

The best of
THE SPANKING WRITERS

Volume 3: 2010-2013



Abel Jenkins

**The
Spanking Writers**

Volume 3

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2010 - 2013

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First published in Great Britain in 2013 by
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2009

OK, so I cheated a bit... a few entries to start with from the very end of 2009, that missed the second Anthology!

Birched in front of the others

Posted on 12 December, 2009

I've had a frustrating time recently browsing self-catering sites on the web, trying to find buildings that would be suitable for reformatory weekends. The criteria? Large, well away from the road and other houses, well sound-proofed, relatively easy to get to – and affordable. Mmm. Not sure all of those go together.

It's particular depressing as I have a very clear picture in mind of a scene. I'm supervising a group of girls who are sitting behind tables, working diligently at some mundane task designed to pass the day and break their spirit. (Sewing church kneelers, perhaps?).

But one girl stands before me, head bowed. "That, young lady, was completely unacceptable."

"Yes, sir."

"You will be birched. In front of the other girls."

"Please, sir. No..."

"Be silent." I point to one of the other girls. "You: go to the porter and ask him for a birch. And you two – fetch the table from over there and place it in the centre of the room, just here."

And then I turn back to the miscreant, and issue her instructions: "Whilst you, young lady, can take off your clothes and go and stand in the corner, facing the wall with your hands on your head, until I'm ready to deal with you..."

A rather strange dream

Posted on 15 December, 2009

A cute young thing, clad only in a pair of silken pyjama shorts, bounced happily into my dreams the other night: a student at the local art institute, it transpired, as more details coloured themselves in.

Cut to a scene at dinner: her, me and a gentleman friend. The meal ended, I retired to the bedroom, leaving her behind with the comment that, “She’s yours to do with as you please.” Some time later, she crawled in next to me in bed, crying, bearing the marks of a whipping; he’d used her in other ways, too. We cuddled, and fell asleep in each other’s arms.

Cut to another dinner, with the same friend. She made a comment out of turn: I told her to go upstairs. (The ritual, it seems, was well-practised: she would fetch the cane from my study, then stand facing the wall outside the punishment room until I arrived). Her protests met with a hard slap across the face, and her dismissal from the room.

I followed her some time later, having left her for some time so she could reflect on what had happened and contemplate what was to come. “Since when has it been up to you to decide whether or not you deserve punishment?” I asked. Tears followed as she apologised for her insolence and presumption, and I doubled the number of strokes that she was due.

Cruel to be kind

Posted on 31 December, 2009

A week or so back, a new twist to a much-loved old fantasy came to mind: the one concerning a young nobleman and his favourite maid – where the boundaries of the master-servant relationship strain in the context of an always-chaste, yet ever-so-close rapport.

This particular lass had been guilty of the utmost carelessness, having set fire to an expensive tapestry in his lordship's room. Fortunately, the flames had been put out before the building itself caught light – but the tapestry itself was still ruined. Yet he – seeing how mortified she was by her mistake, how tearful, how repentant, and simply wanting to hug her and tell her that everything was fine – was prepared to let the matter go without further discussion.

However, word reached the nobleman's father, a Duke no less, of the disaster that had nearly taken place. The older gentleman's carriage soon arrived at his son's door; a debate ensued; agreement was reached, the maid was summoned.

The matter could not go unpunished, the duke would inform her, no matter how impeccable her previous service. The butler had been ordered to send one of his men to the woods, to cut the switches that would be bound into the birch. Once that was done, his son would punish her. Because of her past good conduct, her birching would take place in private, and would only comprise twenty strokes across her bare bottom rather than the fifty the duke had initially requested. But he would personally inspect her after she'd been whipped and, should he feel that she had been chastised too lightly by his son, he would personally administer the additional thirty with the utmost severity...

Clearly, the younger gentleman would have no choice but to inflict the twenty strokes as hard as he could, despite his feelings for the girl, to save her from further punishment. And then, later, once his father had inspected her, he'd be able to give her a much-needed hugs.

Only – and rarely for me – the same scenario popped into my mind for a second time as I slept a couple of nights later. Only on this occasion, the Duke demonstrated a particularly cruel streak – determining that, despite the evident effectiveness of the maid's initial flogging, she did indeed deserve more.

The butler was despatched for a fresh birch, and asked to tie the girl over a table. Her additional, agonising thirty duly followed – as, then, did comfort for her behind his young lordship's bedroom door, which remained firmly locked so he could take care of her until the following morning...

Here's hoping your spanking dreams come true in 2010...

2010

A whipping for the burglar girl

Posted on 12 January, 2010

Pity the poor girl in my latest little daydream. She deserved to be in trouble, for sure: caught burgling a large mansion and brought before its owner, a call to the police and a court appearance seemed inevitable.

Only, this was no ordinary homeowner. For unbeknownst to her, she'd broken into the property of the local criminal mastermind, a man whose gang was feared and renowned across the region. And, needless to say, a man who wanted as little to do with the authorities as possible – especially if that would entail an investigation involving a police visit to his premises.

An alternative would have to be found. “Strip her and tie her to the table,” came the gruff order. “And fetch me a crop from the stables.”

He'd be ruthless with her, whipping her until she begged for mercy – and offering her none. I leave it to your imaginations to decide whether, once he'd finished with her, he'd then simply let her go – or instead hand her to his men to do with as they pleased...

Teaching her father a lesson

Posted on 25 January, 2010

An entirely vanilla newspaper item about an extortion case set me off on a very dark train of thought. Let me transported you back to the nineteenth century, where a gentleman was entertaining two rather less salubrious types in his drawing room. He'd borrowed money from them, you see, and the repayments were overdue.

All would be well, he assured them: one of his ships was due to dock shortly from India bearing all manner of treasures, and he would pay them within the month. They smiled, thanked him and took their leave – glancing as they did at his daughter, who was sitting quietly in the corner embroidering biblical verses. “Pretty girl,” they commented. “Almost ready to be married. Would be a shame if any harm came to her.”

The weeks passed; the ship was held up; the gentleman's debts went unpaid. And one evening, when he returned from his club, he found his daughter sobbing. His creditors had returned that afternoon and made good their threat; they'd forced entry through the servants' quarters, bundled her upstairs before the butler could come to her rescue, and there had tied her naked to her bed and whipped her soundly. “To teach your father a lesson,” they'd explained. “It'll be worse next time if we don't get our money by the end of the week”. Which, needless to say, they did.

Obeying the law

Posted on 14 February, 2010

How long do dreams last? I only ask, because mine t'other night seemed to go on forever, with a lengthy sequence of events – yet, I guess, it could only have lasted for moments.

There was a girl, see: a sixth-former. A bright girl (aren't they always?). She was aiming for the best grades at A Level, for a place at a top university.

The school had allocated her a tutor, therefore, to help her to succeed. He was young by the standards of my fantasy schoolmasters – in his late twenties at most, a high-flyer, respected by his colleagues, much loved by the girls.

They'd meet three or so times a week for tutorials, but before long he'd given her permission to visit his study whenever she needed peace and quiet to concentrate on her work. She'd curl up with a book on his sofa, as he prepared his lessons and did his marking. And, needless to say, there was mutual – but unspoken – attraction between the two. There'd be the odd hug, perhaps – but nothing that could break the law in terms of impropriety between a master and his pupil.

It would be after the Christmas break that things would start to go off course for her. An assignment for his tutorials, completed in a hurry. “Not to your usual standards,” he'd say. “In fact, not at all acceptable.” And she'd find herself, to her shock, being ordered across his knee, her school skirt lifted for a hard hand spanking. It would hurt, naturally, but her sobs were more as a result of having let herself down; having let him down. And then they'd hug, until she was calm.

Not long after that, he'd be the teacher who rounded the back of the science block, taking a short cut, and caught her and her best friend smoking. Neither would

own up to having bought the dreaded cigarettes – but when he checked their blazer pockets, she'd be the one in possession of the half-empty pack. He'd march them to their housemaster's office, explain the situation – and leave them to their fate. (Four strokes of the cane each for smoking, it would transpire; she'd get another two for having procured the cigarettes).

And then, the following week, at the end of one of his classes... He'd ask the girls to hand in their homework; she'd look flustered. "I didn't think it was due until tomorrow." "Then you'd better go and wait outside my study," he'd reply.

"It's almost as if you're on a wilful campaign of self-destruction," he'd comment a few minutes later when they were alone. "And that's not going to continue." He'd reach for the plimsoll from its home on the bookshelves; he'd make her lift her skirt and bend over the arm of the sofa; this time, he'd take down her knickers to punish her on the bare – over the still-visible stripes from her housemaster's cane.

They'd not speak of the punishments again: she'd work hard, with his support and encouragement, and her exams in the summer would go seem to have gone well. And then term was over – the final assembly marking the end of her school career.

As was traditional, though, the departing girls would stay on for one final evening, enjoying a sumptuous ball. Not pupils, now they'd talk to their former masters as grown-ups, as equals. And they'd eat, and drink, and dance, and talk. And he and she would find themselves back in his study – with no legal constraints to stop him holding her tight, to keep them from kissing, to prevent him from bending her over the arm of his sofa once more, lifting her skirt, removing her knickers...

The girl at the airport

Posted on 23 February, 2010

The cute lass who'd been wishing her boyfriend an emotional goodbye next to the airport security entrance on Sunday afternoon was in tears by the time I noticed her next, in the departure lounge. *Good* tears, I'm guessing – the sort that come from spending a weekend with someone lovely and having to part, knowing you'll see them again soon. Sad, yes: but as a result of deep-down happiness.

Of course, had I not seen their embrace, I would have pictured an entirely different reason for her sobs. Her case had been brought the magistrates, back at home, some three months before. The cold verdict (“guilty”) – had come as a shock; the sentence – twenty strokes of the cane, to be administered at the local prison – had left her distraught.

They'd given her back her passport, after the lawyers had lodged an appeal. No reason to interrupt her education, they'd agreed – she could return to University whilst further legal arguments were held. And then, yesterday, the phone call she'd dreaded: verdict and sentence upheld, and “you must report to the authorities within 48 hours to receive your punishment.”

She'd fudged the explanations with her friends – a forgotten family birthday party the excuse for her sudden trip. And now she was here, trembling, waiting to board the flight that would take her to her thrashing...

The new maid

Posted on 27 February, 2010

I spent the early part of the week in Utrecht, and rather fell in love with the place. It's everything that Amsterdam should be (and isn't) – beautiful merchants' houses lining quaint canals, yet quite unspoilt.

I went for a stroll before dinner, and imagined the histories behind the attractive water-side facades – a girl, freshly arrived from the country, standing before the stern mistress of the house in which she hoped to be a maid.

“You'll understand that we expect you to work hard?” the lady would enquire.

“Yes, madam.”

“And that we expect the highest standards.”

“I shall try my hardest, madam.”

“And your hardest had better be up to scratch, young lady. I can tolerate a member of staff making a genuine mistake. Once. But if she repeats her error – or is wilfully at fault – then she must pay the consequences.”

“Yes, madam.”

The merchant's wife would take out a cane, and flex it before the girl's terrified eyes. “I find that I only have to bare a girl and chastise her once or twice before she learns to concentrate. Don't make me have to teach you the hard way...”

And then her newest employee would be shown out of the room by the housekeeper, taken to a bath tub and scrubbed (in cold water, naturally) – and then presented with the formal, starched black dress in which she would serve...

The administration of justice

Posted on 17 March, 2010

In Dublin with Emma Jane for a couple of days last weekend, we found ourselves wandering through the deserted city centre late at night after a rather fabulous dinner.

I admired the architecture, to be informed by my companion that we were passing the Department of Justice. Foolish girl! How could I resist bending her over the stone wall at the front of the building for a spanking? OK, I appreciate that a true judicial punishment would be more like to involve a strap, birch or cane – but sometimes one's hand can prove just as edifying for the girl being spanked.

A few steps further on, we came to the Department of Foreign Affairs. No comment, your honour...

The burglar

Posted on 21 March, 2010

A great scene at the last of last week...

I was a gentleman returning home from work; I discovered young Kami crouched on the floor of the bedroom, attempting to hide. Her apologies were profuse – her boyfriend had forced her to do it. I had little sympathy.

She was ordered to strip: after all, could I really trust that she hadn't hidden any stolen belongings about her person? She seemed reluctant to oblige: I had to help the process.

And then – how to deal with her offence? A call to the police – and an inevitable summons for the lass to appear before the magistrates? No: I had a more traditional

remedy in mind, to which the intruder – scared of the prospect of a criminal record – reluctantly agreed.

I unbuckled my heavy leather belt, folded it double and ordered her over the side of the bed. Twelve strokes, delivered with force, teaching the girl a lesson I doubted she'd forget. And once she was punished, it was time for me to insist on some compensation...

Springtime birchings

Posted on 31 March, 2010

With spring upon us, one's mind turns naturally to the abundance of fresh growth on birch trees everywhere. Whereas my springtide thoughts last year were of gambolling lambs and flowering daffodils, this year I've been toying with a rather darker scenario.

The setting's a punishment cell within a prison. A girl – freshly showered – has been stripped and strapped down by two gaolers over the flogging block. Five neatly-tied sprays of freshly-cut birch rods lean ominously against the wall.

But here's the thing: the officer who's to inflict her sentence only enters after she's bound in place. Arched over the wooden frame, wrists and ankles bound tight with leather straps, the offender has no means of looking back to see him – or possibly her. All is silent: no words are spoken. For the remainder of her sentence, the inmate will have no idea whatsoever which of her guards is the one to have administered her thrashing.

Five birches: each used for ten strokes, then discarded in favour of a fresh implement. She'd take the first batch bravely; she'd break on the second. Before the final ten, she'd be begging for forgiveness, vowing never to reoffend, pleading for clemency. But mercy would be in short

supply, and the final flurry would be the cruellest of all, before the disciplinarian turned and left the room...

Smartcard spankings

Posted on 4 April, 2010

A wonderful find for lunch in Stuttgart on a business trip at the end of last month: a fascinating, innovative Italian restaurant called Vapiano – new to me, although it seems to be part of quite a large chain. You're handed a smartcard and menu on arrival, before queuing up at the counters for a chef to cook your selection to order in front of you.

The food's great – pasta made freshly on the premises each day, with some innovative dishes in addition to the usual favourites. (I went for the sauce comprising rocket, pine nuts, salami, garlic, chilli, ricotta and white wine – but the pizza with gorgonzola, smoked cheese, parmesan, dried tomatoes and figs sounded incredibly tempting).

Once your dish is ready, you head off to sit around large communal tables – charging additional items (drinks, desserts, side orders) to the smartcard as you go, then paying as you leave. The place was buzzing – and deservedly so.

As ever when faced by a concept new to me, I started to wonder how I could introduce spanking into the mix. The obvious idea – that the group of cute girls treating themselves to a hearty meal with wine at the next table might sneak out without paying – seemed too, well, downmarket. No, I decided: they'd wait until the gentleman enjoying a rather more frugal selection at the end of their table wasn't looking, or had popped to the restroom, and they'd surreptitiously switch smartcards. The girls would escape merrily onto the street for a mere

ten Euros; the older chap would be shocked to find his bill totalling nearer a hundred.

No doubt they'd be caught in due course; the University authorities (for they must surely have been students) would send them down for a week, in the certain knowledge that each would face a difficult discussion on their return home, followed no doubt with an excruciating encounter with a doubled-over belt or a freshly-cut switch. Or maybe the gentleman whose card they'd swapped would be given the opportunity to invite them into his home, whipping them soundly in turn in the drawing room with a riding crop?

Punishing prefects?

Posted on 20 April, 2010

I've just re-read my post from a little while back about a dream in which a prefect was one of the girls to be caned, and I've decided that maybe said young lady escaped too lightly.

See, to hold prefectorial office, a girl must be a truly outstanding pupil – her conduct no doubt impeccable, her disciplinary record over the years unblemished, her list of achievements impressive. She'd hold a position of significant authority within the school – a girl to which the younger students would look up. Someone to be respected, to provide inspiration. For one such to end up committing an offence so serious as to merit the cane: well, that would be the rarest of events. But when that did come to pass...?

Clearly, the punishment would need to reflect whatever she'd done – but more than that, it would need to reflect her betrayal of the trust that had been placed in her when she'd been appointed. And the other girls in the

school would need to know that justice had been done, with no favouritism accorded to her because of her status.

The solution seems to be two-fold. First, as in my dream, the number of strokes would be doubled. But here's what I think is the missing link: should a prefect need to be caned, the punishment would have to be administered in public, at morning assembly, by the headmaster (who'd appointed her to her post, and who had hence been the person most let down by her misconduct).

