get some ropes.” She was back in a minute with several lengths of stout cord. “Come on, let’s begin. Go over to the wall, that one.” She pointed to the wall at the end of the long room. The breathlessness was back in her throat. She was very excited at the idea of tying Robert up. And she would also see what he looked like naked.

The boys went to the end of the room.

“Off with your towels,” said Joan.

“Hadn’t we better lie down first,” said Eric. “On our stomachs, I mean. It will be a bit more decent.”

“Oh, for heaven’s sake!” said Joan crossly. What a prude you are. I know what a male body looks like, and it won’t shock me at all.”

“As you like,” said Eric resignedly, and let his towel slip to the floor.

Robert stood motionless, the towel still draped round him. To his horror he felt his penis erecting. He had not counted on that. He didn’t mind Joan seeing him naked. It was exciting, in some way. But he didn’t want her to see him with an erection. And he didn’t want Eric to see it either.

She came up to him and said: "Why are you waiting? Off with it."

Slowly he let it slip to the floor.

With a hot gust of desire she saw the erection. "Oh," she said lightly. "That's a bit naughty, isn't it? And it'll get in your way when you're crawling along on your stomach." She wished she could touch it. Her heart began to thump.

"Good heavens!" said Eric, with his eyes wide open. "What a funny time to get a hard on. Why?"

"I don't know," muttered Robert, his face bright red. "Can't understand why myself."

"Turn round, anyway," said Joan, "and put your hands behind your back." Deftly she tied his wrists together. "Now lie down. No, not on your stomach. On your back for a moment. Put your feet up. Put them up on my knees."

Robert did as he was told. His erection had grown stiffer. He felt very ashamed of himself, but excited at the same time.

As she bound his ankles tightly together, Joan studied his lean handsome body out of the corner of her eyes. She particularly studied his erected penis. That is for me, she said to herself. Oh God, I wish I could hold it for a moment or two. But that would never do. "Now you can turn over on your stomach," she said.



Within a couple of minutes Eric was similarly bound and lying on his stomach. Joan stood away from them and gazed at their naked backs and bottoms and legs. “Let’s say that I am the one who’s beating you,” she said. She began to tremble slightly as she pictured herself doing it. “I’m beating you both very hard with a very long swishy bamboo cane. I’m beating you with all my strength. I’ve given you over — oh, over twenty lashes each. You are both covered with blood.” She stopped for a moment out of sheer breathlessness.

Robert caught his breath too. To his surprise he realized that he would not mind at all if she were in fact beating him as she said. It was a titillating thought.

“And then suddenly,” she went on, “my cane breaks. I throw it down and go out of the room to get another. And now is your chance. In terrible agony you start to get to the door. All right, get ready, get set — go! Let’s see which of you gets there first.”

With convulsive jerks of their bodies the boys began to thrust themselves forward over the floor on their stomachs. They were about half way across, the room when the door opened and Mrs. Belton, the housekeeper, came in.

She gave a high-pitched cry and stared at the scene with astonishment. She swallowed once or twice and then frowned darkly. “What do you think you’re doing?” she demanded. “Stop this at once, and put some clothes on.” She swallowed again. “I’ve never seen anything so disgraceful! Just wait till your father hears of it!” She turned and stalked out of the room.

Mrs. Belton was with Clive Lyveden in his study, about a week later.

“Apparently, it was all Joan’s idea, sir,” she said. “The boys didn’t want to play the game in the nude.”

Of course it was her idea, thought Clive. And I’ll bet she planned the whole thing — taking them out in the rain in order to get them drenched, in order to get them sitting in front of the fire with nothing on but large bath-towels, in order to get them naked later for her tying-up. Dear God. It’s another step forward.

“I feel, sir,” Mrs. Belton went on, “that it was rather my fault. I should have been with them. I ...”

Clive Lyveden forced a smile. “Oh, not at all, Mrs. Belton. It was no fault of yours. You are not their governess, after all.”

“Thank you, sir. But with you being away, and with them not having a mother — well, perhaps I ought to have watched them more.”

“Think no more about it,” said Clive. “It wasn’t really very bad, was it? And they’re only children, aren’t they? There’s nothing so very shocking about nakedness, is there?”

They’re only children, he thought, after she had left his study. Yes, they are only children. He put his head in his hands. At least, Eric is still a child, and probably his friend Robert is. But Joan? Dear, darling, lovely Joan? Joan, with her breathtaking beauty, and her sweet character, her kindness, her gentleness? No, Joan is no longer a child. And she’s developing fast in other direction. What can I do?

What, dear God, can I do? Shall I take her to a psychologist? What would be the good? If she has it inside her, no psychologist could ever take it out. I took her mother to one once, and, if anything, he made her worse. Shall I ever forget it? Shall I ever forget what she did to me that day he said he'd finished the treatment. Oh no, no psychologists again! No psychologists for little Joan.

There was a tap on his door.

"Come in," he called.

Joan came into the study wearing a pair of jeans. "'Lo, Daddy."

"Hello, sweetheart."

"Has Mrs. Belton been reporting?"

"Yes."

"She's been awfully cut up about it. But, Daddy, it wasn't so very bad, was it?"

Her father frowned slightly. "I don't suppose so. But you can't be surprised that she was a bit shocked."

“You’re not shocked, though, Daddy?”

Clive shook his head slowly. “No, I’m not shocked.”

“You do see how it all happened?”

“Yes, I see that.”

“And you’re not angry?”

“No, darling, I’m not angry. But I think you ought to have a bit more sense. Other people might be a good deal shocked, you know.”

She ran around the desk, sat on his lap and kissed his forehead. “You’re such a wonderful father. I love you so much.”

When she had gone, he put his head in his hands again. A wonderful father, you said. Am I? I don’t think so. I simply know what is wrong with you — or what is going to be wrong with you. And I know that only a miracle can stop it happening. I myself cannot.

But at least, he thought with some relief, you won’t be able to get up to much mischief when you go away to school next week. Not for a little while, anyway. And, who knows, you might just grow out of it before it’s too late. Please God, though, they never make you a prefect.

## Chapter Two

Joan was made a prefect of Wetherby College at the beginning of her last term there, two months before her nineteenth birthday.

She had grown into a creature of superlative loveliness, with the sort of beauty that nature, in her wisdom, permits woman to possess but very rarely. She was loved by all — fellow-students, mistresses, masters, servants — not only because of her exceptional beauty but also because of her character, her gentleness of manner, her sympathy to a fellow-human in trouble, her ready wit, her bubbling humor, and her great charm.

Her years at Wetherby had been very happy on the whole. She had suffered a good deal in her first few terms, as she had expected to suffer, because Wetherby had the reputation of being tough with its girls. It was the sister school of Lansdown College, whose boys traditionally went through a planned and systematic period, in their first few terms, of ill-treatment and beating — euphemistically called ragging — which was supposed to be good for the development and training of their character. Upon its foundation, two centuries ago, Wetherby's first Head-mistress had been a woman who took a pride in proving that her girls could endure just as much as the boys of Lansdown. And tradition had carried it on.

None of the ill-treatment and beating at Wetherby came from the teaching staff. They were there only to teach. The administration, the day-to-day running of the school, and particularly the installing of the spirit of discipline, were matters left in the hands of the twelve prefects. These twelve girls, all seventeen or eighteen years of age, held a great deal of power over three hundred girls. And their power sprang principally from their traditional right to use the cane whenever

they thought fit. There was very little sadism, very little caning for pleasure. There was, however, no sentimental feeling that the buttocks of a girl were any more inviolate than those of a boy. Why should there be? was the unspoken question at Wetherby. A girl, a woman, is destined by nature to endure a great amount of pain. Look at the agony of childbirth, if nothing else. In comparison, what were a few strokes of a cane across the buttocks? If a boy could stand them, a girl could stand them five times over.

Tradition now, however, was not quite so implacable as it had been in the days of the first Head-mistress. Then, a girl who was to be punished was beaten willy-nilly. She had no choice. And often she was beaten with a whip or a birch, and sometimes, on rare occasions, with a cat-o'-nine-tails. Now, only a cane was ever used. And, in addition, she had a choice. She was offered the choice of writing a few pages of Greek or Latin, or receiving twelve strokes of the cane across her open hands — six across the right and six across the left, or bending over a chair and receiving six strokes across her buttocks. Most girls chose the six across the buttocks. Very few ever chose the writing of the passage of Greek or Latin. There was a great loss of face entailed. Courage had to be shown at all times. Some, from time to time, chose the twelve across the hands, but this was more from reasons of menstruation than of modesty. At other times the buttocks were preferred. For, though the strokes across the buttocks were undoubtedly given with greater force, there were only six — and the pain was over more quickly. Whether a girl was caned upon her naked buttocks or through her knickers was a matter that was left up to the individual prefect. The majority of prefects insisted, however, upon naked buttocks, principally because of tradition. They had themselves been caned upon their naked flesh. Why should it occur to them, when they were elevated to the goddess-like status of prefectship, to do anything but insist upon the removal of the knickers?

Joan had been caned upon her naked buttocks many times in her early days at Wetherby. She had been a natural rebel against discipline in her fourteenth year, and had consequently been a frequent visitor to the Prefects' Block for punishment. She had duly removed her knickers, bent over the chair, and received the six lashes of the supple cane with gritted teeth but never a murmur. She had, instead, projected herself into the future. One day, she would be a

prefect herself, and she would get her revenge. For the time being, she had been content to wait.

When she returned to Wetherby at the beginning of her last term and read, on the notice board, that she had been made a prefect, she nodded her head slowly and thoughtfully. She decided to go straight into the town to buy something she needed. Automatically, she started towards the Prefects' Block to ask for permission and then, with a feeling of deep satisfaction, realized that now, as a prefect herself, she was free to go into the town whenever she wanted without a prefect's permission. In future, she herself would be giving these permissions.

She left the school grounds and walked the half-mile into the town. She went straight to a hardware shop she knew of.

"I want some canes," she said.

The shopkeeper was a man of about forty. In spite of many years' experience of the prefects of Wetherby he had never become quite accustomed to the visits to his shop, at the beginning of every term, of two or three young women wanting to buy canes. He continued to find it a little shocking.

He looked at Joan without surprise, nevertheless. "The female of the species," he muttered. "Canes again!"

Joan laughed. "Yes, I've been told you always say that when a prefect comes to buy a cane. Can you finish it?"

“Finish it?” He looked at her blankly. “Finish the last half?”

He frowned at her. “I dunno what you’re talking about.”

“Let it pass,” said Joan. “Will you show me your canes, please?”

He brought her a tall vase filled with canes of different lengths and thicknesses. They all had U-shaped handles.

With great care she selected four very thin and supple ones. “These, please.”

“You think they’ll be enough?” he asked sarcastically. “You won’t break ‘em?”

Joan felt suddenly that she would like to break them all over his own backside. She drew a breath and said calmly: “How much, please?”

“A bob.”

She gave him a shilling. “Thank you.”

“D’you want ‘em wrapped?”



“No, thank you. It’s not necessary to wrap ? them.”

“Enjoy yourself,” he said sourly, as she left the shop.

Momentarily, his manner upset her. She had come with such high spirits to buy the canes. It was, after all her turn. She had been caned unmercifully herself. Now her time had come to do some caning of her own. It was, after all, ‘ tradition — and justice. She shrugged her shoulders impatiently and put the shopkeeper out of her mind. Her heart began to beat a little more quickly as she looked at the instruments in her hand. Yes, indeed, she thought to herself, there ‘ is a good deal of justice in tradition.

She walked back to the school, swinging one of the canes in her right hand and holding the other three in her left. A few townspeople eyed her curiously as she passed them. Not everybody knew Wetherby’s reputation. It was exclusively a boarding-school, and took no girls from the town. The townspeople now wondered what this lovely girl could be doing with a number of canes in her hands.

She was wondering how soon someone would do something wrong, and give her her chance. She hoped it would be soon. In any case, she could find a chance when bedtime came. There was always someone who persisted in talking after the silence bell had rung. She would patrol the dormitories and seek her chance.

She felt suddenly a little shocked at the strength of her desire to use a cane. With honesty, she admitted to herself that it was not simply to get revenge. It was something else, something that burned inside her. She wanted to see a pair of naked buttocks stretched tightly over a chair. She wanted to hear” the swish of the cane as it descended in her own hands. She had listened to that swish often enough when the cane was in someone else’s. She wanted to see the weals spring

to life across those naked buttocks. She wanted to hit hard. She felt that, if she did this, something of the burn inside her would be assuaged. The years of waiting would be compensated. She would be fulfilled in some way. It did not occur to her that these feelings were sexual. She had vaguely heard of sadism, of sexual flagellation, but she had never related it to herself. To her, the matter was simple, if a little shocking at this moment. Prefects had the right to use a cane, and many prefects enjoyed doing so. She was now a prefect, and she was going to enjoy doing so, too.

Her chance came sooner than she had expected. As she crossed a field and came up to a stile, her way was barred by a farmer's boy, a-bout seventeen years old. He was sitting on the top of the stile.

"Will you let me pass, please," said Joan.

The boy grinned and shook his head. "Not unless you give us a kiss."

She did not hesitate. She dropped the canes and advanced on him. He made no move. He did not know that the girls of Wetherby were trained in Judo. To his great surprise he found himself, within three seconds, flat on his face on the ground. In a flash Joan reached for one of the canes. She put a foot heavily on the back of his neck and pinioned him to the earth. She lifted the cane and lashed him hard across his backside and legs. She lashed him six times and then removed her foot. She picked up her other canes and crossed the stile. She was panting a little but she said nothing.

The boy said nothing either. He was too surprised to speak. With the pain of the lashes burning like fire, he lay where he was, only turning his head to look incredulously at her as she walked away on the other side of the stile. He still did not quite understand what had happened to him.

Joan was tingling all over. Her heart was racing and there was that old feeling of breathlessness in her throat. It was the first time she had ever hit anyone with anything more than her hand, and she had found it a very exciting thing. Each time she had struck at his body she had received something like a sweet electric shock. It suddenly occurred to her that she could have given him more than six. He had been quite helpless under her foot, at least for a few more moments. She might have given him twelve, or even twenty. That would really have shown him something! She had automatically stopped on the sixth stroke because she had become accustomed to the idea that caning went in sixes. At Wetherby, at any rate, more than six were never given at any one time.

She stopped and looked back. The boy was standing at the stile watching her with an open mouth. She considered returning and putting him down on his face again. He would probably run for life if he saw her coming towards him again but she was sure that she could overtake him.

She changed her mind as she heard the school bell in the distance. Lunch-time. She was hungry. She waved her canes at the boy, turned, and walked quickly in the direction of the school.

or about a year now she had had the privilege of having a study, but it had been a study shared with another girl. Now that she was a prefect she had one to herself. After lunch she went to it, closed the door and surveyed it again.

It was a room about fifteen feet long by twelve wide. Its window, an attractive bay, faced the door. A small upright fireplace was in the left-hand wall. Two water-colours, left by its previous occupant, hung on each side of the fireplace. There was a threadbare carpet on the floor, a deep easy-chair, a writing-table standing by the ink and milk and tea and butter of generations of girls, an upright chair, a cupboard for a variety of things from a mackintosh to a hockey stick, a

gas-ring and blackened kettle on the hearth, and nothing else.

Joan decided that she would have to do something about it. She would be at Wetherby for only three months more but, nevertheless, the study needed some careful doing-up. She would have to get some new furniture, too.

She looked at the water-colours beside the fireplace. An idea came to her mind. She took them off their hooks and put them on the stained table. She took her four canes out of the cupboard. She hung one on each of the empty hooks, and stood back to survey the effect. It pleased her. They were a more positive decoration than the four rather insipid water-colors. It gave her a feeling of warm pleasure to see them hanging there promisingly before the fireplace.

There was a tap at the door.

“Come in,” called Joan.

A girl of the Lower Fifth came into the study. She was about fifteen years old.

“Excuse me, Lyveden. I’ve a message for you from the Head.” Her eyes fell on the four canes beside the fireplace. She faltered.

“Yes?” said Joan kindly. “Go on.”

“There’s a meeting of prefects in her study at five o’clock.”

“Thank you.”

The girl threw another quick glance at the canes and disappeared.

Joan laughed softly to herself. She looked at the canes. They did look rather threatening. Perhaps she had better take them down and put the water-colors back. She would see. They could! stay there for the time being, anyway.

The Headmistress sat at her desk and studied the faces of the twelve prefects ranged in a semi-circle before her. Five of them had just been appointed. The other seven already had a term of two of experience. She began to speak, looking more at the new five than at the others.

“You are now in a position of considerably authority,” she said. “Prefects here, as you know, have a great responsibility. The running of the school is largely in your hands. So is discipline. And you have a great deal of power. This is largely because you are free to use the cane whenever you think fit. I sometimes wonder whether this tradition is a good one or not. It is, however, a tradition — and a strong one. As long as the boys at Lansdown can be beaten by the prefects there, we at Wetherby shall probably allow our girls to be caned by our own prefects. It is supposed to be good for character. If it is, there are two sides to it. It may be good for the character of the girl who is caned. It is also good for the character-building of the one who does the caning. She must learn to punish justly, objectively, and dispassionately.”

She paused and looked into the eyes of the five new prefects. “Justly, objectively, and dispassionately,” she repeated. “Never in anger.”

She paused again. “It goes without saying — or, at any rate, it ought to go without saying — that no prefect must ever allow herself to experience the least pleasure while punishing a girl. That is why you must never punish anyone while you are feeling angry. If you are angry there is a danger that you may feel some satisfaction in inflicting the punishment, and that is a very bad thing.” She frowned to herself and on grimly. “Sometimes we make mistakes in the appointment of prefects. Sometimes — not very often, I’m glad to say, but sometimes — there have been caning for its own sake.”

Joan thought of the four canes hanging on the wall of her study. She felt herself on the verge of a blush. She fought it down. The Headmistress might see through her at once. She forced herself to put something of shocked incredulity into her expression.

“There have been two cases of such prefects in my own time,” the Headmistress went on darkly, “and they didn’t last long. One was reduced to the ranks, as it were. The other was expelled. That one was a very bad case indeed. A shocking case.”

Was she like me? Joan wondered. And am I so shocking? Is it really so shocking to want to cane someone? I never complained when they caned me. Why is it so wrong for me to want to do it now?

“... care is taken over the appointment of prefects,” the Headmistress was saying. She smiled at them all. Her grim tone had gone. “And all of you have been very carefully selected. I am confident that you will all be highly worthy of your responsibility.” She looked down at her desk and moved some papers. The interview was at an end.

“Good luck in your administration of the school. And a very happy term to you.”

Joan went back to her study quickly and took the canes down from their hooks. She put them in the cupboard again. It was a pity, she thought. They had been such a delightfully positive decoration. She had been very unwise, though, to put them there at all. She had allowed her enthusiasm to carry her away.

Fortunately, no harm had been done. No one had seen them.

Suddenly she said: “Oh damn!” She had remembered the girl from the Lower Fifth who had come with the summons from the Headmistress. That girl had seen them. And she probably told a good many other girls about them. The fact that a newly-appointed prefect hung her canes on the wall would be news indeed.

It had been extremely unwise. But nothing could be done now. It was too late. From now on she would simply have to be very careful. The Headmistress might be a battleaxe, but she seemed to have a perceptive brain. She would very easily spot a prefect who was burning to use the cane for its own sake. And that prefect would not last long. She had made that quite clear.

Thoughtful, Joan hung the four water-colors back on their hooks.

At this moment, the girl from the Lower Fifth was saying: “But I tell you it’s true! She has two of them on each side of her fireplace.

“Joan Lyveden! Never!” said another fifteen-year old girl. “Lyveden hasn’t got that sort of character. You must’ve been dreaming. Or you must’ve seen them in somebody else’s study. How many studies did you go into?”

“All the twelve.”

“You see. You mixed it up. Lyveden couldn’t possibly be that sort of brute. She’s too sweet a girl. She’d never harm a fly.”

Another girl stood up. “There’s one way to settle this. I’ll go and see. What can I go to her for, though?”

“Ask permission to go into the town tomorrow.”

“Yes, that’s a good idea. But what for?”

“Oh Christ! You want to register a letter or send a telegram or something.”

“All right.” The girl left the common-room. The other girls fell silent, reading magazines or looking out of the window. They all hoped that their estimation of Joan Lyveden’s character had not been wrong. She was an idol for them all. After about ten minutes the girl came back. “On either side of her fireplace there are pictures,” she said, looking contemptuously at the girl who had brought them the worrying report. “It must’ve been someone else’s study.”



There was a sigh of relief all round the room.

“Never mind,” said someone charitably. “We all make mistakes, don’t we? At any rate, we were right about Lyveden, and that’s the thing that matters.”

“Yes, it is,” said someone else. “But I wonder who it is who’s got the four canes on her walls.”

“We’ll find that out soon enough. Anyway, it’s not Lyveden.”

“It couldn’t have been. She’s not like that.” The idol was still safely on her pedestal.

Joan was extremely careful. Not only did she not prowl the dormitories that first night in search of a victim, as she had planned, but she let six days go by before she gave her first caning. By then she was in a state of considerable frustration. She was honest enough to see the amorality of her desire to beat someone for the sake of the pleasure it would give her, but, on the other hand, she was still enough of a schoolgirl, steeped in tradition, to feel that it was unfair for her to have to wait so long. When the cane had cut into her own buttocks so many times during these last years, she had fortified her courage and her endurance with the knowledge that, if she were ever to be made a prefect, her own time would come. And now she was a prefect, but she could not freely do as she wanted. It was extremely frustrating.

On the fifth day, however, she found what she considered was a highly reasonable case for a caning. A girl from the Upper Fourth unsuccessfully tried to throw a cigarette into her chamber pot as Joan passed through the dormitory

shortly before lights-out.

Smoking was a very serious offence at Wetherby. An offender was invariably punished publicly with a caning in front of the whole school in the Main Hall after morning chapel. Joan knew this, and knew that she ought to report the matter to higher authorities, so that the public caning should follow according to custom.

She eyed the girl who was lying in a terrified posture in her bed. “You know what I ought to do?” She herself knew she had not the slightest intention of doing it.

“No, Lyveden.”

“Yes, you do. You know I ought to report you. And you know what would happen to you then.”

The girl sighed. “Yes, I do.” She pulled the sheet up as though it would protect her.

Joan looked at her. She was a good-looking girl of nearly fourteen, with a good figure. She would look very appealing with her knickers down, bent over a chair. Her naked buttocks would be delightful to beat with a swishy, supple cane.

“Have you been caught smoking before?”

“Oh, no, Lyveden.”

“Truly?”

“Oh, yes, truly.” Momentarily, the girl had a hope that she was going to be let off. She lay very still, praying with all her might.

“All right,” said Joan, with an uplift of her heart. Her opportunity had come. “Report to me in my study after chapel tomorrow morning.” She walked out of the dormitory. If she were reproached for not reporting the matter she could say she had felt lenient.

When she had gone, someone said: “My God, you’re lucky it was Lyveden. Any other prefect would have reported you for a public bumming. Good old Lyveden. You’ll just get six from her and it’ll be over.”

Someone else said: “Yes, Lyveden is a good type. She’s a kind sort of person. You’re very lucky. And she probably won’t give you the six very hard. She’s too soft-hearted. She may not even cane you all.”

The idol was even more securely on her pedestal.

When the girl came to Joan’s study after chapel she was rather frightened, in spite of the assurances of her class-mates that she did not have very much to fear. The first few moments convinced her that her class-mates had been wrong.

Joan was sitting in the deep easy-chair. “Go to that cupboard,” she said, “and bring me all the canes you find there.”

The girl brought the four canes to her. Joan saw that she was trembling. Her own hands began to shake. She clasped them tightly together. At last, at long last, her moment had arrived. “Choose one of them,” she said, as calmly as she could.

“Choose one? What do you mean, Lyveden?”

“Don’t be stupid girl. What do you think I mean?”

The girl looked quickly at her and decided to stop prevaricating. She examined the canes in her hand and chose the thinnest. “This,” she said, and held it out. This one might perhaps be a little less painful than the others.

Joan took it. “Now put that chair — yes, that upright one — in the middle of the room here. Yes, that’s right. A little more to the left. Good. Now take down your knickers.”

The girl opened her eyes wide. “My knickers, Lyveden?”

“Yes, your knickers. But why are you surprised?”

“Oh — I don’t know.”

“Tell me.”

“Well, the other girls were sure you wouldn’t bum anyone — cane anyone, I mean, with knickers off.”

Joan chuckled. “They were wrong, weren’t they? I used to be caned with my knickers off. Most people are. Why shouldn’t you be?” She held the cane in her right hand and drew its length slowly through her left. Her heart was pounding fast. “Come on, now. Take them down.” She wanted to see the naked buttocks.

The girl lifted her skirts up over the small of her back and thrust down her knickers. Her buttocks, with their pink-cream flesh, were like small round hills.

Joan caught her breath. She drew the cane through her fingers again and said: “Bend down over the chair.” Her heart pounded faster.

The girl did as she was told. Out of the corner of her eye she watched Joan sitting in the easy-chair. Why, she thought, doesn’t she get up and get the whole thing over with?

Joan was in no hurry. She gazed at the pink-cream flesh and thought of what it would look like in a little while. There would be six bright red weals across it. “Bend lower,” she said. An idea occurred to her. “Push the chair away, after all. Yes, that’s right. Now touch your toes.”

“I can’t touch my toes. I’ve never been able to.”

Joan got up from her chair. “We’ll see. Touch them as much as you can, anyway. Otherwise, I might give you more than six.”

The girl opened her mouth to say that more than six was not permitted, but thought better of it. She forced her body down and touched her toes with the tips of her fingers.

“Good,” said Joan. “Here comes the first.” She swung on her heel and brought her cane slashing down across the tightened flesh. A bright red weal sprang into existence at once across the buttocks.

The girl came erect at once with a cry of pain.

“No,” said Joan gently, “you must not stand up till I tell you that you can.”

The girl bent again. “Please, please, Lyveden,” she gasped. “Please!”

Joan raised her cane, and then paused. Into her mind had come the memory of a day, years before, when her brother and his friend Robert had lain naked at her feet, tied up hand and foot, and she had pretended to be giving them terrible lashes with a long bamboo cane. She had tied them up herself, and Robert had disgraced himself, in his nakedness, by getting an erection which had certainly been for her. She looked at the naked buttocks of the girl before her, with the livid weal stretching across them. It would be rather nice, she thought, if the

buttocks belonged to Robert, and not to this girl. It would be so much better to be caning Robert. Robert who seemed to find me attractive. Robert who got an erection over me when I was going to tie him up. Handsome Robert.

She caught her breath. A sort of mist came over her mind. In the midst of it she found herself aching for it to be Robert who was bent over in front of her. She began to wish for it with a strength that made her a little dizzy. She drew several deep breaths and forced away the dizziness.

When her brain cleared she looked again at the bending girl's naked buttocks. To her great surprise she realized that she had lost an interest in putting her cane across them. "All right," she said dully, "you can pull your knickers up now."

The girl stood erect and looked at her incredulously. "But — you gave me only one!"

"Yes," said Joan mechanically, "and that's all I'm going to give you." She forced a smile. "Unless you really want the other five."

The girl vanished from the study, pulling her knickers into position as she went. "Good old Lyveden!" she breathed, as she flew down the corridor.

Joan sat down again in her deep easy-chair.

"I see," she said to herself, thoughtfully. "Well I seem to know something more about myself now. I don't want to cane girls, after all. How very strange that is. I

want to cane Robert — or any other boy — or man. But at the moment I want to cane Robert. I want to tie him up all over again, let him get an erection, and thrash him. Well, well! How very, very interesting that is. Why haven't I realized it before?"