There's a further debate about whether she should be removed from office – returned to the ranks, as it were. Deprefectised. There'd be those in the staff common room who'd presumably argue that this should be automatic – that their confidence in her was now broken, and that they (and indeed her fellow pupils) could no longer trust her. I'm inclined to be generous, and leave this to the headmaster's discretion, depending on the nature of the offence. After all, I'd argue, it's highly unlikely that a girl who'd just been made to touch her toes for a dozen or so strokes of the senior cane on the bare, in front of the assembled students and staff, would be minded to re-offend.

Caning then cuddles

Posted on 10 May, 2010

One of the things lacking from many of my scene ideas and spanking fantasies – a sense of pseudo-authenticity being all-important for me – is a hug after the thrashing. Would a schoolmaster embrace a caned girl, a prison officer wrap his arms supportively around a whipped inmate? I rather doubt it. And yet a cuddle after a spanking is one of the loveliest parts of any scene.

A solution sprang to mind in the cab on the way to a meeting the other morning. The two girls I'd just mentally caned lived in a residential centre for troubled young ladies, of which I was the principal. We'd take in girls who'd come from difficult backgrounds – perhaps, those convicted of minor criminal offences, those expelled from school, or whose parents and guardians were struggling to control them. Good girls, deep down – just troubled, in need of tender loving care.

So there'd be hugs aplenty – chaste, of course – as we helped and supported them. And when corporal punishment was occasionally needed, there'd be a mutual sense of disappointment – and a tight emotional bond between disciplinarian and the punished girl.

This pair had been caught brawling in the common room the evening before – a fierce argument that had spilled out of control. By the time they reached my office, they'd both kissed and made up – regretting their actions, friends once more. Yet the rules of the establishment were very clear: fighting always resulted in the most serious form of correction. I called the first girl in, and bade her close the door behind her. We talked: a lecture was hardly necessary, but she needed to hear from me that she'd let herself down, and that punishment was inevitable.

Four strokes of the cane followed, laid hard across her jeans as she bent over my desk; she was then sent to stand facing the corner whilst her erstwhile combatant was brought in to be similarly admonished and disciplined. And then the hugs – the three of us holding each other close, supportively, as their tears fell and they vowed to try harder in future...

Whipped by the enemy

Posted on 22 May, 2010

Those of a sensitive disposition, look away now – for my most recent little fantasy ended up being rather dark and of a rather (dare I say this here?) sexual nature.

There featured a cast of four – two tops (officers in some occupying force) and two girls (local lasses, brought in to be punished for subversive activity). The setting? A large room in a castle, with a long, sturdy oak table in the centre.

The girls had already been stripped, their wrists bound with rope behind their backs. The first of them was led forward and tied over one end of the table, arms outstretched and ankles far apart. The first officer took up his whip, and proceeded to flog her soundly, before turning to his colleague: “Time for you to deal with yours?”

“I don’t think we’ve finished with this one yet, have we?” came the response, before he too thrashed the poor, tied girl.

He stepped back, admired the stripes, then ran his fingers inquisitively over the girl’s bottom and then between her legs. “It would seem a shame not to complete her lesson, don’t you think?” he then asked, before moving behind her and having his wicked way.

The second girl, terrified, struggled vigorously as she was pulled to her feet. A sound slap across her face quelled her for long enough for them to tie her down over the opposite end of the table to her friend – the girls able to look up into each other’s eyes – before she too was whipped and then otherwise abused.

Whippings at the Royal Palace

Posted on 27 May, 2010

Last weekend, I finally realised a long-standing ambition by visiting Versailles, the royal French palace. What a fine place it proved to be, especially with such a helpful guidebook. First up, the Coronation Room:

Here on Maundy Thursday, the Queen washed the feet of thirteen pauper girls and gave them a meal in commemoration of the Last Supper.

The ritual was discontinued after 1785, however, following an incident in which one of the girls kicked Her Majesty during the ritual washing, whilst shouting republican slogans.

Needless to say, the young woman was brought before the Council the following morning, stripped and tied over a table, then whipped severely by the King – an incident that in no small part contributed to the growing revolutionary fervour in Paris.

I then processed through a series of grand chambers: The Hercules Room, The Room of Abundance, The Nobles' Room, The Clemency Room, The Whipping Chamber. Hold on... those last two?

Wives and daughters of the nobility were excused from the punishments meted out by the courts to mere commoners.

In the unusual event of one such being sentenced for a crime, she would be taken to Royal Palace, where she would attend his Majesty in the

Clemency Room. The lady would be offered an opportunity to plead for an overturn of her conviction, or to request his Majesty's mercy.

On the rare occasions when neither was forthcoming, she would be taken to the adjacent Chamber to be flogged, the number of strokes being commensurate with the King's displeasure at her offence.

Finally, I emerged from the crowded rooms into the vast expanse of the wonderful gardens. Oh look: there's Tuby's statue of The Saone – a naked woman. Le Hongre's "Air": Another naked woman. Legros's "Water" – can you guess?

Surprisingly, the areas furthest away from the chateau were quite deserted – the Obelisk Grove, for example, the sort of place in which one could readily imagine oneself to be far from the crowds at the court. That has certainly been the case in 1745, when:

... the king's eldest daughter and one of her ladies-in-waiting (the niece of the Duc d'Angers) were caught in near the fountain in the centre of the grove in a state of some undress and in a position of not inconsiderable intimacy.

Both were taken forthwith to the King, who was outraged at their behaviour – not least because the princess was betrothed to the son of the King of Spain. Contemporary reports state that the Captain of the Guard was called forth and instructed to birch both girls soundly on their bared buttocks, a task he undertook with considerable vigour.

A strange by-product of this incident is a curious bye-law still on the statute books of the Municipality of Versailles, requiring any couples caught committing indecent acts in the palace gardens to be sentenced to corporal punishment. The measure is enacted infrequently, most recently in 2004 when two girls from the Sorbonne each received twelve strokes of the cane.

Let me finish with a short note to tourists stumbling across this site having googled for information regarding visits to Versailles: I believe that the guidebook has recently been undergoing revision, and so some of the material I've described above may be missing from newer editions.

Our house, in the middle of our estate

Posted on 17 June, 2010

One of the curious features of the most recent country house to inspire us was that an entire wing was still occupied by the family which had donated the larger part of their former home to the National Trust.

Oh, the opportunities for mischief. The niece of the once-grand family would be staying with her uncle, the current resident, and would have her best friend from school keeping her company for the weekend. Late at night, the property long closed to the public for the day, she'd decided to take her buddy for a torch-lit tour of the main house, having carefully disabled the burglar alarm.

As the girls giggled their way around, they'd hatch their naughty plan. Furniture would be artfully re-arranged, in entirely implausible and untraditional layouts. Antiques would find soon themselves swapped from room to room. Notices would be switched around, the

library now labelled as the dining room, the drawing room as the master bedroom and so on.

The Trust's staff would be quite mystified when they arrived to open the place up the following morning. Sadly for the girls, whilst they'd known the code to the alarm, they'd not thought to disable the CCTV – which would duly be replayed to the disapproving uncle. The two young ladies would soon be seen disappearing into the estate's woods, returning with a large pile of switches, the sounds of their birchings wafting clearly across the formal gardens shortly thereafter to the evident surprise of the day's early visitors.

Flogged by the pharaoh

Posted on 23 June, 2010

I've been in Cairo for the past few days for work, braving the searing heat. (Yes, I know Egypt's supposed to be hot, but the locals here complain that temperatures in mid-June have been as high as they usually are in mid-August).

Lazing by the pool last night – it's a tough job, and someone's got to do it – I decided that I really should research the floggings that must have taken place back in the days of the pharaohs. It appears that they were a cruel lot. Take this account:

The slave girl had been purchased earlier that day in the market. Knowing her to be to the pharaoh's taste, his chief courtier had her scrubbed clean and dress in the finest robes.

She was brought before her new owner after dinner that evening, and commanded to dance. When she

refused, the pharaoh walked over to her and asked if she knew who he was. She looked him in the eyes, and slapped his face: “You are no-one to me.”

“Take her to my bedchamber,” he commanded. “Strip her. Tie her over the end of the bed. And lay out a whip.”

Later that night, the lashes could be heard echoing through the palace, her punishment quite as severe and prolonged as one would expect for an insult of such shocking gravity. The slave girl could be heard sobbing, until the whipping had subsided. Silence then fell, before her cries for mercy resumed, although this time not punctuated by the sound of the lash.

Translated from the hieroglyphics found in the tombs of The Thirty-Fourth Dynasty*.

*Which may or may not have actually existed.

Her impending fate

Posted on 3 July, 2010

I woke with the hazy image in my mind of a girl, standing before a gentleman, pleading: “Please don’t send me to him...”

But who were they? My first thought was of a young submissive, praying that her master wouldn’t send her along the corridor to his friend – to be used as the other gentleman thought fit.

But was she rather a schoolgirl, begging a housemaster to give her another chance – knowing that a trip to the headmaster would inevitably result in a

caning? Or a young lady in her guardian's study, not wanting to be sent to the local disciplinarian for punishment?

Oh, what fun it is to weigh the various options...

Cute waitresses, rude thoughts

Posted on 5 July, 2010

There must be *vanilla* perverts, right? Folks who spend their lives thinking about doing rude, indecent things – but which don't involve spanking? So what little fantasies do *they* dream up when they're out for dinner?

I ask because I'm writing this sitting outside a Parisian restaurant, sipping cold cider and waiting for my meal to arrive. And to pass the time, I've been pondering the thrashings that the rather adorable waitresses are doubtless going to receive later this evening.

They're all student types – very sweet, very polite, very delightfully French. There's Justine, my waitress; I'm sure from the stern way that the maitre d' just spoke to her that she'll end her shift bent over the desk in the manager's office, being strapped.

Her elfin friend Caroline, the trainee, serving the drinks? She's absent-minded this evening, knowing that by the time she gets home her guardian will have read the letter that she'd brought home from school. Suspended for a week? She'd be sent straight to her room; he'd follow; his belt would be folded double to teach her a lesson.

And the lass on the front desk, greeting new arrivals? I reckon she and the domme-like manageress have a thing going on, enjoying the kinkiest OTK spankings at the end of every evening.

But back to the vanilla pervs. I'm sure their minds must wander too, presumably imagining the young women's imagined sexual antics. So, who's worse: me

daydreaming about whippings, or them mentally undressing the girls for a sound shagging?

We are not alone

Posted on 23 July, 2010

A lovely email from a reader recently thanked us for helping her to realise that there are other people who share her interest in spanking.

I think many of us have been through the process of hiding away our secret interest in spanking, sometimes feeling ashamed of it, certainly feeling lonely. (“Am I wrong to think about this so often; am I the only one? Please don’t let anyone find out!”).

And then there’s that moment of liberation, elation, when one tests the water with a partner, or discovers other folks online discussing exactly the things that have been so fascinating for all this time. For me, that tipping point came in the late 90s, just after I’d turned 30; for younger folks growing up in a more online era, the discovery’s typically coming at an earlier age. And I’m guessing there are not an inconsiderable number of folks of my sort of age – early 40s – who are only now exploring their long-hidden spanko side after years of supressing it vanilla marriages entered into in the pre-internet era.

But how many of us are there? I seem to recall reading in various sex surveys that 10% of the population is interested in kink in some way. In a nation the size of the UK (62 million or thereabouts), that’d probably equate to some three to four million people (by the time one’s ruled out those who aren’t sexually active). Of those, I’d guess the majority ‘toy’ with kink – liking the occasional light spanking, having tried it a couple of times, tying the odd rope to the bed to brighten up their frolics. And people tend to overestimate the variety in their bedroom lives in

surveys anyway – “yes of course I’m into spanking, I’ve had 40 sexual partners this year, enjoy foursomes outdoors on a regular basis, and the neighbour’s dog [squick] is very friendly”.

So the number of true spankos – in our sense: people whose private lives are, to a greater or lesser extent oriented around spanking. People who actually play, roleplay even, with their partner and others on a reasonably regular basis. Who read anything they can lay their hands on about the topic, who find it endlessly fascinating? Whose kink really is primarily *spanking*, rather than BDSM more generally with a little spanking thrown into the mix?

You know, I’d like to think there are millions of us out there. It’d be great if one could look around any pub, restaurant, meeting, event and be certain in the confidence that there were lots of other spankos in the house. But the more I’ve explored the scene, and discovered how many people know how many of the other people in the spanking community, the more I downgrade my estimates.

So here goes with my best guess for the full-on active spanking-centric community in the UK: 5,000 individuals – plus perhaps twenty times that (up to 100,000) who are deeply fascinated by spanking but who don’t play actively for whatever reason. Not 10%; perhaps more like one in 10,000 for the truly active community. Seems low – but I guess it’s as good a guess as any, based on people we know, extrapolating guesses based on the likely number of pervy friends of friends, and general gut feel. But I’d be really fascinated to hear others’ views.

Whipped in the village

Posted on 6 August, 2010

I took a rather fascinating underground tour of an old slate mine at the weekend. At one point, the guide discussed of the workers' lunchtime rituals. The men would be given a half-hour break; the first 15 minutes would be given over to their food and a strong cup of tea.

During the remainder of the time, they'd discuss the issues of the day – in politics, in the mine, in their village. A chairman would steer the debate; a secretary would dutifully take minutes of the discussion and note any agreements that had been reached.

“What sort of things would they debate?” one of the group asked.

“Well, for example, if someone had misbehaved.”

I'm sure that he meant “... in the mine.” Reporting late for work? Being rude to the foreman? Forgetting to bring the candles that lit their back-breaking work? But, of course, my mind went more towards “... in the village.”

Those girls who'd been caught stealing milk from the farm – daughters of some of the miners in the group? “It was unanimously agreed by those present that their fathers should administer severe chastisement”. The whippings that evening would be especially sound, and the following lunchtime's gathering would duly note that the necessary action had been taken.

Buying a camel whip

Posted on 8 August, 2010

I really did want to buy a camel whip when I visited one of the Gulf states recently – having wanted to own one for years, since a rather bizarre episode with a friend's parents implement collection. My previous trip there had

been frustrating – stuck on the edge of town, in a gorgeous hotel but miles from anywhere. But this time? I was bang in the centre of the city. So surely my luck would be in?

Of course, it wasn't. For as I scanned the streets from my taxis during the trip, not a single shop could be seen with helpful names ("The Whip Bazaar" or "Camels in Trouble", maybe?). It struck me that I had no idea whatsoever where to look, and I wasn't exactly going to ask the hotel concierge – "And why do you want one of those, sir? Lots of camels in Oxfordshire, are there?"

More to the point, I suddenly realised that there probably isn't a huge market for such items. I may picture every street corner with its own camel, every neighbourhood with weekend camel races, every shopping trip involving a detour to view the latest collection of this season's new whips. But I'm guessing that your average local resident doesn't get to see a camel from one year to the next.

How frustrating. I guess I'll just have to look on eBay... And in any case, I guess the same is true for foreign visitors to the UK. I mean, you can't just turn up in London and expect to find canes in every store, and if you asked where to buy a school tawse in Edinburgh these days, they'd probably call the police...

The prefect and his favourite girl

Posted on 12 August, 2010

I've been toying with a story idea for a few weeks now, and just haven't been able to find the right voice for it. Rather than lose the idea altogether, I thought I'd share it here instead...

We find ourselves in a mixed boarding school. Corporal punishment is still used, but infrequently – by the

headmaster, housemasters and head prefect, in whose study this is set.

He's working on an essay for one of his A Levels, but keeps breaking off to look at the piece of paper on the table. It's a form requesting the administration of corporal punishment, as completed by one of his prefects. It falls within his power to administer the caning – or to decide to award some alternative punishment if that's appropriate (Saturday detention? Lines?).

The reason for his fascination with this form? The name on it is of a girl he particularly likes, a year younger than him, in the lower sixth. He knows the feeling to be mutual – they came close to going out with each other a year or so before, until she paired up with the captain of rugby. That particular relationship, he knows, came to an end recently; he's not spoken to her since, but knows she still likes him, as he does her, and he's been wondering what might ensue...

A pack of cigarettes had dropped out of her blazer pocket earlier that afternoon, right in front of one of the prefects – who'd therefore sent her for punishment. Could he be lenient? Should he be?

A knock on the door, and he asked her in. She: embarrassed, nervous. He: with no choice but to adhere to the school's strict rules on smoking. She denied being a smoker; saying she'd bought them for someone else; he believed her, but she refused (not surprisingly) to tell him their intended recipient. And the regulations were as strict on those found in possession of tobacco as on those caught in the act of inhaling.

The caning would be on the bare, of course; he averted his eyes politely as she removed her knickers and bent over the table. And then he administered the six strokes, with a senior cane as befitted a member of the lower sixth, as hard as he always did, striping her fair skin.

She had tears in her eyes afterwards, and a hug was the most natural thing in the world. She apologised; so did he; he held her tight. And before long, the kiss they'd postponed for far too long could no longer be resisted...

Still daddy's girl

Posted on 14 August, 2010

Rome at this time of year is full of American couples, accompanied by two daughters in their early- or mid-20s. The city's full of such quartets – young women who wouldn't usually be seen dead on vacation with dad and mom, sacrificing their independence for a free all-expenses-covered trip to Europe.

Naturally, they'd be governed by the usual house rules that had applied when they'd lived at home. Picture the scene at dinner in some grand hotel restaurant: one of the daughters throws a tantrum, not liking the planned itinerary for the following day. Her father waits for her to fall silent, before commenting: "You have every right to express your opinion. But you don't have the right to speak to your mother or to me like that." He turns to the others at the table. "Please excuse us for a few moments."

He'd take her upstairs to their suite. She'd be remorseful now. Apologetic: scared, distant, suppressed memories flooding back.

"It seems to me that you need a reminder about how to behave properly."

"No, daddy. Please..."

But it was, of course, by then too late to prevent the old routine from being replayed. She'd lower her trousers before bending over his knees; he's take down her panties*. The first spank would be as shocking as ever; his hand would be as painful, as incessant, as it always had been. She'd still fight back the tears, too proud to

show weakness – and then they'd still start to flow: more so, perhaps, given the passing of time.

He'd let her wait for a few moments after it was over, to compose herself before she scrambled to her feet and adjusted her clothing. And then he'd hold her very tight, telling her that he loved her and that he knew she was a good girl at heart. Protected and punished, she'd nestle in close.

She'd wash her face, adjust her make-up – and then they'd head back down to join the others in the restaurant, where dessert would be waiting and the others would pick up the conversation as if nothing had happened...

Artistic whippings

Posted on 16 August, 2010

I wish to file a complaint. Our travels in Italy thus far have taken us to various galleries, the walls of which have been full of paintings of the lives of the saints. Here's St Nicholas, saving a ship from sinking. There's Poussin's gruesome depiction of St Erasmus being disembowelled. St Sebastian pops up, full of a quiver of arrows, at almost every turn.

But – and here's the thing – almost all of the saints concerned are male. Yet there are so many incidents in the lives of the female saints that would seem worthy of artistic attention.

Take St Kalliope, who “lived in the reign of the vicious Emperor Decius, an extremely callous and pompous monarch who took delight in barbarous acts”. “Taken to a public square, she was bound to a post and mercilessly flogged.” Surely a perfect subject for a Bernini sculpture, the stone weals ever-so realistic?

Which Michelangelo ceiling depicts St Columba the Virgin – the daughter of a sixth century king and queen in Cornwall, who refused to attend the pagan temple with her parents? “Shocked at her behaviour, they had Columba whipped and then thrown in prison. “And what about Saint Christina, “the daughter of a rich and powerful magistrate named Urban”, who broke her father’s collection of gold pagan idols and distributed the pieces among the poor. Daddy was unimpressed and had her “whipped with rods and thrown into a dungeon”; surely Titian could have brought the scene so memorably to life?

Yet I’m not sure whether it’s the artists who are to blame for their male-saint-only policy, or those responsible for the museums in question. Perhaps these fabulous works do exist, yet are kept from the public gaze – proudly displayed on some curator’s office wall, hidden away in some cardinal’s private apartments? Is it too much to dream of our own National Gallery, perhaps, seizing the opportunity to run one of its blockbuster exhibitions: “Flogged, by the Masters”?

Hiding

Posted on 3 September, 2010

Why might a girl be hiding away in a barn? I only ask because that’s at the heart of a little spanking scene that’s been playing itself out in my daydreams lately, but I can’t fathom a sensible starting point for my plot.

The spanking side of the equation is pretty clear. A girl in a big house is caught stealing food. She’s questioned, and merely complains that she was hungry. A spanking ensues – hard, but not excessive, for one can’t expect a girl to starve, much as one disapproves of theft. “Misguided”, she’d be told. “If you’re hungry, ask.”

Yet a few days later, someone (the butler?) notices the same girl stealing food once more, hiding it in her dress, and sneaking out of a back door of the house. He trails her from a distance, and spies her heading towards the outbuildings. The girl sneaks into a barn; our detective follows, quietly following her inside. There, to his surprise, he hears two voices from the hayloft – so he climbs a ladder and finds both his quarry and another lass of a similar age, who’s greedily tucking into the stolen food.

They’d be taken back to the big house, of course. The young thief would be whipped, severely, as would their uninvited guest. But where had this latter girl come from? A childhood best friend, seeking sanctuary with the one person who’d help her? Turned out by her parents? Dismissed from her post as a maid at some other country estate? In flight, having been handed over to be married against her will?

And, whilst I’m pondering the unknowns: who was the girl who was helping her? Was she really a servant, as I’d initially envisaged? Or was she maybe the daughter of the master of the house? Had she known the hideaway at all – or simply found the girl, tired and hungry, in her hiding place and taken pity on her.

Oh how I love working out the whys and wherefores of spanking scenes!

A very modern whipping

Posted on 17 September, 2010

Sitting in the back of my cab en route to Abu Dhabi airport recently, I noticed a gleaming new police station – trendy design, lots of glass. Strange, I thought – for the prison stations, the jails in my kinky fantasies are never new. When conjuring up images of a courtroom, a

birching, a punishment room, it's always some old Victorian institution that comes to mind. Spotlessly clean – smelling faintly, perhaps, of disinfectant; thick stone walls, freshly painted (always, for some reason, in white). Dark, windowless corridors – bright fluorescent light.

The sense of history would add to the girl's trepidation – hundreds, thousands of predecessors having walked this way before her, each trembling, wondering, fearing, repenting, craving forgiveness, praying for mercy that she knew would not be forthcoming. And those thick walls? Well, at least the sound of the flogging wouldn't travel beyond the room in which she was thrashed – giving, perhaps, a sense of privacy.

But, of course, the building could be new, the design modern (just like any other office block, only with the occasional barred window and locked door); the walls thin enough for those in other rooms to cock their ears when the faint sound of the first stroke was heard, listening intently as they wondered how many this girl would get – and whether she'd be brave or whether they'd hear her cries.

Visiting the punishment room

Posted on 19 September, 2010

It's "Open House Weekend" in London, with numerous buildings of architectural interest throwing open their usually-bolted doors to the public. I was browsing the list of attractions online, and decided that there was one I'd like to add.

It'd be out in the suburbs – a girls' correctional academy, to which the miscreant daughters of good families would be sent as an alternative to imprisonment: offering them a final chance to mend their ways. The young ladies, dressed neatly in their uniforms, would be

instructed to show the weekend's visitors around the property, explaining both the history of the building and its current regime, answering any questions fully and honestly.

Most of the girls would fall silent as the groups they were leading reached the punishment room. The door would have been left ajar, the whipping frame clear for all to see, neatly topped with a fresh birch. "Is this still used?" would generally be the first question. Next would come "How many strokes?", with a possible follow-up of "On the bare?"

And then they'd blush, and avoid the eyes of the visitors, as the inevitable enquiry followed: "And have you been birched?"

They would have been, of course. It was par for the course – a rite of admission, never mind the standard correction for girls who were failing to show the necessary commitment to improving their conduct. But to have to admit it to a group of strangers? That, dear readers, would be cruel and unusual.

Chained in the prison cell

Posted on 26 September, 2010

I stumbled across an antique drawing yesterday of a woman, her ankle chained, alone in a bare cell. My instinctive reaction was to think of myself as the gaoler, fetching her to her flogging – picturing the lass tied to the post in the prison courtyard, or bound and exposed over a birching bench.

But then I had a better idea. She'd be a girl in my keeping – one of inmates of my workhouse, say, or a maid in my employ.

Shocked by her arrest, I'd have hurried to speak to the authorities. The warder would lead me down long, cold

corridors to the cell, keys jangling; her look of hope on recognising my familiar face would vanish into fear when I informed her that I had negotiated her release, subject to agreeing to whip her soundly immediately I'd taken her home.

The girl in the white dress

Posted on 2 October, 2010

Most of a recent Sunday was taken up with driving – a three hour round trip in one direction to drop someone off in the morning, another three hours the opposite way late afternoon to my parents' house.

Wanting to be fresh and alert for the second journey, I went for a short early afternoon nap after lunch. Looking at the clock when I awoke from the deepest sleep, I can only have been in bed for 20 or so minutes. But what intense dreams!

In the first of two scenes, I was an officer in a punishment centre. A pretty young woman*, there to be caned, stood nervous and shaking in front of me. In my hands were two items – a towel and a plain, short white smock.

I ordered her to strip, take a shower (how the cold water would shock her!), then to put on the dress. “And then I'll take you along the corridor to the punishment room, so that I can carry out your sentence.”

She hesitated for just a fraction too long... My threat – “If you need me to strip you, I will” – did the trick, and she started to disrobe, trembling fingers struggling with buttons that were oh-so impractical for this particular appointment.

I hadn't imagined this to be an institution in which inmates were detained; I hadn't met the girl before, and assumed she had been sent from the courtroom simply to

be flogged and then released. But the second scene in my dream was set later the same night, featuring the same girl, was set in a residential detention centre – although this time I wasn't administering the punishment myself.

Rather, I was the officer responsible for a particular group of girls. As I reported for duty on the night shift, I knew that one of my favourites had been due to receive a caning during the day. When I reached the wing, she was still wearing the white dress that girls wore when being flogged. (Of course, it would have been lifted up to bare her for punishment, before she'd been bound in position over the whipping horse).

I sent the girls to bed, but beckoned the girl in the white dress into my office. She avoided my gaze as I questioned her about the caning – thirty strokes, it seemed – and then I made her bend over the table in the corner of the room, and lifted her skirt to inspect her stripes.

I woke at this point, so was deprived of a satisfactory ending to the scene. Did I reassure her, applying soothing cream? Did I tell her that I hoped she's learnt her lesson, and pack her off to bed? Or did I get up to something far, far ruder – with her consent, or without? But at least, dear readers, my early awakening gave me some lovely options to ponder on the long drive north...

* Actually bearing a remarkable resemblance to the lovely Emma Jane – not that she's naughty enough to need caning. Oh no!

Schoolgirls caned en masse

Posted on 5 October, 2010

Goodness knows what heinous crimes the girls of the school I dreamt up last night had committed.

A long line of girls were in the school hall, each bending over touching their toes. There were twenty or so of them, one lass from each form – having been selected as her class’s representative by the drawing of lots. And each girl was about to receive six of the very best, on behalf of her fellow pupils – a scholastic variation of the Roman principle of decimation, if you like.

I pictured the girls in a classroom, nervously drawing papers from a hat – praying that theirs would be blank, worrying lest theirs was the one that condemned its recipient to a punishment. For the girl who drew the fated lot, there’d be hugs a-plenty. Her name would be recorded by the master or mistress concerned, lest a braver pupil offered to take her place, and she’d be instructed to report to the hall at morning break.

Totally implausible, I know – but I still think it’d be fun to speculate on the cause of their punishments. A riot? But then the ringleaders would be the ones being punished. Some serious offence for which the culprit had failed to own up (“so I’ll punish everyone if they don’t come forward”)? Too severe, and too sorry a reflection on the masters’ ability to solve the crime,

Surely it’d have to be some form of mass action, a protest of sorts. All girls boycotting school one day – or milling outside the gates but refusing to come into the school grounds? A silent protest in lessons – each pupil girls sitting in class, but refusing to participate?

A blanket refusal by all girls to submit homework? The girls turning their backs on the Headmaster in assembly, giving him a slow handclap or standing silently rather than singing the hymns? Some form of collective protest

during a school inspection or outside a governors' meeting?

See, it *is* plausible after all! I'm particularly liking the 'refusal to sing' option: two long-standing girls' schools, newly merged against the wishes of both communities. The first assembly of the year; the headmaster asking them to sing the new school song; none of the girls co-operating. Mmm, certainly grounds for a mass punishment, methinks...

Not so sweet sixteen

Posted on 28 November, 2010

Emma Jane posted a great entry earlier this month at 'A Painful Awakening'. In it, she took inspiration from a book of letters that well-known folks have written to their 16 year old selves. Her version was so good that the book's editor re-published it on his vanilla website; others also took inspiration from the post, with Kaelah (for example) writing her own moving thoughts at the Rohrstock Palast.

Much as I found Emma Jane's post so incredibly touching and wonderful, the whole concept's left me deeply unsettled over the past few weeks. Whenever I've found myself on my own – already unduly tired and stressed as it is – I've not been able to put it out of my mind for long. For it's rather dragged me back to a time when I was deeply miserable, a time I've fought pretty hard to forget.

I had much for which to be thankful at 16 – a good school, kind and loving parents. I was a successful student – high grades, top of the class, never in trouble. But that was only half of the story.

Never unduly popular – the son of teachers at the school, academic not sporty by nature – 16 was probably my lowest point. The bullying, for which I'd long been

easy prey (and which still to this day occasions the odd nightmare)? Yep, that was at its worst. Standing up that summer to be counted, objecting to the continuing torments: that didn't endear me to the bullies or their ever-so-many friends.

Feeling desperately awkward and immature – a late developer physically, with classmates who were in any case a year older than me. Easily embarrassed, feeling foolish around the oh-so-grown-up girls who'd just joined the sixth form at my otherwise all-boys' school. Overlooked (surprisingly to most people, but in retrospect doubtless entirely reasonably) by the powers-that-be when the initial batch of school prefects from my year were appointed. Not being part of the in-crowd, of any crowd; the least likely to be invited to the parties that were happening all around. Yours truly.

Yep, being re-introduced to my sixteen year old self – and recalling things that I've never, ever discussed since leaving school – has been rather depressing. Even though, of course, if I were writing a letter, I'd be pointing out that life would work out much better than I could have imagined then: I'm so, so lucky to know so many wonderful people through the scene; to be successful in my working life.

But that continuing terror of being lonely, alone? Of being the one left on the sidelines whilst others have fun, the kid on the edge of the playground with no-one to play with? Why I'm sometimes so disconsolately (and unfairly, unreasonably, needily) upset and sad when my loved ones attend scene events that I can't (often for very sound reasons) attend myself?

The overwhelming need for recognition and praise from my peers, my perhaps overly-competitive nature – continually needing to prove myself to myself and to others? The (irrational) worry and rising panic if I don't hear from those closest to me for an unexpectedly long

time: have they stopped loving me? I'm not looking for excuses for some of the less attractive facets of my character, but the experiences of 1984 – my year of being 16, give or take a few days either end – doubtless contribute a lot.

As for kink? In many ways, I guess, it may actually have been for the best that I didn't realise that my fascination with spanking wasn't – as I feared at the time – something unique to me, shameful, perverse. I'd have been far too immature to know what to do about it, and I was far better equipped to prosper in the scene when I did discover over a decade later.

Anyway, enough of all of this introspection. “Just ignore the bad memories and focus on today, on all the positives,” you'd doubtless correctly advise. But it's not as easy as that, when you've been drawn back by your demons – albeit writing about them's a pretty good way to help to banish them again. Even if the elements of 16 year old me still inside worry, before pressing the ‘publish’ button, that anyone coming across the post will think worse of me as a result of what they've just read.

Sharing the pain

Posted on 6 December, 2010

“Thank you for waiting, counsel. The case is being heard in the judge's private chambers: would you mind removing your shoes, as the carpets are very delicate?”

I bent down. And my hands were trembling so much that I could hardly untie my laces...

–

I'd met up with Emma Jane half an hour before, a short walk away from the venue for her impending judicial punishment. She'd scanned the shelves of a local store, looking for a sandwich to eat: none seemed to be to her

taste, and I could say nothing right. I'd expected her to be worried about what was to come: her too-evident stress took me aback.

It was a few moments before three, last Friday afternoon. The court, I knew, would send a message when they were ready for us. We headed to a coffee shop to kill time, and ordered hot chocolates. I sipped mine; EJ toyed with hers. "They make you wait," she said. "The tension's part of it."

Was she scared? 'Petrified' was perhaps more the word that came to mind. We held hands across the table, but she wasn't with me: her mind was processing – trying to process – what was about to come, wondering (perhaps) why on earth she'd chosen to inflict this on herself. Waiting... waiting... waiting together. And then the chirp of an incoming text, and I picked up the phone. One word: "Ready."

As we walked along the street, I held her hand, squeezing it tight through her gloves. She was trembling. I tried to put it down to the cold (which she'd said was worrying her – surely the punishment would hurt more as a result); I feared it was not. The walk was less than five minutes; we said very little, floating through the passers-by, before turning a corner. EJ didn't know the specific venue; I did: "This is the street". And after a few moments, I held her hand more tightly and stopped outside one of the buildings: "We're here". I felt her whole body shift away from me, as if in shock – momentarily, instinctively wanting to continue down the road and away, before she meekly followed me through the gate.

A court official was waiting inside the door, as I knew he would be. He invited us to take off our coats and hang them up – and then, before we could say a word, he told EJ to follow and led her away.