She drew the cane through her fingers again. "How shall I be able to do it, though? It needs some careful thought. But I'll do it, sooner or later. Definitely."

The next day she gave away her canes to some of the other prefects. She pretended that they had been left in her cupboard by the previous occupant of her study. When it was necessary for her to beat anyone she borrowed somebody else's cane. In the whole of the rest of the term she caned only three girls.

The burn inside her did not, however, leave her. She now thought constantly of the time that she would have Robert bending down before her, with his buttocks naked, waiting for the lashes of her cane. And the burn grew, and continued to grow, until she felt that she would never be able to get through the rest of the term. She had no idea how she would arrange it, but that did not bother her. As soon as the holidays came she would arrange it somehow. It had become the strongest determination of her life.



## Chapter Three

The end of term arrived at last, and Joan left Wetherby for ever. She had three weeks of holiday in front of her. After that she was to go to a finishing school in Germany.

Only Mrs. Belton and the two maids were at home when she arrived. Her father was away on one of his business trips. Her brother, Eric, had gone to Norway with a party from his university. Joan unpacked her bags, put some life into her room, and began to mooch around the house, thinking of Robert. She had not seen him since the last holidays, three months ago.

It was a pity Eric was away, she thought. If he had not been, he could have invited Robert over for a drink. She herself could not. She would have to wait for Eric's return. And in the meantime the burn inside her continued to smoulder.

She did not consider the possibility that she would not be able to do what she had determined to do. She was going, in some way, to give Robert a beating, and that was that. She turned several ideas over in her mind, and rejected them. She would find a way, an opportunity, when the time came. It was no use making any plans now. She was quite certain that she would find a way.

The first night at home she dreamed erotically of Robert. She dreamed that they were alone in a ski-hut in the mountains, and she had tied his wrists and suspended him from a beam in the ceiling of the hut. She thrashed him with a very long, and very swishy, cane. Then she slept for a little, leaving Robert swinging there. Then she woke up and thrashed him again.

She was in a state of high emotion when she woke up. She was also a little ashamed of her dream. In reality, she had no idea of doing that sort of thing to him. She intended merely to make him take down his trousers and pants, bend over, with or without an erection, and receive six of her best with a cane. She lay in bed, however, and re-lived the dream. It was very shocking, a little shameful — but extremely exciting.

At breakfast she realized, with a start, that she had no cane. She felt very foolish. What was the good of planning to cane someone if she had nothing to do it with? Ah, but then, she had a riding switch. And, come to think of it, a riding-switch would give a good deal more pain. Her own switch was a long, thin one — a strip of thin steel covered with pleated leather. That would do well enough, until she could buy some canes.

But how could she get Robert into her clutches? Could she just ring him up, say she was lonely, and ask him round for a drink? Yes, perhaps she could. Eric would think she was a bit immodest, but that didn't matter. On the other hand, what would her father think? That mattered a lot.

A maid came into the breakfast room. "The telephone, Miss Joan. Mr. Andover."

Joan's heart gave a leap. She went to the telephone.

"Joan Lyveden," she said as calmly as she could.

"Hello, Joan. This is Robert Andover."

“Hello, Robert. How are you?”

“Fine, thank you. And you?”

“Very well, thank you. I’m afraid Eric is away.”

“I know. It’s — it’s you I’m ringing. I wondered whether you’d let me come round to see you.”

“But of course. Come and have a drink be-for lunch today. And stay and have lunch.” Things were working out magnificently. Providence seemed to be on her side.

“Oh, I say, that’s awfully good of you. I’d love to.”

“How did you know I was home from school?”

“Eric told me when you were coming. I’ve been waiting. I came down from the university a week ago.”

“Robert, how sweet of you. I’m looking forward to seeing you. Shall we say about twelve.” He would be surprised, she thought, to know how much she was looking forward to seeing him. Suddenly she said: “Robert, I’ve got an idea.”

“Yes?”

“What about a ride this afternoon? Daddy left a message that the horses need a bit of exercise. Would you like to take one of them out? We could ride out to the copse and back. What do you say?”

“I’d love to. I’ll put on britches then.”

“Yes, do. See you about twelve. ‘Bye till then.”

She hung up the telephone and smiled. That, she said to herself, gives me a perfect reason for having a switch in my hand this afternoon. And the copse is quite secluded. It is as good a place as any for a beating.

They sat on the soft grass under a clump of trees in the copse. Their horses grazed nearby, with their reins looped over a low branch.

Robert was wearing well-cut britches and boots, and looked very handsome. Joan idly smacked the side of her jodhpurs with her switch and looked at him sideways. She remembered that he had looked extremely handsome, too, without any clothes on at all. He was now twenty, but looked twenty-two or three. He had matured early, and nearly two years at the university had given him an air of self-confident manhood.

He turned towards her and lay on his side. “You’re even more dazzling than you

were last holidays. If you go on like this you won't be safe." He took one of her hands in his. "You're not very safe now, as a matter of fact."

"Robert!" She pretended to be surprised. "But we're almost brother and sister."

"Don't tease," he said quietly. "You know that's not true. You know perfectly well I've always had a terrific yen for you." And you've known it, he thought, since that day you saw me get an erection for you.

She looked at him seriously. "Yes, I suppose I do know that."

He moved close to her and kissed her lips. He did it naturally, without the least hesitation or embarrassment. With his tongue he forced open her teeth. He pushed his tongue into her mouth.

Suddenly she threw her arms round his neck. She began to return his kisses wildly. She hoped he would make love with her. She wanted him very badly.

His hand went to her pullover. He pulled it up and cupped the hand over first one breast and then the other. After a moment he moved it to the belt of her jodhpurs. He fumbled with the fastenings.

She pulled away from him gently. "They're a bit difficult to get down," she murmured, without looking at him. "Let me help. And take down your own."

“I adore you,” he said. “You’re a wonderful girl. No hypocritical prudery. It’s what I expected of you.”

“Prudery is stupid,” she said, pushing her jodhpurs down to her knees. “If I didn’t want you to make love to me, I should tell you so. Since I do want you to, let me help. Jodhpurs are not as easy for you to handle as a skirt would be.”

He stood up and searched the surrounding fields carefully with his eyes. “We must be a bit on the look-out. But we seem to be very alone, for the time being.” He unfastened his belt and undid all his fly-buttons. He moved close to her again. “Would you take it out?”

She put a hand inside his pants. The feel of his prick, large and rock-hard, made her tremble. She closed her eyes dreamily and caressed it.

He caught his breath and threw back his head and shoulders at the intense, tingling excitement of her fingers. After a moment she drew his penis and testicle-bag through the opening of his pants. She pulled him down beside her.

“Are you a virgin?” he asked. He quickly rolled a French letter on to his penis.

She nodded. “Yes, Robert dear.”

“I’ll be very gentle,” he said. His hands began to move over her breasts and body. He kissed her naked thighs and stomach. She trembled with pure longing.

He was very gentle indeed. It occurred to her that he must already have had a good deal of experience. When her moment of pain came she clung to him, murmuring words of endearment in his ear. And when her orgasm took possession of her she was astounded that the human body could experience such exquisite rapture.

They lay together for several minutes, tightly clasped in each other's arms.

"I want to go to sleep," she murmured drowsily.

"So do I," he said. "But I don't think we'd better — not this time. You've got a lot of blood. You don't want to get it on your jodhpurs."

"Oh goodness, no!" she said, and sat up abruptly. "I didn't think of that."

"Don't move. Leave it to me." He took a clean handkerchief from his britches and gently wiped away her blood.

She lay back and stared up at the branches of the trees. "I adore you too, Robert."

That night she had another dream in which she gave Robert a beating. She had stripped him naked again and had tied him to a tree in the copse. She gave him a large number of strokes with her riding switch. Then she untied him and they lay down on the soft grass and made love again.

She awoke, tingling. She wondered whether she might just possibly make that dream a reality. Perhaps not in all its details. It would be dangerous to strip him naked in the open country, hidden though they were by the trees of the copse. But she saw no reason why she couldn't bend him over and give him six across naked buttocks before they made love again.

He arrived, as arranged, at twelve. They had sherry on the terrace. He was wearing britches and boots again, for they had agreed to repeat their ride to the copse.

"Robert," she said tentatively. She had better try to broach the subject now.

"Yes, my dear." His manner, since he had made love to her, had changed subtly. It was tenderly possessive, as though she were his wife and he her husband.

She lost courage. "How much longer have you at the university?"

He glanced at her quickly. Her original tone had suggested that she was going to say something else. "Two years. Unless I flunk the exams."

"Oh, you won't do that. I'm sure you won't." Her manner seemed false even to her.

He smiled. "Joan," he said gently. "Out with it. You've got something on your mind."



“Yes,” she said. “I have.”

“What is it? Are you sorry or angry about yesterday?”

“Good heavens’ no,” she said at once. “Not at all.”

“What is it then?”

“I . . . I’ve got something wrong with me. I’ve got a sort of perverted desire to do something to you.”

His eyes opened wide. “Really? What do you want to do to me?”

She paused for about three seconds. “To beat you,” she said quietly, looking him full in the eyes.

He stood up abruptly and came to her. His eyes were shining. “Oh God! Is that true?”

“Yes, very true, I’m ashamed to say.”

He took both of her hands in his and pulled her to her feet. “Don’t be ashamed. It’s the most wonderful thing I’ve ever heard. I’ve got something wrong with

me, too! I've got a perverted desire to be beaten by you. What do you think of that?"

She looked into his shining eyes and felt a wave of contentment flow through her. Everything was going to be all right. She would soon be able to assuage the burn. "What an extraordinary thing," she said. "Have you really? I wish I'd known."

"Do you remember that day when you tied Eric and me up and made us crawl naked over the floor in a race to the door?"

"Yes, I remember it well. You got an erection."

He laughed. "Yes, I did. I was so ashamed."

"I liked it."

"I wish I'd known. And do you remember that you pretended you had given us each over twenty lashes with a long bamboo cane? You said we were all covered with blood."

"I remember very well."

"Well," he said quietly, "since then, over all these years, I have dreamed again and again that you actually did beat me. And I have wished — oh, how I have

wished! — that it could become true. And now — oh God! — you actually want to!”

“Yes, I want to very much. I’ve wanted to for a long time now.”

He put his arms around her and kissed her. “Oh, Joan darling, I adore you. When will you do it?”

She felt his erection pressing against her stomach. “This afternoon.”

“Where?”

“In the copse.”

The moment had come. They were sitting again in the copse, and Joan was again idly hitting her jodhpur-covered calves with her switch. They were both a little embarrassed.

“How many are you going to give me?”

“Six.”

“Hard?”

“Yes, very hard. Will you be able to stand them?”

He looked at the switch in her hand. “Hope so — but that thing looks a bit murderous. Tell you the truth, I’m a wee bit scared — now the moment has come.”

“I want you to be.” Her heart pounded heavily. The moment had come indeed. She stood-up. “Come on, then. Take down your britches.”

He fumbled with the fastenings and pushed the britches down to his knees.

“Now your pants,” she said.

Without a word he pushed his pants down. His penis, mightily erected, stood out from under his shirt.

She moved to him and took it in her fingers. She caressed it. “I wanted to do this, that first time.”

He sighed. “What a lot of time we’ve wasted.”

“Never mind. We’re more grown up now. It’s better.” She let go of his penis. “Bend over now, my Robert. Bend over tightly and take my pain.”

He caught his breath, half in fear, and half in excitement at her words. He bent his body.

“Touch your toes, please.”

“All right, but wait a moment.” He stood erect. “I want to ask you something.”

“All right.”

“Will you marry me, Joan — when I’ve finished with the university?”

She stared at him in surprise. “I should say that that’s the only proposal of marriage that’s ever been made in the history of the world at such a time as this.”

“Exactly. Just before the future wife thrashes her future husband for the first time. I wanted to ask you before you begin the first thrashing.”

She shook her head. “It won’t do, dear Robert,” she said gently. “Wait till you’ve had the thrashing, and then see whether you want to ask me again.”

“I shall,” he said positively, and bent over again. He put the palms of his hands flat upon the instep of his riding-boots.

She lifted his shirt tails over his back. She ran her free hand lightly over his buttocks. “We shall see,” she said thoughtfully, “but if you still feel the same way in about three minutes, it will mean that this is the last time this summer that your bottom will be free from weals. If you can really take these six, and if you want me to go on beating you” — she caught her breath sharply — “oh, my God! you are going to be beaten so much!”

She stood a little to one side and lifted the switch. The burn inside her had become a blaze. She summoned all her strength. At the last moment, however, as the switch was actually flashing down, the thought came like lightning to her mind that, this first time at least, she should not use all her strength. It would be too terrible if she were to kill his perversion by being too impatient. She could use all her strength another time. Just before it was too late she lessened the force of the lash.

He gave a great cry nevertheless, and stood erect, rubbing his buttocks with his hands.

“I should have tied your wrists,” she said lightly, wondering at the same time whether the lash had been too hard. “Over you go again. And please don’t stand up again till I’ve finished.”

“That was bloody murder,” he muttered, but he bent over again at once.

She gave him the next five strokes with much less strength. They gave him a good deal of pain, all the same. And they brought the blood to her head. By the time she had delivered the sixth she was ready to faint from an ecstasy that was terrifying because of its force. She dropped the switch and flopped to the grass

with a little moan.

He stood upright slowly. Waves of pain were raging through his body, but he found he was enjoying them in some crazy way. He knelt beside her. “Joan.”

She turned her head to him. “Yes?”

“You told me to wait till you had given me six.”

“Yes. What do you think now?”

“Will you marry me when I finish with the university?”

She gave a great sigh of relief. “Dear Robert. I honestly don’t know. Let’s see what we feel when you finish with it. In the meantime, come on down here and make love to me. Your bottom is probably on fire, but I’m on fire all over. Don’t bother to put a French letter on today. From what they taught us at school, I should imagine I must be in a safe period for a few days.”

His bottom was indeed on fire, but the pain was pleasant. He found himself wishing that she had given him another six. He dropped on to his knees beside her.

She took his penis again in her hands. It was still mightily erected. “I was afraid that the pain would make you impotent.”

“So was I. But it didn’t.”

“No, it certainly didn’t.” She caressed the penis with one hand and the testicles with the other. She felt a sudden surge of excitement. “Oh Robert, I want to thrash you so often. Every day. And I want to give you more than six. Will you let me?”

“Yes,” he said softly. “Whenever you want. As many as you want.”

“Why? Why do you want me to thrash you?”

He lay on his side and put his hands under her pullover. He caressed her nipples. “I don’t know. I wish I did. It —it seems so wrong, so depraved — “

“Then I’m depraved too.”

“Well, yes, I suppose so. Why do you want to beat me? Can you answer that?”

“I’ll try in a minute.” She ran the tip of a finger up the front of his penis. She felt him stiffen. She glanced at him and saw a look of pure ecstasy in his eyes. She ran her finger again up and down the front of his penis. “First, I want to understand you. Why do you want to be given so much pain? It is painful, isn’t it?”



“Terribly painful.”

“Then why!”

He shook his head helplessly. “I honestly don’t know. There must be something wrong with me. But there are other men like this, I think. I’m not the only one.”

“Masochists. Isn’t that the word?”

“I think so. I’ve vaguely heard something, but I don’t really know.” He paused. “The only thing I know is that ever since that day when you tied us up and pretended you were using a long cane on our backs and bottoms ...”

“And making the blood fly.”

“Yes. Well, ever since then, I’ve ached and longed for you actually to do it. But I’m damned if I know why.”

She gave his penis a squeeze. “I’m going to do it,” she said softly. “Tie you up and make your blood fly.”

He caught his breath. “Oh God. Over my back too?”

“Yes.” She had a momentary picture in her mind of actually doing it, and the blood rushed to her head. She squeezed his penis again. She wished she could also squeeze his testicles but some instinct stopped her.

“And now you,” he said dreamily. “Why do you want to do it?”

She sighed. “I wish I knew. Maybe some day I may. But I’ve always wanted to tie men up. I suppose I like the ideal that they are in my power, at my mercy. And theoretically I suppose I’ve liked the ideal of thrashing them, while they’re so much at my mercy. But, you know, it wasn’t until quite recently that I actually got the real longing to do it — the real as opposed to the theoretical, I mean.”

“When was that?”

“Last term at school. I was about to cane a girl. I had given her the first one. And then” she laughed a little shyly “I thought of you. The girl was there, you see, bent over and with naked buttocks and so on. And I remembered your own nakedness on that day with Eric, and I suddenly wished that it was you bending over in front of me instead of that girl.”

“Did you want to cane her? For pleasure, I mean.”

“Yes,” she said simply. “Or, to be more accurate, I had wanted to. But the moment I thought of you I stopped wanting to.”

“And so?”

“And so I let her off with one I’d given her—and started to wait as patiently as possible for the holidays, and you.”

He gazed at her seriously for a long moment. “You know, we seem rather to be made for each other, don’t we? You’ve simply got to marry me.”

She laughed gaily. “We’ll see. But what I’ve got to do first is to give you another six. Come on, up you get. Six more of my sweetest best. Up, and bend over.”

He felt two emotions simultaneously. Strong sensual excitement was one. It was very exciting to be ordered by such a lovely girl to bend over. Fear was the other. The pain that was to come was going to be dreadful for a few moments. The emotion of excitement was the stronger. As she released his penis he stood up and helped her to her feet.

“Give me my switch, please,” she said.

He stooped, picked it up, and handed it to her.

She drew its length through her fingers. Her eyes were shining. She put it to his lips. “Kiss it,” she ordered.

He obeyed her silently.

“Now kiss me,” she said.

He took her in his arms and kissed her. As his tongue entered her mouth she felt with her free hand for his shirt tails and lifted them out of the way. She began to lash lightly at his bottom with her switch as she returned the passion of his kiss.

She pulled away from him breathlessly after a few moments. “Bend over now.”

He bent immediately and touched his toes again.

“They’ll be harder now,” she said, in a tone that slightly. “Don’t get up till I tell you that you can.”

“How many are you going to give me?”

“I don’t know. More than six anyway.”

She raised the switch and brought it down with all her force. She raised it again and, by pivoting on her heel, somehow managed to increase the force. She repeated this twice more. Then she put her free hand between his legs from behind and took hold of his penis. He had cried out piteously. She was very relieved to find that his penis was still stiff. She caressed it for a few moments until she felt it grow even stiffer. Then she let go of it, stepped back, and gave him six more lashes in quick succession.

She fell to the ground with a moan. “Come! Come quickly!” From the first lash she had been gripped by a rapture, a sweet bliss, throughout the whole of her body. She now wanted nothing in the world so much as his penis inside her.

In a blaze of pain, he dropped beside her and quickly undid her jodhpurs. She helped him, as soon as the belt was loose, by pushing them and her panties down around her knees.

He pushed his hands up under her pullover and seized her breasts roughly. She gave a cry of pain and pleasure. He put his penis between her legs. He rubbed its knob against her opening. She moaned. “No, please! Don’t do that. Come inside me now. Make love to me quickly. I want to have you now, now now — while I still feel this bliss from thrashing you.” He put a hand to his penis and guided it swiftly into her. He gave a great thrust. She moaned again and gripped his shoulders like a woman possessed. “Oh, take me, take me! Be rough!” He thrust again, withdrew and thrust again. Her grip on him intensified in its strength until she felt that she had become a part of him.

And at the moment their orgasms took possession of them, and drained the strength from their bodies.

An hour later they were riding home. They rode at a slow trot because they were both very tired. The trot was extremely painful for Robert. He tried his best, by straining on his leg muscles, to prevent his backside from being touched by the jogging saddle. It was, of course, impossible. He suffered a good deal of extra pain.

“Poor you,” said Joan, giving him a sweet smile that made his heart turn over. “It’s very painful, isn’t it?”

He laughed a little ruefully. "It is, rather. But never mind."

"I'm not minding. I like the idea that it's painful. It's my doing."

"You are a sadist, my God?"

"Yes," she said simply. "I am. And I've only just realized it. What time is it?"

He glanced at his wristwatch. "Half-past five."

"Shall we ride down into Throgmorton? It'll take us only about ten minutes longer. I'd like to go to a shop. They don't close till six."

"All right. Let's go."

She chuckled mischievously. "Do you know what I want to buy?"

"No. What?"

"Canes."

“Oh. Do you, indeed?”

“Yes. I want to buy half a dozen.”

He stared at her. “Half a dozen? Why so many?” But he had an idea he knew what her answer would be. His voice was a little unsteady.

“I want to have them in reserve in case I break them over you.”

He had been right. “Do you prefer a cane to that switch?”

She hesitated. “I think I did.” She held up the switch and regarded it. “This probably gives more pain, but there’s something about a cane that I love. Something symbolic. I don’t really know why. It doesn’t seem to make sense, but there’s something clean and — and stark about a cane. I love the idea of a cane over your bottom.”

He laughed nervously. “A little while ago, you said my back too.”

“Yes, your back too. Nicely and squarely a-cross your shoulders.” She caught her breath. “We’d better change the subject or I’ll bend you over again straight away. And then we’ll miss the shops.”

They arrived at the small village of Throgmorton and went to the general shop. Robert stayed outside with the horses while Joan went in to buy the canes. She came out after a few minutes with six very pliant ones of about two and a half feet in length. He eyed them apprehensively as they mounted again and rode off.

“They didn’t have longer ones,” she said. “It’s a pity.”

“They seem long enough.”

“They’re long enough if you’re bent over. But I want to tie you up as I did before and make you crawl across the room and cane you as you go. And I need longer ones for that.”

“I see,” he said quietly. He felt the two emotions again. This time fear was the predominant. He did not very much like the idea of being lashed across his shoulders. No, he thought suddenly. I like the idea very much. But I don’t think I will like it when it happens. It will really be bloody murder. It’s a good thing that she didn’t find longer canes. She won’t be able to do it.

“Never mind,” she said, raising her switch again and looking at it. “This is a bit longer than the canes. I’ll do it with this.” She put her feet to her horse’s flanks and brought it to a trot. “Come on! Let’s give a bit more pain to your poor bottom.”

When they got home they skipped tea altogether and drank sherry. Their experiences of the afternoon called for a refreshment stronger than tea.



“I wish,” said Joan pensively, “that we could get hold of some handcuffs.”

“Good heavens, do you?”

“Yes. Rope is all right, but handcuffs would be so much better.”

Robert drained his glass at a gulp and said impulsively: “As a matter of fact, we have some at home.”

“Handcuffs?”

“Yes.”

“Darling!” She ran to him and put her arms round his neck. “Are they yours? Can you bring them?”

“They’re not mine. But I think I can bring them. They’re Father’s. A relic of his Military Police days. They’re in the attic.”

“Oh, wonderful!” she breathed. “And you can swipe them without anybody noticing?”

“Yes, easily.”

“Will you bring them tomorrow?”

“Yes.”

“Can I keep them?”

He laughed. “I think you’d better. I mean, I’d better not be carting them backwards and forwards.”

She refilled his glass. “Good. NOW, drink that up. And then we’ll go to the garage.”

“What for?” He knew the answer, of course. His heart had given a violent jump.

“For a little more beating,” she said sweetly, putting up a hand and caressing his cheek. “I want to try my new canes.”

“Oh.” He sipped his sherry and wondered whether he had bitten off more than he could chew. The third beating in one afternoon. But it was nevertheless an exciting idea still. “Why the garage?” He knew it was a silly question but he was trying to gain time.

“We don’t want Mrs. Belton coming again. She would really have a heart attack

this time.” She picked up her bundle of canes. “Come along.”

They went out of the house to the garage. The little runabout Austin was parked next to the large Bentley. There was enough room in front of the Austin for her to swing a cane. “Bend down here,” she said. “But take down your britches first.”

“My word!” she said as she saw the weals on his naked buttocks. “That’s a very lovely sight.” She ran her hand over his flesh. The raised weals felt hard to her fingertips. Some of them had a little dried blood in them. She sucked in her breath in a sudden access of longing. She gave his buttocks a hard slap with an open palm. “They’re mine, all mine. And I’m going to create so many more.”

She pulled one of the canes out of the bundle. She stepped into position and gave him six strokes with all her strength. Blood spurted on the fourth stroke.

With each stroke he gave a low cry. The cries were sweet music to her ears.

“Now you may stand up,” she said. She handed him the cane as he did so. “I want you to take this home with you, this one I’ve just used. I want you to put it in your bedroom — on your dressing-table or somewhere. I want you to be able to see it from wherever you are in your room. And I want you particularly to be able to see it when you’re in bed. And when you look at it you will think of all the other sixes I’m going to give you with these. Will you do that?”

He took the cane in his hands. It was spotted here and there with his blood. “Yes, I will do that. I don’t know what the maid will say, but I’ll do it.”

“You can put it away when you’re not in the room. But when you’re there I want it to be in front of you. You promise?”

“Yes, darling. I promise.”

She drew another cane from her bundle. “Good. Now I’ll just give you a quick six with this and then we’ll get into the back of the Bentley. Thank goodness Daddy didn’t take it with him this time.” She put her hand to his penis again. It was still very hard. “Do you think you’ll be able to make love to me again?”

He telephoned her at eleven o’clock the next morning. “Are we riding again? Shall I wear britches?”

“No, darling Robert. Don’t wear britches today. I have something else planned for you.”

When he arrived, wearing a sports coat and flannels, he asked: “What have you got planned for me?” He looked more like a Greek god to her than ever.

“A beating across the floor of my bedroom.” She kissed him quickly on his nose.

He swallowed carefully. “Like that time years ago, with Eric.” It was a statement, not a question.

“Yes, but that was in my imagination. This time it will be reality.”

“With your switch?” His tone was extremely apprehensive.

“No.” She went to a side table and picked something up. With her back still turned to him, she said: “Last night I cut off the handle of one of the canes and bound it with scotch tape to another one.” She turned and showed the thing to him. “See. Isn’t it rather nice?” She switched it through the air. Because of its length — over four feet long — it made a very ominous, slow hissing noise. “This is going to be much better than the switch. I’d rather it be in one piece, but that can’t be helped.” She put it down on the sofa.

“And in any case it doesn’t matter,” he said quietly, looking at it nervously. It looks murderous enough as it is.”

“Did you bring the handcuffs?”

“Yes. They’re in the car. I left them there because I didn’t know where you were going to use them.”

She smiled sweetly at him. “You are a darling. Of course you didn’t. But I’m going to use them in the house. Will you go and get them?” He went out of the room and was back within a minute. He had the handcuffs dangling from one of his hands. She gazed at them entranced. He brought them to her. “Here you are.”

She took them into her hands. They were shiny and menacing. Her heart gave

what seemed to her a complete somersault as she imagined herself putting them on to his wrists. They were so final, so much better than her ropes. Whenever she had tied anyone's wrists she had felt reasonably sure that he could not free himself, but there had always been a slight doubt. With these handcuffs there was no doubt at all. Her domination would be supreme.

"And here is the key," he said. There was a tension in the air.

She took it, again wordlessly. She looked at it in the palm of her hand. It was more than a key to the handcuffs, it was a key to power itself. The power of herself over a fellow human-being, and — what was more to the point — the power of herself over a man. With cuffs on his wrists she could do to him whatever she wanted.

She gazed at the key in her palm a very long moment. Then she looked up at him and gave him a warm smile. "Thank you, dear Robert." She looked at the handcuffs in her other hand. "Come on. Let me put them on you. Let me try them for size, as they say."

"Now?"

"Why not? Then I'll give you a drink. But you can drink it handcuffed, can't you?"

He held out his wrists. She snapped the shining steel manacles over them and pressed them tightly closed. She looked at them, and then at him, and drew in her breath slowly. "I've already beaten you three times, and so you've been in my power three times. But that was all a voluntary thing. Now, you're really at

my mercy. Really and properly.”

He shook his head. “No, not really. I could still run away.”