I waited alone, as my email instructions had instructed me to do, until his return. He showed me into

the courtroom: an ordinary (lovely) living room. I saw the implements first – a table filled with canes, straps, a birch. I was asked to take one of the two chairs in the centre of the room, and to wait – and it was only whilst I did that my eyes fell on the white cloth covering the whipping bench. My heart beat faster, as the other official entered the room.

We shook hands. She was polite, thanking me for coming. I explained – as confidently as I could, trying to get into role – that I was sure we wouldn't detain her long: there had clearly been a misunderstanding that we could clear up quickly. She seemed unconvinced, and left me to wait – and to worry about my girl in her 'cell'.

She must have been brought in to stand by me relatively soon, but it felt like forever. Her hands were handcuffed behind her back; her face was covered by her hair, as if she was hiding from view as best she could. She looked adorable; I wanted to hug her. "Please stand for the judge". And then he was there, in front of us, taking his seat behind the table and inviting us to sit.

He opened with a brief introduction: that Miss Woodhouse had been convicted by the court in July of being a member of the mafia, and had been flogged. She had now been found guilty of continuing her association with the mafia and of money laundering: would I like to say anything in mitigation before he passed sentence?

My mind raced; I panicked. Guilty? I'd prepared, polished a short speech in my ward's defence; I'd been determined to condemn the court for its mistake in bringing her here. Yet the condemnation had already taken place. I stumbled nervously over my words as I improvised a plea – and asked the judge not to send her to prison. Community service, perhaps? Clearing the snow from the streets of the city? The judge questioned me: did I realise that the only alternative he could offer to imprisonment would be corporal punishment, and that

given her past record, it would be particularly severe? I did, but begged his leniency, before he ordered one of the officials to take Miss Woodhouse to her cell whilst he weighed judgement.

We came out of role for the next few minutes, discussing the sentence: which implements, how many strokes. I knew that EJ was expecting a severe punishment, and this had been agreed in advance. Indeed, it was the very essence of the scene. Yet here was I, a conspirator in deciding how soundly she'd be thrashed, how much she'd be hurt – whilst wishing I could protect her from what was to come. The hairbrush? Not sufficiently 'judicial'. Tawse? More scholastic or reformatory. 30 strokes? 10? 50? We discussed, debated, and my mind kept flashing across to how lonely, scared, she must be feeling as we kept her waiting.

When she was brought back – still handcuffed – they made her stand next to me once more, facing the judge to hear her fate: one minute with the spray birch, then 24 strokes of the cane. He turned to the court officials, urging them to apply the sentence with the greatest vigour: he wanted them to make her cry out in pain, and “I don't want her to be able to sit comfortably for several weeks”. (I was reminded suddenly of a chilling phrase from the organiser in an email before the event, not seen by EJ – “the judge would like to hear her in pain, as would I”.)

Furniture was quickly rearranged: the bench was uncovered, pulled into position in the centre of the room. The discussion, the inevitable banter of roleplay was suddenly absent. The days of planning, the hours of logistical chaos as we tried to coordinate the scene amidst snow-disrupted travel chaos? My ability to cuddle my girl, or even speak to her? Gone. Everything now was about the flogging that was to come.

They ordered her forward; she removed her boots, trousers, socks and climbed up onto the punishment

frame, bending forward over it. They buckled her, tight – ankles, legs, arms, wrists, a leather strap across her back pinning her down. Checked, double-checked. I recall being thankful for the care they were taking – reminded once again that these are the most trustworthy of players. And I recall wondering what Emma Jane must be thinking, and praying she was in the right headspace, just as they lowered her knickers. I heard a noise and tried to dismiss it, but it was there again: she was crying gently already.

Yet during the birching? Throughout each batch of thirty seconds, after that terrifying countdown: “3 – 2 – 1...”? She remained silent, save for the occasional gasp for breath. I’d decided beforehand to count the strokes – perhaps to give me focus on something other than how much it must be hurting her. But frankly, as I observed, my overwhelming feeling was one of relief. My goodness, the first official was whacking her hard, plainly at full strength – but I knew that, incredibly agonising as it clearly was, EJ could take this.

She sobbed after the first batch of 53: oh, how my poor girl was hurting, how red and sore her backside looked. But she was bearing it so bravely. They lifted her head to offer her water, which she seemed to struggle to sip. And then there was a pause before the second official took up position, measured the birch across her, and added another breathtaking 61 in his allotted half-minute. Yet still she remained silent and still – until the flood of tears at the end. I knew she’d mark this as a victory; beaten yet not beaten. I was so pleased for her, proud of her.

That, however, was the appetiser. It was now time for the caning. The implement selected was, quite frankly, scary – far more so than any in my own (pretty extensive) cane collection. Straight, particularly long, with the weight of a Singapore cane – yet slightly less thick, hence far whippier. Yet EJ has taken hard canings before, with harsh implements, from experienced and severe tops

(myself included) determined to hurt her, inflicting far greater numbers of strokes: despite the main court official's scary reputation, surely it couldn't be that bad?

My illusions were shattered by the first stroke, the punishment officer swinging her whole body into, through the stroke, bringing it down with astounding force. It was as if the stroke wanted to keep going: that it had found EJ's buttocks in its way of its momentum, that it pushed her as hard as it could against the bench and then cut into her when she could yield no more. I knew straight away that it would have utterly terrified its victim – that any questions in her mind as to whether this would be like 'normal' hard play, or whether it would be an entirely different proposition, would have been answered in that split second.

The second was still harder – slightly higher, marking out the upper boundary for the strokes that would follow. It took my breath away, marking a clear, long white line so deeply across her skin. The official took her time – fifteen, twenty seconds, an eternity between strokes; EJ was trying desperately not to cry, but the gasps with each blow grew louder and louder. I've seen hard canings before; administered many myself. Long, extended, full-strength punishments. I've been at shoots at Lupus, the company that make possibly the most severe spanking movies. And it was all too plain that I have never seen strokes even approaching this strength, or administered with such an evident lack of mercy, with such a desire to hurt.

On the sixth, perhaps the hardest yet, she let out a full-bodied scream – loud, long, uncontrolled – that I will never forget. Picture yourself sitting, a few feet away, from a girl you love – watching her being whipped harder than she could ever have imagined possible. Knowing that the pain must be unbearable. Knowing it had scarcely started, that she would be panicking inside as to how she

could bear the rest of the strokes. But knowing too that it was how, not if – that she would see this through, that safewording wouldn't be an option, wouldn't enter her mind.

I was so close, yet so very far away from what she was experiencing. Feeling so protective. Feeling so utterly powerless. Able only to watch her writhe, to hear her cry out and sob. Clenching myself before each stroke, my whole body wincing as they fell, sometimes almost lifting off my chair – as if I could try and take some of the impact for her. Marvelling at the strength and accuracy of the flogging. Marvelling at my girl for taking it.

They tied her hair back after twelve, so that we could see her face in the mirror. Tear-stained, in such obvious agony. And then they gave her the hardest stroke yet. How I loved her, how proud I was of her, how I willed her on.

Would the official ease off? Far from it. If anything, I felt the strokes were getting harder. EJ somehow slid her hands from their bonds: freer to move, her agony as each cut fell became even more evident, her vulnerability even more shocking. The individual lines that striped her were beginning to merge. And still I could do nothing to help.

Number 23 was astounding – but after that, I knew she'd made it. The last... well, you know the tradition. But it was over – at least, the infliction of the 'punishment'. The processing, the subsequent pain, was still to come.

They untied her afterwards and told her to stand; she was momentarily unsteady on her feet, as they ordered her to face the judge. Still fierce, unforgiving, he warned her not to return, and that a custodial sentence would be inevitable if she found herself before the court again. (Why did I suddenly imagine that their prisons would surely include floggings?).

And then, the words I wanted to hear: “You may go back to your counsel.” She turned towards me and hesitated – as if dragging herself from the absolute solitude of being flogged, and came close into my outstretched arms.

After, we left her to herself for a few minutes in a bedroom, before the officials went to check on her. And then, only then, was I allowed to go and see her, to hold her tight as she shivered uncontrollably, and curled up at my feet in tears on the bathroom floor. To cuddle, to marvel, to listen to her first reactions (her shock at the severity, beyond anything she’d expected), to tell her how proud I’d been of her. I shared that the Judge had just described it as the hardest caning he’d ever seen, concurring with his opinion. And within minutes, the whole group was sat round sipping champagne on the sofa, and my girl’s eyes burned bright as she flew once more.

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With such thanks to the amazing friends who set up and ran the scene. There are few people with whom I could even conceive of doing something like this, and they made EJ (and me) feel so cared for – and safe – throughout. To be able to trust people so totally is very powerful.

I’ve not named them in the narrative above – for, during proceedings, they were to me anonymous. Had I thought of them by name at the time, I’d have been jolted too far back out of that room, of the proceedings, and that would have made it still harder to observe. But to Ms Switch, Mr Allen and the Judge, the very greatest of respect, praise and gratitude. And the tightest, tightest of hugs for the amazingly brave, adorable Emma Jane herself.

The “Governor’s Birching”, revisited

Posted on 14 December, 2010

I’ve written before about the idea of a “Governors’ Birching” – the particularly naughty girl in the school, workhouse or reformatory being brought before the great and the good to be flogged. It would be a rare occurrence – a last resort; for repeated misbehaviour unresolved by the usual administration of corporal punishment; or for some especially heinous incident of misconduct.

It’s an appealing scenario – and one I’d love to play as a scene. I imagine a lone girl, facing (say) six stern governors, knowing that she was to receive the most severe punishment inflicted in the institution. Proceedings would be formal, the atmosphere intimidating, the girl unbelievably nervous.

Previous daydreams on the subject have always involved a clearly-defined (and often large) number of strokes. But I’ve just had another idea.

After her offence had been discussed, and the displeasure of those present made evident, the girl would be tied in position – or made to bend over the end of the table – facing the assembled group. The Master of the establishment would take up the first birch rod (for they would doubtless get through several). And then the governors would each raise their right hand, before the first stroke fell.

The rules would be simple: when a governor felt that the miscreant had been sufficiently punished, he or she would lower their hand. But the punishment would continue until all of their hands were down – until the most disapproving of their number felt that justice had been done, and that the girl had learnt her lesson.

She’d watch them through tear-stained eyes as the strokes mounted, seeing hands fall. She’d focus on the remaining few – praying that they’d offer her the

kindness of terminating her torment. But that often took time – the optimism generated by the first governors’ leniency surpassed by the realisation that some of their number intended her flogging to be exceptionally comprehensive...

2011

The school chaplain, interviewed

Posted on 17 January, 2011

Some of the girls who attended this weekend's wonderful Lowewood school day have already shared their perspectives online in extremely enjoyable posts. But I thought a master's view of proceedings might also be of interest, so asked one of the girls who'd attended to fire her six-of-the-best questions at me about my experience of the day:

1. Did you enjoy teaching your lessons?

Yes – very much so on this particular occasion. I do put a lot of thought into designing lessons that I think will be interesting – with topics usually having some mischievous twist, like these ones on geography (rattan farming) and RE (satanic orgies). And I like to give the girls enough rope with which to (proverbially) hang themselves – the lessons or tests I put together usually and deliberately allow pupils the chance to exercise a little creative naughtiness (mental or otherwise), or to behave impeccably, as they feel fit.

2. How do you keep from laughing at the funny come-backs – or do you just let yourself laugh?

I do sometimes find it hard to keep a straight face in class – and, particularly, in assembly. After all, some of the girls’ comments and antics are genuinely very funny indeed.

But I don’t think the best teachers need to be that straight-laced: a sense of humour in the classroom is surely a good thing, provided one maintains an ultimate slight aloofness and overall control over proceedings. After all, educating girls is a serious business, and I want my pupils to get the best from their schooling and to grow up to be responsible adults. (Ahem...)

3. Does misbehaviour ever genuinely annoy you?

Sometimes, yes – if I think a girl’s being genuinely and unnecessarily disruptive. I don’t get angry – just very frustrated if someone’s behaviour, despite warnings, actually risks spoiling other people’s enjoyment of the lesson. That strikes me as disrespectful to their fellow girls – and also, to an extent, to me (as in real me, not my in-class character) given the work that’s gone into preparing the lessons.

But it’s times like these when I’d tell a girl to leave the room, or insist that if they don’t co-operate I’ll stop the lesson – rather than whacking her in anger or frustration.

4. Do you try to make sure you play with every girl during the day?

Not consciously, no. In fact, quite the opposite: there may be girls who don’t want to play with me for whatever reason, and I’d hate to make them feel forced into doing so.

That said, although I wasn't keeping tally, a quick calculation afterwards revealed I'd whacked eight of the nine girls present during the day. These fell into four camps:

a) Classroom whackings: those moments when a girl in class misbehaves, and the recording of mere negative house points on their report cards doesn't seem sufficient as punishment. This tends to be for more wilful behaviour – outright cheek, ignoring warnings. For some reason, the slipper seemed to be my default implement this time, despite the tempting rack of canes. I love the spontaneity of these summary punishments – very much 'in the moment' rather than pre-planned; brief; not overly severe.

b) Punishment slip scenes. Two girls were sent to me during the day for serious past misdemeanours – somewhat twisted versions of real life events. There's just enough veracity to give a master a genuine excuse to punish – and just enough incongruity in a schoolgirl being dealt with for her real-life vanilla actions to keep the whole thing slightly surreal and rarely too serious (albeit on occasion, these 'pink slip' scenes in the past have actually been very intense). Certainly, whacking girls for their drunken antics at Eliane's wonderful New Year's Eve party, at which I'd actually been encouraging some of the livelier antics, had an amusing side.

c) Detentions. All of the girls were given detention for group misbehaviour during the day; two of their number came my way after classes were finished. Over my knees they went in turn for hand spankings before six of the best for each of the girls rounded of the school day. Aside from the actual punishments, I really enjoyed the dynamic in the room during this scene – and loved

watching each girl stand, bottom bared and red, during her friend's caning.

d) Private play. By the end of the afternoon, I'd not actually whacked either Haron or Catherine, and that clearly needed addressing! I caught Haron first as she emerged from Detention: suddenly I was not only the chaplain but also her guardian. She clicked immediately into the newly-thought-up situation, as I led her back into the punishment room. "Can you imagine how embarrassing it is for me, as a member of staff, when my girl comes bottom of the class?" A hard hand-spanking followed, and then a whacking with the slipper – a lovely little impromptu addition to the school day. (Note to self – be careful with backswing, lest the slipper end up flying back into a most painful part of one's anatomy).

Later in the evening, Catherine was led upstairs for repeatedly cheeky comments. A hard dozen with the cane marked her beautifully, and her lack of remorse at the end earned her a further twelve (the first seven of which were delivered very hard in direct succession: a most effective technique). I loved this: just the two of us playing, connected, the rest of the group momentarily left behind.

5. What was the most memorable thing about this Lowewood?

That's a tough question! I'm going to dodge the question from a spanking perspective (much as the 'private' spankings above were especially lovely) and pick out a non-spanking aspect of the day: the way that Caoilfhionn rose to the responsibility of being Head Girl.

Now, of course, it's very much Emma Jane who's a partner in real life, not Caoilfhionn (an entirely different,

albeit obviously quite closely related being). But even so, I found myself feeling genuine pride throughout the day in how well my girl was doing!

6. Do the staff gossip about the girls in the staff-room?

Nah, we just sit there drinking whisky and smoking cigars. (Joke! Actually, I suspect that was what the masters did at the school I attended in real life). We do certainly discuss the girls – what mood do you appear to be in collectively, what are the energy levels like, who's misbehaving, who seems engaged and who seems to have switched off.

It's like the teachers are looking after each other – trying to give pointers to help avoid the unexpected and anticipate any problems. And, ultimately, to make sure each of the girls is actually enjoying herself.

Huge thanks to Miss Bellend and the Headmaster for involving us in such a truly wonderful day with such a fabulous group of friends.

Punishment mathematics

Posted on 30 January, 2011

So, how long does a caning last? My mathematical background (sadly, I did a degree in the subject) has been teasing me lately with trying to work out the optimal time for a punishment, from the moment the girl enters the room. I think I have the formula:

$$T = l + p + sg + c$$

where

t = the total time elapsed from start to finish

l = the time spent lecturing her about her misdemeanours – including discussing the offence, hearing any mitigating factors or pleas, scolding, passing sentence

p = preparation time, as the girl adjusts her clothing as required, adopts the required position, and (if applicable) is tied into place

s = the number of strokes awarded

g = the gap between the strokes – a time interval that can vary from, perhaps, less than one second to twenty or more

c = the conclusion, as the girl returns unsteadily to her feet, straightens her clothes, completes any paperwork and receives any final admonishments before being dismissed.