She laughed. “How far do you think you’d get? I’d trip you before you’d taken three paces. You know that I learned Judo at Wetherby?”

“We all learn Judo at Wetherby. It’s supposed to be for self-protection, not for what I’d use it if you tried to run away! But it’s still Judo. And you’re now completely in my power, aren’t you?”

Her manner was beginning to be frightening. “Yes, I suppose so,” he said, as casually as he could. “But what about giving me that drink?”

“Of course. Sherry?”

“No — not sherry. Whisky, please. With a little water.”

She glanced at him in amusement. “A lot of whisky and a little water, eh?” She went to the trolley and poured out a large measure of whisky for him. “Poor Robert. You’re beginning to be really afraid, aren’t you?”

His first instinct was to say no, but he changed his mind. “Yes, I am,” he said simply. “You are beginning to be a bit terrifying, actually.”

She gave a delighted laugh. “What precisely are you frightened of? I mean, at this moment?”

He shook his head. “I don’t know. I suppose completely in your power, as you say. And because these are on my wrists and I’m therefore cause you’re obviously more of a sadist than I realized yesterday.” He thought for a moment. “Yes, I’m frightened because I don’t know exactly how much of a sadist you are.” He lifted his glass in his manacled hands and drank deeply.

“Are you afraid that I may lose control of myself — and perhaps kill you?”

“Oh no,” he said quickly. “I’m not afraid of that.”

“What are you afraid of then?”

“That you may give me more pain than I can stand.”

“But you want me to give you pain, don’t you?”

“In my mind, yes. I don’t know how much I can stand physically.”

She moistened her lips. “We’ll find that out as we go along. Now, I’ll take off these handcuffs and we’ll have lunch. And then we’ll go to my bedroom.”



“Yes, you said that before. But is it safe?”

“It’s the safest place. It’s Mrs. Belton’s afternoon off, and the maids won’t come near my bedroom. We’ll just have to be a little careful not to be seen getting there, that’s all.”

She inserted the key into the lock of the handcuffs. He rubbed his wrists as she removed them. “I wish,” she said, “that I didn’t have to take them off, but it would give the maids a fit, I suppose, to see you trying to have lunch with them on.”

There was a light tap on the door and a maid came into the room on that moment. She was a very pretty girl of about twenty. “Excuse me, Miss Joan. You’re wanted on the telephone. It’s your father from London.” Her eyes widened slightly as she saw shining handcuffs in Joan’s hands. Then she saw the long cane lying on the sofa, and they widened much more. She stood aside as Joan, with a murmured apology to Robert, went out of the room, still holding the handcuffs.

Robert felt the girl’s eyes on him. With studied casualness he picked up his glass and drained it. The cane on the sofa looked like an accusation.

The girl moved forward at once. “May I fill your glass, sir?”

“Thank you.”

“Whisky, was, it sir?” She looked at him curiously. Then she looked again at the cane. Something funny is going on, she thought. A cane and handcuffs!

“Yes please. With a little water.”

She poured the whisky and added the water. She brought it to him. There was a light of mischievous awareness in her eyes.

He found himself blushing. He took the glass and turned away quickly.

She had heard that people sometimes use a cane in sex. She wondered which of these two caned the other. It was quite obvious that that had been happening — or was going to happen. It was probably Miss Joan who was the caner. She had always liked to tie people up. It would follow that she might like to cane them after she had tied them up. And so this handsome giant was the victim, was he? And he was blushing furiously. How very interesting! She wished she could see it happening. She also wished that she could assist in some way.

She went to the sofa and punched the cushiony. It was an unnecessary action for nobody had yet sat on the sofa. She wanted to have a reason for staying in the room for a few more moments. She picked up the cane and pretended to straighten the covers of the sofa.

“What a long cane,” she said lightly, looking at him out of the corner of her eye. “I’ve never seen such a long one.”

He gave a little start. It was not lost on her.

“Er — yes,” he said, feeling his blush begin all over again. “I suppose it is.”

“It’s a lovely one,” she said, turning and looking him full in the eyes. I’d very much like, she thought, to use it on you myself. I wish I could say so, but I’d get the sack at once. A pity. But I’d like to lay it over your bottom, I would.

Joan came back into the room. The maid put the cane down on the sofa. She forced the mischievous light out of her eyes. She noticed that Joan was not now holding the handcuffs. “I’ve just filled Mr. Andover’s glass, Miss Joan.”

Joan looked at her sharply. “Thank you, Elisabeth. But that will be all now.”

The maid went out of the room demurely. They’re both rattled, she thought.

“Damn!” said Joan, as the door shut behind her. “Damn, damn, damn!”

“Yes,” said Robert. “I see what you mean. She’s twigged something.”

“Did she say anything?”

“She said she’d never seen such a long cane. She also said she thought it was a lovely one.”

“Did she indeed?” said Joan. “Oh bloody damn! We’ll have to be a lot more careful in future. And Daddy’s coming back tomorrow.”

“Is he? Oh!”

She laughed. “Never mind. We can use my bedroom this afternoon, and we’ll just have to use the copse after that. Oh hell, though! Eric’s coming back next week. The copse may be a bit unsafe with him around.” She frowned. It was irritating, now that she had at last found all opportunities, to be frustrated by having nowhere in which she could freely and safely use the opportunities, to be frustrated by having nowhere in which she could freely and safely use the opportunities. She was like a person who has just started to smoke. It was difficult to stop. She wanted to be able to thrash Robert at least once every day until she had to go away to her finishing school. She would have no opportunities there. She had better make the best of them now while she could. “I suppose,” she said, “that your own home is out of the question? Too many around?”

“I’m afraid so,” he said apologetically. “And our house isn’t as large as this. They would be bound to hear.”

“Oh well, never mind,” she repeated. “We’ll find a way. Come on now and have lunch. You’ll need to get up some strength for what I’m going to do to you this afternoon.”

## Chapter Four

“Have they finished?” asked the maid Elisabeth, as the other maid came into the kitchen carrying a tray with dirty dishes.

“Pretty nearly,” said the other. “Why? Why are you interested?”

“Can’t a person ask?” said Elisabeth bad-temperedly. “It was a civil question, wasn’t it?”

“Suppose it was. But it’s the second time you’ve asked.”

“What if it was?”

Elisabeth was in a bad mood because she could not make up her mind. She had seen enough to realise that something very interesting was going on between Miss Joan and her boy-friend, and she wanted to know more about it. Handcuffs in Miss Joan’s hand and a cane on the sofa. And a tremendous blush on the face of the man. Oh yes, something very, very interesting was going on. But had it happened and finished? It was unlikely. She did not know what time the boyfriend had come but there surely could not have been time for anything between his arrival, whatever time it had been, and her own going into the room. So it followed that something was going to happen in the house. The last two days Miss Joan and the boy-friend had worn riding clothes. Today they were not wearing them. That suggested that they were not going out. At any rate, they were not going out riding. So they just might be intending to stay at home. Now

where, she asked herself, would they go to? It was obvious '—hat Miss Joan was going to use those handcuffs and that cane. They would have to go somewhere very private. The stables? No, the groom would be in the way. The garage? Possibly. But the groom was also the chauffeur, and he might be around there too. So it was a hundred quid to a button that they'd stay in the house somewhere. But where? Would she take him to her bedroom? Probably not. Most unwise, most unsafe. But wait a minute! Why was it unwise? Mrs. Belton, whose room was nearby, was off duty. And neither she nor Elsie had any reason to go to the bedrooms till six o'clock, when they turned down the beds. Yes, of course! She was going to take him to her bedroom. It was a thousand quid to a button, not just a hundred. And that meant —

The bell from the dining-room interrupted her thoughts. She got up at once. "I'll take it, if you like," she said quickly.

The other maid looked at her in surprise. "What's come over you?"

"Nothing," said Elisabeth, and went out of the kitchen. She straightened her apron outside the door of the dining-room. She went in.

Joan looked up. "Oh, Elisabeth. Bring coffee to the drawing-room, please. When Mr. Andover goes, I'm going up to sleep for an hour or so. I don't want to be disturbed. Tell Elsie, please. I shan't need either of you till dinner. If you want to go out for a breath of air, you can."

"But there'll be no one in the house, Miss Joan. Mrs. Belton has her afternoon off today."

“I know. It doesn’t matter. But please yourself. I shan’t need you.” That, Joan thought, was as far as she dared to go.

“Thank you, Miss Joan. I’d like a breath of air myself, and I’ll tell Elsie.”

Joan got up from the table. “Come on,” she said to Robert. “Let’s have some coffee before you go. It’s a pity you’re in such a hurry, though.”

Elisabeth smiled to herself as she returned to the kitchen. “Coffee in the drawing-room,” she said to the other maid. “And we’re free to go out if we want to. You do the coffee and I’ll start on the washing-up.”

“That’s nice,” said Elsie. “It’s a lovely day. I’d like to go out.”

“Yes, it’s a lovely day.”

“Where shall we go?”

“I don’t think I will. I’m going to lie down instead.”

Elsie stared at her. “Instead of going out? You serious?”

“Yes. And we can’t leave the house completely empty. Suppose the phone

rings.”

“All right, if you say so. I’d like some fresh air myself. Stay if you want.”

Elisabeth put on a yellow rubber apron and began the washing-up. She had finished it by the time Elsie had prepared the coffee. She wiped her hands, took off the apron, and said: “Well, if there’s nothing more for me to do, I’ll go and lie down for a bit. Do you want me to do anything else?”

“No, I don’t think so. Thank you for staying, Liz.”

“Don’t mention it.”

Elisabeth went upstairs to Joan’s bedroom. She closed the door behind her and considered where she could best hide herself. The room was a very large one, with a great four-post bed. Under the bed? Perhaps. But it would be a bit difficult to get under it. Its sides came down to within about eight inches of the floor. The wardrobe? No, too dangerous. It might be opened. Behind the curtains? They were long and heavy enough but her shoes might just be seen. No, the bed was the best place. If she could somehow squeeze herself under it.

She lay down on the floor beside it, sucked in her breath, and pressed herself towards its wooden side. By turning her head sideways she managed to get it under without any difficulty. Her breasts were a considerable problem, however. She flattened one as much as she could with her hand, thrust with her heel, and squeezed it past the wood. She did the same with her other breast. Puffing heavily, she found herself in a dark cave that smelt dusty. She turned over on her stomach and made herself as comfortable as she could. She put her head on her



hands and began to wait. The idea that she might perhaps be waiting in vain did not occur to her. She was positive that something interesting was going to happen in this bedroom soon.

She did not have to wait long. She heard the door open. Then she heard Joan's voice: "Come in quickly. Let me lock the door." There was a click as the key turned.

Robert said: "Are you sure it's safe? I mean, it would be rather terrible for you if anybody stood outside and listened. That suspicious maid, for instance."

"Oh, Elisabeth. I don't think we have to worry about her. She may have been a bit suspicious before lunch, but she can't really have dreamt what we are going to do. She hasn't all that much intelligence."

Beneath the bed, Elisabeth had a moment's difficulty in preventing herself from giving an indignant snort. She then smiled broadly to herself. She would see about that.

"I hope you're right," said Robert.

"I'm sure I am. Now, darling, get undressed. I want you completely naked again." There was a clink of metal upon metal. "These are lovely things. I only wish I had some for your feet. Your father hasn't got any other relics of his Military Police days, I suppose? Leg-irons, I think they're called."

“No, I’m afraid not.”

“Never mind. Rope will do very well for your ankles.” She moved across the floor. “Let me take your trousers down, darling.” A pause. “My goodness, how many clips and buttons men have! There. Oh, what a lovely thing he is! He’s stiffer than ever. You don’t seem at all afraid of me.”

“I am, you know. Terribly afraid. Are you really going to use that thing on my back?”

“Oh yes. On your back and bottom and legs and everywhere. That’s what I did before, isn’t it?”

Oh, you did, did you? thought Elisabeth. I wonder when, and where? And I wonder what you’re doing now? Stroking his thing, I suppose. This is all very, very interesting.

“All right,” said Joan. “I’d better stop this. Get yourself stripped now.”

“I think you’d better,” said Robert. “Otherwise you’ll find yourself thrown on that bed, and you won’t get your beating.”

“You won’t get your beating, you mean.”

“Yes.” Another pause. “After all this time of longing for it, I’m really scared

now.”

“That’s just how I want you to be. Good, you’re ready. Hold out your hands.” There was a click, and then another. “Now go over to the wall and lie down. I’ll tie your ankles up.”

Oh God! thought Elisabeth. He’s going to lie on the floor. He’ll see me. But no, after all, I don’t think he will. It’s too dark under here. And the sides come down so far. I’ll be able to see him but he won’t see me.

She turned her head and saw Robert, stark naked, lying down on the floor against the wall. A moment later she saw Joan’s legs behind him.

“Put your feet up on my knees again,” she heard her say. “Do you remember?”

“I’ve never forgotten,” said Robert. He lifted his feet out of sight. After a moment he said: “Ouch!”

“Too tight?” said Joan.

“A bit.”

“I want them tight. You didn’t complain last time.”

“You didn’t tie them so tightly last time.”

Joan laughed happily. “Last time was pretence. Now it’s reality. They must be very tightly tied. There. Yes, you’ll do.”

“How many lashes?”

“That depends on you. I’m going to cane you across the floor and back. You must simply get to the door and back as soon as you can.”

“You’ll kill me.”

She laughed again. “Ah! You are worried about that, I see. No, darling, I won’t kill you, but I’m going to give you a good deal of pain. Turn over on your tummy now.” Her feet came to the side of the bed and then returned to him. Elisabeth could now see the long cane stretching down diagonally to the floor. Her heart began to beat excitedly. So this was what was going to happen!

Joan said: “I’ll give you one across your shoulder and then two across your bottom and then one across the back of your legs, and then one across your shoulders again and so on. Are you ready?” The cane disappeared as she lifted it.

“Yes.” His voice was low. He was clearly very frightened.

“Then, get ready. Get set. Go!” The cane came down with a thwack across his

back. He gave an agonised cry.

“Wait,” said Joan suddenly. “That won’t do at all. If the maids haven’t gone out yet they’ll be bound to hear you. I’d better gag you. Now, what on earth with?” Her feet disappeared from Elisabeth’s vision again. There was a sound of a drawer opening, and then shutting. The feet returned. “This may do. It’s got to do anyway.”

“What is it?” asked Robert, trying unsuccessfully to look upwards.

“A pair of panties, rolled up. And I’ll put some adhesive plaster over your mouth to hold them in place.” She knelt beside him. “Come on. Open your mouth. Wider. Yes, that’s it.” She stuffed the ball of silk into his mouth. There was a tearing sound. “Now the plaster.” Elisabeth, narrow though her line of vision was, was able to watch the whole operation. Joan had a piece of wide adhesive plaster in her hands. It was about six inches long. She put it flat over Robert’s open mouth and cheeks. She pressed it tightly against his flesh. She stood up. “That’ll be a bit of safer. Now, ready again? Get set. Go!”

There was a swish and a thwack. Elisabeth saw the cane land across the quivering buttocks. Another swish. Another thwack. Another quiver of the buttocks. With the next thwack the cane landed on the fleshy part of his legs, six inches or so below the buttocks. He gave a strangled groan. He was thrusting himself mightily across the floor. He put his handcuffed wrists out to their full extremity in front of him, and with the muscles of both his arms and his legs he thrust his trunk forward over his arms. Then he thrust his wrists forward again.

Elisabeth watched the thrashing from her cave under the bed and felt her brain begin to swim. She wished that she could be taking part in giving the thrashing. She wished that she could cover his body with terrible lashes and then comfort it

with kisses. The force of this desire startled her. She wanted to do it more than anything else in the world.

Robert had received more than a dozen lashes before he reached the door. Like a swimmer in a race in a swimming-pool, he turned and kicked himself back the way he had come. He cursed the thick carpet on the floor. Had it not been there he would have been able to slide much more easily over the floor.

The swishes and the thwacks continued for a few more moments. Then: “Good for you,” said Joan breathlessly. “I didn’t think you’d do it so quickly. And you’re nicely covered with quite a lot of blood. Don’t get up. I’ll come down there beside you. I daren’t put you on the bed. Just lie where you are.”

Elisabeth saw Joan kneel beside him and remove the gag. Then she put her hand to his penis. “Everlastingly stiff,” she said wonderingly. “After all that pain, too! You’re quite a man, aren’t you?” She caressed his testicles. “Turn over on your back now.”

Robert was swallowing to get some saliva back into his mouth. “And you’re quite a sadist, aren’t you?” He turned over on to his back and sighed.

“Yes, darling, I am. Do you still love me?”

Elisabeth saw him raise his eyebrows, as though in surprise. “As a matter of fact, I do. It’s astonishing, after what you’ve just done to me, but I love you more than ever. I must be absolutely mad.”

Joan laughed. “I’m glad you are. Did you enjoy your thrashing?”

“No.”

“Not even a little bit?”

“No.”

“But you wanted me to do it.”

“Yes, but in my mind. I didn’t know how bad it would be.”

Joan laughed again. “I’ll ask you tomorrow — not now — whether you want me to do it again. And you know what?”

“What?”

“I think you’ll say yes.”

“I doubt it, but we’ll see. Will you untie me now?”

“Oh no. I want you to make love to me like that. All helpless and tied up.”

“How can I?”

“I’m going to sit on you.”

Elisabeth’s brain went dizzy again as she saw Joan lift her skirt, pull off her panties, and sit down on the top of his erection.

He gave a moan of pleasure. He stretched his handcuffed wrists far above his head and stretched against the growing rapture. His body was taut.

Joan put a hand to his cock and guided it into herself. It went far in. She squirmed a little from side to side to make it go further. She put her hands to his nipples. She squeezed them hard, sinking her finger-nails into his flesh. She moved slowly up and down as though she were on a horse and trotting very lazily.

Elisabeth could contain herself no longer. Very quietly she put a hand down and pulled up her skirt. She pushed the hand inside her panties and found the front of her legs very wet. She put a finger to the mouth of her cunt and agitated it as she watched. She felt the sweet rapture of her impending orgasm begin to steal through her every nerve.

Joan suddenly gave a cry. She threw back her head as her orgasm took her in its grip. Robert moaned at the same moment.



Elisabeth thrust her free hand into her mouth and bit into its knuckles to help her to remain quite silent. But her body trembled violently as her own orgasm reached its peak.

## Chapter Five

For the next few days Elisabeth was very thoughtful as she went about her work. She held some very interesting, and potentially valuable, knowledge. She felt that it ought to be put to good use. What she couldn't decide was what sort of use.

The idea of blackmail crossed her mind briefly. She rejected it at once. Joan had no money other than her allowance. It was unlikely that Robert would have any himself, since he was still at the university. Perhaps it was just as well. Blackmail was a very dangerous game.

But she could perhaps use her knowledge for a different sort of blackmail. Not for money. Just an invitation to join them at the next thrashing.

She caught her breath at the thought. How handsome he was! And how helpless he had been! Manacled and tied and naked — and thrashed across the floor! Her loins began to ache with longing. More than anything in the world she wanted to thrash him herself.

Ever since her early childhood she had had fantasies about being violent with a man. She had been ashamed of them. They had seemed so unwomanly, so brutal. The idea of actually thrashing a man, as opposed to simply knocking him about, had once occurred to her when, at the cinema, she saw "White Cargo" and watched the half-caste girl Tondelayo whipping a negro servant. She had been very excited for a little while, and then she had thought of those dreadful woman who were concentration camp guards in the time of the Nazis. This thought

drove away her excitement and brought back her feeling of shame. There was obviously something wrong with her, she guiltily felt. She had better keep herself under control. And her thoughts and fantasies, too.

Everything was now changed, though. She no longer had any feeling of shame or guilt. If Joan had the same desires, if Joan could strip a man and tie him up and thrash him backwards and forwards across her bedroom floor — well, there was no need for any feeling of guilt or shame. Perhaps all women had these desires. Perhaps, after all, they were not so unnatural, so wrong. Joan was a very sweet girl, and she had them . . .

How would she go about speaking to Joan, though? How would she bring it up? Could she just go to her and tell her what she knew, and offer herself as an assistant? And threaten to go to Mr. Lyveden if Joan didn't take her on?

She gazed out of the kitchen window thoughtfully. It would need a bit of nerve. But it was the only way.

Joan and Robert came into sight. They were mounted, and walking their horses out of the grounds.

Elisabeth looked at the switch in Joan's hand. "Yes," she thought, "I'll bet you're going to use that on something else than your horse. I wonder where you'll do it. You can't do it in the house any more, not now that your father is back. I wonder where you're taking him. Give him a good thrashing anyway. Take his trousers down and cut his bottom into ribbons." She put a hand to her head. She was dizzy with longing.

“Thank goodness for the copse,” Joan was saying at this moment, as she put her horse to a trot. “But I don’t know what we’re going to do when Eric comes back tomorrow.”

“Yes,” said Robert, “it’s a bit of a problem.”

She laughed. “It’ll give your bottom a chance to heal, anyway. You’ve had a lot of thrashings these last few days. And you’re going to have another one now. She moistened her lips. “A terrific thrashing. I’m feeling awfully blood-thirsty.”

“Oh,” said Robert quietly. A chill of fear went through him.

She glanced at him. “Frightened?”

“Yes, rather.”

I sometimes wonder why you stand it, she said to herself. I know that I hurt you terribly. I can’t see what pleasure you get out of it. Aloud, she said: “But you’ll always obey me? However frightened you are?”

“Yes, I’ll always obey you. You know that.”

“I do. But I wonder why.”

“So do I,” he admitted, with a slight smile. “Its quite a puzzle. I like the idea of being under your domination, as you call it.”

“It’s the idea, though, isn’t it? The idea more than the fact?”

“I suppose it is,” he said slowly. “When you’re actually thrashing me I want you to stop. I make up my mind never to obey you again — never to see you again, in fact. But then the thrashing finishes and the pain goes away — and I begin to like the idea all over again. And I find I love you more than ever.”

“Come on, then,” she laughed, and put her horse into a canter. “Let me make you love me more than ever.”

They arrived at the copse within ten minutes, and dismounted. Joan opened her saddle bag and took out the handcuffs and a length of rope. “Go and get my cane,” she said. She put the handcuffs and rope on the ground.

Robert walked to a thick bush and pulled aside some of its foliage. He took out the cane that she had left there the previous afternoon. He brought it to her. She put it on the ground beside her switch. “Take down your britches,” she ordered.

He obeyed her at once. Now that the moment had come again, his fear was very strong. His heart pounded painfully. His face was very white.

When his britches and pants were hanging down over his riding boots she went up to him and lifted his shirt. She gave a whistle of something like awe as she

looked at his lacerated bottom. “My goodness!” she murmured. “What a picture!” She ran her hand over the weals. “These are all going to open again in a few moments.”

She went back to where she left her switch and picked it up. She swished it through the air. “Over you go,” she said. “The first dozen. The warming-up.” She had begun to think in dozens now. And she always started with what she called a “warming-up”, without manacling and tying him. Whether the warming-up was for him or for herself she did not define.

Without a word, he bent and put his hands on the toes of his boots. His heart began to race. There was a dryness at the back of his throat.

She lifted his shirt-tail up over his back. She lashed his buttocks with a great deal of force. On the fourth stroke he uttered a near-scream and jerked himself upright, rubbing his bottom feverishly in a vain attempt to assuage the dreadful pain. She waited patiently. She knew that with the remaining dozens that she was going to give him, he would not be able to stand upright. She was prepared to be lenient for the first few minutes. After a few more rubbings he glanced at her, noticed the implacable look in her eyes, and bent over again. He jerked erect once more on the eighth stroke, groaning with pain. He wondered whether to call a halt to the whole thing now. In a little while she would tie him up, and it would be too late. And she had said she was awfully bloodthirsty . . .

She sensed what was in his mind. She stooped quickly and picked up the rope and handcuffs. “Hold out your wrists,” she ordered crisply.

He hesitated for a moment. Then he obeyed her silently. The handcuffs clicked over his wrists. She quickly tied his ankles together. “Now bend over again,” she ordered. “And put your hands down here.” She passed the ends of the rope over

the chain of the handcuffs. Then she bound the rope once more round his ankles and made a number of knots. He was now unable to stand erect.

“I have an idea,” she said, as she stood up and picked up her switch again, “that you were on the point of disobeying me just then. Well, you can’t now!” She raised the switch and continued with the thrashing. She gave him two dozen very hard strokes before she stopped out of breathlessness. He was uttering a succession of moans and piteous whispers.

She sat on the grass, panting. Her body was on fire with exhilaration, her head was swimming. A sweet ache was clawing at her loins.

He swallowed with difficulty and brought some saliva to his mouth. He moistened his lips. “Please,” he said. “No more. No more today. I can’t stand any more.”

She looked at him dispassionately. “You said you’d always obey me.”

“Yes,” he said softly. “I did.”

“Have you changed your mind?”

He hesitated.

“Well, have you?”

“No. But please no more today.”

“But I’ve only just begun.”

“Oh Christ!”

She laughed silkily. “Even if you had changed your mind, it wouldn’t be possible for you to do anything about it at the moment, would it? You’re at my complete mercy, aren’t you? You can’t even stand up.”

“I could roll over on the ground.”

“Do you think that would stop me?”

“It might hinder you a bit.”

She smiled. “I wouldn’t try it if I were you. Do you know what I’d do?”

“What?”

“I’d lash the back of your knees — till you stood up again.”



“Oh.” He swallowed in order to ease his dry throat. “But please no more.”

She stood up and picked up the cane. “A little more. Just a couple of dozen with this. And then I’ll stop for today since you’re being a sissy.”

She took up her position and lifted the cane.”

“I’ll tell you what. If I break it before the two dozen are given. I’ll let you off the rest.”

“Oh, for God’s sake! Please don’t do that.”

She paused, her arm uplifted. “What? You don’t want me to let you off the rest?”

He sighed. “Don’t tease me too. You know what I mean.”

“Of course I do. But you must tell me. I want to hear you begging for mercy. You’re under my domination, aren’t you?”

He said: “Please don’t try to break the cane.”

“You’d rather have the full two dozen?”

“I — I don’t know. You’re a devil, you know.”

“Yes,” she said happily, and swung the cane. “I rather think I am.’

She lashed with all her force. The cane snapped into two pieces on her tenth stroke. She threw the pieces down and sighed. “Pity. I was really beginning to enjoy myself. Still, I’ll have to let you off now.” She knelt and undid his fastenings.

He stood up shakily. The waves of pain seemed to increase as he came erect. He raised his manacled hands and rubbed his fists into his eyes.

She moved quickly up to him. “What are you doing?” she asked anxiously. She put a hand on his manacles and pulled his fists away from his face. She looked at him closely. Then she sighed with relief. “For one awful moment,” she said, “I thought you were crying.”

He looked at her curiously. “Would you have minded?”

“Oh darling, of course I would. I don’t want to make you cry, for heaven’s sake!”

“And yet you want to thrash me so dreadfully.”

She sat down again on the grass. She looked up at him, a thoughtful frown on her lovely face. “Yes. It doesn’t make sense, does it? I do want to hurt you dreadfully — if it’s physical hurt. But no mental hurt. Never that. And somehow, if you’d been crying it might have been something more than just physical pain. Do you see what I mean? After all, you’d expect a child to cry from physical pain, but not a man.”

“Yes, I see what you mean, my dear. And I think it does make a bit of sense. You’re a sadist in sex, but I don’t think you’re a sadist in anything else.”

“I hope not. That would be really awful. I feel ashamed enough of myself as it is, without that on top of it!”

He knelt on the grass before her. “I can feel the blood getting near my britches again. You’d better wipe it quickly.”

“Oh Lord! I forgot.” She got up and knelt behind him. She took a large man’s handkerchief from her jodhpur pocket and began to wipe the blood away from his weals. “Just in time,” she said.

“It hasn’t gone on the britches?”

“Not the running blood. A few splashes have, though.”

“I’d better have the things cleaned.”

“No, don’t do that. We’ll go by the stream on the way back and I’ll sponge them. They’ll come clean quite easily with cold water.” She gave a few more dabs to his buttocks. “There. By the time you’ve made love to me those weals will have dried up.”

He grinned at her. “It never occurs to you that you might knock at all that stuffing out of me with your thrashings, does it?”

She glanced at him anxiously. “By stuffing you mean . . .?”

“My ability to make love to you, my sweet.”

She frowned. “Have I done?”

He laughed. “No, you haven’t. But I’m damned if I can understand why not.”

“You said yesterday that the pain stimulated you.”

“You didn’t thrash me so hard yesterday.”

“Oh dear! I didn’t think of it.” She smiled shyly. “That would have been terrible.”

“Because you’re in a very sexy condition now, I suppose.”

“Yes,” she said softly.

He put his arms round her. “It would have served you right, you sadist.”

“I’ll give you another dozen straight away if you talk to me like that,” she said, dreamily.

“I’d better put you down straight away,” he said. “I couldn’t take any more today. You were a beast, you know.”

She put a hand to his hair and stroked it. “Darling Robert. Was I really? I’m sorry.”

“No, you’re not.”

“Anyway,” she said unhappily. “It’s the last thrashing you’ll have for a bit. With Eric home, we shan’t be able to come here again.”

“We shall, but we’ll have Eric with us.”

“Yes.” She looked at the two pieces of broken cane a few yards away from her. “We’d better be careful to clear away the evidence before we go this afternoon.” She looked into his eyes. “I’ve waited long enough to ask this. Do you still love me?”

He raised his eyes. “Of course I do. But why did you wait?”

“For the pain to go away. You said you don’t love me when you’re being thrashed.”

“I didn’t say that.”

“You said you make up your mind never to see me again.”

“That,” he said forcefully, “is a totally different matter. That is just fear and cowardice.”

She lay down on her back. “And you don’t want to go away from me now?”

He began to unbutton her blouse and jodhpurs. “No darling, I don’t. I love you.”

“And I love you. But I must make some plan to be able to thrash you again before very long. I must think of something.” She hunched her hips upwards to help him slip her jodhpurs down to her knees.

He lay over her, putting his hands to her naked breasts. “You’re terrible. Quite, quite terrible.” He fondled her breasts for a moment and then put his lips to them.—

She took hold of a handful of his hair and tugged it gently. She felt his rock-hard penis creeping towards her wet vagina. She moved her position slightly and opened her legs wide. The penis nosed up against her. She began to tremble. It gave a little thrust. She gasped with pleasure. It entered her vagina about an inch. It withdrew, and thrust again ...

“Oh, Robert,” she murmured. “I wish I had an assistant at this moment. Some lovely girl who would be whipping you as you make love to me. You ‘would go so very far inside me then.”

The penis gave a great thrust and slid deeply into her.

He raised his head for a second. “You don’t need an assistant, do you? Isn’t that far enough?” The penis thrust again, and then again violently.

“Ooooooh,” she breathed. “Yes, that’s nice. That’s very far. But I want it further.”

## Chapter Six

The rain poured furiously down. The fly-screens on the kitchen door and windows rattled and shuddered on their fastenings. The horses in the stables, frightened by the crackle of the lightning and the claps of thunder, whinnied in distress.

Elisabeth, washing up at the kitchen sink, stared out into the rain. She saw Joan, hooded, Wellington-booted and mackintoshed, running cross the yard to the stables. She was evidently going to soothe the horses.

Elisabeth went on with her work, watching for her to come out of the stables. Her boyfriend Robert Andover, had not come to see her today Elisabeth was considering the possibility of seizing the opportunity this afternoon of going to her with a proposition. She finished the washing-up, took a tea-cloth and began to dry the dishes.

The force of the rain lessened a little. It began to fall in drops instead of sheets. The drops gradually grew finer until there was only a drizzle. The thunder passed away from overhead and became a rumble in the distance.

The door of the stables opened and Joan appeared. She looked up at the sky, nodded her head, and closed the stable door behind her. She walked back across the yard, a graceful figure in her silky mackintosh. She headed for the front door. In a moment she had disappeared.



Elisabeth wiped the last of the knives and forks. She put everything away swiftly, took off her rubber apron, and left the kitchen. “Shan’t be a moment,” she said to Mrs. Belton, as she went out. “Just going to get Miss Joan’s wet mack. She’s dripping.”

She reached the hall just as Joan was taking off her Wellingtons. “Let me take your things, Miss Joan. I’ll hang them in the kitchen.”

“Thank you, Elisabeth,” said Joan, slipping off her mackintosh and handing it to the girl. “The horses were quite frightened, poor things.”

“It’s stopped now. They’ll be all right.”

“Yes, they’ll be all right now.”

Elisabeth paused for a moment. “Are you going upstairs, Miss Joan?”

“No, why?”

Elisabeth paused again. “Oh, ‘it doesn’t matter.” Now that the moment had been about to come, she was relieved that it would have to be postponed.

“Why should I go upstairs?” said Joan curiously.

“I — I wanted to speak to you. Privately.” She spoke the words quickly, impulsively, as though to give herself no further chance of cowardice.

“All right,” said Joan. “But what about?”

“I’ll tell you later, Miss Joan. In your bedroom. It must be private.”

“This is very mysterious,” said Joan in a puzzled way. “But all right. Take those things to the kitchen and then come up to my room.”

Elisabeth went back to the kitchen and hung the mackintosh on a wooden hanger.

“Don’t put it near the fire,” said Mrs. Belton. “Rubber doesn’t like heat. Hang it in the wash-house. And put those wet boots there too. And then you’d better start on the silver.”

“Miss Joan wants me upstairs.”

“What for?”

“Don’t know. She’s just told me to go up to her bedroom.”

“Oh, all right,” said Mrs. Belton grumblingly. “But you’ll have to do the silver when you come down.”

Elisabeth went upstairs with considerable nervousness. How should she begin? Or should she, after all, begin at all? Hadn’t she better pretend that she wanted to speak to Joan about something else? But what? She had made the whole thing very mysterious by insisting on a private talk upstairs. What on earth should she do? Oh dear!

She stood motionless outside the bedroom, her hand raised to knock, but making no movement. She stood like this for a full minute, and then drew a deep breath. She made up her mind to stop being a coward. After all, Joan couldn’t eat her. And, really, it was she herself who held the whip hand. She shouldn’t be afraid of Joan. Joan should be afraid of her — and probably would be when she heard what she was going to hear.

Elisabeth rapped the door with her knuckle. She rapped too loudly, in her new-found determination. She went straight into the room without waiting for a “Come in”. She came to an abrupt halt beside the chair in which Joan was sitting.

Joan looked at her curiously. “You’re behaving very boldly, Elisabeth. What is the matter?”

Elisabeth opened her mouth, then shut it again. She drew a deep breath through her nostrils. “Miss Joan, I ...”

“Yes?”

“I’ve wanted all my life — no, not all my life, but a good many years of my life — ever since I was about fourteen, or perhaps fifteen. I’d seen a film called “White Cargo,” and there was a beautiful girl in it. I remember her name. It was Tondelayo, or something like that.” She stopped again.

“Elisabeth,” said Joan, gently. “You’re not making sense. WHAT is it you are trying to say? What has Tondelayo, or whatever her name was, to do with me? And why are you shaking like that?”

“She — Tondelayo, that is — gave a negro servant a whipping — with a great big long whip.”

Joan’s nerves gave a jump. “Well?” she said as calmly as she could.

“Ever since then I’ve wanted to give a man a whipping.” There! It was out now. “It wouldn’t matter what man,” she plunged on. “Just any man. With a long whip, or anything.”

Joan’s nerves jumped again. “What an extraordinary thing to say!”

“But it’s true. I swear it is.”

“Why do you tell me?” Joan looked up at her, a rush of fear filling her mind. “Those are things a person usually keeps private, aren’t they?”

“I’ve kept it private all these years, Miss Joan.”

“But why do you tell me now? That’s what I can’t understand.”

Elisabeth looked her full in the eyes. “Because I’d like to be your assistant, Miss Joan.”

Joan’s eyes opened wide. “My assistant? What on earth are you talking about, Elisabeth?” This is terrible, she thought. How much does she know? “You are not really making much sense,” she said coldly.

“Yes, Miss Joan. Your assistant.” Elisabeth spoke more calmly now. Her shaking had left her. She had burned her boats. She could only go forward. “The next time you beat Mr. Andover. Otherwise, I’ll have to go to your father.”

Joan stood up abruptly and turned away. Her face had become bright red. “You must have gone off your head, Elisabeth.” She tried hard to keep her voice steady.

“I was under the bed that afternoon, Miss Joan,” said Elisabeth, quietly.

Joan turned slowly round. Her face had now gone white. She stared at the maid for a long moment. “Oh,” she said, at length. “Oh, you were, were you!”

“Yes, Miss Joan. And I’d like to be your assistant, if I may, the next time.”

Joan sat heavily in her chair again. “Wait a minute, please. Don’t speak. I’ve got to think this out.”

“Yes, Miss Joan. Of course. But you can trust me, you know.” Elisabeth walked to the window and stood there with her back to Joan. She waited.

This is a mess, Joan was thinking. Whatever shall I do? I daren’t be angry with her. She’ll go to Daddy, for sure. That mustn’t happen! What can I tell her? It’s out of the question, of course, for her to become an assistant. It would be too shocking for words. What would Robert think, and say, and do? On the other hand, that doesn’t really matter. He’d do what I told him to do. He’s promised always to obey me. But it’s a wicked idea, all the same. But — wait a minute! Wait a little minute. What’s so bad about it? Didn’t I tell him the other day that I’d like an assistant — a pretty assistant — to be whipping him while he’s making love to me? I certainly did — and it seemed a fascinating idea then. Here’s the chance. And Elisabeth is pretty — perhaps a bit too pretty, but that can’t be helped. Yes, here’s the chance. And it will stop her going to Daddy. How damn funny, though, that she’s a sadist, too. Two of us in the same house!

She said quietly: “Life is full of surprises, Elisabeth.”

The maid turned to face her. “Yes, Miss Joan.” Her eyes held her question.

Joan nodded. “All right, you can be my assistant.”

Elisabeth's face lit up with happiness. Impulsively she ran forward, fell on her knees, and clasped Joan round her waist. "Oh, thank you, Miss Joan. Thank you. And you'll really let me do some whipping?"

"Well, if you mean whipping as a figure of speech, yes. But it'll probably be with a cane."

"Or your riding-switch, Miss Joan? Perhaps that, too?"

"Yes, my riding-switch, too."

"Good." Elisabeth said the word slowly, lasciviously. "A riding-switch is nearly a whip, anyway."

Joan laughed, a little shakily. The tension had gone. "You're rather awful, aren't you?"

The maid nodded her head decisively. "Yes, I am. Or, at least, I want to be." She hesitated. "When will the next time be, Miss Joan?"

Joan frowned. "That's the trouble. I don't know where we can do it, now that Daddy and Eric are both back. It's too dangerous here. They might pass outside the door. And there's nowhere else I can think of."

Elisabeth jumped to her feet, her eyes shining. "Yes, there is, Miss Joan. My own

room at home. On my next day off. I'll send Mum to the cinema. And it's only half an hour away. You can ride over there with Mr. Andover."

Joan shook her head. "No, we couldn't ride over. Eric would be bound to want to come too, if we took out the horses."

"Then we can meet there. The three of us. Oh, please, Miss Joan. It's so safe. There's only Mum in the house and she can go to the flicks. She loves them. She always sees the film round twice over. We'll have hours — and completely safe."

"All right, Elisabeth. It's a good idea."

The maid turned in a pirouette of sheer happiness. "Oh, Miss Joan, you're a darling."

"When is your next day off?"

"Saturday."

"All right then, we'll meet at your house on Saturday. You'll write down the address for me. What time?"

"About three o'clock, Miss Joan. Will that be all right?"



“It will be very much all right,” said Joan. “I only wish it were tomorrow.”

By pre-arrangement, Robert came to lunch again the next day. It was still drizzling steadily. He had no chance to be alone with Joan, for they could not take their drinks on to the terrace. All four of them, Clive Lyveden, Eric, Robert, and Joan, had sherry in the living-room.

Although there were no real duties for her to perform, Elisabeth managed to find an excuse to come into the room twice. She would not be serving lunch — it was the other maid’s turn — and she wanted to have another look at Robert from her new standpoint as the assistant.

Her heart thumped as she glanced at him. He was sitting on the sofa, wearing well-polished brown shoes, dark gray trousers and a brown tweed sport coat. He looked extremely handsome and desirable.

Joan had watched her eyeing Robert. To her surprise, she felt no jealousy or irritation. She realized that the maid only wanted to vent her frustrations on him, that she had no designs on him.

Eric had noticed it too, but he had felt some irritation, some strong twinges of jealousy. He had long wanted to seduce this beautiful maid. He had tried in all manner of ways to arouse in her some awareness of his existence as a man, not merely the young master. And he had signally failed. She had either not understood the double-entendre of some of the things he had said to her, or she had deliberately ignored it. Only this morning, when she brought his early-morning cup of tea, he had asked her lightly whether she wouldn’t stay and scrub his back when he got into the bath. She had answered, equally lightly, that it

would be better for her to send Mrs. Belton up to him. He had sworn as she left the room. He swore again now, below his breath. She took not the slightest notice of him, and here she was, drinking Robert in with her lovely big eyes, obviously ga-ga about him. Bloody hell and damnation, Eric said again to himself.

Clive Lyveden had noticed it too. He had also noticed his son's furious jealousy. And he had noticed, above all, that Robert himself had seen nothing of the maid's glances at him. He had eyes only for Joan, gazing at her with dog-like devotion as she sat or stood or moved about the room.

Here's a potentially tricky situation, thought Clive. It's quite obvious that there's something going on between Joan and him. Perhaps they've already been to bed together. Perhaps he even wants to marry her. It's much too early. He's a nice chap, but he's not finished with the university yet. And Joan still has her finishing school in front of her. The sooner she goes away to it the better. Things will become a good deal safer. But what about Eric, though? I should have thought he'd have enough sense not to soil his own doorstep, but it's quite obvious that he'd throw that maid into bed if he got only a quarter of a chance. All the same, it doesn't look as though she'll give it to him. She'd give it to Robert though. My God, she'd undress for 'him here in front of us all if he lifted his little finger!

The door opened and Elisabeth came into the room again. This time she did not come far in. She stood just inside the room and said: "Lunch is served, Miss Joan." She stood there as they walked past her to the dining-room. She tried hard not to undress Robert again with her eyes as he passed her. She did not succeed.

Joan chuckled silently to herself as she saw it.

Eric cursed violently beneath his breath.

Clive Lyveden reflected sadly that no woman had ever looked like that at him.

Robert did not notice it at all. He had eyes only for the back of his beloved Joan, as she led the way into the dining-room.

“When do you go up again?” Clive asked Robert, as they opened their napkins and spread them on their laps.

“Oh, another two months, sir,” said Robert.

Eric said: “When are you off to Germany, Joan?”

“In ten days,” she answered, without looking up.

A look of pain came into Robert’s face, but he said nothing. It was not lost on Clive, however.

“Are you looking forward to it, chicken?” he now asked.

“Yes,” she said. “In a way, I am. It’ll be nice to be at that particular finishing school, after all I’ve heard about it. But I wish it didn’t have to be so soon. I

don't feel as though I've had any holiday yet." She had a strong impulse to look up at Robert, to give him a smile of affection, but she kept her eyes on her plate.

When lunch was finished they went back to the living-room for coffee.

Joan looked out of the window. "Still raining a bit. Not much, though. Anybody like a walk." She prayed that Eric would make his usual answer.

He did. "In this rain?" he said. "You're off your head. Who wants to walk in the rain?"

"I do," she said smoothly. "I like walking in the rain. I've told you that hundreds of times."

Eric said: "You're crackers. Always have been."

Robert laughed. "I must be crackers, too. I'll come with you, Joan. I like rain too."

"Good," said Joan, and turned to her father, praying again. "Daddy? Like to come with us?"

"Yes," said Clive unexpectedly. "I think I would. A breath of air would be nice."

“Lovely,” said Joan. There was no trace of disappointment in her voice. “Let’s go then. I’ll go and put a mack on.”

That was a good performance, Clive thought, as she left the room. You must have been damned disappointed, but you showed none of it. All right, chicken. I won’t come. You can be alone with your boy-friend. Not that it will do you much good in this rain. Love-making in the rain isn’t a very pleasant idea.

When she returned to the living-room clad in her silky mackintosh and Wellingtons and hood, he said: “Do you mind, my dear, if I change my mind? I think I’d rather stay and do my crossword, after all.”

Joan went to his chair and ruffled his hair. “Lazy Daddy. You’re as bad as Eric.” She turned to Robert. “Where’s your mack? In the hall?”

He nodded.

“Let’s go then,” she said.

“That was a near thing,” said Robert, five minutes later.

“It was,” she said, putting her arm through his, and squeezing herself to him.

“I missed you like hell yesterday.”

“And I missed you.”

“And you’re going away in ten days,” he said gloomily. “That’s going to be really awful. What’ll I do? It’s dreadful just to think of it. It’ll be unbearable when it happens.”

“I’ll be back in three months,” she said softly. “And don’t imagine that it’s going to be any less unbearable for me. But it’ll pass. Three months only.”

“Then you’ll go back again.”

“Yes, for another two terms. But, darling, that’s so much in the future. Don’t let’s spoil things now by being sad and depressed. I love you and I’m with you. That’s what’s important at the moment.”

“And I love you — and you’re quite right. That’s what’s important.”

She sighed. “I am, depressed about one thing, though.”

“What?”

“I can’t give you a thrashing today. A lovely, sound, thorough thrashing!”

He chuckled. "You're a terrible girl. Quite shameless."

"It's so long now since I did give you one."

"Yes, all of four days."

She grinned at him. "Don't be cheeky. I'll give you an extra dozen for that, next time."

"Is there going to be a next time?"

"There is. I have news for you."

"Tell."

"In a moment or two. But I'm not sure whether you're going to be pleased about it."

They came to a small land leading off the main road. They turned into it. She disengaged her arm from his and put her hand into his mackintosh pocket. She felt about inside the pocket.

“Is there an opening?” she said.

“Through to the trouser pocket? Yes, there is.”

“Ah yes,” she said. “Found it.” She put her hand through the opening and felt for his fly buttons. “I want this, not your trouser pocket.” She undid his buttons and put her hand inside. She felt for the slit in the front of his pants and put her hand through that too. She gripped his hard penis, agitated it violently once or twice, and drew it out through the slit. He groaned with pleasure at her touch.

They walked slowly down the lane, her hand inside the front of his mackintosh clasping his penis. He put an arm around her shoulders.

“And now for my news,” she said.

“Yes.”

“You remember that last time we made love in the copse?”

“Shall I ever forget it? You nearly killed me.”

She gave his penis a hard squeeze. “No, you were a sissy that day, that’s all. Well, do you remember something I said to you afterwards, when you were lying on top of me?”



“No, I don’t think so.”

“Think again.” She glanced at him sideways, wondering how he was going to take it.

“Oh yes,” he said. “You mean about having an assistant to beat me while I’m lying over you and making love to you?”

“Yes.”

He looked at her. “Well? What about it?”

“Just that I’ve got one.”

His eyes opened wide. “You’ve got one? An assistant, you mean?”

“Yes,” she said, in a small voice. He looked a bit shocked.

“Who, for heavens’ sake?”

“Elisabeth.”

“Elisabeth who?”

“That pretty maid at home.”

“Good God! That one who announced lunch today.”

She smiled. “Dear sweet Robert. Was that the first time you noticed her? Yes, that one.”

He was silent, deep in his thoughts. After a few moments, he said: “But how, for God’s sake?”

“I’ll tell you all the details in a moment or two. I just want to know first what you think about it.”

“I don’t know. I’m a bit dumb-struck. Can’t think properly.”

“Do you mind?”

“No,” he said slowly. “No, I don’t think so. Not if you don’t. But how? How has it come about?”

“All right,” she said. “I’ll begin at the beginning.” She told him in detail about Elisabeth’s request for a private talk the day before, and then of her revelation about having been under the bed on the day he had been thrashed across the bedroom floor. “And then she asked me to let her be my assistant,” she went on. “She asked quite politely, but it was clear that it was a demand — with a threat behind it.”

“That she would go to you father. Would it be so bad?”

“Darling, it would be the most terrible thing in the world.”

“I see.”

She laughed softly. “What she didn’t realise was that it does rather fit into my ideas to have an assistant.”

He laughed with her. “But you weren’t serious about that, surely?”

“No, not really. But when I’m offered one on a plate — “

“You’re not going to refuse. Yes, I see. But where can anything happen? It’s difficult enough with just the two of us. But with three now?”

“That,” she said, “is my last bit of news. Elisabeth’s home is about half an hour away. She goes there on her days off. There’s only her mother there — and she is

very fond of the cinema. You see?”

He looked at her admiringly. “Yes, I see. You’re a good organiser, aren’t you?”

“Oh, no,” she said, “it’s Elisabeth who organised that, not me. She’s rather taken things into her hands.”

“Has she fixed the date too?”

“Yes.”

“When?”

“Next Saturday. At three o’clock.”

## Chapter Seven

Joan and Robert arranged to make their way separately to Elisabeth's home. Joan was delayed at the last moment by her father. She set off a quarter of an hour late.

Robert, arriving punctually, was embarrassed to find himself alone with the lovely Elisabeth. He was very conscious that she was going to beat him, and it unnerved him.

She showed him very politely into the parlour, made him sit down, apologised for not having anything in the house to offer him to drink, and wondered whether to stay and talk to him, or leave him alone till Joan arrived.

She chose the former course. If she was going to put a switch across his bottom — and a cane too, for that matter — it would be absurd for her to behave like a servant now. She sat down in another chair and crossed her legs.

Robert looked nervously at his wristwatch. "I'm not early, am I?"

"Oh no, Mr. Andover. You're on time. It's Miss Joan who's a bit late."

"I wonder what's keeping her."

“I wonder.” She thought of telling him that it didn’t matter to her if Joan didn’t come at all, but she decided that would be going too far. She racked her brains for something to say, something not too cheeky, but something that would break the ice a bit.

He was also trying to think of something? to say. He cleared his throat a couple of times.

Elisabeth looked at him expectantly.

She was indeed extremely good-looking, he noticed. She was quite tall, with a slender but well-developed figure. Her waist was small, her legs impeccable. She had a full, oval face, a cream-y skin, and big yellow-grey eyes that were both slow and wild in their expression. Her hair was very beautiful — golden blonde, fine, silken and abundant.

She was wearing a well-cut and expensive-looking skirt of soft brown leather, with a V-necked white silk blouse. On her feet were high-heeled pumps of brown kid. He noticed that the heels were extremely sharp stilettos.

“A very odd situation, this,” he said fatuously. “Isn’t it?”

Well, she thought, the ice has to be broken somehow. She said, with her eyes on his: “Coming here to my house for a whipping, you mean?”

He blushed. "Yes, that's what I mean."

"It is rather odd," she said easily. She felt better now that the words had been spoken. "Are you afraid?"

"No," he said at once, a little defiantly. "Should I be?"

"Well, I should be if I were in your place."

There was a silence for a moment or two.

She stood up suddenly. "Let's get the things, out and look at them, shall we?" He followed her with his eyes as she went to a cupboard and unlocked it. She took out a cane and the switch which he immediately recognised. She also took out a length of rope and the handcuffs which he had given Joan.

"How do those things come to be here?" he asked.

"I brought them with me," she said, raising her eyes. "They are Miss Joan's."

"Yes, I know."

"She asked me to bring them myself."

“Oh.”

She swished the switch through the air. Then she did the same with the cane. “Which hurts more?” she asked, curiously.

“I don’t know,” he muttered. He felt very embarrassed now. He wondered whether she was going to start on him at once, before Joan arrived. He prayed she wouldn’t.

She was wondering the same thing. She could so easily give him a few strokes with each of them. But would Joan be angry? She then remembered that she herself held the whip-hand, over both of them. What did it matter if Joan was angry?

“You don’t know?” she repeated. “That’s ver-y strange. Let’s find out. Just get up a moment and bend over. Let’s see which makes you jump more.”

He stared at her. He made no move.

She tapped the seat of the chair with the switch. “Come on. Bend over here, please.” Damn, she thought. Why did I have to say ‘please’? I’m master now. “Come on,” she repeated peremptorily. “Bend over here.”

He gave a shrug to his shoulders, got up from his chair, and moved in front of the one which she was tapping ominously with the switch. He put his hands on



its seat and bent his body.

A fluttering feeling came to her loins. She lifted his jacket up. She stepped back, looked at the switch, and changed her mind. She put it into her left hand and picked up the cane with her right. She gave him three very hard strokes with it.

He flinched, but made no sound.

She put the cane down and took the switch into her right hand. She gave him three strokes with equal force.

He still made no sound, but his flinches were more pronounced.

“I see,” she said. “This one hurts more. Now you may sit down again.”

He sat down and looked at her. She was bending the switch in her hands. He was surprised to find that he no longer felt any embarrassment. It seemed as though her strokes had thoroughly cleared the air of any shyness between them, as though her pain had exorcised his embarrassment.

“I’m surprised,” she said, examining the suppleness of the switch. “This certainly looks more hurtful. What’s it got inside it?”

“A thin piece of metal, I think.”

“Golly! I wouldn’t like to have it used on me. What do you get out of it?”

“Pain.”

“Why do you let me do it to you then?”

He took out his cigarette case and offered it to her. “It seems I have no choice — from what Joan tells me.”

“No,” she said. “That’s quite right, and don’t you forget it. You haven’t any choice, as far as I’m concerned. None at all. But why do you let Miss Joan do it to you?”

He put a hand jocularly over his lips. “That’s a secret. You can’t expect me to tell you that.”

She laughed. “Well, it doesn’t matter. But you have to take it from me, if you don’t want Miss Joan getting into trouble. And you can take another six now! Just get up again and bend over.”

She gave him all the six this time with the switch. She was beginning to feel extremely excited. “Did they hurt nicely?” she asked, as he sat down again.

“Yes, very much.”

“It’s a pity,” she said, “that Miss Joan is going away next week. Just when I’ve got you in my clutches.” She turned her head suddenly and stared at him thoughtfully. An idea had come to her mind, an exciting idea. “No, it isn’t a pity at all. Why should it be? I can go on beating you in her absence, can’t I? I’m her assistant now. Yes, you can simply come and report to me here every Saturday afternoon for a whipping. Of course you can.”

“We’ll have to see whether Joan agrees to that,” he said, with some anxiety.

“She’ll have to agree,” said Elisabeth succinctly. “How very nice! Why didn’t I think of it before? I’ve got my own permanent whipping-boy. When do you go back to the university?”

“In about two months,” he said unhappily. He wondered why the prospect troubled him so much. By now he knew fully well that he was a masochist. It seemed, though, that he was a masochist for Joan only. He enjoyed being under her domination, because he loved her. He felt nothing for this girl. He could see that it would be nice to go to bed with her, but it was not appealing to be whipped by her every Saturday afternoon. On the other hand, he couldn’t very well resist her, for fear she would go to Clive Lyveden and get Joan into a devil of a lot of trouble. He was obviously in her clutches, as she said.

“That’ll make about eight Saturdays,” she said pleasantly. “Oh yes, life has suddenly turned very good for me. Did you ever see a film called ‘White Cargo’?”

He smiled a little ruefully. “No. But it had a girl who whipped a servant, didn’t it?”

She grinned at him mischievously. “Yes. Tondelayo, her name was. Miss Joan told you, then?”