Of course, it's something of a simplification – I wouldn't want to bamboozle you with my sophistication of my mathematical brilliance, after all. (There's the small matter of 'a', for example – something inevitable in so many spanking situations. Yep, the additional time during a scene for pauses, for further discussion of her offence, a girl to resume her position after leaping to her feet clutching her bottom).

But it does pose some interesting questions. For example, I could envisage the following exam question:

A housemaster has 30 minutes between finishing his lunch and the start of afternoon lessons. During this time, he would like to take 10 minutes for coffee, mints and a cigar in the staff common room. He needs a 2 minute conversation with his head of house, and 3 minutes to gather his papers for the next lesson. Two other girls need two minutes each to be congratulated on their latest school report card.

He punishes any miscreant with six of the best, and likes to allow an average of 15 seconds between strokes. There are three girls waiting in line outside his office to receive corporal punishment. How long can he spend with each in total on lecturing her, allowing her to prepare for her punishment and on concluding matters before dismissing her?

See, it must be tough being a teacher, juggling this sort of mental arithmetic every day. And you were feeling sorry for the girls being punished...

Nice Abel versus nasty Abel

Posted on 4 February, 2011

It's funny how my spanking personae – in scenes, in fantasies – seem to split into two pretty even camps.

There's "nice me". Not that nice, you understand, as I'm thrashing girls and hurting them. But my character's calm, rational, restrained. The schoolmaster slipping a girl at the front of the class, the housemaster caning her in his study? The butler administering punishment with a carpet beater to the miscreant maid? A guardian, removing his belt in the library? A prison officer with a birching to administer?

In each case, there's a clear formula. Rules broken, consequences clear. A finite (or logical) duration or number of strokes, administered hard – but with an abiding sense of compassion for the girl, of doing it because she deserves it. Ultimately, it's for her own good and – in an exemplary sense, in terms of upholding the rule of law – the good of others. There's a connection between my character and the girl with whom I'm dealing. If she suffers, cries even, I'll doubtless feel sympathy: punishing her may not be easy.

And then there's "nasty me", usually well hidden and (frankly) usually less at the heart of my kink. The gangmaster who's just bought a girl who needs taming. The mafia boss who's been disobeyed. The gaoler taking a girl he particularly likes to the punishment cell, just because he can. The punishment officer merciless as he flogs the newly-sentenced lass, quite immune to any sense of sympathy, knowing he'll never see her again. The businessman taking his pleasure from a girl who's been sent his way. The gentleman in the country house, whose female staff live in fear of their all-powerful employer.

Harsh, heartless, cold, pitiless. Abusive, even. Beating girls, rather than punishing them. A side of my kink that's perhaps too deeply suppressed. Somehow I feel the need to inflict a little more cruelty...

The one in which my girlfriends got tortured

Posted on 17 February, 2011

I've just re-read Emma Jane's post describing the astonishing experience that she and Catherine went through last Thursday night – and I'm shaking slightly. (Don't read it if you're of a nervous disposition. Actually,

do. It demands to be read – perhaps the edgiest post you’ll ever find on a kinky blog).

It’s some of the details that really get to me. The image of them kneeling as their captors hooded them from behind. Having their hands bound behind their backs for four hours. The disorientation of staring into bright lights, unable to see their inquisitor. EJ’s repeated recitation of Kipling’s “If...” to help to pull her through.

And then the waterboarding: the climax of the proceedings. My girls were, quite literally, tortured. [No imitation 'water bondage', this: have no doubt that this was the real procedure save only for the context - they were in those surroundings, ultimately, through personal choice, not seeking to avoid disclosing genuinely significant information to enemy captors].

As ever, writing about things helps me process, understand my own feelings. That’s what this post is about.

By the time they were en route to their doom, I knew a fair amount about what was going to happen to the girls – more, actually, by then, than they did themselves. Being honest, I was scared about what was going to take place, much as they had chosen to do this; irrationally worried – although I knew they would be in no actual danger. Haron, at the end of the telephone for half an hour or more, was wonderful at letting me talk through my feelings and reach a state of surprising calm. And that remained: through a business meeting, through a journey to the station, through my train ride home. Until, that is, I made the mistake of reading the Wikipedia article about waterboarding. I was nearly sick.

At home, as the clock ticked well past midnight, I couldn’t sleep, knowing some of what they must be going through at the time, far away. And my self-inflicted mental torture? That was in a warm, comfortable house. They were actually facing the reality – and knowing that

it was self-inflicted, that they had chosen to do this, would scarcely make it any easier at the time: when the water started pouring, it would be real. I hadn't expected to hear from them until the following lunchtime; that texts from each of them, buzzing with the excitement that I hoped they'd derive from what happened, arrived near-simultaneously shortly before 3am was a truly blessed relief.

Now, this stuff really isn't my personal kink – and not just because of the lack of spanking. In my scene world, limits are discussed, safewords agreed, and the 'informed consent' is based on a pretty clear view of what's involved. That's not how Thursday worked. Rather, the 'informed' part seemed more to be that 'the people concerned are safe and trustworthy'; the consent, to whatever it was that their tormentors decided to do to them within the agreed timeframe. Not specifying limits, not having a safeword – that formed part of the consent; the lack of their discussion was, therefore, something active not passive. It took some considerable mental struggle for me to understand this: it's so alien to my personal play preferences. (And I know, even as I write that, that 'play' – or even 'scene' – somehow feels too trivial, lightweight a word for this particular event).

The lack of limits? That comes down to trust in those running the scene not to do anything that they know would go beyond that with which you (real you, back in the cold light of day not merely 'you helped by the adrenaline of the scene') would be happy – rather than simply pushing your boundaries very, very hard. The act of stating hard limits almost implies that the individual is explicitly consenting to the things that stay off the list – asking for them, even – and is undermining the very premise of the scene.

The absence of any safeword? I guess I best understand the justification – for the person on the

receiving end – as follows: “having a safeword means I can stop the scene at any time; I therefore always retain a degree of power over what’s happening at every point, and sometimes that’s exactly what I don’t want.” It’s more than merely “I’ll be in too deep a headspace to ever use it anyway”. It requires absolute trust and absolute confidence in the top’s knowledge of what’s safe and ability to sense if anything is amiss. It’s the ultimate ceding of control.

This stuff is far outside my own comfort zone, and isn’t how I’d personally choose to play – but I can see why others might. Intellectually, I’m reconciled to it as a framework that works for other people – as it did for Catherine and Emma Jane. Emotionally, the reality of knowing what was done to my girls – particularly, specifically the waterboarding – still makes me shudder (no matter how hard I try not to, no matter how safe the context, no matter their fundamental consent to the situation which led them there, no matter their reactions to it.).

Ultimately, I admire my girlfriends’ torturers for having the sheer audacity to conceive something like this, for inspiring such trust, and for their skill in running it safely. As for Catherine and Emma Jane: I have the most wonderful girlfriends imaginable.

Suspended *and* caned?

Posted on 26 February, 2011

Of all school punishments when I was at school, suspension always struck me as the most ludicrous. If one plotted the hierarchy of ways in which offenders were dealt, it ran – in increasing order of severity – something like this:

- “fatigues” – for misbehaviour during Combined Cadet Force afternoons; not treated terribly seriously, typically consisting of polishing the rifles, sweeping the range, or tidying the kit store
- “job” – after-school litter-picking duty or similar, awarded and supervised by prefects
- “WD” – a Work Detention, for poor academic performance (e.g. submitting homework that was slapdash)
- “PD” – a Punishment Detention, for misbehaviour
- Saturday detention
- cane from your housemaster
- cane from the headmaster
- suspension – awarded, typically, by a housemaster
- expulsion – the last resort, and always the headmaster’s prerogative.

Of course, I was angelic throughout my school years, and never had to experience any of the above. But I’ve been reflecting on it recently whilst pondering punishments for girls in my oft-imagined schools, and the nonsense of “suspension” has become increasingly clear – for surely a caning would be a more severe, and more dreaded form of discipline?

For sure, suspension would be humiliating, a girl’s very absence being a public sign of the school’s displeasure with her. And some girls might find that being suspended came with painful consequences at home – although that could apply for pretty much of any of the punishments on the list, were their parents / guardians to be especially strict. But a few days at home? Not that punishing, to my mind.

I’d have to fix that, in my schools. It certainly wouldn’t be an “either/or” case of cane or suspension: the latter would come with the former guaranteed.

I can see two options – before, or after. In the before situation, a girl would be informed of her suspension and

then caned. Inevitably, there'd be a degree more severity than for a standard dose of corporal punishment – perhaps eight strokes as a minimum, rather than a usual maximum of six, or maybe administered on the bare rather than over her skirt of knickers? And, of course, afterwards she'd be escorted by the headmaster's secretary (or perhaps a prefect) back to her classroom to collect her belongings; the lesson underway would have to pause whilst she gathered her things, the other girls looking on in silent sympathy, knowing that their friend would have been caned moments before.

Or after? “You are suspended from school for three days. You'll report to me at eight o'clock on your first morning back, to tell me how you've spent your time. And you will be caned before the start of school”. That has the advantage of giving her time to contemplate – as well, if the number of strokes was dependent on her conduct whilst out of school – to incentivising her to use her absence in diligent study.

Then again, there's the “cane her out and cane her back in again” option. Or how about:

- every morning whilst suspended, the girl has to report to the local education committee's punishment centre, to receive six strokes of the cane
- or, every morning, she has to report to school – but half an hour earlier than usual: the headmaster canes her in his study before assembly, and then sends her straight home.

They rather work for me, too...

The hockey captain

Posted on 10 March, 2011

See, I'm being good at keeping to resolutions at the moment. Going to the gym and sticking to a diet – both are on course, thanks to the most wonderful support from my girls. And now that I'm on a roll, let's have a go at keeping to my recently-discussed promise to try and overcome my writer's block when it comes to real-life scenes.

I've just spent the most lovely weekend in Dublin with Emma Jane. Various scene ideas had been floated – a favoured maid in trouble with her master; an exploited girl being punished. And yet we'd not quite fallen on anything that felt right.

The reason? That, actually, neither of us wanted to do 'dark'. We get too little time together; we're too much each other's equals in the real world; we want our time together to be happy and loving. And to break that magic by heading to intense, deep, sometimes miserable places? It's increasingly not what works for us as a couple when we're alone with one another.

Fortunately, we'd popped into American Apparel whilst out for a stroll, and some rather lovely blue gym knickers and over-the-knee black socks had found their way into our basket. So the hockey captain soon presented herself to her housemaster, having been sent to his study by the hockey mistress.

In an unplanned, spontaneous scene, the first moments are always ones of exploration – of one's partner's character and one's own. Strict, kind? Formal, informal? Disappointed and caring, routine and distant? And on this occasion, I immediately felt sorry for the girl before me: tired, over-worked, stressed about the balance between her games commitments and academic work.

I wanted to hug her, to tell her it'd all be fine. And yet... Being hockey captain brought with it responsibilities, which couldn't be shirked at whim. Every good girl has to balance her studies with her extra-curricula activities. And the games mistress had, after all, been so disappointed in her that she'd been sent to me.

We talked. I tried to support, offer words of advice. But I knew that that wouldn't suffice. I made her bend over with her hands on the bed; lowered said knickers; strapped her less to punish than to help, support, encourage. Six smart strokes, marking her clearly, a lesson to her that she could and must succeed in her various school commitments. And then a hug afterwards from a housemaster who cared.

The girls at the corner table

Posted on 14 March, 2011

Holed up in a Starbucks in Stuttgart on Saturday, I couldn't help but notice the group of cute local girls snuggling up happily alongside each other on the sofas in the corner. Giggling, relaxing, hanging out... their frapuccinos turning into a treat that would last the full afternoon.

One of them seemed a little quieter than the others, and I wondered why. Her mobile sat on the table in front of her, and I decided that therein lay the secret.

See, their exams were only weeks away – and her father had insisted that days out with friends weren't permitted whilst she revised. But he'd headed out for an afternoon with his buddies, so she'd sneaked into the city to join the group.

Only... his plans had changed and he'd returned early – to an empty house. His first text message had enquired as to her whereabouts; his second (for, being a good girl,

she'd told him the truth) had told her that he would deal with her when she got home.

Whilst the others gossiped, she sat lonely amidst the crowd – angry at herself for having disobeyed him when she knew he was acting in her best interests, and scared of the painful punishment that would follow on her return home. He'd send her straight to her room, where he'd leave her to wait and contemplate. She'd be crying – at her stupidity, and having let him down – even before his footsteps on the stairs proclaimed the imminence of her punishment. He'd scold, quietly but firmly, his disappointment in her all too plain. And then he'd make her pass him her hairbrush; put her over his knees; punish her harder than she could bear.

He'd hug her close afterwards; remind her that he only punished because he cared; tell her it was dealt with now. And she'd murmur her thanks, relishing the hugs, and would count herself lucky. That'd be then: for now, she simply wanted to be alone, to rewind time, to pretend it wasn't going to happen...

Paying off the debt – a scene

Posted on 22 March, 2011

“It's the start of the summer holidays. You've just come to the end of your final year in the sixth form at St Leonard's. You're a good girl – well behaved and academically successfully. Your A Levels just went well and, depending on the results, you're hoping to take up the offer of a place at a good University from this autumn.

You live with your guardian – who is suitably caring and kind. Most unfortunately, he suffered something of a setback recently in one of the city's casinos: he had an unbeatable poker hand, gambled way beyond his means – and found that the hand wasn't quite as unbeatable as

he'd hoped. The result is that he's in danger of losing everything he owns, including the house you live in, with debt still remaining after that. Bankruptcy would leave you both homeless, with nothing to pay for University.

However, he's been offered one way out, which he explained to you in rather a state of embarrassment. His creditors have said that they are prepared to remit enough of the debt to save the house if you will work for them over the summer. You'll be paid half the normal rate for the work involved. With little option, you agreed to help out.

The two gentlemen concerned have quite wide-ranging business interests, and your guardian has told you that he's not sure exactly what you'll be doing for them. But they have made him promise that you'll do whatever work you're given, and he's assured them that you're a good girl who won't be any trouble. He's also made it clear to you that neither of you can afford to get on the wrong side of these people.

You're to turn up this Friday for an "induction meeting" with the gentleman, at which the job will be explained to you. They have asked you to dress in your school uniform for the appointment, and to also bring one smart outfit and one set of casual clothes with you to change into."

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That's the note that HH and I had crafted for Emma Jane, outlining the backstory for an incredible scene we played last week. The idea had come up weeks before: a girl being photographed by her new employers, who (though she didn't yet know it) ran an escort agency.

And, as said Machiavellian bosses, the two of us had conspired to plan how things would go – swapping ideas, feeding on each other's suggestions, working out how best

to reduce a good girl to a state of compliance and humiliation.

Afterwards, I replay the scene to myself as if in a series of photographic plates:

Click... and a schoolgirl, Charlotte York, is posing for us in her uniform; questioning our motives; scowling.

Click... her tie and bra removed, her shirt opened, her breast visible; her displeasure and disquiet increasing by the moment.

Click... she sits on the sofa, her smart dress pulled up; bare underneath; neatly trimmed.

Click... stark naked; kneeling on the table, her legs parted.

Click... in the bedroom now, back in uniform; she's over HH's knees, being spanked, her bottom rapidly reddening, because "some clients like it".

Click... she hesitates as she stands next to the cane rack, selecting the implement with which she will be beaten.

Click... she is naked again, hands cuffed behind her back; I stand behind her, twisting her nipples, and suggest that we might use the clamps that rest on the bedside table.

Click... face down on the bed, legs apart, her hand reaching back, as we have instructed, to show us how she touches herself.

Click... we watch, photograph, discuss her as she kneels on the bed, the well-lubricated butt plug firmly and deeply in place.

Click... and the clients will, after all, want to have sex; I hold her tightly for the ultimate humiliation: making her look at the camera, making her look at Mr Higgins.

Click... it's over, nigh on two hours after we started; the three of us are hugging, the naked girl sandwiched between us.

To my two fellow participants, my thanks: HH, the best roleplayer I know, and of course the wonderful EJ. A scene like this requires such trust; works so well precisely because of it. I'm still buzzing...

A master at the reformatory

Posted on 29 March, 2011

A 48-hour extended roleplay inevitably involves far too much activity to blog in full. There's a case, too, to an extent of "what goes on in the reformatory stays in the reformatory": some details are perhaps best left in the depths of the dark woods in which we hid away last weekend. Yet the past weekend's Victorian-era institution contained too many lovely moments for me not to document at least some of the goings-on.

The five girls had crafted wonderful profiles in advance, each dreaming up her character and the crime(s) of which she had been convicted. The four masters' profiles were a little more straightforward – here's mine, for example:

Abel Jenkins started his working life as a schoolmaster at St Agatha's in Co Durham. Noting the particularly enthusiastic way in which he corrected girls at the school, the Headmaster suggested that a change of career might be appropriate, and Jenkins therefore 'resigned'.