“Yes.”

“That’s what really put the idea into my mind. To whip a man, I mean.”

“You’ve never done it before?”

“No, never. The twelve I just gave you were the first ever. But, oh golly, how I’ve wanted to! And now I can, every Saturday.” She turned on her heels in another pirouette of happiness. “And I want to give you another six now. Get up again.”

The house-bell rang.

“There’s Joan,” said Robert, standing up, and feeling greatly relieved.

“Yes,” she said with disappointment. For a quarter of an hour she had been the master, but now she would become only the assistant. She shrugged her shoulders imperceptibly with resignation. It didn’t matter very much. She would have him to herself after Joan had gone.

She went to open the door.

“I’m so sorry I’ve kept you waiting,” said Joan. “Daddy wanted me for something at the last moment.”

“It doesn’t matter at all, Miss Joan,” said Elisabeth demurely. She led the way back into the parlour.

“Anyway,” said Joan, “it’s given you a chance to get acquainted.” Her eyes fell on the switch, the cane, the handcuffs, and the rope. She looked enquiringly at Robert.

He nodded. “Only too well acquainted.”

She frowned. That was going a bit too far, she thought.

Elisabeth said quickly: “I gave him a bit of a taste, Miss Joan.” She was about to add: “I hope you don’t mind,” but changed her mind. She reminded herself again that it was she who held the whip-hand.

Joan was thinking the same thing. It would be unwise to let herself be angry. There was nothing she could do. And to get angry at the outset would spoil the whole of the afternoon. “That was a very good idea,” she said lightly.

Robert raised his eyebrows at her in surprise. She shook her head slightly at him as though to tell him to accept the situation with a good grace.

Elisabeth said: "I thought we'd go upstairs, Miss Joan. To my bedroom."

"All right," said Joan. "But listen. Let's not have any false modesty between us. What we're going to do is purely sexual, so let's bring it out into the open."

"That's what I think, Miss Joan," said Elisabeth. She moved to Robert. "So shall we have something else out in the open too?"

Joan watched her in considerable surprise as she unbuttoned Robert's flies and brought out his penis. She caressed it lightly, gave it a small slap, and turned to face Joan again.

Well, well, Joan thought. And I was worried that she might be shy and modest! She said: "You did that very proficiently, Elisabeth. It seems that you've had some experience."

"Oh yes, Miss Joan. You didn't think I was a virgin, did you?"

"I wasn't sure."

"Oh, I'm no virgin. The only thing I haven't done is give a man a whipping. But what were you saying?"

Joan drew a breath. Matters seemed to be being taken out of her hands. “I was saying that what we’re doing is purely sexual, and I want to get the program straight. No” — she shook her head confusedly — “that’s not what I mean. The program is quite clear — “

“A good deal of whipping, Miss Joan. That’s it, isn’t it?”

“Of course. But what I meant was something else. You said you wanted to be my assistant, didn’t you?”

“Yes, Miss Joan.” Elisabeth’s tone was a little suspicious. She wondered what was coming.

“Well,” said Joan, finding it hard to speak as openly as she herself had insisted, “after we’ve whipped Mr. Andover, he’ll make love to me.”

There was only the faintest emphasis on the “me”, but it was not lost on Elisabeth. Never mind, she said to herself. He’ll make love to me after you’ve gone. She said aloud: “Of course, Miss Joan.”

“And I want you to whip him while he’s doing it.”

Elisabeth’s nerves gave an excited leap. She had never thought of this. “Of course,” she said again. “It’s a wonderful idea.”

Robert cleared his throat nervously. He felt that too much time had gone by without a word from him. He had spoken only four words since Joan arrived. He was being treated as though — he tried to reject the thought — as though he really were nothing more than a whipping-boy. He cleared his throat again.

The two girls turned to him expectantly.

He could think of nothing to say. He pretended to cough and then said lamely: “Better get on with it, hadn’t we?”

Joan sensed his mood. She went up to him and kissed him. “Darling Robert,” she said softly. “You’re hating this aren’t you? Don’t, thought. It’s going to be rather good fun.”

He swallowed and nodded his head. “I hope so.”

Elisabeth said: “Shall we go upstairs then?” She led the way out of the room and up the stairs. Half-way up she stopped: “Oh dear! I’m a fine assistant, aren’t I? I’ve forgotten the things!”

Joan turned on the bottom step. “You bring them,” she said to Robert. She gave him a dazzling smile.

Elisabeth laughed wickedly. “The victim carries the instruments, does he? I see I’ve got a lot to learn.”



The bedroom was fairly small but much larger than Joan had expected from the outside appearance of the house. It had a big old-fashioned wardrobe, dressing-table, and chair. Her eyes, however, went first to the bed. It was a three-quarter bed with brass head and foot. It would do very well, she thought.

Elisabeth stood beside the dressing-table. Robert, with a nonchalant air, tossed the switch, cane, handcuffs and rope on to the bed. Joan closed the door, looked to see whether there was a key, saw that there was, and turned it.

“There’s no danger at all that your mother will come back earlier?” she said to Elisabeth.

“None at all, Miss Joan. Mum’s crazy about the flicks — if somebody else pays. She’s too mean to go and pay for herself. She waits for Saturday and hopes that I’ll pay for her. And, as I told you, she always sees the film through twice.”

“That’s all right, then,” said Joan, with relief. She looked at Robert. “Get your clothes off, my boy.” She saw that in spite of his agitation at the whole of the proceedings his penis was still very stiff.

“What shall I do, Miss Joan?”

Joan considered. “First, you can tie him up, if you like. Then we’ll bend him over and each give him a dozen alternately. Which do you prefer? The cane or the switch?”

“The switch, please, if it’s all right with you. It’s more like a whip.”

“And it gives more pain,” said Robert suddenly and acidly.

“Yes, Mr. Andover, it does, doesn’t it?” said Elisabeth sweetly. “We found that out downstairs, didn’t we?”

“It’s all right with me,” said Joan. “If anything, I prefer a cane myself.”

“Have you ever used a real whip on him?”

“Good heavens, no! A real whip would be too terrible.”

Tondelayo did, Elisabeth told herself. And I think I’m going to use one myself one of these coming Saturdays. Where can I get one though? Oh yes, any leather shop. They all sell those long dog-leashes for Alsatians. And they are whips. Oh yes, Mr. Handsome Andover, she said to herself as she watched him undress, one of these Saturdays you are going to feel a real whip across your body.

When he had stripped himself completely naked, she moved to the bed and picked up the length of rope. She knelt beside him and deftly tied his ankles very tightly together. She stood up and took the handcuffs in her hand. “Hold out your hands,” she ordered, her heart beating at what seemed twice its normal rate. She clicked the handcuffs over his wrists, her nerves giving a thrilling leap at the sound of the clicks. “You’re nicely trussed up now, aren’t you?” She gave a slap

to his penis and moved behind him. She exclaimed out loud at the sight of the weals on his buttocks. She looked at Joan. "You have been whipping him, Miss Joan!" she murmured admiringly.

Joan handed her the switch. "Would you like to go first?"

Elisabeth moistened her lips. "Yes, please." She ran the length of the switch through her fingers. Then she put its tip under his penis. She flicked it slightly upwards. "Bend down," she said tremulously. "I'm going to whip you!"

He turned his head and looked at Joan. "Moriturus and so on!"

She gave him a smile that was apologetic. She tried to show him, too, that she was not going to enjoy watching this whipping given by another girl. She knew in her heart, however, that that was not true. She was beginning to look forward to watching it. She moved position in order to have a better view of the switch cutting into his buttocks.

"You said a dozen, Miss Joan?" murmured Elisabeth, taking up her position and measuring her distance by laying the lash-end of the switch across his bottom.

"Two dozen, if you like," said Joan unexpectedly.

"Thank you! Two dozen it shall be then." Elisabeth tapped his buttocks with the switch. "Down you go. Bend right down."

He gave Joan a reproachful look as he bent down and waited for the pain.

Elisabeth swung the switch with all her strength. As it cut into his flesh she felt something like an electric shock strike her own body — a shock of ecstasy that was electrical. “Oooh!” she breathed, and swung again.

Blood spurted at her fifth lash.

Joan watched the drops gather in the weals and slowly begin to ooze down his legs. She counted silently as each lash struck.

On the eighth lash Robert jerked upright. “Stop! STOP!” she shouted. “I can’t stand it!”

Very deliberately, Elisabeth lashed him twice across his shoulders. “Bend down,” she hissed. “Or do you want the rest across your back?”

He looked into her eyes. He opened his mouth to say something, but she lashed him again across his shoulders. “Get down!” she said icily. “Get down and stay down.”

He bent his body at once, his brain reeling with the agony in his shoulder-blades. Again he cursed himself for ever having started this mad business of masochism with Joan. This mad, totally mad business! He must himself be mad. He knew what it would be like each time, and yet he voluntarily submitted himself to the pain. And now there was this other girl — this very lovely but frighteningly

brutal girl. Never again! Neither from Joan, nor from this Elisabeth. This Elisabeth with her threats of a whipping every Saturday afternoon. By the great Almighty God, never again! Let Joan go to the devil. Let her get into trouble with her father. To hell with them both! Never, never again . . .

The switch continued to cut into him, lash after searing lash . . .

And finally it was over.

Panting with exertion and excitement, Elisabeth flung herself face downwards on the bed. She uttered small cries of abandoned rapture.

Joan swished her cane. “And now it’s my turn,” she said between her teeth. Watching Elisabeth’s two dozen lashes had produced a variety of emotions inside her. Exhilaration was one; exhilaration at the sight and sound of the switch falling hissing through the air and cutting into male flesh — after the first half-dozen lashes she had stopped thinking of the flesh as Robert’s: it was simply male flesh. Wonderment was another; wonderment at the sight of the drops of blood splashing up into the air. Anger was a third; unreasoning anger because she herself was not delivering the lashes. And a tremendous sexual urge was the fourth; the sexual urge to begin at once to thrash that male flesh with the cane in her hand.

As from a distance she heard his anguished appeal: “for Christ’s sake let me have a moment, Joan!”

At first she did not take in the meaning of the words. They were only noise. Then, as her cane was poised to strike, the meaning sank into her understanding.

She dropped her arm. “Of course,” she said dully.

He dropped to his knees and put his head on the seat of the chair. He moaned piteously.

She looked at him, and listened to his moans, as from a long way off. With one side of her character she was dreadfully sorry for him, and was ready to take him home. With the other side, she drank in the sound of his moans, and was impatient to increase the reason for them.

Elisabeth raised herself slowly from the bed. “My God, my God, my God!” she said wonderingly. “What absolute, utter” — she could not find the word she wanted, and finished — “heaven!” She stood up straight, gave herself a little shake and came beside Joan. “It’s your turn now. How many are you going to give him?”

“Two dozen. The same as you.”

“Do you really want that cane? You don’t prefer the switch? It’s much better.”

Joan nodded. “Perhaps it is. Give it to me.” She saw no reason why Elisabeth should be allowed to give more pain than she.

“May I ask you a favour, Miss Joan?” Elisabeth said diffidently.

“Yes, of course.”

“Would you let me suck his thing while you’re giving him your two dozen?”

Joan looked at her in surprise. “Suck his — penis?”

“Yes.”

“If you want to. But why?”

“It’s something else I like to do. I like to put a man’s thing into my mouth. But you’ll have to whip him standing up — if you don’t mind. He can’t be bending over. I wouldn’t be able to get at it.”

“I don’t mind. But he’ll have to have three dozen, not two. If he’s not bending over, that is.”

“That’s for you to say, Miss Joan. I only want to suck his thing.” Elisabeth moved beside Robert, still with his head on the chair. “Stand up now,” she said gently. “I’m going to do something nice to you — something that you’ll like. Stand up, like a good boy.”

He climbed obediently to his feet. He wondered what she was going to do to him now. He had heard their voices these last few moments but he had taken no notice of what they were saying. He was surprised to see Elisabeth kneel in front

of him and take his now flaccid penis in her hands. She caressed it lightly. A sweet sensation stole into his loins. He felt the cock begin to erect. She went on caressing it until it was quite hard again. Then she moved her head forward, opened her lips, and put the cock into her mouth. He stiffened abruptly with pleasure. He felt her tongue running over the sensitive nerve, her teeth lightly biting. He found he could almost forget the pain that still racked him.

Joan watched in fascination. At school, she had vaguely heard that women sometimes did this to men, but only at the man's request. She had never dreamed that a woman might want to do it for any pleasure it would give her. But here was the proof, in front of her.

Elisabeth's eyes were closed. There was a slight lift to her eyebrows, as though of serenity. She moved her head and shoulders rhythmically forwards and backwards as her mouth alternately engulfed and slid away from his now enormous cock. The fingers of both her hands played lightly with the bag of his testicles.

Robert closed his own eyes and threw back his head. He gave himself up to a sensation that was quite new to him — a wonderful, rapturous ecstasy which, mixed with the pain that continued to burn dully in his bottom, was poignantly sweet.

Elisabeth took her mouth away from his penis, opened her eyes, and looked up at him. "You like this, don't you? I thought you would."

"Yes," he murmured. "Don't stop."



“I won’t stop,” she said. “I like doing it. I like it almost as much as whipping you. But you’re going to be whipped again now by Miss Joan — while I’m doing it.”

Joan said suddenly: “Be careful not to let him come. I want him myself afterwards.”

Elisabeth nodded. “He won’t come, Miss Joan. Not while you’re whipping him.” Mentally, she hoped she was wrong. She very much wanted him to come, to spurt his semen into her mouth. Joan could have him another time.

“I’d better start then,” said Joan. She took up her position with the switch poised.

Elisabeth put her mouth back over his cock and closed her eyes again.

Joan began to lash at his bleeding buttocks.

With considerable relief Robert found that the pain was bearable — was, in fact, compounded of some curious pleasure. He realized at once that it was due to the thrilling life that Elisabeth was giving to his loins. Joan’s lashes seemed only to increase this life. For the first time he experienced a totally physical masochistic pleasure. Always before, his pleasure had been mental. It had been the excitement of the thought of feminine domination, not the agonising fact. Now for the first time, he did not swear never to submit again. He submerged himself in the commingling of pain and pleasure, and wanted it to last for hours.

Joan had delivered over two dozen lashes when his body took control. The juices gathered in his loins and surged up his penis in great pulsating spasms.

Elisabeth gave a little cry and swallowed avidly as the semen spurted at the back of her throat.

With a feeling of fury Joan watched it happen. She was being robbed of what she had looked forward to for so many days. She knew he would not be able to recuperate his strength enough to make love to her before the time came for them to leave. She uttered a wail of anger and began to lash his shoulders with the switch.

While his orgasm held him in its grip Robert found that even this new agony in his shoulder-blades was tolerable. With a flush of perception he realized, however, that it would not be tolerable as soon as his orgasm had spent itself. His ecstasy was so powerful, on the other hand, that he did not bother much about this thought. He gave himself up to the bliss of the moment.

It was a long, tenacious moment. By the time it began to come to its close Joan had spent herself in her anger. She dropped her switch and flopped down exhaustedly on to the chair.

Elisabeth swallowed the last drops of semen and slowly stood up.

Joan looked at her resentfully. "You even swallowed it!"

“Yes, Miss Joan.”

“How could you?”

“That’s the point of the whole thing.”

“So you meant all the time to let him come.”

Elisabeth shook her head. “No, I didn’t. I didn’t think he’d be able to, not while you were whipping him.”

“Well, he did,” said Joan sulkily. “And now I can’t have him.”

Elisabeth said gently. “I’m very sorry, Miss Joan. But you can have him, you know. In a different way.”

“In what way? Your mother’ll be back before he gets his strength back.”

“You can let him do to you what I did to him.”

Joan stared at her. “What do you mean?”

“You just lie down on your back on the bed and open your legs. He will put his tongue to your — between your legs. You’ve never had that done to you?”

“No, never.”

“You’ll like it. It’s better in some ways than the proper thing.”

“I see,” said Joan. “And he certainly doesn’t need his strength for that.”

Robert said: “I’m sorry, darling. I couldn’t hold myself. But let me do that to you. I’d love to.”

“And I’ll whip him,” said Elisabeth, “while he’s doing it. Like we said before.”

Joan smiled. She was happy again. “All right. Let’s do that.” She took off her skirt and panties, and moved to the bed.

Elisabeth looked at his bottom and shoulders. They were covered with blood. “We’ll have to put something down for him to lie on,” she said doubtfully. “Don’t know what Mum would say if she saw blood on the bed. She knows I’m not a virgin.”

“Have you got a sheet of plastic?” said Joan. “Or a mack?”

“Yes,” said Elisabeth. “I’ve got a mack. It’s not plastic. It’s rubber, but blood’ll wash off rubber all right. Half a tick. I’ll go and get it.” She unlocked the door and ran downstairs. She was back in a minute with a mackintosh of rubberised nylon. She spread it, rubber side up, on the bed.

“Will it be enough?” said Joan, looking at it doubtfully. “His blood does splash about, you know. It might splash on to the counterpane.”

“You’re right,” said Elisabeth. “Mum’s got a mack. We’ll borrow that, too. But I’ll have to wash it before she comes back.” She left the room again.

Robert hopped heavily over to Joan. He raised his manacled wrists and put his arms down over Joan’s shoulders. “You were very angry with me,” he said.

She nodded. “Yes, I was — for a moment.”

“I’m awfully sorry. I feel very guilty.”

“It’s all right. Forget it.”

“Almost as though I’d been unfaithful to you.’

She nodded again. “Yes, I must admit that that thought crossed my own mind too. But only for a moment. You couldn’t help it.”

He kissed her. "I love you, you know."

"But you find her attractive?"

"Of course. Anyone would. After all, she is attractive. But it's you I'm in love with."

She put her arms round his neck. "All right, darling. I forgive you completely — now. And I love you too. Do you still want to marry me?"

"Of course I do. Will you?"

"We'll talk about it when you finish the university."

Elisabeth came back into the room. "Couldn't find it at first. It's a cape. Much better." She picked up her own mackintosh and spread the rubber cape on the bed in its place. Then she put her mackintosh beside it. "That'll be safe now. He can splash all he wants to."

Joan kissed the tip of his nose lightly and disengaged herself from his manacled embrace. She lay down on her back in the middle of the protected part of the bed. "Come on, Robert," she said. She opened her legs. She felt a little shy but was determined not to show it.

Robert hopped to the side of the bed and let himself down on his stomach over its edge. The rubber felt pleasantly cool to his burning body. His face was on a level with Joan's vagina. His penis rested comfortably on the edge of the bed. His legs stretched down at an angle to the floor. The only thing that caused discomfort was the constriction of his wrists.

"Can't you take these handcuffs off?" he said. "I don't know what to do with my hands."

"Of course," said Joan. "And I want your hands free for my breasts. Do unlock them, Elisabeth. The key is on my key-ring — in my bag."

When his hands were free he put them up to her nipples and began to stroke, to caress, to squeeze, in the way that he knew she loved. He put his face to her vagina, put out his tongue and lightly touched its moist lips.

She stiffened with pleasure. She stiffened again as she felt it enter her.

Elisabeth took the switch and put herself into position. She said: "You'll tell me when to start, Miss Joan?"

"Start now," said Joan dreamily. Elisabeth had been quite right. Robert's tongue on and in her cunt was giving her a more exciting type of pleasure than his prick had ever done. She heard the swish of the switch. She felt his flinch, and at once received a violent shock of additional pleasure. His flinch, born of pain, had for her a mutability that, though she had half-expected it, was unbelievable now in the force of its effect. "Oh, thrash him, Elisabeth," she cried wildly. "Thrash him hard! Flog him!"

Elisabeth needed no further urging. With a savage lust in her eyes she whipped with all the strength she could muster. Her own juices in her loins began inexorably to gather.

For Robert, the pain was again unbearable. He had the sense, however, to realise that he had better concentrate as much as he could on bringing Joan as quickly as possible to her orgiastic climax. The quicker he did this the sooner the agony would stop.

It did not take very long.

Joan felt herself being lifted out of herself — into a dream world of such rapture as she had never dreamed of. She became half-conscious, entering a sort of coma of pure pleasure.

Elisabeth, too, was not fully conscious. Her brain was reeling as she lashed, and as her juices spread and boiled and took possession of her . . .



## Chapter Eight

Robert came to dine with the family on the night before Joan's departure for her finishing-school in Germany.

Elisabeth contrived to come into the living room twice while they were drinking sherry before dinner. She looked at Robert now with a different gaze. She had whipped him, she had drunk his semen, and now she felt possessive.

Robert tried not to look at her, but he felt her eyes on him. He was greatly embarrassed and fidgety until she left the room. Only then did he relax.

Clive Lyveden noticed this with some puzzlement. What has happened? he wondered. The last time he was here she fairly ate him up with her gaze and he noticed nothing. This time she's looking at him with a funny look in her eyes — and he's as jumpy as though he's committed some crime. There's something very odd going on in this house. I'd very much like to find out what it is.

After dinner, Robert and Joan went out for a breath of air, as they called it. In fact, they went to the garage, climbed into the back of the Bentley and made love. They were tense and nervous, and the love-making was not very successful.

"Never mind," said Joan philosophically. "We'll make up for it when I come home a-gain."

“Oh God,” said Robert. “I can’t stand the thought of all this time without you.”

“It’ll pass,” said Joan. “You have your studies. They’ll take your mind off me.”

“They won’t,” said Robert gloomily.

“You’ll write to me?”

“Every day.”

“I’ll write to you.”

“You do love me, Joan?”

“Of course.”

“Then why don’t you agree to marry me — when I finish with the university and get a job and so on? Why can’t we be engaged? Privately, I mean.”

“All right,” she said. “Let’s be engaged. Privately, though. It’s going to be a long engagement, I’m afraid. We can’t just get married as soon as you get a job.”

You'll have to wait a bit longer before you can get Daddy's consent."

"Why? I inherit as soon as I graduate."

"Inherit? Inherit what?"

"About twenty thousand. From an uncle. I thought you knew. Eric does."

"No," she said, in surprise. "I had no idea. Well, well! You'll be enough of a man of substance to ask Daddy's consent the day after you graduate."

"So," he said, taking her in his arms in the darkness, "so we're engaged at last."

"Yes, darling, we're engaged. But keep it dark for the time being."

"All right."

She stroked his hair. "I've resisted giving you an answer all this time for a completely different reason, you know."

"I know."

“What do you know?”

He chuckled. “You wanted to be sure that I’d obey you whenever you want to get sadistic with me. You wouldn’t want to marry me unless you were sure of that.”

“Yes,” she said, in a small voice. “But after that afternoon with Elisabeth I began to be more sure.”

“That was quite an afternoon!” he said lightly.

“You didn’t like it, did you, poor darling?”

“Not much.”

She had been on the point of suggesting that they should have Elisabeth as their own maid after they were married, but she thought she had better wait. Instead, she said: “Poor darling! But she did have us in a very difficult situation, didn’t she? I know I rather liked the idea of having her as an assistant, but even if I hadn’t, we couldn’t have done anything. It would be too terrible if she went to Daddy with her story.”

“Would it?” he asked quietly. He was thinking of the coming Saturday afternoon, when he was to report to Elisabeth for another whipping. He had several times been on the point of telling Joan about it, and asking her to agree to tell Elisabeth to do what ever she wanted with her story and be damned to her.

Joan sat up in the darkness. “Would it?” she repeated incredulously. “Do you doubt it? It would be the most terrible thing that could possibly happen. It would break his heart.”

“Why?” he asked practically.

“Darling don’t be silly. What would you think if you were told that your daughter was an active sadist, thrashing men backwards and forwards across her bedroom floor — with a maid watching everything from under the bed? I’d never be able to look him in the face again. I’d never be able to live here again, for that matter. It would break his heart, and I would want to die of shame. Oh no, no, no! I love my father very much. He must never know about that.”

“All right,” he said very seriously. “I see your point.” And that means, he thought, that I’ll simply have to take the whippings every Saturday afternoon. Perhaps, though, they won’t be every Saturday. Perhaps she’ll get fed up after the first one — or two. I suppose I can put up with one or two for Joan’s sake. But I wish I could tell her about it. I can’t, though. She’d be torn between saving me and saving her father. No, I’d better say nothing at all. Just have to grin and bear it.

He said: “You must have been very worried.”

“I was. But you co-operated beautifully. And everything is all right now.”

“What about when you come home? She may want to go on with it.”

“Let’s bother about that when the time comes,” she said at once. Privately she hoped very much that Elisabeth would want to go on being her assistant, even after her marriage. She could easily persuade her father to let her have a maid as an extra wedding present.

In the aircraft the following day, Joan projected her thoughts into the immediate future. It made her sad and homesick to think of Robert.

The finishing-school to which she was going had been carefully selected by her father, after searching enquiries. It was in Munich, and was run by a Fraulein Kaltenbrunner, a spinster of thirty-six years of age.

Frau Kaltenbrunner, Clive had learned, had an unimpeachable reputation in Munich. The only daughter of a rich industrialist, who had died when she was in her twenties, she had no need to work. She was possessed, however, of two urges: the first was to teach; the second was to give her money to deserving charities. She had satisfied the first of these urges by founding her finishing-school, in which thirty young ladies were taught the social graces and accomplishments. She had satisfied the second urge by founding a number of charitable trusts, of which she was herself the chairman.

She was unmarried because she preferred to be unmarried. She could have married at any time since she was old enough, both by reason of her wealth and by reason of her beauty. In Munich she was still, in fact, one of the great matrimonial catches for fortune hunters of birth and breeding. But she had never deceived herself about what her suitors principally wanted of her, and it was part of her pride that she would not compromise. She would not be driven into marriage for any incidental reason — loneliness, the shame of spinsterhood, the desire for children. Love alone would induce her. And love, moreover, that was given to her. She had never felt any need to give it herself to another. When she

considered marriage, it was always in terms of being considered it as a possible reality. Even as a young girl, even as a child, Lili Kaltenbrunner had had a fateful conviction that no one would want her for herself. Her wealth stood as a barrier.

Had she been a Catholic, she might have entered the church. Had she been a poor woman, she would certainly have trained herself for some dedicated profession. But she was the Kaltenbrunner heiress. As one who accepts and fulfills an obvious destiny, she gave her wealth to charity and her love to her thirty young ladies.

All this Clive Lyveden had learned, after his searching enquiries, and he was content to entrust Joan to the care of this woman. He had been more than usually careful with his selection of a finishing-school for her because he did not want history to be repeated. Her mother had gone, at about the same age — and six years before Clive had met her — to a finishing-school in Switzerland. This had been run by a woman who today would be called a schizophrenic: one part of her mind had led her into what the Church refers to as “good works”, with a kind, benevolent, tolerant, wise personality; the other part of her mind had led her into nymphomania, lesbianism and sadism. She had quickly sensed the underlying streak of cruelty in Joan’s mother, and had set out to develop it with all her knowledge and all her skill. She had succeeded beyond her own expectations. Joan’s mother had developed into a schizophrenic, with her sadism carefully hidden. It had not been revealed to Clive until the day after the end of their honeymoon. But when it was revealed, the revelation had come with the force of a hurricane.

For several years now, Clive had been alternating between the tormenting near-certainty that Joan would grow up with the same schizophrenic sadism, and the supplicating hope that it would pass her by. In her childhood, her partiality for tying people up — Eric and his friends, particularly — and then indulging herself in the fantasy of inflicting dreadful tortures on them had caused him many anguished moments. Recently, however, he had seen no ominous signs. He

was not at rest, however. It could be that she was as clever as her mother had been at hiding her sadism, it could be that it was still only incipient, and perhaps — just perhaps — it could be that it was going to pass her by. He prayed nightly that she had taken after him, and not after her mother. But he remained very anxious. And so he had been extremely careful with his choice of a finishing-school for her. There should be no danger at the one to which she was now going.