He subsequently secured a post at Cramlington College of Correction, an approved school for delinquent girls. His strict, no-nonsense approach attracted the attention of the Governors, who wholeheartedly recommended him for a new

position elsewhere. He therefore joined the staff of the Lowewood Reformatory last year.

He enjoys taking full advantage of his position as a member of the institution's staff. A firm advocate of the power of the rod, he believes that girls in an establishment such as this deserve the strictest treatment, and he takes great pleasure in his work.

To give you a taste of what went on, here are just a few highlights from the rather lovely proceedings:

- The remedial punishments on the first evening: girls arriving in my room for twenty minutes a time to be lectured and punished (over my knee, by hand, hairbrush and small paddle), before being sent on their way to the next master.
- The line-up of girls in the staff room after breakfast on day two, each lifting her skirt as the four masters walked along the line administering a swift, painful morning spanking.
- Wandering the garden with seateurs on the Saturday morning, whilst other masters taught their lessons, cutting switches from weeping & pussy willow trees with which to whip the girls later.
- An afternoon stroll, out of character, during which I casually asked the two girls whether they were going to skinny dip in the lake – and watching them do so. (That'd be an all-time fantasy fulfilled, then!)
- Breaking one girl's oh-so-self-confident character during Saturday's remedial punishment, holding her roughly by the hair and making her look at her sobbing self in the mirror as I scolded her for her crimes and attitude.

- My own struggles with the constraints of my character: I struggled with *not* helping around the house. The girls had complete responsibility for preparing food and drinks, setting tables and clearing away; for a master to assist was very much not the done thing. Real me, as opposed to character me, found this incredibly tough – and quite entertaining, too!
- Sunday morning’s horticulture lesson: I’d arrived with compost, seeds and planting trays, to teach the girls a lesson in self-sufficiency. That they – pretty much – behaved throughout may, by some, be seen to be counter-productive in excuses-for-spanking terms; I actually rather *liked* the fact that the lesson seemed to work so well. And they each now have a plentiful supply of cucumbers and radishes to look forward to later in the year.
- I’m a top (rather than a dom) – and my primary fetish interest is corporal punishment (rather than BDSM in its wider sense). Yet two of the girls, Jessica and Scarlett, found themselves punished in ways that had little to do with spanking; both sessions were incredibly hot. There’s something about a naked (or semi-naked) girl in front of a clothed, abusive gentleman that rather worked for me.
- The climax of proceedings, Sunday afternoon’s ‘birching out’ ceremony, in which each girl in turn was called in, bent over the table – hands held by two masters – and flogged to the tune of 36 strokes.
- Birching Emma Jane (who I thought would benefit from an extra thrashing) at the very end of the afternoon, after the end of the formal proceedings: 36 strokes each, as they lay flat on their bed in turn, pillows positioning their bottoms perfectly for the rod

It was a weekend full of lovely experiences, powerful moments. It's left me with a desire to play an even darker reformatory scene – shorter, more intense, the characters even more deeply in role.

It is an absolute privilege to be invited to an event of this nature – and the hard work that our hosts put into organising the event is quite remarkable. To them, my very sincere thanks and the greatest respect for pulling off another memorable event. To the girls who attended, likewise – playing with you was a delight, and I'm grateful for your wonderfully good-natured participation throughout such a lovely, long scene.

Submission, abuse

Posted on 10 April, 2011

Regular readers will know that one of our golden rules here at Spanking Writers is that we never write about sex. I'm not sure entirely why – coy embarrassment? – but it's served us well. That doesn't mean, however, that rudeness doesn't play a part in some of our fantasies, and that we can't dance around the issue with stories that come close to our self-imposed line.

For example: it's currently lunchtime on a course I'm running on a client's site. I have twenty minutes to spare, no internet connection and no particular motivation to think about work. I've just disconnected the laptop from the projector before starting to type up the little fantasy that's been floating through my mind for the past couple of hours whilst the participants worked on a case study.

Our front room. Night-time. Blinds drawn. Candlelight. A group of gentlemen sit around, immaculate in black tie, comfortable on sofas and chaise longues. One pretty girl stands before us, nicely dressed – at least, that is, to start with, before we order her to disrobe. We

inspect her, pass her from one to the other; stroking, fondling, probing, squeezing, smacking lightly.

A good, obedient, submissive girl, she knows the rules, even as she squirms and blushes delightfully: that provided we don't break her limits, she is duty bound to do what we ask. But when she reaches the final gentleman, she rebels – refuses to sit on his knee, to be cuddled, running instead to the door.

I move after her swiftly, for it appears that I am the convenor of our little gathering and the girl in question is mine. I catch her, slap her face hard, pull her back by the wrists before the group. “It appears that our young lady needs to be taught a lesson in obedience,” I explain.

I take her upstairs, and tie her face down over the end of our bed – and then leave her. Soon, the first gentleman arrives and takes up the whip, lashing her hard – before taking full advantage of her. On to the next gentleman, and the next, until all of the company other than me have inflicted their share of her punishment, and have had their pleasure.

My turn. I walk in, to find her sobbing. Inspect her marks, the red stripes left by far-from-gentle floggings. Unbind her. Hold her close. Ask what they did to her: she explains, hesitantly, ashamed. I tell her that of all of the gentlemen, I am the one to whom she owes the greatest apology. She is crying now, even before I reach for the cane and bid her to touch her toes. She takes her punishment bravely – and then I force her face down onto the bed to take her from behind, in the one way she'd been spared thus far

A spanking 'expert'?

Posted on 16 April, 2011

In the past couple of years, a theory's taken hold that one has to have 10,000 hours of experience in a particular discipline before one can truly become 'expert'.

If one takes one's working life, for example, it's an interesting metric. Say work (for sake of argument) occupies eight hours a day for 175 days per year (after allowing for holidays, courses, illness and the like). That's 1400 hours per year – or seven years to become an expert. If I think of my own career, that's probably about right.

So, do I qualify on the spanking front? Let's try and add up. Writing, first of all...

- 100-odd stories; say five hours writing and editing each: that's 500 hours
- 1000 or so blog entries: half an hour each? Another 500.
- Then real-life spanking play:
- it's twelve years since I first played for real. Say a scene a week on average since then, say an hour for each: 600 in total.
- perhaps fifteen long roleplays of a couple of days' duration. Ten hours a day? 300 hours more
- And other pervery:
- browsing for and acquiring implements: say an hour for each, in total – about 200.
- reading and commenting on others' blogs; watching spanking videos; reading books and stories. Half an hour a day for 15 years? Another 2700 hours.
- dreaming and daydreaming: four hours a week for the past decade? 2000 hours.

Yikes: I'm not quite up to 7000 hours in total – some way short of the 'expert' status I crave. Maybe I need to focus more: 3000 hours on spanking in the next three years.

Near enough, three hours a day. There are going to need to be some very sore bottoms out there...

The Yorkshire School

Posted on 26 April, 2011

It's ten thirty at night; Easter Saturday, 1824. A bell rings; girls in their long nightdresses stand next to their beds; the masters enter the dormitories. The room inspection is thorough; the pupils too are inspected. Spankings are administered as some girls fail to find favour, and one speaks without permission. Leaving behind the threat of dire consequences should the young ladies be caught talking or out of bed before morning, we retire for the evening.

It's seven in the morning. The bell rings; we gentlemen enter the first dormitory once more. We find the girls still in bed; they're ordered to their feet and then swiftly made to bend over: the punishment for failing to stand when masters enter a room is short and sharp. They make their bed; it's not done to a satisfactory standard: further retribution follows. They're left to wait whilst the next room is similarly inspected: it proves equally disappointing.

The girls are lined up, taken in turn into the washrooms to shower. For some, the supervision is especially thorough: one girl is whipped, quite naked, for failing to dry herself properly. Another's attitude is deemed insolent: she too feels the cut of the riding crop.

Breakfast is prepared and served by the girls: gruel and water for them, bacon and eggs with juice for the masters. We have been generous, though, permitting them honey with their cereal to celebrate Easter. We are less tolerant of shortcomings, however: one girl is chastised after the table has been cleared for having

forgotten to set a jug of milk on the table; another suffers for providing the senior master with a dirty plate.

The first part of the morning is spent on embroidery, allowing the masters to relax and sip their coffee. The girls toil diligently, yet one of their number produces work that is unacceptably poor. She is beaten, as are the others, who appear to derive humour from the paucity of her efforts.

By this point, it is apparent that the standards of conduct at the school are unacceptable. A bundle of rods is brought into the schoolroom; the girls are instructed to make birch rods, for later use, with the girl who has been at the school the longest appointed as monitor to instruct the others. One girl proves allergic to the pollen; she is ordered to stand outside and face the wall, but is caught minutes later looking away: she is brought inside and turned over a master's lap for punishment.

Reading aloud follows: passages from learned books. Girls stand in front of Mr Jenkins, holding aloft a first edition of Encyclopedia Britannica. He makes them read a page – from “punishment” and “pupil”, through “pure” to “purgatory”. Each time they stumble over the words, he makes them start again. When they've finished, he tests them. Spankings inevitably follow, for careless reading and poor concentration.

Mr Simpson follows a similar approach with a biology textbook, yet he also checks the results of a handwriting exercise that the girls are given to complete with pen and ink. Where their transcription is untidy or inaccurate, punishment follows. Mr Jenkins, sending one girl upstairs to his colleague, notices the poor quality of her work; it does not surprise him that, when he next sees her, her face is tear-stained and she is holding her hands in agony.

It is late morning now, and we call the girls together. Before bed the previous evening, they had been given a poem to learn. Poignantly, though they were not told this,

the work was by Lord Byron, who had sadly passed away just five days previously. They were called forward in turn to recite it from memory. The first girl made two errors; the second was still less accurate; the third merely burst into tears.

It was clear from their faces that they knew how disappointed we were in them. Indeed, their performance in the recitation reflected our overall impression of their attitude and efforts. Each, we told them, was to be punished in turn. The first received eight hard strokes from each master on her hands with the tawse; the second, a dozen from each on the bare with a rattan flogger. The senior girl was called forward last, and made an example of: two dozen in total with the birch, her bloomers parted to bare her buttocks.

And then they were dismissed... for tight hugs, to recover, and to share their impressions and glee at what had happened.

Later that evening...

Two girls awaited their fate. Jessamine had been sent to us recently by her outraged parents after appearing on the stage. She'd been caught outside the school, in the company of a member of the theatrical troupe. Victoria, the senior girl, held a key to the back door, and had aided her escape. They were brought to the Punishment Room, an occasional and dreaded experience reserved only for very worst offences.

Mr Simpson lectured Jessamine first: on the dangers of meeting her friend; on how we owed a duty to her parents to deter her; on how her actions had led to the other girl being in trouble too. She was ordered to lie face down on the punishment horse; her skirt was lifted, and the leather ties fastened to hold her in place. The whipping from Mr Jenkins, with a heavy, harsh tawse, brought her to tears: he continued on, applying yet more

strokes as hard he could. Never before had he strapped a girl so hard.

Victoria's turn was next. Why, Mr Jenkins wondered, had a senior girl been so foolish as to let the younger pupil out? She'd landed them both in trouble; he would birch her with particular severity. She too was strapped into position face down; her bloomers were untied. No count was kept of the number of fast, furious, full-strength strokes of the spray that she received: Mr Jenkins lost track of the tally at around sixty. And then he walked around her; she was permitted a cold towel to cool her face. It was clear that she thought the flogging was over, until he raised the rod high and administered a repetition of the strokes from the opposite side to their predecessors. Never before had he birched a girl so hard.

It was Mr Simpson who would really ensure their future good conduct, however. Jessamine was called forward and made to lie on her back on the top of the horse. Her skirt was lifted, and she cried aloud as she was birched on the front of her thighs. Victoria followed, sobbing her way through a similar ordeal. Even Mr Jenkins found their ordeals hard to watch; his concern for them was tempered, however, by knowing that the punishments were utterly deserved.

Before it was over... and the two amazing girls were hugged tightly and close.

With such thanks to Mr Simpson (HH) for hosting the event, and for proposing the idea of basing our planned school scene on the historic "Yorkshire Schools" – the strict, austere establishments mad notorious by Dickens' Dotheboys Hall. Thanks too to Marlowe and Lily, who contributed to the design of the roleplay but were unfortunately unable to join us on the day – we missed you...

And the biggest thanks of all to Louisa (Eliane), Jessamine (Cath) and Victoria (Emma Jane – who's also

posted her account of the school). The three of you were so wonderful – so convincingly as the girls concerned that I was able to inhabit the character of the rather nasty Mr Jenkins completely for the duration. It's rare for me to be able to stay entirely in role throughout such an extended scene: that I did so – and derived so much from it – is a tribute to your roleplaying abilities and bravery.

Daddy

Posted on 11 May, 2011

Now: the post below comes with a warning. I wrote it early on Monday morning and – conscious that it touches on issues of abusive parental behaviour that may upset some readers – tweeted about my dilemma about whether or not to post it.

Persuaded by the anti-censorship (or just plain curious) majority, I'm going ahead with it. But please don't click and read on if you feel that the subject matter might cause you upset. I'm exploring edgy issues here, and I don't want to hurt anyone...

Read my writing: behind closed doors, you'll find guardians, uncles, parents of a girl's friends.

Notice the omission?

Writing about a father punishing his daughter is something that, with a very few exceptions, I've avoided. Too intense; too real, perhaps, for some readers.

Yet the emotions, for both parties? The father: protective, caring, disappointed and let down. The girl: loved, ashamed of having let down the person who matters most. Emotions so intense; so pure.

Formal fathers have lurked over the years: the wealthy gentleman in his big house; the daughter knocking at his study or library door; the admonishment; the rarely-used cane taken reluctantly from the shelf.

Hugs afterwards, each needing the other's arms. But that's avoiding the issue: the girl in the suburban semi, sent to her room in disgrace, thrashed with his belt. Held tight once she's punished.

And that too dances round the still-darker... Daddy follows her upstairs to her bedroom. Sits on her bed as he makes her take off her uniform and change into her pyjamas. Lectures her, harsh, shouting. Instructs her to take down her trousers and knickers, as she stands before him. Pulls her over his knees, spanks her with breathtaking severity. Orders her to bend over the side of the bed; whips her until she is soundly beaten...

And then... Because there's more, isn't there? The darkest places, that might be the logical conclusion when roleplaying such a scene – much as the idea of the actual reality is too horrid to bear...

... puts his crying girl to bed. Leaves her. Re-appears some time later; deposits his glass of whisky on the bedside table. Sits next to her. Reaches out to touch her. And then, in the false name of showing how much he loves her, proceeds to do the things she most dreads.

Not comfortable to write; doubtless for many hard to read. Yet, perhaps, amidst nigh-on every combination of girl and disciplinarian (abused and abuser, even), one I've blotted out for too long. I don't view parental corporal punishment as appropriate; of course, I certainly don't, for an iota of a moment, condone any form of child abuse.

But what happens when we let our imaginations or role-playing activities roam to their ultimate extent? "Your kink is OK", as is mine, "when adults give their full and informed consent to safe kinky activities taking place in private". But is there a point when we stop being kinky, and start becoming monsters worthy of condemnation?

The Sunday sermon

Posted on 22 May, 2011

A few years back, I – or rather one of my role-playing characters, Rev Jenkins – gave a Sunday morning sermon at a school weekend we were attending. Last Sunday saw another such. I thought some of you might enjoy it:

“This morning’s lesson is an uplifting story, with a message that is so very pertinent to the lives of our girls here in the school. I’d like to read to you from the Book of Jonathan, chapter 13, starting from verse 666...

In the time of the prophet, a young girl didst live in a fine house in a beautiful, bountiful oasis. She was verily a fair maiden, pretty, untouched and untainted.

One day, a handsome stranger didst appear in the area, resting in a nearby copse. The curious girl hastened to his side, seeking his favour. She offered him help in his times of hardship, and lo, the visitor was made happy.

But as the day turned to dusk, the dusk to dark, the girl’s father became worried. For where was his precious daughter? He hunted high and low, near and far. He knelt in the temple before the priests, made offerings to the Lord, and offered prayers for her safe return.

Now near the village wast a small stream, and there he didst stumble across his offspring. The stifling heat of the still summer evening hadst full overcome the girl, for she hadst shed her clothes and lay naked alongside the stranger.

The man seized his daughter, and threw stones at the impostor to drive him towards the desert. And then he led her home.

She wast placed over the knees of her father, and didst plead for mercy as she wast sorely chastised. And then she wast sent to the garden outside, to fetch rods with which she wast whipped still more painfully.

She was sent to her bedchamber, where she lay face down, resting her hands on her tender places. So tormented was she by thoughts of what had happened in the bush that she cried out loudly, repeatedly and uncontrollably. As he listened to her moans filling the still night air, her father gave thanks for her safe return. And he praised the Lord.