Fraulein Kaltenbrunner herself met Joan at the Munich Airport.

“I’m very glad to welcome you, Joan,” she said in German. “Your father tells me that you speak German. You do, I hope?”

“Well,” said Joan, in German, “I learned it at school. I took special lessons, I mean. But I don’t know how good I am.”

“You seem very good,” smiled the older woman. “And you have a good accent. Come. Let us finish with this tiresome police and customs control.”

The police and customs formalities were finished very quickly. Fraulein Kaltenbrunner was an important personage in Munich.

“My car is in the front,” she told the porter. “Will you please take the bags and give them to my chauffeur?”

She took Joan’s arm and steered her through the throng of people. “The journey



must have tired you. Let us go home at once, and you can rest.”

In the car, she said: “I have put you with a very nice girl from Sweden. But if you would prefer to have a separate room to yourself, you must tell me.”

“Oh no,” said Joan. “It’ll be great fun to share a room. A Swedish girl, you say. Does she speak English?”

“No,” said the other gently. “Only Swedish and German. That’s why I put you with her. It will be better for you to practise your German won’t it?”

Joan laughed. “You’re quite right. It’s my natural English shyness with a foreign language that made me ask that.”

“You shouldn’t have any shyness. Your German is excellent. You must have had a very good teacher. Was he a man?”

“Yes.”

“Men are always better teachers than women, I have to admit. That is why we have more men than women on the staff at the school.”

That’s good news, thought Joan. Unless they are all ancient. Oh dear, poor Robert! That thought was a bit disloyal, wasn’t it? Dear, beloved Robert.

The older woman smiled at her. "I think you are pleased. You prefer to be taught by men, don't you?"

"Well, yes," admitted Joan, slowly. "I think I do."

"And our men-teachers are not ancient, I'm glad to say."

Joan turned her head sharply. It was uncanny how the other had read her thoughts.

There was silence for a moment or two. Then: "Your room-mate has been with us for two terms already," said the older woman. "I'll leave it to her to tell you all about the routine of the school. She will take you in charge for a little while, as it were."

"What is her name?" asked Joan.

"Kristina Oley. And she is about your own age. You are nineteen, aren't you?"

"Yes, Fraulein Kaltenbrunner."

"Are you in love? Have you left some of your heart behind you?"

Joan stared at her, uncertain how to reply.

“Most of my girls have. And I’m always rather relieved. It removes some of the danger of their falling in love with the not-so-ancient men-teachers.” There was a humorous twinkle in her eye.

Joan laughed. “Well, as a matter of fact, there is someone.”

“A serious matter?”

“Rather serious.”

“You’re engaged?”

“Unofficially. But don’t tell Daddy. It’s very secret. We have to wait till he finishes with the university.”

“No, I won’t tell anyone. But I am relieved. It is a great responsibility, you know, having someone of your age and beauty under one’s care and — er — protection. And you are extremely beautiful, my dear.”

“Thank you very much,” said Joan, and added impulsively. “And so are you.”

Fraulein Kaltenbrunner patted her hand. "You are very sweet."

Kristina Oley, Joan's room-mate, was another beautiful girl. Blonde and tall, with a lissome figure and lovely legs, she had already turned a good many male heads in Munich.

"Let me help you unpack," she said, after Fraulein Kaltenbrunner had left them alone together in their room.

"Oh, never mind," said Joan. "I'll do it later on. But thank you all the same." She did not want anyone else opening her bags. Impulsively, at the last moment before leaving home, she had put her handcuffs into one of her cases. She wanted to have them with her as a souvenir of what passed between Robert and herself, and as a reminder of what was to happen again. It would be too terrible for words if this Swedish girl should see them. She had perhaps been unwise to bring them with her, but she had imagined that she would be having a room to herself. She was not at all displeased to find that she would be sharing a room with this attractive girl, but she realized she would have to hide those handcuffs somewhere. She would slip up to the room alone later on and do her unpacking in privacy.

She said: "Fraulein Kaltenbrunner said J was in your charge for a while — "

"We call her Kalt. Fraulein Kaltenbrunner is too much of a mouthful."

Joan laughed. "Kalt is a lot easier. Well, she said so. Would you like to show me

around? Or would you like to wait till later?”

“Let’s go now.”

They went downstairs and began a tour of the house, room by room.

It was, in fact, a schloss. It had been built in the sixteenth century and was very beautiful. Fraulein Kaltenbrunner had spent a great deal of money in modernising its interior, installing central heating, bathrooms, lavatories, and many other modern conveniences.

“We live very well here,” said Kristina. “The food is good — very good, and Kalt is a sweetie. And, what is more, we’re free to go down into Munich whenever we like.”—“There’s a locking-up time, I suppose?”

“Yes, theoretically. Midnight. But we’ve only to ask Kalt and we can get an extension.”

“Just like that? No questions?”

“Oh, we have to tell her where we’re going and who with, but she never checks up.”

“On the drive here she seemed to be rather worried by her responsibilities — responsibilities for us, I mean.”

“That’s only on the surface,” said Kristina, with satisfaction in her voice. “In fact, she lets us do pretty well as we like.”

“Sounds very nice indeed,” said Joan. “I was a bit afraid of having to return to a sort of boarding school atmosphere.”

“Good heavens, no! There’s nothing at all like that here, thank the good Lord.”

“What are the teachers like? She told me that some of the men are not ancient. She gave me quite a shock, too, when she said it. I’d just been wondering about it.”

“Yes,” said Kristina seriously. “Kalt has a gift that is a bit uncanny sometimes. She seems to be able to read anyone’s thoughts — even the most private. If you want to keep anything secret from her, it’s best not to look at her.”

“I wasn’t looking at her.”

“She must have tuned in on your wave-length then,” said Kristina lightly. “You’d better be careful with her, if you have any secrets.”

“Yes,” said Joan seriously. “I’d better. But tell me about the teachers. What are they like?”

“These are two women and four men — or rather, three men and a pansy.”

“A pansy? You don’t say so!” Kristina laughed gaily. “Yes, and some of us have great fun with him.”

“What sort of fun?”

“Oh, we torment him a bit. And he can’t do anything about it because Kalt doesn’t know he’s a pansy. If she did he’d be out on his ear in a second.”

Joan was fascinated. “How do you know a-bout it? I mean, do you actually know, or do you just suppose he’s one?”

“Oh, we know all right,” said Kristina with relish. “One of the girls caught him on the job last year with a stable-boy.”

“Here?”

“Yes, here.”

Joan burned to ask in what ways they tormented him, but she thought she had better not be too curious. She would find out in good time — and the torment certainly would not be of the sort that had just crossed her mind. It would probably be a lot of girlish ragging, but noting more. She said: “And the others?”

“They’re all right. One of them is a bit of a wolf and wants watching, but he’s rather nice and terribly good-looking. And — oh, here comes Kalt.”

Fraulein Kaltenbrunner came up to them. “So you’ve seen the house, Joan. Do you like it?”

“Oh yes,” said Joan warmly. “It’s wonderful. I’m so glad to be here.”

“I’m very pleased to hear that. Could you give me a minute or two? I have various things to discuss with you about your studies?”

“Certainly, Fraulein Kaltenbrunner.”

“Come along to my room then. You’ll excuse us, please, Kristina?”

“Of course, Fraulein.” Kristina went off with a wave of her hand. “I’ll get your unpacking done for you,” she called to Joan.

Joan opened her mouth to shout “Don’t!”, and then closed it with a snap. It would have given her away at once. As it was, the handcuffs would raise Kristina’s eyebrows a bit. She would have to think of some excuse for having them in her bag.



When she had finished with Fraulein Kaltenbrunner, she went up to her room and found all her clothes neatly put away in the drawers and ward-robe. The handcuffs had been placed beside her pile of handkerchiefs. A deep blush mounted to her cheeks.

There was a note propped up on her dressing-table: "Dear Joan, I forgot to tell you I have a date this evening. I hope I have put your clothes away in the way you like. (What lovely things you have. I'm so jealous!) See you later. Kristina."

Well, thought Joan, the damage is done. I'd better think up some good excuse for when she mentions them. I shan't mention them myself, of course. Qui s'excuse, s'accuse! But I'd better have a good excuse ready.

She began to rack her brain for an excuse. She could not find one that would deceive even a child. And she began to be worried.

She need not have worried, for when Kristina returned that night she was fast asleep, and no mention of handcuffs was made the following morning.

Three days went by, in fact, and still Kristina did not ask her why she carried handcuffs around with her. Joan at last found herself able to relax.

Perhaps, she thought to herself, she just hasn't got an enquiring mind. My goodness, though, if I had seen handcuffs in someone's bag, nothing would have been able to stop me asking about them.

At breakfast on her fourth day at school, Kristina said: "Shall we go to the cinema tonight, Joan?"

"I'd love to," said Joan. "It seems ages since I went to a film. What's on?"

"Oh, quite a lot of good things. We'll have a look at the paper. And after the cinema I thought we might stay downtown and have dinner. What do you say?"

"A wonderful idea."

They went to see a comedy and later went on to a beer-garden restaurant where Kristina said it was perfectly all right for two unescorted girls to dine.

A quarter of an hour through the meal, Kristina said quietly: "Would you do me a favour, Joan?"

"Certainly," said Joan at once. "If I can."

"I want you to lend me something."

Oh dear, thought Joan.

"Not money," said Kristina, looking up suddenly.

Joan laughed her relief. "Have you picked up Kalt's gift of thought reading?"

"No," grinned Kristina. "But I wish I could. It would come in useful at times."

"What do you want me to lend you?"

"Your handcuffs, if you will."

Joan felt the blood draining from her face. "Of course," she said, as easily as she could. "With pleasure." Oh, the cunning of it! she thought. She takes the war into my own country now. She refuses to ask me why I have them, and now puts me in the position of asking her why she wants them. Well, I'll be damned if I will. "Just take them," she said, "whenever you want them. They're still where you put them when you unpacked for me." She reached for her bag and took out her key-ring. "You'll want the key too, though. They are not much good without that."

The thirty girls at the school were separated into three classes of ten for most of the lessons and lectures. Kristina, senior to Joan in time at the school, was in a different class.

In her first lesson on Deportment, the following day, Joan did not, however, need Kristina to point out that the Deportment Professor was the homosexual teacher she had spoken of. It was obvious the moment he walked into the classroom.

In her class, there was no attempt to torment him in any way. Apart from a few titters and giggles at his more pronounced femininities, there was not even any attempt to rag him. Joan wondered curiously what Kristina's class did to him.

In the interval, Kristina said casually: "I've taken your handcuffs. Many thanks."

"Not at all," said Joan, equally casually.

"I've got an extension tonight. I'll be late. Try not to wake up when I come in. I'll be as quiet as I can."

"Have a good time," said Joan, her curiosity burning her like an acetylene lamp.

"I'll return the handcuffs tomorrow morning," said Kristina, with no expression at all in her voice.

For the rest of the day and all through the evening, Joan's curiosity continued to burn inside her. She determined stubbornly, however, to ask no questions — though it was now quite obvious that Kristina was trying to provoke her into asking.

When she went to bed she lay awake wondering what Kristina was doing with the handcuffs. Was it possible that she had the same desires? Was she whipping somebody? Or had she contrived the whole situation of borrowing the handcuffs, without really wanting them — simply in order to make Joan open the subject.

Joan at last fell into a troubled sleep without having come to a choice between the two possibilities.

The next morning, when they awoke, Joan waited for Kristina to return the handcuffs and, she hoped, say something about them. Kristina however, chatted happily, with her usual early-morning good humour, about all sorts of different matters, but did not once mention handcuffs. She left the room earlier than Joan, and raced off downstairs to breakfast.

With considerable irascibility, Joan opened her drawer to take a clean handkerchief. Lying beside the pile were the handcuffs, with an envelope on top of them.

Joan stared at the envelope for a long moment. Then, with a hand that shook slightly, she picked it up and opened it. Inside was the key and a brief note: "Darling Joan; Thank you very much. They were just right size! (And as I told you a little while ago, you have the loveliest things! Kristina."

"Damn!" said Joan aloud. "Damn and bloody hell! Where do we go from here?"

Three days later, Kristina suggested to Joan that they should go to the cinema again.

"Yes, let's," said Joan at once. "And let's stay down again for dinner. That place we went to the other night was really rather good."

Tonight, she told herself grimly, one of us is going to break. I'd rather it isn't myself, but if it has to be, it just has to be. I can't go on like this.

In the end it was Kristina who broke, but not until they had reached the coffee.

"All right," she said suddenly. "You win! I've simply got to know. What do you carry handcuffs around for?"

A surge of relief went through Joan. She had herself been on the point of breaking. And now she didn't have to make any excuses. "What did you borrow them for?" she countered pleasantly.

Kristina glared at her. "Yes, that is the question that quite obviously follows the first. That's why I haven't asked you before. But I've simply got to know. Why do you have them with you?"

Joan smiled. "Why do you, borrow them?"

Kristina signalled to a passing waiter. "Two brandies, please."

"I know," said Joan. "But you asked the first question — and you borrowed the handcuffs the other night."

"I might have borrowed them just to make you curious — just to make you ask me why I wanted them."

“I know. I’ve thought of that. And then you’d be able very reasonably to ask me — oh, so casually — why I carry them around with me. Yes, my dear, I’ve thought of that. But I don’t think that’s why you borrowed them.”

“Why do you think I borrowed them?”

“You tell me, Kristina.”

“No, help me a bit. Give a guess.”

“A guess?” said Joan lightly. “Oh — probably to put some man in your power and give him a good flogging.” She watched the other carefully.

Kristina, looked her full in the eyes. “Would that shock you — if it were true?”

Joan returned her look. “Not at all. Not in the slightest least.”

Kristina sighed. “At last we’re getting somewhere.”

The waiter arrived with their brandies. They both took a big gulp.

“Let’s come clean with each other,” said Kristina. “All right, I admit it. I did borrow them to put a man in my power and flog him. I like to flog men.” She looked into her glass as she spoke.

“So do I,” said Joan quietly.

Kristina looked up with shining eyes. “I thought so. I sensed it! What fools we have been, fencing with each other like this.”

“Oh, I don’t know,” said Joan. “One ought to be careful — particularly with anything like this.”

“Whom do you flog, Joan?”

“Well, I don’t know that I’ve ever actually flogged anyone. Doesn’t that mean using whips and things?”

“Yes,” said Kristina. “Whips and birches and nine-tiled knouts, and things like that. What have you used?”

“You’ll probably think it awfully childish,” said Joan demurely, “but only a cane and a riding-switch.”

“Well, that’s a beginning, anyway. And whom have you caned?”



“My — my fiancé.”

“Oh, you’re engaged!” Kristina’s tone was suddenly disappointed. “I didn’t know that.”

“Oh, not officially.” Joan suddenly felt she was giving away too much and getting nothing in return. “And whom do you flog, Kristina?”

“The pansy teacher, principally. But there are others.”

“So that’s what you meant when you said you torment him!”

“But you said “we”, not “I”. Do the others in your class flog him?”

“Three of the others. There’s a quartette of us. If you want to join us we’ll make it a quintette. But you’re engaged. You won’t want to.”

“Of course I want to,” said Joan explosively. “What has my engagement got to do with this sort of thing?”

“Good,” said Kristina with relief. “And I’m glad this cat and mouse stuff is over.”

“Did you tell the others about the handcuffs?”

“I’m afraid I did. Anyway, they wanted to know where I’d got them from.” She paused. “No, that’s a lie. I’d told them before. It was their idea that I should borrow them. They’ve all been studying you very carefully.”

Joan laughed with all her heart. “Have they indeed? And what did they decide?”

“Nothing. You hide it very well. Usually a sadist gives some indication of it, but you don’t.”

“I can’t say I’m sorry,” said Joan, thinking of her father. “Where do you give these floggings?”

“At his flat. He lives alone.”

“And he submits to whatever you do to him? Just like that?”

“He has to,” said Kristina grimly, “if he wants to keep his job. And because Kalt pays him so well, he very much wants to keep it.” She took a drink from her brandy and looked up at Joan. “Our next meeting is the day after tomorrow. You’d better think up some respectable person who wants to dine you, and ask Kalt for an extension.”

## Chapter Nine

Robert lifted the brass knocker on the front door of Elisabeth's house, and let it fall. It fell with a heavy metallic thud. It seemed to him that his spirits also fell in the same way, fell even lower than they had been all day.

He had come here for a whipping — for Joan's sake. Unless he wanted her to get into serious trouble with her father, he had no alternative. Elisabeth had made that very clear when she telephoned him that morning to remind him that he was “to report to her at three o'clock”. He certainly did not want his Joan to get into any trouble. So here he was, reporting for a whipping . . .

He sighed. He wondered how terrible it would be. He had not the least feeling of masochistic pleasure at the thought that the girl who was going to whip him was very lovely. His masochism was reserved exclusively for Joan.

The door opened. “Good afternoon, Mr. And-over.” said Elisabeth, with a dazzling smile. “Come in.”

She led the way into the parlour.

His eyes opened wide as he saw the whip that lay on the table. It was a whip that is used as a leash for large dogs. It looked very brutal.

“You’re not going to use that, I hope,” he said, knowing his words to be stupid.

“Oh yes, I am,” she replied gaily. “I bought it this morning — especially for you.”

Beside it on the table was a yellow rubber apron. He did not know it, but this was the apron that Elisabeth used when washing up in the Lyveden house. She had had an exciting idea several days ago, and had brought the apron with her that morning.

Lying over the back of a chair was a mackintosh of shiny black rubber. She pointed to it. “I bought that too. I’m going to be protected better this time.”

“What do you mean?”

“You ruined that leather skirt of mine last Saturday.”

“I did? How?”

“Your blood splashed all over it. And it won’t wash off. The skirt is completely ruined. I’m going to wear that mack this afternoon. The rubber is on the outside, so you can splash as much as you like.”

“I don’t like, you know,” he said with a forced smile. “I’d just as soon not splash any blood!”

“Well, you’re going to,” she said grimly. “That whip is going to help you quite a bit. Get undressed now. Strip yourself naked.”

Without a further word he began to take off his clothes. Argument would be useless, he knew. It might also be dangerous. He was trapped. He had better be totally submissive. It might be over sooner.

When he was naked, she said: “Now put that apron on.

His eyes opened wide. “That apron? For God’s sake why?”

She picked up the whip and swung it across his shoulders. “You must learn not to ask questions in future,” she said evenly. “But, this time, I’ll tell you why. My appetite was opened by watching a girl whip a negro servant. Well, you’re not a negro, but you’re going to be a servant this afternoon.” She swung again with the whip, this time at his legs. “Now put it on quickly.”

He picked up the apron, slipped its loop over his head and tied its strings behind his back. It felt cold against his skin. It also made him feel very foolish.

She regarded him with a dancing light in her eyes. “You look very sweet! Now hold my mackintosh for me.” She put down the whip and waited for him.

He took the mackintosh and held it for her. She slipped into it, buttoned all its buttons, and tied its belt tightly.

“Let’s not call it a mackintosh,” she said. “Let’s give it a better name. You think of one.”

“A better name?”

She picked up her whip again and ran its length through her fingers. “Yes, a better name. A more suitable name. Think of one quickly.”

“I’m afraid I can’t.”

She swung the whip across his buttocks, hard. He jumped.

“You’d better,” she said ominously.

He thought desperately. “Your protection?” he offered, hopefully.

The whip cut across his back this time.

“That’s a very silly name,” she said. “Think again.”

“You — your — your clothes-saver?” The whip lashed across his buttocks.

“That’s even sillier,” she said, running her free hand over the shiny surface of the rubber. “Sounds like those things you put under your arms in the summer. But take your time. I’m enjoying this.” She was indeed enjoying herself enormously. Here was a man — a big, handsome, desirable man — in her power. She could do what she liked with him. She raised her whip and lashed him again across his buttocks. “But for your own sake you’d better be quick. These lashes are all extra to what you’re going to get in any case.”

He stood there, with his yellow apron covering his stomach, penis, testicles and knees, with his back and bottom exposed to her whip, racking his brains. What in God’s name could the bloody mackintosh be called? “Your good friend? Your ally? Your protector? Oh no, I’ve said that.”

She squeezed her legs tightly together as she struck him three times. “You’re not very bright, are you?”

“Your whipping-robe?” he said suddenly, after a long moment’s thought.

She had raised the whip again. Now she let it fall. “My whipping-robe.” She considered for a moment. “Yes,” she said judicially, “that’s a good idea at last.” She ran her hand across the rubber once again. “All right, listen. The first thing you do every Saturday when you come here is to find my whipping-robe, wherever I might have put it, and hold it out for me to put on. You understand?”

“Yes,” he said.

She raised the whip again and slashed at his legs. “I think you’d better call me madam in future.”

“Yes — madam.” He swallowed his anger down into his stomach. He would put up with whatever she demanded. It would all be over more quickly.

“Now go into the kitchen,” she ordered.

“Where is it?”

The whip lashed across his shoulders. “Where is it — what?”

“Sorry. Where is it, madam” He was gasping with the pain she was giving him, but he was determined not to cry out. He wondered dully why they were going to the kitchen.

“Out of the door and to the end of the passage.”

She followed him into the kitchen, her mackintosh swishing and rustling as she walked.

The kitchen was quite large, for it was the living-room of the house. The parlour was used only for guest and important occasions. There was a deal table in the middle of the floor. This was of brick tiles, with two threadbare rugs on either side of the table. Two easy chairs before an anthracite stove, two upright wooden chairs beside the table, an oak dresser, made up the furniture of the room. Opposite the table was the sink with a draining-board on its left.



On the draining-board was a large pile of dishes.

“Those are the plates and things from breakfast too,” she said. “I told Mum to leave ‘em to me to wash up.” She laughed gaily. “My, wasn’t she surprised! What she didn’t know is that I’ve got my own servant now. You’re going to wash up.”

He nodded. “All right — madam.” This didn’t seem so bad.

“And I’m going to be here,” she said, sitting on the edge of the table.” And I’m going to watch you — to see that you do it properly. If you don’t” — she raised the whip up in front of his eyes — “you’re going to get his across your back. Not your bottom, your back. You understand? And if you break anything, God help you?” She began to pressed heavily. The lips of her vagina opened hand on her mackintosh above her genitals and pressed heavily. The lips of her vagina opened and closed under the pressure. “But if you do things right, you’ll get it only over your bottom. You understand?”

“But if I do things right,” he said, watching her press her hand down upon her genitals, “why should I get it at all?”

Like a flash she raised the whip and struck him across his chest. The rubber of the apron lessened the pain of the lash a little, but he nevertheless staggered back against the sink.

“I’ve told you to address me as madam,” she said, her voice trembling with her

excitement. “Start again.”

“But if I do things right, madam,” he repeated, with angry, ironic emphasis, “why should I get it at all, madam?”

She jumped away from the table and began to lash him wildly. “Oh, you’re asking for it, aren’t you! How dare you use that tone of voice?” She lashed backhandedly as well as fore-handedly. “You think this is the time to risk sarcasm?”

He turned abruptly as she began to lash him. Better for the whip to fall on his back, in spite of the slight protection of the apron on his front.

When she had finished she said breathlessly: “Now start again. But be careful.”

“I’ve forgotten what it was I was saying.” His voice was humble now.

“Do you really want more?” she asked menacingly. “You’d better remember and quickly too.”

He frowned with concentration. “Oh yes. I was asking you, madam, why I should get it at all, if I do things right.”

“That’s better,” she said, with satisfaction. It was pleasant to tame a man. “I’ll tell you why. Because you’ve come here this afternoon to “be whipped, in one

way or another. That's why. And so you'll get a swipe across your bottom for every plate you wash up properly, but it'll be across your back when you don't do it properly. Now get started." She sat down again on the edge of the table and watched him closely.

He turned to the sink, put the plug in its place, and turned on the taps. He measured the temperature of the water with his hands. The sink filled up.

The whip cut across his buttocks. "That's right," she said. "Now what next?"

He lifted a pile of the plates and was about to put them into the water when the whip slashed down across his shoulders. He spun round in agony. "But why?" he protested. "What have I done wrong?"

She pointed with the whip towards a packet of detergent. "What about that? Do you think you can wash up in plain water?"

"Oh," he muttered. "I see." He tipped a large quantity of the powder into the water and received another slash across his back.

"Too much," she said crisply. "But leave it as it is."

He put the pile of dishes into the water. Very carefully he washed each dish and put it on the draining-board, upside down. He received a lash across his bottom for each dish he washed.

She began to talk to him as she whipped him. “Your destiny is fixed now, isn’t it? A whipping every week — till you go back to the university, anyway. You’ll have a breather then. But you’ll be back soon enough, and then they’ll start over again. And if I get an extra day off now and again, there’ll be an extra whipping for you on that day. I’ll give you warning, of course. I’ll telephone you the day before.”

She paused and waited for him to reply.

He made no sound. He went on carefully with his work.

She lashed him across the shoulders. “It’s rude not to reply when someone’s talking to you.”

“I’m sorry — madam.”

“I don’t much like that pause,” she said reflectively. “That pause before you say madam. I think you’d better try to say it more naturally.”

“Yes madam.”

“That’s better.” She changed her position on the edge of the table, letting one leg swing. “As I was saying, it’s your destiny to be whipped by me. I’m your master now. And don’t you forget it.” The dishes were nearly finished, she saw. She had given him over twenty lashes across his buttocks, but very few across his shoulders. “You’re a good washer-upper,” she said. “At least, under this whip

you are.” She pressed down again with her free hand. Her vagina felt very wet. “One thing it’ll do, of course,” she went on. “It’ll prove your love for Miss Joan, won’t it? Because if you don’t report whenever I tell you to, I’ll go straight to her father.”

“You told me that this morning, madam,” he said quietly.

“Yes, and don’t forget that either. So you’ve finished. Now you can dry them up with that cloth.”

He received a lash over his back for starting with the dishes before the knives and forks.

“While the towel is dry,” she said, as though explaining something to a child, “you must always do the silver. Otherwise it doesn’t get a shine on it.”

He did nothing more to displease her, and so received about twenty lashes across his bottom before he finished the drying-up.

He had by now received so much pain that each individual lash across his buttocks did not very much increase his hurt. He moved in a blaze of constant pain, his brain spinning.

“Now you can put them away in the dresser,” he heard her say. “But be very careful not to drop anything.”

She whipped him across the kitchen as he carried the first load to the dresser. He put the dishes carefully into their places. Then she whipped him back to the sink again for the next load. When everything was in its place, she said: "Now get that bucket and fill it. You're going to scrub this floor. No, first take away these rugs."

Dully, he obeyed her. Receiving a lash for each action, he filled the bucket with warm water, added detergent, found the floor-cloth, and went down on his knees. He began to wash the tiled floor.

At first he made mistakes. He received a good many lashes across his shoulders. Gradually, however he got the hang of the way she wanted it done, and only his bottom was lashed as he finished each square yard of floor.

It took him a full quarter of an hour to complete the work. By that time he was only barely conscious.

She surveyed him dizzily. Several times she had had to fight back her orgasm. She had fought it back because she wanted to keep it for the finale.

She felt that she had better have the finale now. She could not hold it in check much longer.

She said: "Come here to me. Shall I tell you what's going to happen now?"

He nodded his head wordlessly.

“I’m going to put your thing in my mouth again. I want to drink your stuff. It may be difficult for you to come — after all this whipping. But you’d better! I’ll really thrash you if you don’t.”

She knelt in front of him and lifted the rubber apron up. “Hold this,” she ordered. She put her hands to his flaccid penis and began to caress it. It showed no sign of life at all. She played with the testicles. She opened her mouth and put it over the penis. She sucked for a few moments. There was still no sign of life in it.