For how fortunate is a man to have a good girl by his side. And how blessed is such a girl to have the love and discipline of a good man.

Here endeth this morning's lesson.

Amen”

A caning by any other name

Posted on 23 June, 2011

Last weekend, Emma Jane and I spent a lovely 24 hours holed up in the W Leicester Square – a rather fabulous hotel opened earlier this year, which prides itself on being (or, at least attempting, to be) at the cutting edge of design and style. And, frankly, it manages to carry it off pretty well.

It's genuinely original and quirky in parts – take, for example, the goods on offer in the room, which occasioned a rather memorable discussion on check-out:

Staff member: “And did you have anything from the mini-bar?”

Me: “Yes. A pack of cashew nuts and a vibrator.”

But what amused us most of all was the description of one of the spa treatments, which EJ spied in the hotel directory:

BAMBOO MASSAGE

De-stress as silky bamboo canes are expertly rolled and powerfully massaged across your body using unique techniques for muscle strengthening, lymph draining and circulation reactivation. Away from the ordinary, this treatment encourages improved inner well-being as special reflexology points are activated while the bamboo bio extract leaves skin feeling silky, nourished and restored.

Now, £45 for 25 mins or £99 for 55 mins sounded like quite a lot for a caning. And sadly we didn't have time for EJ to try it out. But this must surely win the prize for the kinkiest spa treatment in the world?

And no, before cynics reading this wonder: I'm really not making this up!

Shy Abel

Posted on 20 July, 2011

Sometimes scenes are long in the planning: there's careful choreography, detailed discussion of plots and preferences. And sometimes play's far more spontaneous – such as many lovely vignettes at Eliane's birthday party last weekend.

Girls dragged upstairs to be put over my knee. Our host's new razor strop and strap being put to good effect. Cate Stoker and Emma Jane, bent over the end of the bed in turn to be strapped with my belt and then caned, Mr Allen and I sharing whacking duties.

That all sounds remarkably natural and relaxed, as I write it. Visit kinky house, ask girls to play, spankings ensue. But, now, here's the thing. Those of you who don't

know me personally will probably think that spanking play comes easily to me – that every kinky lass who crosses my path risks ending up over my lap or school desk.

In my work life, I've fairly extrovert – but there, I have an excuse. Yet when it comes to matters kinky, I'm pretty shy. It's not that play, when it happens, isn't great and successful. But asking a girl whether she wants to be spanked? I find it hard to pluck up the courage – whether by email or (worse) face to face. She won't want to be spanked by me... And what if she says no? My fear of rejection is stupidly high and, frankly, getting worse – despite, I like to think, being largely unfounded.

It doesn't stop me altogether, of course: I've enjoyed some truly lovely play in recent months. But for every great scene, there have been evenings with kinky friends which have happily passed by with dinner, wine, chat and an early night, and me far from bold enough to raise the topic of play – even with people I'd dearly love to have spanked.

So it's increasingly the case that you've been able to find me in the kitchen at parties, to steal a phrase, when I should probably have been aiming for the study or a bedroom. Must be more assertive and confident – I think... Last Saturday was a good starting point; here's hoping I can pluck up the courage to continue the trend.

The Spanking Tour

Posted on 3 August, 2011

Our first afternoon in Athens was filled with the usual touristy stuff: “Oh, look, there's the Acropolis!” “Hey, the Parthenon!” “Wow, the Acropolis again!” And, frankly, the view from dinner over the ancient Greek citadel at sunset was as fine as one could ever hope to see.

The following morning, we opted for something a little less conventional – a guided Food Tour of the city, wandering on foot in a small group through back streets and markets, tasting all sorts of local delicacies.

Tomorrow, I'd like to do the Spanking Tour, please. First to the local leather market, where the craftsmen would make any item to order. Photographs of old implements would be available for clients to peruse; replicas would quickly be produced to the highest standard.

Then down a narrow alley filled with makers of school canes – each competing on quality and price. A pause for coffee next to the ruins of a market – accompanied by a lecture on the whippings administered to slave girls in Ancient Greece. A stop in a school uniform shop; a call into the city's girls' reformatory to witness the daily punishments; concluding in a local dungeon.

The national museum would be the final stop: observe how the girl in that statue has stripes across her marble buttocks; witness the flogging taking place in that frieze. And, of course, don't forget to purchase the reproduction – but incredibly effective – ancient Greek whip as you exit through the gift shop...

The walled garden

Posted on 14 September, 2011

On holiday with Emma Jane last week, we found ourselves in one of the loveliest hotels I've ever visited. Actually, 'hotel' is something of a misnomer, for we felt more like house guests than paying customers. A boot room, from which one could borrow Barbour's or wellies. A falconry – an afternoon walk with a hawk clearly the done thing.

Fellow guests heading off for a day's shooting, the labradors wagging their tails excitedly at the prospect of a fun day out. A gorgeous drawing room, perfect for curling up on comfortable sofas and scoffing cocktails and the world's best onion rings. A fabulous restaurant – ten-course tasting menu in the evening, freshly-cooked kippers for breakfast.

Oh, and a walled garden – which we took great delight in exploring. It wasn't overly-neat, as at so many National Trust properties, but somewhat unkempt – half given over to wild flowers, to fill the vases around the house; the rest to fruit and vegetables for the kitchen.

Shortly after arriving, we found ourselves chatting merrily to a group of middle-aged ladies, who were on their way back to the hotel. I confessed that we'd sampled a few raspberries; they confirmed their complicity in such a dastardly deed.

Once they'd left, EJ threw me a coquettish look: "I've never been spanked in a walled garden before." That state, I have to say, didn't last long. And oh what a wonderful walk we had for the following half hour or so. Raspberry, spanking, strawberry, spanking, apple, photo, spanking, strawberry, spanking, tomato, spanking, photo... (Emma Jane's posted some of said images in a very lovely post across at her blog, if you're interested. 'If – duh!)

Back in our room, a girl was brought before the master of the house for stealing from the garden. Fifty cane strokes followed as she lay face down on the bed, in a roleplay that avoided being too mean or intense verbally, whilst being rather so physically. It was a scene we both needed to play together – and is still bringing a smile to my face, a week or more on.

The balcony

Posted on 23 September, 2011

My current hotel suite (how posh am I!?) has a huge balcony. I'm tucked at one end of the building, so it's really scarcely overlooked from the rest of the rooms or the grounds down below – but one can certainly catch sight of the swimming pool from the railings. My mind wanders...

A young woman sits on the sofa in the living room, looking nervous – as well she might, for her behaviour down by the pool has been such that her partner has sent her to wait for him upstairs. She knows from the look he gave her and his tone of voice that a punishment is inevitable.

What she doesn't suspect, when he finally arrives – having left her for just long enough to contemplate, for anger to give way to regret – is that he'll take her out onto the balcony to deal with her, having first taken the punishment strap from the bedside table.

“You can't... Please...”

“Outside. Now.”

She's still wearing her swimming costume, underneath the long T-shirt they'd bought as a holiday souvenir the day before. The warm air of the Middle Eastern afternoon hits her as she steps outdoors. She dreads his next instruction, knowing what it will be: “Strip.”

“But people might see. They might hear...”

“Now.” His tone broached no possibility that he might relent. Foreseeing the consequences of arguing further, she followed his instructions – surprisingly shy before him now, never mind conscious of the fellow guests downstairs.

He moves a chair to one side: “Then bend over the table, and reach out to hold the sides.” It's at just the right height, if she stands on tiptoe: it occurs to her to

realise that he would have noticed that, sized it up, as soon as they'd arrived the previous day

He brings the first six strokes down quickly, hard – no warm-up here for her punishment, no words of consolation. And then he starts to talk, softly, calmly, caringly, as he slowly continues to whip her. Tells her that he loves her; that he was ashamed of her conduct; that girls who behave like that need to learn a lesson for their own good; that he knows the marks will be visible beneath her swimsuit the following day, and that she is the only person to blame for that; that if people see or hear her being dealt with, they'll realise how much he cares for her; that he's lucky to have her.

And when he's finished – when she's marked to his satisfaction, when her writhing has given in to tearful compliance, when her bottom is so sore that she winces at even the lightest contact – his hand parts her thighs and reaches between her legs. She shudders, wet to his forceful touch: ready and willing for what will inevitably come next...

The Punishment List

Posted on 9 October, 2011

Many years ago now, I wrote a story that combined many of my favourite fantasy flavours: a school setting; the headmaster giving a deserved punishment to a girl he liked and trusted; a particularly hard, formal caning. It's called *The Punishment List*, and I like it enough that it became the title of the collection of my stories that was published a couple of years back. It holds a very special place in my authorial heart.

Lately, after our most recent play together, I encouraged Kami to dust off the copy of my anthology that I'd given her a while ago. I'd hoped she'd enjoyed it; I

hadn't expected to receive an email shortly after, in which – to my surprise and delight – she asked (perhaps, demanded!) to play out the title story. A date was set; emails were swapped: harsh as the story is, Kami didn't want me to go at all easy on her, and I gave her my word in reply that I wouldn't – specifically, in addition to agreeing there'd be no warm-up (as there isn't one in the story), my reply read:

I want to beat you just as hard as the girl I wrote about. *Just* as hard.

The scene duly set, my revision began: how many times did I re-read the script, wanting to get it right? Nerves set in: I knew Kami wanted an intense scene, and I wanted to get it right for her. And it's a special story for me: I wanted to do it justice if I was going to play it out.

I shifted furniture around, deciding that this shouldn't be played in a space I'd used before. A sofa was moved between rooms, rugs put in place, a table moved so that, as in the story, the crook-handled senior cane could be resting on it when the girl walked into the library. Ah yes, the senior cane: only my heaviest dragon cane would do. I practised: my poor pillows took it courageously.

The punishment book – old-looking, leather-bound, as in the story, was dusted off. The fountain pen with which the details would be recorded... damn: neither of mine would work; a quick run into town was called for, as nothing else would fit. The punishment list itself, pinned in the story to the main school noticeboard, was designed and printed and taped to the door.

Kami was picked up, and driven to school...

There's that interlude before a scene in which the transformations take place: jeans give way to a suit and gown; comfortable everyday wear to school uniform and tie. Friends, to characters. And then I walked downstairs,

closed the door, became the headmaster and waited for a girl's knock.

It's rare for me to cane a girl when she's touching her toes; rare for me to cane a girl with no mercy, with such a heavy implement. Each stroke raised a fierce weal; each was followed by a long pause, until the head prefect could murmur the count and her "thank you, sir", and then more of a wait as I made her anticipate the next cut.

One of the features of the story is that Alice receives extra strokes for not holding her position, on top of the eight which have already been awarded. I'd wondered if this would play out in reality. It did.

A girl's cowering on the floor, sobbing, clearly struggling. It's evident that the caning is proving to be a dreadful ordeal. What does one do? As a headmaster: wait for her to compose herself, then carry on. As a headmaster-who's-really-a-top-playing-a-scene-with-a-friend? Have a moment of doubt, a fleeting crisis of conscience, then recall your clear agreement: hard, no mercy. And wait for her to compose herself and carry on.

Alice's hands were shaking so badly as I made her sign the book after her tenth stroke that she could scarcely hold the pen. And that was only half the story, for any girl would have received that number of strokes: the punishment for the head girl would be doubled. The next batch were again as hard as a school caning could be – and then it was over.

It was an amazing scene, that couldn't have worked without the clearest communication, deep trust – and a great partner to play with. Thank you, Kami: you made a truly wonderful, amazingly brave Alice. I was so delighted that you asked to play it. I was proud of you for taking it. I loved every moment of it.

The neighbouring couple

Posted on 10 October, 2011

It's Saturday evening, as I write this. 7.30pm. I'm sitting happily(-ish) in the wonderful club lounge of my fab KL hotel. The food in here's amazing; the freshly-seared spicy scallops would grace the table of any Michelin-starred restaurant.

I've been chatting away with the friendly couple at the next table. Indeed, we've been competing to see how many times we can order 'seconds' (thirds, fourths...) of the scallops before the chef gets upset. The guy's my age – perhaps a few years older; she's thirty, give or take. And, as we've nattered, she's been curled up on the plush red sofa with her head lovingly resting on his chest in a way that's made me feel a long way from love.

About twenty minutes ago, they disappeared towards their room, him holding her hand firmly. And then, a few minutes later, he reappeared in the lounge alone to continue sipping his glass of rather-good red.

I'm writing this imagining the state in which he's left her. He'd have stripped her, of course, in front of the floor-to-ceiling windows. There weren't too many lights on in the block opposite as he did so, but enough for her to wonder; to worry...

He'd have tied her face down on the bed; wrists, ankles bound with coarse rope, tight enough to hurt; spreadeagled, a pillow under her midriff to position her buttocks perfectly for what would follow. He'd have taken the implements from his bag one-by-one, discussing their efficacy as he did. He'd have chosen one, telling her that he'd have done so – but not which he'd selected. He'd have left it on the sofa at the foot of the bed, just out of her anxious sight. And he'd have told her that when he chose to return, he would beat her so hard that she would beg him for mercy.

I can picture her now. And, just as I finish typing this, he stands and leaves the lounge...

Back to the 1940s

Posted on 19 October, 2011

Visiting Bletchley Park clearly inspired me, for that night's dreams were firmly set in post-war England. As such, modern values didn't really apply...

In the first, a husband came home from work on a Friday evening, sat down on his favourite armchair in the living room and called his wife over to see him. Over his knees she went, as she did at the start of every weekend, to be reminded of her place with a hard hand spanking. Next up: the hairbrush, on the bare, for various shortcomings during the week just gone – as recorded on a notepad kept on a side table. And then, as he always did, he led her straight upstairs by the wrist; stripped her without a word and pushed her back onto the bed, before taking his pleasure as she lay still and silent beneath him. (At least, she could reflect, that was easier to take than it would be later when he returned from the pub and pushed her face down on the bed, abusing her most intimately...)

Frankly, I'm a bit shocked by the dream – the scenario of compliant housewife abused by husband not being top of my usual kinky lists. But... why am I thinking of vintage clothes shops selling period dresses?

And then there was the girl who'd been caught stealing a sweet from the local shop. The policeman marched her home, and her parents agreed with his proposal – that she be sent into the garden to cut switches from the apple tree, and soundly birched by the constable – skirt lifted and knickers removed, hands on her knees in the middle of the drawing room.

Her father ordered her to her room after her punishment, with an ominous: "I'll be up to talk to you later." He left her alone for two hours, to contemplate; the 'talk' then involved a severe thrashing with his belt, for disgracing the family. Finally, the following morning she was sent to the newsagent to apologise; he took her into the back room and – after seeing how marked her backside was – caned the backs of her thighs with the rattan he kept for newspaper girls who let him down. (There may also have been other rudeness in said storeroom, but I blush to even think of where my mind wandered).

The detail in the dream was quite wonderful – of plot, characters, locations. It's just the somewhat un-PC nature of my subconscious that rather surprises me at times...!

Real play versus role play

Posted on 9 November, 2011

Two lovely play dates last week underlined for me how my kink's evolved in the past couple of years.

For a decade or so, everything was about roleplay – my character punishing my play partner's character. Last week, there were no roles per se. In the first, I took a switch to Kami's she knelt up on the bed: twenty hard, slow cuts followed by a pause, then twenty more hard and fast.

In the second, another lovely friend was tied over the end of the bed, and given her first-ever birching – a dozen strokes with an authentic reproduction Manx birch, made from tightly bound hazel rods.

There was no attempt in either case to act out a scenario, to find an 'excuse' for the floggings. The participants? Us, not hiding behind imaginary characters. Play, not punishment. Because I enjoy inflicting pain on

lovely people who ‘enjoy’ being beaten; because I love watching their reactions; because I love their vulnerability – and the strength they show in taking the thrashings; because I enjoy what comes next...

I still love formal roleplay; I get a kick from that (done well, properly planned, duly anticipated, played in the right headspace) that I rarely get from anything else. Actually, I crave more of it. But I am loving having a second string to my spanking bow.

Birched by the butler

Posted on 20 November, 2011

The concept of the good, hard-working diligent maid having to be punished for some misdemeanour whilst serving dinner in a country house has long been one of my favourite fantasies. (Indeed, it featured in one of the very first stories I wrote).

In most of the little scenarios I dream up, it’s the master of the house who punishes the girl – in front of the other guests, or in private later. And when said gentleman is younger and more dashing, the lass in question is his favourite on the staff, and the private punishment is administered in his bedchamber... well, a girl sometimes needs comforting after being disciplined.

Yet what if his lordship is too busy entertaining his guests to have the time or inclination to administer the thrashing personally? I picture him calling over the butler, and pointing to the trembling girl (who, perhaps, has dropped and broken a valuable serving dish – or spoken out of turn to one of the guests, a far more serious offence).

“I assume you’ll punish her for this?”

“Yes, my lord.”

“Severely?”