She took away her mouth. She looked up at him. “If you can’t, you can’t. But I’m going to have my pleasure somehow. I’d rather come like this, drinking your stuff, but if it can’t be done I’ll come while whipping you again. It’s up to you.”

“Go on for a bit,” he said weakly. “Give me a moment or two more.” He had felt the faintest stirrings of life in his loins at her touch.

“Madam,” she said, with a frown. “Or do you want something to help you remember?”

“Madam,” he said at once. He was now entirely submissive. Her whip had seen to that. If she had ordered him to drink the water with which he had washed the floor, he would have done it without a word. She held him totally in her power.

“All right,” she said. “Let’s have another try.” She put his penis back into her mouth. She sank her fingernails lightly into the flesh of his testicle-bag.

A moment passed, and then another. And then, with wonderment, he felt his sexual impulse return to him. His penis stiffened and grew large.

As before, the pleasure in his loins began to assuage, if not to lessen, the pain in his whipped body. He felt a curiously soothing rapture steal through him. And he felt his juices begin to gather.

Elisabeth's orgasm was just beneath its brim. She fought to hold it in check, in order to let it overflow at the moment she felt his semen spurt at the back of her mouth.

Suddenly he came. He put his hands on to I her shoulders and pressed her face closer to his body. He thrust with his hips, ramming his penis far into her mouth as though into a vagina. He thrust and rammed, and his semen spurted down her throat.

As she tasted it, Elisabeth let herself go. Her orgasm, held in check through all the excitement of the prolonged whipping, exploded inside her with a force that made her senses swim. When it was over, she stayed where she was I kneeling, her head in her hands, waiting for her brain to clear. Then she stood up.

“And now,” she said practically, but with a shaking voice, “the bathroom for you. All that blood must be washed off. And I’ll put a, lot of strong disinfectant into the water. I don’t want those weals of yours getting septic. I want you well and strong again for next Saturday.”



## Chapter Ten

Joan woke up early on the day appointed for the next flogging of the homosexual teacher. She felt her body alive, quivering with anticipation. She looked across at the still sleeping Kristina and smiled at the memory of how they had fenced with each other over the handcuffs.

So tonight she was to flog someone. To flog, not just to cane or thrash. It was not something she would like to do to Robert — she loved him too much for that — but it was something that she very much wanted to do to someone else. She had no particular animosity for the homosexual teacher — for the reason that he was homosexual, that is to say. If anything, she felt rather sorry for him. He must miss so much in life. Going to bed with a man could not, she thought, hold as much attraction as going to bed with, say a beautiful woman like Kristina. But that was his affair. And tonight he was to be flogged. It would be the eleventh time, Kristina had told her. He must really want his job very badly, Joan thought. Or he must be very fond of money. If she were in his place, not all the money that Fraulein Kaltenbrunner paid her, not all the money in the world, would have kept her in Munich. She would have run for her life. Perhaps, though, she sagely admitted to herself, she had different ideas about the value of money.

Kristina stirred, opened her eyes, smiled, and stretched. “Good-morning,” she said brightly. She was always in a good mood in the morning. She had been out late the night before, but it made no difference.

“Good-morning, good-morning, good-morning,” chanted Joan happily. “The very top of the morning to you, you sleepy-head.”

Kristina cocked an eye at her. “You seem unusually gay this morning.”

“Do I?”

“Yes, you do. Why?”

Joan was too shy to tell her why. “Oh, I don’t know. Perhaps because it’s the beginning of another lovely day.”

Kristina glanced at the window. “It’s raining,” she remarked, and then grinned. “You don’t have to tell me why you’re feeling gay. I agree with you. It’s an exhilarating thought to wake up to. And I’ve got news for you.”

“Good news?”

“Very. We’re not going to flog the pansy tonight, after all.”

Joan’s face fell. “I don’t think that’s such good news. Why aren’t we? What’s gone wrong?”

“Nothing’s gone wrong. We’re going to flog someone else instead — a real man, not a damned little pansy.”

Joan looked at her excitedly. “Who?”

“A rather good-looking American. Thirty-ish, tall, athletic — quite a man, in fact.”

“But who is he? And why are we going to flog him? I mean, is he a masochist or something? Does he want it? Oh, do explain, Kristina.”

Kristina stretched again. She took so much time over it that Joan wanted to scream.

“Come on,” she begged. “Stop torturing me.”

Kristina relaxed and grinned. “No, he’s not a masochist, and no, he most certainly doesn’t want it. I don’t think any of us would be very interested in flogging someone who wanted it. Would you?”

“Oh, I don’t know,” said Joan in a small voice, thinking of Robert. “Even when they want it, it’s usually more in their minds than in the thing itself. They always get much more pain than they bargain for. But go on about this American. Who is he?”

“He’s in some economic mission here. And — well, let me begin from the beginning. You remember me telling you that there are others — that it isn’t only the pansy we flog?”

“Yes, I remember.”

“What we do is keep our eyes open for someone whom we can trap into doing something he wouldn’t want someone else to know about. And the easiest way to do that is to let a married man take one of us to bed — and then threaten to tell his wife unless — “

“Unless he accepts a flogging. Yes, I see. But do they always accept?”

“Not by any means always. Sometimes we have our bluff called. Because it is bluff, you know. We never would really go to a wife. We’re not that bad! But usually they submit because they just don’t dare to find out whether we’re bluffing or not. And this one tonight is one of those. He’s got a very rich wife who’s in America for the next two or three months. He doesn’t want to lose his wife. She provides him with all sorts of nice expensive things. A Cadillac, for example.”

Joan’s eyes were shining. “It’s all very convenient, isn’t it? He has two or three months to get rid of the marks too. Which of you went to bed with him?”

“I did. Last night. And he must be in a pretty bad pother of terror at this moment.”

Joan frowned thoughtfully. “But did it just happen by accident? Or did you know all this before — about his wife, I mean. Did you plain it?”

Kristina swung her feet out of the bed. “It was a very careful plan,” she said, with satisfaction in her voice. “I met him in the interval at a concert a week or so ago. He engineered an introduction. All very correct and proper. Then he rang the next day to take me out to dinner. I went, and he started wolfing, of course. So we started making enquiries. We found out all about his rich wife and so on — and last night I let him take me to bed.” She laughed gaily. “And when it was all over, I told him what was going to happen to him.”

“How very, very neat!” said Joan admiringly. I know you wouldn’t really go to his wife, but he doesn’t know that. He thinks you would, I suppose. Doesn’t he say it would just be your word against his? If you haven’t any other evidence, I mean.”

“If you were a wife,” said Kristina, “would it make any difference to what you would believe? If a woman came to you and said that your husband had taken her to bed, would you want any other evidence? I doubt it. You’d believe it all right. No, my dear, evidence is necessary for a divorce court. It’s not necessary for what you believe or don’t believe.”

Joan got out of bed and took off her pyjamas. “Yes, I see that. It seems I have a lot to learn.”

Kristina chuckled. “We’ll teach you!”

Joan stepped into the shower cubicle. “Do you find many men like this?”

“Not as many as we’d like to find. But we’ve always got the pansy in reserve. In one way or another we usually manage to get in at least one flogging every

week.” She went to the cubicle. “Shall I do your back?”

“Yes, please. What time do we begin tonight?”

“Seven. We’ll leave here a bit earlier, though, because we have to go past the pansy’s flat.”

“Oh”, said Joan with relish, “we are going to do something to him, after all.”

“No, we’re not. We’re letting him off completely. We’re going past his flat to pick up the whips and things.”

“I wondered about that. So you keep them there, do you?”

“Yes. We couldn’t very well keep them here in the school. Kalt would have ten fits if she ever saw the knout. Ten fits, did I say? She’d have ten thousand!”

“I must say,” said Joan, soaping her breasts with sensuous pleasure, “that you have got everything extremely well organised.” She nodded her head, as though in answer to a question. “Yes, I’m very glad to be at a finishing-school, and I’m so happy that Daddy found this one. Poor dear, he’d have ten thousand fits, too, if he knew why I’m so happy.”

At six-thirty that evening, a very frightened American was pacing up and down the length of his living-room, and cursing luridly and blasphemously to himself.

His curses did not make him feel any better. He went to a bar and poured himself a stiff drink. He raised it to his lips, and then paused. What was it that bloody girl said? “It will be just one flogging — if you’re sober when we arrive. If you’re at all drunk we’ll flog you anyway, and come back another night, when you’re sober, and give you another one. So I advise you not to drink very much tomorrow evening.”

He swore again, and drained the glass. But that one, he decided, had better be the last. He had already had quite a lot.

Five of them! It was difficult to believe, in this so-called civilised day and age. Five female sadists — and he in their hands. Oh, how innocently he had walked into their trap! But anyone would, he told himself. Men — married men — take girls to bed without giving it a thought. Who could have believed that there was any danger in taking this angelic-looking Swede to bed? But now where was he? He was on the point of being flogged. Flogged! Not just beaten. Flogged! She had made that very clear. And by five of them!

Again he wondered whether to get his car and race off out of Munich for a few days. But he would have to come back sooner or later. And a hell of a lot sooner than later: he had his work at the mission. That couldn’t be left for very long.

Should he write to Louise and confess everything? And then tell them to go to hell? He’d escape the flogging like that.

He shook his head hopelessly. Louise would leave him. She had been very definite the last time. No more forgivenesses. And then what would happen to his Cadillac? Where would his two-hundred dollar suits come from? And his

allowance from Louise ... He would have to start living on his income. Oh no! Better to take the flogging. Far better. And they were youngish girls, after all. It might not be so terrible.

He stood in the centre of the floor, thinking about the flogging. The house was very quiet. Obeying the Swede's orders, he had given his house-man and maid a twenty-four-hour leave to go home and visit with their families. He was alone.

A flogging. That meant that his back would be whipped too. Oh Christ! He would never be able to stand it. Christ Almighty!

He turned and went back to the bar. He poured himself another drink and drained it at a gulp. Hell! He could stand just one more drink. But no more after that! Definitely not one more! He must not give them any opportunity of accusing him of being at all drunk.

He began to pace up and down again terrified, alone, helpless — wondering how bad it was going to be.

“Is it very far?” asked Joan, as the taxi drove off.

“About half an hour,” said Kristina.

They were all sitting in the back of the taxi: Kristina, Joan and Olga on the seat; Danielle and Sophia on the two tip-up seats facing them. The glass screen that separated them from the driver made it possible for them to speak freely.



Kristina said: “You said you’re beginning to like the idea of assistants. This isn’t the first time you’ve had assistants, then?”

“It’s the first time I’ve had more than one.” said Joan. “At home, one of the maids recently appointed herself as my assistant.”

Joan told them about Elisabeth’s being under the bed, and her demand that followed.

“You’re very lucky to have her,” said Danielle. “I wish I had a maid like that.”

Kristina said: “Are you going to keep her after you’re married? Will you be able to take her with you?”

“I’ve thought about it,” admitted Joan. “But I’m not sure what Robert would say.”

“He has to obey you, doesn’t he?”

“In anything to do with sex and whipping, yes,” said Joan.

“Well, this is certainly sex and whipping,” said Olga, with a laugh. “I should fix it, if I were you. Don’t bother about your Robert. Present him with a fait

accompli.”

“She’s pretty, you say?” asked Sophia.

“Extremely pretty,” said Joan.

“You’ll have to watch out that Robert doesn’t fall for her.”

“Oh, I don’t think there’s any danger of that,” said Joan confidently. “He doesn’t like her very much. He’s certainly not at all masochistic for her.”

“All the same, I should watch out,” repeated Sophia.

“What’s more to the point at the moment,” said Kristina, “is to make sure of keeping her. I mean, you don’t want her changing jobs while you’re away, and then not being there for you when you get back and want her again.”

“That would be rather awful,” said Joan, nodding her head. “I think I’d better write to her and suggest the future plan. I shan’t be getting married for another couple of years, but I might be better to let her know what’s in the wind.”

“She might get married herself,” said Olga, “if she’s as pretty as you say.”

“That’s a chance I’ll have to take,” said Joan. “But I’ll certainly write to her straight away.”

Kristina sat forward suddenly. “Did you bring your handcuffs? I forgot to remind you.”

Joan smiled and patted her bag. “I didn’t need reminding.” She looked down at the briefcase which held the instruments. “That was a very lovely whip I used. May I look at the other things?”

Olga leaned down and took the case on her lap, her flimsy rubber dress rustling as she moved. She opened the catch.

Joan looked admiringly at her dress. “That is a good idea. And it’s so smart, too. Where did you get it? I’d love to get one for myself. The last time I thrashed Robert he spattered drops of blood all over my dress and nearly ruined it.”

“It came from the States,” said Olga, turning the briefcase upside down on her legs and tipping out a number of cruel-looking instruments, some lengths of rope, and a rolled-up sheet of flimsy plastic material. “I’ll send for one for you, if you like. They’re made especially, of course.”

“For women like us?”

“Oh, yes,” said Olga, disentangling a knout with nine tails and putting it into Joan’s hands. “I don’t suppose other women could want a rubber dress. They’re

only for women like ourselves. And what do you think of that little fellow?”

Joan examined the instrument in her hands. It was composed of a short oak handle to which were bound nine lengths of black rubber-covered wire flex. The lengths were each of about sixty centimetres, and the thickness of a pencil. They were heavy.

“What a beautiful thing,” breathed Joan, running the cool lashes through her fingers. “It must give a terrible amount of pain.”

“It does,” said Olga contentedly. “I haven’t tasted it on my own body, of course, but it makes the pansy scream his head off.”

Joan felt a prick of pleasure in her genitals. It was what we call a cat-o’-nine-tails in England.”

“I know,” said Olga. “In Russia it is called a junior knout.”

“Why junior?” asked Joan in surprise.

“The senior knout has hooks on the end of the lashes.”

“Hooks? Good heavens!” Joan said nothing more, but she privately felt that hooks on the end of a knout was going just a bit too far. “Did this come from Russia?” she asked. Olga smiled. “In the sense that I’m Russian — or, at least, of

Russian origin — you might say that it did.”

“What do you mean?”

“She means that she made it herself,” said Danielle, handing Joan another instrument which she had taken from Olga’s lap. “And I made this one.”

Joan looked at it with awe. It was a frightening-looking thing, with the same sort of short oak handle, and with a large number of lengths of fine piano wire. “Great Jesus!” murmured Joan in English.

“Yes,” Danielle replied seriously, also in English. “That’s the sort of thing the victims say when they first see it.”

“What do they say when they feel it?” asked Joan, feeling another prick in her genitals.

“Just a long series of howls and wails and screams for mercy,” said Olga in German.

On her lap there now remained only the lengths of rope, the rolled-up plastic, and one other instrument.

Joan picked it up and examined it curiously. It had the same sort of handle again, but its lashes were made of leather shoe-laces, and were not more than twenty-

five centimetres in length. “This is rather sweet,” she said. “But isn’t it a bit short? Did one of you make it, too?”

“I did,” said Kristina. “And it’s the right length for its very special purpose.”

“What’s its special purpose?” asked Joan in puzzlement.

“For whipping a man’s penis.”

Joan drew in her breath sharply. She had never thought of ill-treating a man in that way. The idea shocked her for a few seconds, and then she began to see that it had exciting possibilities. Poor Robert, she thought suddenly. The things that are going to happen to him when I get home!

“It’s a satisfying form of flagellation,” said Kristina quietly.

Sophia said: “Kristina darling, you out-do even the British in understatement!”

Kristina smiled. “It’s something we do quite a lot in Sweden,” she told Joan.

Danielle looked out of the windows. “We’re nearly there. We’d better pack these things a-way.”

The American looked at his watch. They were late. Could it be that they weren't coming? Could it just possibly be that that Swede had been pulling his leg?

He stopped his pacing and considered this new idea. Yes, it could just be. She could have been punishing him for his unfaithfulness to another member of her sex by giving him twenty hours of fear and worry. Why hadn't he thought of that before? It was much more likely, surely. Who could ever believe that five young girls from a smart finishing-school would want to give a man a flogging? A man who had never done them any harm . . . There were female sadists in the world, he knew very well. But five young girls from a smart finishing-school wouldn't be likely to have developed into sadists so quickly. Highly improbable. Impossible, in fact.

He suddenly felt better. His fear fell away from him. What a fool he had been, worrying like this all through these past hours! What an absolute idiot!

He grinned shamefacedly. That Swedish girl had certainly pulled his leg very well, hadn't she? He'd give her a good piece of his mind next time he saw her.

He went to the bar, poured himself another drink, and drained it in sheer relief.

And then the bell rang, and he jumped as though he had received an electric shock.

## Chapter Eleven

At about the same time, a thousand miles away, Robert was knocking at the door of Elisabeth's house, and feeling murderous.

She had telephoned him the previous day. "I've got an extra afternoon off tomorrow, Mr. Andover," she had said. "I shall expect you about seven o'clock."

"But I'm not free," he protested at once. "I've got a cocktail party to go to." And as he said it he could have bitten off his tongue. Why hadn't he said a dinner party? She couldn't very well expect him to cancel a dinner party at the last moment. But a cocktail party! She would tell him it was quite easy not to go to a cocktail party.

She told him exactly that. "And I shall expect you to be punctual," she finished. "You can imagine what will happen if you're late, can't you?"

She opened the door now, and gave him a dazzlingly radiant smile. "Do come in, please." She was wearing a long house-coat.

As he stepped over the threshold he reflected that she really was an extraordinarily lovely woman. He hoped she would put his penis in her mouth again.



She shut the door and fixed the chain. “We don’t want Mum walking in on us unexpectedly. I don’t think she will, but we’d better be safe.” She turned to him and put her hands at once to his fly-buttons. She fumbled for a moment, and drew out his penis. It had erected mightily under the touch of her cool fingers.

“That’s better,” she said, caressing it lightly. “Now, do you remember what you’ve got to do?”

Despite his feeling of murderousness, he could not help grinning. “To call you madam,” he said. “Don’t worry, madam! I shan’t forget.”

“Of course you must call me madam, whipping-boy,” she said, still caressing his penis. “But there’s something else. I hope you haven’t forgotten. You’ll pay for it so much if you have.”

His eye fell on her long black mackintosh hanging from the hall clothes-stand. “I haven’t forgotten,” he said. “I’m to put you in that mack.”

“In that what?” she said menacingly, and gave his penis a sharp slap.

“Oh, sorry! In that whipping-robe.”

She gave his penis another slap. “That’s better. Bring it into the parlour.” She walked in front of him into the room.

He took the mackintosh from its hook and followed her.

“You can take off this house-coat first,” she said. “And you’ll have a nice surprise.”

He put the mackintosh down over the back of a chair. He untied the belt of her house-coat. He opened it and caught his breath. She was quite naked underneath.

“Pleased?” she asked softly.

“Very pleased.”

“Very pleased — what?” she said, with sudden anger in her voice.

“Very pleased madam,” he said, quickly. “Sorry. I forgot.” He slipped the house-coat over her shoulders.

“You’d better not forget,” she said severely.

“You remember that you’re my whipping boy and I’m your mistress, and a whipping-boy has to call his mistress madam. You just remember that, or I’ll whip you to within an inch of your life. While she was speaking, she had taken hold of his penis again. “But if you’re an obedient whipping-boy there’s no reason why you shouldn’t have a bit of pleasure too.” She pulled him by his penis until he was very close to her. He put his arms round her. He began to feel

very excited. If this sort of thing was going to happen it was well worth missing that cocktail party. Perhaps she was not going to whip him very much. At any rate there was no whip in sight. Perhaps she was not going to whip him at all ...

He put this thought away from him at once. Of course she was going to whip him. But perhaps it would not be so bad as the last time.

She knelt suddenly and put his penis into her mouth. She sank her fingernails lightly into the bag of his testicles. He stiffened with pleasure. He put his hand to her silken hair and ruffled it lightly with his fingers.

She sucked and bit, and played upon the central nerve of his penis with her tongue. She continued this for several minutes until she felt him begin to tremble. She stood up.

“Enough of that for now,” she said. “I don’t want you to come yet. Put me in my whipping-robe.”

He took the mackintosh from the back of the chair and held it for her. She slipped into it with a little shiver.

“And now,” she said, running her tongue lightly over first her top lip and then her bottom lip, “to the kitchen you go. You have some washing-up to do. You can take off your clothes there.”

He went into the kitchen. The whip was lying on the deal table.

He shivered. It was a murderous-looking thing. “Do you have to use that — madam? That whip? Haven’t you got a cane or something? That whip is bloody murder, you know.”

“No,” she said, looking him steadily in the eyes, “I have not a cane, and I don’t want one. I want that whip. And I still don’t like that pause before you say madam. It sounds sarcastic. It’s going to make me very angry.”

With a courage that surprised him, he turned to her and impulsively took her in his arms. He slipped a hand into the front of her mackintosh and caressed a firm breast. He put his lips to hers, forced opened her teeth and thrust his tongue far into her mouth.

She reacted passionately. She flung her own arms round his neck and clung to him.

After a few moments he released her. “There, madam,” he said with a grin. “Now you have something to whip me for.”

She looked at him quizzically. “Well, well,” she said. “You’re a bit cheeky, aren’t you? Yes, I will whip you for that. I’ll whip you a lot for that.” She reached her hand and picked up the whip. “Get your clothes off.”

In less than a minute he was naked.

“Come here,” she said.

“Do it again. And put your hand on my other breast this time.”

He took her in his arms again. Her mackintosh felt very cold against his naked body. He found her other breast, pinched its nipple lightly with his fingertips, and then caressed it tantalizingly.

She returned his kiss with fire, clinging to him as though she wanted to melt into him. After a few moments she pulled away. “And you’ll be soundly whipped for that, too,” she said breathlessly. “Bend over in front of me. Right over.”

He obeyed her without argument. Argument, he knew by now, was futile.

She drew in her breath, ran the lash of her whip through her fingers, and raised her arm. “Your weals are a lovely sight,” she said, as she brought the whip slashing down across his buttocks.

A sharp cry was forced involuntarily from him. He gritted his teeth, determining not to make any further sound.

She gave him twelve very hard lashes. Then, panting, she leaned against the edge of the table. “You can stand up now.”

Slowly, with tremendous crests of pain rolling through his bottom and hips, he

stood erect. He rubbed his buttocks with his hands.

She laughed. “Rubbing your bottom like that, you look like a school-boy who’s just had a caning. But you’ve had a bit more than a caning, haven’t you? Was it nice?”

“No, of course not, madam.”

“Yes it was. Say it was nice.” Her tone had a threat in it.

“It was very nice,” he said at once. He would do and say whatever she wanted.

“It was for my left breast. Now you must have another twelve for my right breast. Ask for another twelve. Ask me to whip you again. Go on.”

He hesitated only for a second. Then: “Please give me another twelve, madam.”

“What for?”

“For your right breast, madam,”

“And for being cheeky.”

“And for being cheeky, madam.”

“All right. Bend over in front of me.” He bent low again, and received twelve more lashes. As they cut into his bottom, he found himself thinking, with some separate part of his brain, that he had enjoyed being cheeky with her, kissing her, caressing her breasts, rubbing himself against her. These two whippings had no more than a symbolic connection with his having been cheeky, as she called it. If he had not, she would have whipped him for something else. He decided that he had better seize all the opportunities he could find. The more he kissed and caressed her, the less time she would have for her whip. And it was very pleasant indeed to kiss and caress her.

“Stand up,” he heard her say. As he obeyed, he was thinking that he would like the opportunity of using it to teach her one or two things. “Now do the floor,” she said, changing her position on the edge of the table and making a coil of the whip. “And then we’ll go up to my bedroom.”

It took him no more than ten minutes this time to finish the floor. He received a good many lashes across his buttocks but none across his shoulders. He could feel that there was a good deal of blood, however, on his bottom and legs. “Now come and thank me for teaching you so well,” she said, standing up from the table. He went to her at once and took her in his arms. The coldness of her mackintosh was a solace now to his inflamed body. He kissed her and caressed first one breast and then the other.

She pulled away from him at last. She held up her coiled whip. “You should really thank this,” she said. “It is much more the teacher than I am. Kiss it.”

He bent a little and put his lips briefly to the whip. His brain was beginning to clear from the mists of pain that had accompanied his washing of the floor.

He wondered what terrible things were going to happen now. She had said something about going up to her bedroom.

“What are you going to do now — madam?”

She looked at him coldly. “I’m going to teach you something else. I’m going to teach you, finally and once-and-for-all, to take away that sarcastic pause when you say madam.”

“It isn’t sarcastic,” he protested, and added, much too late, “madam.”

“There it is again!” she said. She looked at her whip. “You have another teaching job to do,” she said to it, as though it were alive and listening to her. “You’ve got to teach him once and for all. And I think his back is the best place for the lesson.” She went to a drawer and took out a length of stout twine. “Come on,” she said to Robert. “Go upstairs for your next lesson. You can take that apron off first, though.” She went out of the kitchen.

He untied the strings of it and slipped it off. He hung it back on the hook from which he had taken it. He followed her upstairs to the bedroom.

She was sprawled on the bed, on her back. She looked ravishingly beautiful. The blackness of her mackintosh set off and greatly enhanced the beauty of her



golden blonde, abundant, silken hair.

“Come here to me,” she said. “Lie down over me.”

His penis re-erected rapidly as he obeyed her. She pulled up the skirt of her mackintosh, took his penis in her hands and guided its knob to her vagina. “Go inside me,” she ordered. “But don’t come! I’ll kill you if you do.”

He thrust gently, and then more strongly. His cock slid inside her. A feeling of balm, removing most of the aching pain in his bottom, crept through him. He thrust and withdrew, watching carefully for any sign of an impending orgasm.

She took his face in her hands, holding him a little up and away from her. “My whipping-boy,” she said softly. “It’s time he had a little pleasure. Just a little sweetness to balance the pain I give him. And I’m going to give him so much more in a moment or two! I’m going to make him call me madam without that sarcastic, insulting pause. But now” — she pulled his face lower, put out her tongue, licked the tip of his nose — “he can have a little pleasure. It will give him some strength, too, for what is coming to him.”

Her tone was caressing. His prick inside her gave him great pleasure. He began to feel his orgasm gathering. He thrust and withdrew more slowly.

“But if you come now,” she said in a natural voice, “I’ll kill you.”

“Why?” he said, dreamily, and added, again too late, “madam.”

She opened her eyes wide. “You are asking for it, you know. How many times do I have to tell you?”

“But, good God!” he exploded recklessly. “You cant call a girl madam when you’ve got your Prick inside her.”

She regarded him steadfastly and icily for a long moment. Then: “Get up,” she said, and there was a controlled fury in her voice. “Get up and go and stand at the foot of the bed. You’re going to have another lesson, my God!” She gave him a shove with her hips. “Go on. Do as I say.”

He pulled his penis out of her. He stood up. “I don’t care what you say,” he said, realising that he was being extremely rash. “It just isn’t natural to call a girl madam when ...”

“Give me my whip,” she said, in a tone that sent a chill of fear through him. She climbed off the bed.

He picked up the whip and gave it to her.

“And the string,” she said, in the same tone.

Silently, he put the length of twine into her hands.

“Go and stand at the end of the bed,” she ordered. “No, not that way” — as he stood with his back to the brass foot of the bed — “the other way round! Face the bed, for God’s sake, unless you want me to whip your front.”

He turned and faced the bed.

She came to him, looped the whip round his neck, and straightened the length of twine. “Give me your thumbs,” she ordered. .

He half-turned to her with his thumbs held out.

Deftly she tied them together with the twine. Then she tied them tightly to the brass rail of the bed. She made a few more knots, and examined her handiwork. “All right,” she said. “You’re properly trussed up now.” She took the whip away from his neck and stood back. “And now you’re going to learn to call me madam properly.” She lifted the whip, swung on her heel, and slashed with all her strength across his shoulders.

He let out a screech.

“Shut up!” she hissed. “Or I’ll double what I’m going to give you.” She struck again at the same place.

He gave a great gasp, but succeeded in making no sound.

“Say ‘Thank you, madam,’ “ she ordered.

“Thank you, madam,” he croaked at once.

She struck again.

“Say it again.”

“Thank you madam.” He fought to leave no pause before the word.

“That’s better,” she said, and put a hand on her mackintosh above her genitals. She pressed. Under the pressure of her hand, her juices gave a leap. She undid a button of the mackintosh and put the hand inside. She opened her legs slightly. She caressed her vagina with her fingertips. “That’s a lot better,” she repeated. She struck again. “Let’s have it once more.”

“Thank you madam.” His voice was strained with his agony.

“Yes,” she said, striking again, and titillating her vagina, “that’s how I want it in future. And here come twenty of the best I can give you, just to make you remember.”

A terrible thrashing then began. He tried to scream, but found that each succeeding lash robbed him of the necessary breath. His senses disintegrated into a molten mass of white-hot agony. He prayed that he could faint . . .

He very nearly did faint during the last three lashes. But even that solace was denied to him. Instead he heard, as from a great distance, her moans of sheer ecstasy as she lashed him.

When it was finally over, he collapsed over the bed-rail, fighting for breath and consciousness. He felt her push him roughly aside.

“Move over,” she panted. “I want to untie you.” She fumbled, with shaking hands, at his knots. “Oh damn!” she said, and ran to her dressing-table. She took a pair of scissors from a drawer and ran back to him. She snipped through the twine. “Come on,” she said. “I want to be poked.” She sprawled again on her back on the bed. The front of her mackintosh was glistening with wet blood. He made no move.

“Come on,” she hissed. “Or do you want another whipping like that?”

He raised his head slowly and looked at her. “You don’t think, do you, that I can poke you now? After all that?” He quite forgot to say madam.

She was in too much of a sexual pother to notice its omission. “Of course I do,” she said. “I’ll make you randy again. Come on!”

“It’s quite impossible,” he mumbled, but he came, unsteadily but obediently, to the side of the bed. He lay down on the top of her. “Utterly impossible,” he repeated dully.

To his astonishment, however, he found that he was wrong. Under the caress of her fingers his penis came back to life. It grew large and hard. It slipped easily into her wet cunt. It slipped forwards and backwards, up and down . . .

“Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh!” she groaned, squirming lasciviously. “What heaven! What utter heaven! And we’ll do it all over again on Saturday.”

He did not hear her. With his senses still swimming, he abandoned himself to the moment. The fire in his back scorched and seared him, but, at the same time, a sensation of pleasure began to take hold of him. It was eerie in its intensity. He realized, with that same separate part of his brain, that its intensity was owed to what her whip had done to the rest of his nerve-centres.

And his orgasm mounted, and mounted, and mounted — and engulfed him, as the waters of the Bed Sea had engulfed the charioteers of the Pharoah.

## Chapter Twelve

As the bell rang in the depths of the empty house, the American jumped as though he had received an electric shock. His glass slipped out of his fingers and fell with a thud on the carpet in front of the bar. He stood motionless, praying that he had not in fact heard it ... that it had been something else.

A minute passed.

The bell rang again. This time the ring was long and peremptory.

He stood as though turned to stone.

So the Swede had not been pulling his leg, after all. Here they were. With their whips, no doubt. Here they were, probably all five of them, and all thirsting for his blood.

Literally for his blood! he suddenly thought. He glanced at the terrace windows, and wondered whether he should fly through them for his life. His car was there in the garage, waiting for him.

It was a choice between two types of courage, he reflected, as he stood there. The courage to go without the comforts that his rich wife gave him, or the courage to suffer under the whips of five bloodthirsty young women who wanted

to flog him.

He swore luridly in his indecision.

The bell rang again. Five short, peremptory rings.

He made his decision. He turned, almost regretfully, away from the terrace window and walked slowly into the hall. He paused before putting his hand to the lock of the door. Though he was not a religious man, he breathed a silent prayer. Then he opened the door.

“Good evening, Bradley,” said Kristina. “We were beginning to think you had been unwise o— that you had run out on us.”

“How could you think that?” he said with automatic gallantry, but with his fear sounding in his voice. He stood aside. “Do please come in.”

In a daze he watched four very lovely girls follow Kristina through the hall into his living-room. One of them, he noticed, was carrying a fat briefcase. He followed them slowly, and then, remembering his manners, quickened his steps.

“Well,” he said, with false heartiness, and with a pathetic attempt at a deep-South accent, “what are you — all gonna drink?”

“Thank you, Bradley,” said Kristina, “but won’t you let me introduce my friends



first?" She turned to the others. "This is Mr. Bradley Wetherston, Junior." She indicated the girls, one after the other. "Miss Joan Lyveden, from England. Miss Sophia Conti, from Italy. Miss Danielle Yves, from France. And Miss Olga Kerokovski. from Russia and the United States."

With the same nervous heartiness, he shook hands with them all. "And now," he repeated, "What are you-all gonna drink?"

They told him what they wanted. While he was at the bar, dispensing the drinks, Joan moved up beside Kristina, who had been speaking in English all the time. "You are, a witch," she said, in English. "Kalt told me you didn't speak any English. Was this some sort of a conspiracy between the two of you?"

"Yes," admitted Kristina, with a grin. "She wants us all to speak German. Actually, she's quite right, isn't she?"

"Yes, she is," admitted Joan. "And the others, do they all speak English? I know Danielle does, but what about the others?"

"We all speak English," said Kristina. "Most of our finds, or victims, or whatever you want to call them, are American anyway. We have to speak English!"

"He's rather attractive," said Joan, looking at the American at the bar. "In fact, he's more than attractive. I would call him damn handsome."

“So would I,” agreed Kristina. “And that’s why I’m looking forward very particularly to flogging him.”

The American had taken his time over the dispensing of the drinks, but he felt he could not take any more time. He had been glancing, as surreptitiously as he could, at the girls, sizing them up, admiring them, and wishing that they were going to be his bedmates, not his torturers. He picked up two glasses. He came out from behind the bar. He gave one to Kristina and the other to Joan. He went back to the bar and picked up two more glasses. These he gave to Danielle and Sophia. He returned a third time to the bar and took the last two glasses. He came up to Olga and gave her her glass with a little bow. He raised his own.

“Extraordinary good health,” he said, jocularly.

“Are you trying to parody the English?” asked Olga.

He shook his head nervously. “Not really,” he said, with a wan smile that touched her heart. “I’m just a bit nervous.”

“Of course you are,” she said, more friendly. She touched the rim of his glass with hers. “Extra-ordinary good health to you, too, then.”

He drank, and looked at her dress. “That’s a lovely dress,” he said. “Is it — can it be of rubber?”

“Yes,” she said. “It is of rubber.”

He drew in his breath sharply. “I thought it was — when you came through the hall.”

Olga looked at him coolly. “Are you a rubber fetishist?”

“Of course not,” he said quickly, and then met her eyes. “Well,” he went on lamely, “I suppose I am, kind of.”

She turned slightly and pointed with her glass to Sophia. “Then you’ll be excited with her too. Her skirt is rubber.”

He looked at Sophia’s skirt. “My word, so it is,” he said incredulously. He gazed at it for another moment and then turned back to Olga. “But your dress is better,” he said, with obvious sincerity in his voice. “Your dress is a million dollars.”

“Thank you,” said Olga simply, touched by his admiration.

“Tell me, though,” he asked curiously, “why do you wear rubber? Are you a fetishist, too?”

Olga shook her head gently. “No, I’m not a fetishist. And I hate to give you your answer. You’re rather sweet, and I don’t like to frighten you.”

He immediately looked frightened. “What do you mean?”

“I wear this rubber dress,” said Olga deliberately, “and Sophia wears her rubber skirt, for a very practical reason.” She glanced at him with another access of pity. Then she went on, telling herself that they had not come to his house to be sorry for him: “The practical reason, if you want to know it, is that your blood will be very much easier to wash off this rubber dress than off anything else.”

His face turned as white as a sheet. She thought he was going to drop his glass. “Oh,” he said, expressionlessly.

Kristina said: “I think you had better get your clothes off, Brad.”

He looked at her stupidly. “My clothes off?”

She smiled silkily. “Yes, my dear Brad. Have you forgotten why we’re here? We’re going to flog you, and we can’t very well do that to you with your clothes on, can we?”

He glanced quickly at each of their faces. They all stared at him implacably.

He forced a laugh. It sounded like a cackle. “Aw, come on!” he said. “It’s been a good joke, and you took me in for a while, I’ll admit that. But let it go now, huh? How about my taking you all out to dinner and then on to some nightspot? How about that? I can call a few of the boys. We’ll make up a party.”

Sophia smoothed the front of her skirt. “He still can’t quite accept the situation, can he? Of course, if he’s never met a female sadist before, it’s not surprising.” She turned to Joan. “Just show him what you’ve got in your bag.”

“All right,” said Joan, and opened the catch of her bag.”

Bradley looked at it with his eyes slightly narrowed, as though he expected some dangerous beast some predatory wild animal, to jump out.

With her eyes on him, Joan slowly drew out her shining steel handcuffs and dangled them up.

He took a couple of gasping breaths, and cackled again. “I must say you girls know how to pull a guy’s leg!”

Kristina pointed to the briefcase, lying on its side on the sofa. “Just open that, Brad.”

“Why, what’ve you got in it? More handcuffs?”

“Just do as I say. Open it.”

He hesitated for a second, and then put down his glass. He went to the briefcase. He opened it, and stood up straight as though he had received another electric shock. He gazed into its interior with awe.

“Take them out, Brad,” said Danielle, silkily.

Like an automaton, he put his hand inside the case and drew out the instruments, one after the other. He put them down on the sofa. He stared at them for a long moment. Then he turned and went quickly to the bar.

“Don’t get drunk, Brad,” said Kristina warningly. “You remember what I told you?”

“Yes,” he muttered, pouring himself a strong drink. “I remember. I won’t get drunk.” He drained the glass at a gulp.

“Now get undressed,” said Kristina. She picked up the nine-tailed knout. “I think we’ll start with this. What do you say, Joan?”

“I’m just dying to use that,” said Joan simply.

Kristina handed it to her. “You can start then.” She looked at Bradley, who had begun to pull at his tie. “Good God! Aren’t you undressed yet?” She reached suddenly for the whip. She walked quickly to the bar. She brought the whip slashing down across his shoulders. He put up a hand as though to protect his face. She slashed again. “Now, come on,” she ordered, with a snap of authority in her voice. “Get undressed! And quickly. Otherwise we’ll add another full hour of beating.”

He glanced once more round the room. The lovely faces of the girls were set, he saw, in expressions of determination. With a deep sigh, and with a great emptiness in his stomach, he began to take off his clothes.

When he was quite naked, he stepped into the middle of the room.

There were several murmurs of appreciative admiration. He had a fine, lean figure. His skin was deeply tanned by the sun.

Olga went up to him and took his penis in her hand. It erected with what seemed to be a leap. He gazed in fascination first at her face and then at her flimsy rubber dress.

“You like this dress very much, I can see,” she said, pulling him, by his penis, close to her. “Come, press yourself against me then. Get a moment of pleasure, if you can.” She still felt a little sorry for him.

He put his arms around her, and pulled her tightly against his body. She continued to play with his cock. He sighed: “You and I could have had a very good time together,” he said softly. “In bed, I mean.”

“We still can,” murmured Olga. “If you want it badly enough.”

“What do you mean?”

“You know what our price is.”

His face fell. “Oh Christ!” he said despondently.

Kristina waved her whip. It hissed ominously. “Come on,” she said. “Let’s get started.”

Joan picked up the handcuffs. “I’d better put these on him.”

“Yes, you’d better.”

Olga pulled herself away from him and went to the sofa. He watched her go, with an anguished longing in his heart. In addition to being sexually hungry for her, he sensed that she was a little sorry for him. She seemed, in some way, a possible ally. He watched her sit, cross her legs, and smooth her exciting dress.

Joan came up to him. “Hold out your wrists, Brad,” she said. Her tone brooked no possibility of argument. And refusal, he realized, was quite out of the question. He held his wrists out to her. He tried not to look at the knout under her arm.

His heart seemed to drop into the pit of his stomach as the steel handcuffs clicked shut over his wrists.

She gave him a dazzling smile. She put her hand to his penis and led him to one



end of the sofa. “Bend down over here,” she said, letting his penis go.

Olga shifted nearer to him. She reached out her hand and took hold of his penis again. “I’ll hold him tight while you whip him,” she said.

He trembled with pleasure as he felt her hand take a firm hold of his rock-hard penis. The tantalizingly sweet smell of her dress reached his nostrils and increased his pleasure. If it were not for the flogging, he thought, he would be having a very pleasant time now. He squinted sideways and saw Joan take up her position behind him. He saw her raise her arm. The nine-tailed knout dangled down, its rubber-covered wire lashes touching her hair.

“Listen,” said Olga. “When she starts, don’t try to stand up. I shan’t let go of this” — she squeezed his penis — “and you’ll injure yourself if you try to pull away from my hand. Just stay bent over as you are. Grit your teeth and take it like a man.”

Joan stood with the knout above her head, gazing at his unmarked flesh. She was remembering the time, a month or so before, when she had gazed at Robert’s unmarked flesh, and had remarked that that would be the last time she would see it unmarked. She felt a series of stabs of anticipatory pleasure in her genitals. She was in a very high state of excitement.

Danielle sat down in an easy chair, and then immediately moved to another one which would give her a better view. She put her hands above her genitals and pressed downwards. She could feel that her twat was already moist.

Sophia stood beside the sofa, and beside Olga. “Don’t you want to tie up his

balls?” she said. “He may jerk himself away from your hand.”

Olga chuckled. “He’ll leave his penis in my hand, then. I’ve warned him not to try.”

Bradley heard her words, and felt his last hope die. He had thought she might be something of an ally. How wrong he had been! He looked at Sophia’s shirt, and then at Olga’s dress. Two lovely girls wearing rubber! He would have been the randiest man in the world if the situation had been different. He had been born ‘with this fetish for rubber. It had plagued him in his childhood, in his adolescence, and in his manhood. He had confessed it once to his wife, had bought her a shimmering silky-rubber mackintosh, and had asked her to wear it, over her naked body, when he made love to her. She had done what he asked, but she had made it plain that she thought he was crazy. He had not asked her again. And now . . . Here was a ravishing-looking girl in a dress — not just a raincoat — of the same shimmering silky-rubber material. And there, beside her, was another glorious creature in a skirt of the softest, supplest rubber. And they were both wearing these things because they wanted to wear them — not because a man with a fetish had asked them to do so. But — and at once his spirits dropped even lower — they were wearing them for a very terrible reason . . .

Kristina said: “All set, Joan?” She stood a little behind her friend. She was interested to see just how much of a sadist Joan was. She had used only canes and a switch up to now, she had said. Now she was going to have her first real taste of major flagellation. She had used the whip on the bottom of the pansy half an hour before, of course — but that had been very quick. Too quick to show how much of a sadist she really was. Kristina felt very interested in what she was going to see. If Joan had an orgasm while using this knout — well, that would mean that she was a worthy member of their group.

“Yes,” said Joan, breathlessly. “I’m all set.”

“Then off you go. And bon appetit!” Joan swung the knout down with all her force. Its nine black tails splayed a little outwards as it fell and cut into the virgin flesh of Bradley’s buttocks and legs.

He gave a, wild scream and jerked involuntarily upwards. Olga’s grip on his tool had tightened as she saw the knout falling. He felt an agony in his penis, as though it had been almost torn away from his body.

“I warned you,” she said urgently. “You’ll injure yourself if you don’t stay bent over.”

Joan gave a very deep sigh of pure pleasure. His scream had rung in her ears like intoxicating music. She looked with excitement at the nine livid weals which had sprung to life on his flesh. “Hadn’t we better gag him?” she asked, hoping that it wouldn’t be necessary. She wanted to hear him scream a lot more. “If he’s going to make that noise, shan’t we be heard?”

“No,” said Kristina, “we’re quite alone, I think.” She looked at the bending man. “You did send your servants away, as I told you?”

“Yes,” he muttered.

“Then it’s quite all right,” she said to Joan. “And the house is very far away from the road, as you must have noticed.”

“I did,” said Joan. “Good, I’d much prefer not to have to gag him!”

“So would I,” said Danielle, from her chair. “I like to hear them scream. Go on, Joan, make him yell.”

“All right,” said Joan willingly. “Here we come ...”

She began to flog him, rhythmically, relentlessly, and as hard as she could. After about six lashes her senses began to swim with pleasure. Her vagina grew damp, then wet, then saturated.

His screams, at first individual and separate with each lash, now changed into one long-drawn-out yell of agony. His penis lost all its hardness. Olga found it difficult to hold him down.

Kristina watched Joan with interest. Oh yes, she thought to herself, here is a thorough-going sadist all right. And she seems to be going to have an orgasm at any moment. Just look at the way she’s trembling . . . !

Joan was trembling very much. She was, in fact, actually shuddering with the rapture of her mounting orgasm. She knew it was going to take her in its grip any moment. All she had to do was to go on flogging with total abandonment . . .

She flogged . . . lash after terrible lash . . .

The screams rang in her ears and gave her an almost unbearable ecstasy in her genitals.

And suddenly — like the lava of a volcano, hurling itself high above its crater — her orgasm took her in its grip and hurled her high into the skies.

The hand that held the knout fell to her side. The lashes of the knout dangled beside her legs and just touched the floor. She stood transfixed, shuddering with rapture, and moaning. A full minute passed. Then she seemed to come back to life. She turned and tottered to a deep easy-chair. She fell into it, face downwards.

Yes, Kristina said to herself again, she certainly is a sadist! But I doubt whether she'll have much interest in the rest of the proceedings tonight.

Bradley had fallen forward over the end of the sofa, as the lashes ceased biting into his flesh. He was in a state of near-unconsciousness. Savage, searing waves of pain racked him. He groaned and sobbed in his agony.

Olga put a hand to his head. She lightly ruffled his hair with her fingers. "Poor, poor Bradley," she said softly. "That was a hell of a flogging! I'm sorry for you."

He heard her voice but did not at once understand her words. He raised his head and looked at her supplicatingly. Then he realized what she had said. "But you are going to do the same thing to me," he said, in a hopeless voice.

She shook her head. “No. I don’t exactly know why, but I’m not going to whip you at all. I’m going to made love to you, when it’s all over — if you’re in any condition, that is to say, to have anyone make love to you.”

He gave her a twisted smile. “I had a feeling that you were on my side. Bless you for that.”

“I don’t know why I am,” she said. “I came here with the full intention of giving you a terrific flogging. But now I don’t want to. You’re lucky.”

He nodded his head, amid the searing, rolling waves of pain. “Yes,” he said humbly. “I know I’m lucky. You are a nice person. You are on my side. The others are devils.”

She gave his hair a playful tug. “Don’t let them hear you.” She looked up at Kristina. “Who’s next?”

“Do you want to be?” said Kristina. She had seen Olga murmuring to Bradley, but had heard nothing of what had been said.

Olga shook her head. “No, not tonight. I’m feeling a bit tender about him, for some curious reason. I’m going to let him make love to me — or, rather, I’m going to make love to him. I doubt whether hell have enough strength left to do anything about it himself, after you’ve all finished with him. But go ahead and finish first. I’ll wait.”

Kristina was very surprised. “How are the mighty fallen!” she quoted. “And you — the most sadistic of us all!”

“Perhaps I used to be,” Olga said. “But I think I must give up that distinction now. Joan seems to have a good deal more sadism in her than any of us have ever had. I’ve never seen such a flogging!”

“Nor have I,” said Sophia. “But I still want my own pleasure.”

“Which particular one?” said Kristina, mockingly. “Which above all?”

Sophia tossed her head slightly. “You know perfectly well. I want to thrash him while he’s making love to someone — while he can.”

“All right,” said Olga. “You can do it while he’s making love to me. But you be careful. I don’t want him beaten into impotence.”

Kristina walked away. Bradley looked up at Olga. “Thank you very much.”

Olga smiled sweetly at him. “Not at all. And I’ll tell you something else. If you want to take me to bed one night — in this dress that you like so much — I’ll be happy to oblige. And without the usual payment I spoke of. I’ll just give you a little bitsy whipping to make you really randy.”

“You have a date,” he said, happy in spite of the still surging waves of pain.

“With that dress on — but with nothing underneath.”

Kristina went up to Danielle, who was sprawled in an attitude of total exhaustion in her easy-chair.

“Hey, you,” she said, lightly kicking one of Danielle’s ankles. “Wake up!”

Danielle made no move.

“So you let yourself go!” said Kristina acidly. “You did it again.”

Danielle opened one eye. “I enjoyed myself.”

“More than you would have done, whipping him yourself?”

“I don’t know,” said Danielle, putting her arms up and hugging her breasts. “I simply know that I enjoyed myself enormously. What a flogging! I came at about the same time she did.”

“You’re impossible,” said Kristina. “Why don’t you control yourself?”

“Why should I?” asked Danielle tartly. “If I get such a thrill from watching it being done, what business is it of yours?” She closed her eyes again. “And I got



such a thrill this time. My God! What a sadist that Joan is! And what an orgasm I had!”

Kristina sighed. “All right. So there’s only Sophia, and myself now. And I’m next, it seems Where is that whip of mine?”

She marched back to the sofa. “Come on, you two,” she said to Olga and Sophia. “Even though you’ve gone soft, Olga, I trust you’ll assist me as usual.” Her tone was angry.

“Oh certainly,” said Olga, and stood up from the sofa.

“Both of us,” said Sophia. “Where’s that plastic? He’s too bloody to lie down without it.”

“Here,” said Olga, picking up the rolled-up material and opening it out. She spread it down over the sofa.

Kristina picked up the whip that was made of the shorter lengths of leather. She touched Bradley with it. “Stand up,” she ordered. “You’ve had enough rest.”

He glanced up at her, opened his mouth to say something, thought better of it, and stood erect.

“Now go and lie down,” she ordered, pointing imperiously to the sheet of plastic

material. “Lie down on that, on your back.”

It took a moment for the impact of her words to sink into his comprehension. Then he stared at her. “On my back?” he said, incredulously.

“Yes, on your back. Do as I say, at once.”

Olga gave him a little push. “Go on, Bradley. And when it’s over well make love.” She caressed him with her eyes.

“But what’s she going to do?” he asked in a frightened voice, his eyes on Kristina’s whip. “Where is she going to flog me?”

“Why don’t you ask me?” said Kristina, with a sting in her tone.

He looked at her, terror in his eyes. “Where are you going to whip me?”

Her breasts heaved before she replied. “I’m going to whip your nipples,” she said softly. “And then I’m going to whip your penis. And if you can make love to Olga after that — well, you’re welcome to do so.”

He looked round him wildly, as though seeking escape. He turned his eyes to Olga, begging for help.

“It won’t be so bad, Bradley,” she said gently. “Nothing like what you’ve just had. Come on, get it over with. Be a man.” She patted the plastic. “Come on, lie down. I’m going to set on your head. I’ll be nice for you, since you like rubber.”

Like a man in a dream he lay down on his back. Olga at once climbed up on to the sofa, lifted up the skirt of her dress, and sat down squarely on his forehead. She let the skirt fall like a tent around his head. He began to inhale the sweet heady smell of the material. In spite of his fear, it made him feel excited.

Sophia climbed up on the other end of the sofa and sat down on his ankles. “Hadn’t we better tie them?” she asked.

Kristina shook her head. “Perhaps it’s not necessary. We’ll see. Trap them with your legs.”

Sophia pulled up her rubber skirt. She entwined her legs round his ankles. “All right,” she said. “He can’t move.” She reached out her hand and took hold of his penis. It erected again.

“You are spoiling him, aren’t you?” said Kristina acidly. She raised her whip, aimed with her eyes, and struck at his nipples.

The pain struck through his chest and then seemed to explode. It was so dreadful that he did not realise that this first lash was followed by another nine. The agony simply burned inside him continuously, like a blazing incendiary-bomb.

Kristina delivered her tenth lash, and put a hand to her head. Dizzy with pleasure, she stood for a moment, quite motionless.

Olga waited until she made a movement. Then: “Do me a favour, Kristina?” she asked quietly.

Kristina looked at her. “I know what you’re going to ask.”

Olga nodded. “Do let him off. If you whip his penis he’ll not get another erection tonight And I really would like to have him. Please.”

Kristina raised her whip in disgust. “If I can’t flail his cock, then he’d better be ready for the whipping of his life. If you want to make love to him ‘while I’m beating him, then you’d better get at it.”

She waited patiently while Olga massaged the American’s penis to a new hardness. Olga lay on the plastic on the couch and the American happily but wearily climbed on top of her. She directed his rampant prick to her cunt and he slid in easily, just as the first slash of the whip cracked across his buttocks.

Kristina whipped as a woman possessed by devils. Several times, the whip snaked across the American’s back and flicked at Olga’s tender skin. The girl yelled out, but Kristina paid no attention.

Time after time, her arm raised; time after time, the murderous whip sang through the air and cracked sickeningly on the American’s back. Bradley began

to whimper and his love-making efforts slowed. Olga raised her buttocks with more energy to make up for his slackening effort.

They came together as the whip cracked for the fiftieth time down on the bloody, raw, throbbing back of the American. She felt Bradley's full weight on her and knew that he was probably unconscious.

"That's enough," she cried to the wildly thrashing Kristina. "He can't feel anything now."

She crawled out from under Bradley's heavy body and got out of the way of the flashing whip lashes Kristina was grinning evilly and seemed to have no intentions of stopping. Olga noticed that Bradley's entire back, buttocks and legs were covered with thick blood. His skin, from the back of his neck to just above his heels, was raw and covered with open weals from the whip.

"Stop it, Kristina," she said with a sob in her throat. "You'll kill the man."

"Beautiful!" Kristina said. She kept on whipping the poor bloody body and blood spurted against the wall, the uncovered part of the couch and onto the thick carpet on the floor. "Wouldn't that be the grandest whipping of all. My God, I think I'm coming just thinking of actually killing a man with a whip."

"He can't feel it," Olga cried. "It's no good when he can't feel it"

But Kristina continued wildly. The whip slashed across the bloody carcass and

lashes actually began to tear into his face and head. The girl seemed to have her second wind and the lashes were just as hard and as terrible as they were when she began.

Joan raised her head and opened her eyes to see the beautiful beating. She felt her own juices begin to flow again when she saw the blood-covered whip tearing into the raw flesh of the American. The other girls, with the exception of Olga, were watching with the same keen interest.

And they all came together — Kristina, Joan, Danielle, Sophia — and Kristina stood motionless before the still body of the American, the bloody whip trailing on the carpet.

They were spent, almost lifeless, and stood like automatons as Olga knelt beside the couch near Bradley's head and tenderly brushed the blood and hair from his eyes. Suddenly, she stiffened, then she lifted one of Bradley's bloody arms and felt his pulse.

"God in heaven!" she said. "He's dead. We've killed him."

On the way back to the boarding school, the girls walked several blocks away from the apartment building before taking a taxi. They were certain that the original driver would not remember taking them there, but they wanted to take no chances on having two drivers to remember. They also knew that none of the authorities would ever suspect five fine young ladies from the exclusive and expensive school as being the bloody killers of the American. There was nothing to connect them with the man.

As the cab rolled along the dark streets of the city toward the boarding school, Joan relaxed in the seat and shook the horror of the deed from her mind. Actually, it had been quite exciting and she would remember it for the rest of her life.

Yet, as good as the sexual feeling had been at seeing a man beaten to death, she knew that she would have to be careful in her future beatings of Robert. After all, she did intend to marry him — no matter how great the sexual satisfaction might be to a sadist like her.

THE END