“Indeed, my lord.”

“Very good. Then take her away and deal with her. And do not spare her.”

“Of course, my lord.”

“Oh, and bring her in later with the port. I’d like to check that you’ve done your job properly.”

He’d take her off to the butler’s pantry, lift her skirt and upend her over his knees. The merciless handspanking would be accompanied by scolding: “This is for the inconvenience you’ve caused me.” When he was done, he’d position her standing facing the wall. “Don’t move: I shall return after dessert has been served, and then I’ll punish you as the master requested.”

An underling would be sent out to cut birches, whilst dinner progressed. And afterwards, the girl would be brought into the kitchen in front of the assembled staff – for this would be an exemplary punishment. She would be instructed to bend over a large oak table, a footman holding each wrist whilst the butler laid on the birching, just as severely as had been mandated.

Later, she’d find herself standing, mortified, before the gentlemen in the drawing room, as they raised her skirt and inspected her marks. But would the master of the house be satisfied with the punishment that had been inflicted, or would he determine that further chastisement was necessary...?

The stepfather

Posted on 27 December, 2011

This started as a short blog entry, inspired (as are so many) by a dream overnight last night. It half-turned into a shortish story, written in some haste before my house guest awakes this morning. Whatever it is, I rather like the setting. And, actually, more than a story or blog entry, it really would make a lovely scene...

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A large, comfortable family house in the Home Counties, some time in the 1920s.

Mother, father, two daughters sit at the dinner table. Only, actually, it's mother, stepfather, daughter, stepdaughter, a year since the marriage. They're all smartly dressed: Sunday-best frocks; jacket and tie.

The meal over, he tells the girls to clear the table – “Then I want you to do another hour's schoolwork before bedtime.” And the stepdaughter loses her temper: “It's Sunday. I've worked all weekend. You're not fair.” She flings her glass of water to the table; it shatters.

A moment's silence, as they take in what's just happened, before he speaks: “Go to your room...”

He leaves her there for a goodly while, giving her time to contemplate, for anger to give way to remorse – and dread. “I'll always treat you as my own daughter,” he'd said when she'd moved in, and he's been good to his word ever since: caring, kind, loving. And when they've transgressed – either of them, both of them? He's treated them the same then, too – across his knee, the spankings equally hard and the cuddles afterwards equally heartfelt.

But there's one punishment he's not yet had to use on her...

He climbs the stairs, knocks on the door of the room that his girls share, waits for her open it. She lets him in, avoiding eye contact, standing small and downcast before him.

“I hardly need to say that that was completely unacceptable.”

“I know. I’m sorry...”

“You crossed a line there, into behaviour that leaves me no choice but to punish you severely. I’d like you to go downstairs; apologise to your mother and sister; clear up the mess you’ve made. And then join me in my study...”

She knows at once what he means by that. His study. Where the thick crook-handled cane rests next to the desk. Unused on her – but not, since her arrival, on her sister, whom she’d consoled as best she could after six deserved strokes for being given a detention at school.

She composes herself as best she can after he’s left. Takes deep breaths. Tries to summon up the courage to face what’s to come; finding no courage at all, she heads downstairs anyway. Her mother: distant, matter-of-fact, as she listens to the apology. Her sister, holding her hand and whispering good luck. The table at long last cleared, the dishes washed and dried; the shards of glass carefully packed into a cardboard box.

And then there’s nowhere left to hide.

She knocks, is called in. Hears of his shock, his disappointment: “I thought better of you than that.” Hears how he intends to teach her a sound lesson. Watches, as he positions a wooden chair in the centre of the room, as he then picks up the cane. “Bend over, and put your hands on the seat of the chair. And bare your bottom.” She complies, tears welling up in her eyes. “I’m so sorry to have let you down...”

“You’ve let yourself down. And it can’t happen again. Won’t happen again: I’m going to give you twelve strokes of the cane.” Twelve carefully-measured stripes, each weal

perfectly parallel to the others. Each drawing a sob, some lifting her involuntarily to her feet to clutch at her striped buttocks, dancing on the spot in pain until she can bend forward to take more.

He intersperses his clear count of the number of strokes with an explanation of why she's there: of how much he loves her; of how he wants her to do well, to make him and her mother proud; of how she must control her temper; of how he hopes she'll learn from her punishment. And when he's finished, he holds his sobbing girl close to his chest, taking his pocket handkerchief to dry her tears, and telling her again how much he loves her.

2012

The sisters and the sweet shop

Posted on 4 January, 2012

Amongst many fabulous, thoughtful, generous Christmas and birthday presents, several (inevitably) were of a kinky nature. Ah, but my friends know me so well...

It was one of the vanilla items that prompted the naughtiest thoughts, though. Emma Jane, amongst other lovely gifts, gave me a jigsaw depicting 1970s confectionery. It reminded me of childhood treats, and made me smile so. And it made me think ever-such-wicked thoughts, too.

Two schoolgirls, wearing blazers. In the headmaster's study, standing next to one another. Sisters, I think, one a couple of years older than the other. Both crying. Hands outstretched.

They hadn't realised that the newsagent had a mirror with which he could keep an eye on the counter when his back was turned. But the tawsing they were about to receive would teach them the most painful of lessons about stealing sweets on their way home.

Six on each hand, I think. With an XH Lochgelly. And the shame awaiting them of the rest of the school learning of their punishment – and of word inevitably getting back to their parents.

After her caning

Posted on 9 February, 2012

An empty classroom, late at night. Outside: dark, cold, snowy. Inside: a prefect, wearing his gown; a girl in her pyjamas, trousers around her ankles, bending over the teacher's desk at the front of the room.

He canes her – long pauses allowing each harsh stroke to register fully. She counts them, bravely, right up to the final, searing twelfth.

He dismisses her: “You deserved that: I hope it’s made you think about your future behaviour. I don’t want to see you in here again. Now, get dressed and go straight to your bedroom. Leave the light on and the door ajar: I may look in on you later when I check the dorms.”

But what would happen later? Would he, perhaps, not appear at all – leaving her fretting in bed, unable to sleep, awaiting a visit that would never come?

Would he put his head around the door, check she was in bed, and simply tell her to turn off the light? Might he, more kindly, offer some brief words of comfort: “Bravely taken... now get some sleep.” Might he come and perch on the bed, ask how she was?

Might he pull back the duvet, and ask her to show him her marks? Or, rather, simply pull down her trousers himself to inspect?

Might his hands stray as he ran his fingers over her weals? Might she respond by arching herself against his touch: “Please...” Or might he simply tell her that she’d better be a good girl and keep quiet, as he climbed on top of her and punished her still more...?

The communists' grand hotel

Posted on 21 February, 2012

The other main source of kinky Berlin inspiration during my recent stay was my hotel – built by the former East German authorities to accommodate visiting bigwigs. That knowledge, combined with a display about University education in the DDR Museum (synopsis: only the brightest students went to Uni, and their devotion to the party was unquestionable) inspired entertaining thoughts of young ladies being put to work to help the State.

“The businessman at the corner table. He’s meeting the Ministry of Defence tomorrow to discuss arms sales. We’d like copies of the plans in his briefcase before the meeting.” Yet, despite successfully seducing him, she’d be unable to find the documents: they’d bundle her into a car and drive her off; she’d soon find herself stripped and tied over a whipping frame in a cold cellar, being flogged for her failure.

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“Sit next to Mr B— at dinner. Make sure he likes you. Do whatever it takes, and see what he’ll tell you about the situation in Warsaw.” She’d return full of news to their control room on the top floor of the hotel, to find them watching a video from the hidden camera of her fucking her target. “We heard everything: thank you so much.” And then rough hands would seize her. “And you’re very pretty. Now it’s our turn... and we did particularly like how well you took it up the arse...”

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“You want a pass to visit your family in the West? Of course. Just come to the hotel on Monday and do whatever the Minister asks, and we’ll stamp your papers immediately after. I mean, we’ll whip you too: just so you know what it feels like, so you have a taste of what’ll happen to your younger sister if you don’t return after your trip.”

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“The three of you are to put on the school uniforms, and go to room 248. The gentleman is visiting from Moscow: we want him to feel like we take good care of him. He’s very disappointed that his daughters have been out so late: he’s warned you about it before, and this time he’ll doubtless punish you very severely. You’ll find the switches you’ve been told to cut soaking in the bucket over there; take them with you...”

Shame not to have had female company on the trip, really. Although probably no bad thing for any young ladies I know that that was the case!

Anticipation

Posted on 2 March, 2012

Shirts ironed, clothes selected.

Implements carefully picked out from my collection.

An old, historic, remote building in the middle of the countryside, booked for the weekend.

Scenes devised, back-stories communicated – dark, unforgiving, severe, abusive.

Another gentleman setting off on his drive.

Car keys in my hand. A girl waiting to be picked up...

The weekend

Posted on 6 March, 2012

Take one sixteenth-century house, with thick stone walls, in splendid isolation. Add Emma Jane, HH and myself... and you'll see why I have a huge smile on my face after an amazing weekend.

Take Friday night: a girl had been out for the night without permission in the local town. She'd changed into her party clothes; left her more demure outfit along with her ticket home in a station locker; had lost her purse (or had it stolen) during the course of an evening at a club. Arriving for the last train home, she'd jumped the barriers at the end of the platform – and had been duly apprehended by the station staff.

She'd given a false name and address; when she'd finally confessed her true identify, her guardian had been called to collect her from the station manager's office. He was outraged at what he heard – and at the revealing short dress she was wearing.

Now fare evasion is a serious offence; a visit to the courts the following morning would result in a criminal record and much shameful publicity. So her guardian

(HH) asked the station master (yours truly) whether there was any alternative. It seemed that the 1933 Railway Regulations, which had never been fully repealed, allowed for the administration of corporal punishment to first-time offenders. And so it was that she ended up bent over the table in the office, her skirt lifted for eight cutting strokes of my cane across her bare buttocks – before her guardian took up the station master’s strap and whipped her himself.

After she’d been thrashed? Time for her to sign the punishment form – oh-so-unwillingly – before being led away, threats of further punishment when she got home ringing in her ears...

That, however, wasn’t the main scene of the weekend. Marianne was an Orphanage girl; she’d proved unwilling to co-operate with some of the Warden’s darker plans, and so she and her younger sister were to be expelled. Facing such a dire threat, she’d changed her mind and offered to be more obedient – and had been sent to the Chairman of the Governors (yours truly) and local magistrate (HH) to learn her lesson. After a short introductory scene on the Saturday night, EJ was woken in role early on Sunday morning, and the fun and games began in earnest.

See, a girl needed to understand that the Orphanage had to get funding in whatever ways it could. That the girls had to help, and that certain gentlemen would pay for their company. Lifting her nightdress, we started to show Marianne how she would be expected to behave when sent to visit benefactors: where they would touch her, what they would call each part of her body. And then, exactly what they would expect from her – as we shared her between us on the bed.

Then she had to be taught some discipline: standing, naked, straight upright with her hands on her head in the middle of the room. A thin, whippy cane each. One of us in front, one behind, and a slow countdown allowing us to

cane the front and back of her thighs simultaneously. Her breasts were strapped next, before we led her back to the bed and tied her securely by the wrists so that we could each abuse her, roughly, once again.

And finally, to punish her for her behaviour to the Warden and ensure she would be a good girl in future: a birching, as she lay flat on the heavy oak table, bound in position by ropes around her wrists and ankles. Fresh birches, cut just two days before from young saplings, used to full effect on a brave but ultimately-beaten girl. And then the tightest of hugs.

That, then, dear readers, is my essay on What I Did At The Weekend. I've left out the hardest of tawsings; the nipple clamps; the ginger; supervising a girl's exercise routine; caning EJ on her way out on her run and (outdoors) when she returned; the lovely photographs (and associated whackings that went with them); how we woke her up on Saturday morning. I've not mentioned the wonderful vanilla stuff, too – lovely meals; sightseeing; cars returning home loaded with spoils from wonderful antique shops; caring chaste cuddles.

I've left out the odd moment of tension, too – for, when playing this intensely, emotions are perhaps bound to become frayed at times. (We even had a false start to the Orphanage scene, with a slightly different premise). For they don't matter, when playing in an atmosphere this completely caring and totally trusting, with two such very wonderful play partners.

There are times that one will never forget. There are times when I count myself such a very, very lucky man. That was this weekend.

Parents' evening

Posted on 15 March, 2012

Oh, the poor girl in my dream last night. She went to the local Grammar School, relatively modern in some aspects of its outlook, where pupils are allowed to accompany their parents to the termly parents' evening. She'd gone with her father. They'd done the rounds together of each of her teachers. Their feedback had been glowing – she was working hard, gaining great grades.

Finally, they sat before her housemaster. "She's doing extremely well," he commented. "Obviously there was the blip in her behaviour at the start of term, but that was dealt with – and I think it maybe helped her to focus."

A glance from father to daughter. "Blip?"

The housemaster: "I meant when she was caned."

A puzzled look on the parent's face: "Caned?"

A puzzled look on the master's face: "With the other girls. For leaving school without permission at lunchtime? You signed the form she took home?"

Puzzled looks from each of them at her. Cue tears.

Father: "I didn't see any form."

Housemaster: "So who signed it?"

Daughter, after a long pause: "I did... Daddy, I didn't want you to know I'd been in trouble."

Her father responded: "Well, I do know. And you are. We'll discuss this when we get home." Her housemaster added: "And I'd like to see you in my office at morning break tomorrow."

Her father would take off his belt later: he wouldn't count the heavy strokes, just make sure she learnt a lesson about lying to him. Her housemaster would take out the senior cane the following morning, even though that was usually reserved for sixth-formers: eight strokes, twice the number she'd had last time, just to make sure she learnt a lesson about lying to him. And a very sorry

girl, shamed at having let them down, would go back to class determined to show them how good she could be.

The daughter

Posted on 2 April, 2012

“Leniency, eh?” The girl stood before her father in the high-ceilinged dining room of their gorgeous Georgian townhouse, on her return from her imprisonment. “Well you won’t be getting any leniency from me.”

The tale I shared the other day, of the Liverpool magistrate sentencing Victorian miscreants to a week’s imprisonment and twelve with the birch, really rather caught my imagination. What if one of them came from a well-to-do home – the daughter of a merchant, a banker, doctor, a lawyer?

“You’ve brought shame on our family. I’ve heard nothing else in the past week but comments about your conduct and your sentence – and neither has your poor, dear mama. So the courts have had their say, and now I’m going to have mine. Bare your bottom, and bend over the table...”

“Please, papa...”

“I’m waiting. And your disobedience confirms the necessity of what I’m about to do.”

The marks from her birching, a week before, were still oh-so-plain to see. “I believe that 24 strokes is the more usual tally,” he’d inform her, before taking the fresh rods that he’d had the gardener cut and bind earlier in the day and commencing her flogging.

Unlike in prison, she wasn’t bound in position: that made the strokes so much harder to take. And, if anything, her father laid them on with more purpose than the gaoler had done once she’d been taken from the courthouse. Yet that was the mere physical aspect of the

punishment: were it not for the all-embracing pain, that would have paled into insignificance compared to her father's evident sadness and disappointment in her, articulated as he proceeded with the strokes.

He waited after he'd finished, giving her time to regain what little composure she could, before telling her to adjust her clothing and stand up. "Now you'll go to bed," he told her, "and we'll see you in the morning at breakfast. And then we'll speak no more of this ghastly matter. Goodnight, my sweet." And with the lightest of kisses on her forehead, he'd send her upstairs on her way.

The merchant's daughter

Posted on 26 April, 2012

Wandering round Venice, we were amazed by the huge, precariously-balanced loads that were being transported along the narrow streets and over bridges spanning the city's canals.

It struck me that today's porters are following in the footsteps of predecessors that must have been doing similar work for centuries. And, of course, the occasional accident must have happened.

Consider, for example, the daughter of a shopkeeper, taking delivery from a porter of a box of beautiful Murano glasses – ordered at great expense by a nobleman who was due to set sail the following day. She'd let them slip from her grasp; they'd smash to smithereens on the hard stone floor.

Her father would whip her severely, of course, despite her tearful remorse. And then there'd be the gentleman whose prized items had been destroyed. The merchant would explain that there'd been an accident; he'd note that the girl had been soundly thrashed; but still the

Duke would insist on having the lass brought before him, so that he could flog her himself for her carelessness.

The good girl – a roleplay

Posted on 23 May, 2012

Roleplay, when it returned, was pitch-perfect.

A hotel room – leading to the backdrop: a school trip. Mary Kate, aged 17: a good girl, in the Lower Sixth. Bottles of wine taken from the executive lounge; partying girls drunk in their rooms; complaints from the manager to the master leading the trip.

She arrived at my room in uniform, downcast. Stood before my desk, as I explained my disappointment in her. Of all the girls on the trip, she was the one I'd least have expected to find in front of me in such circumstances.

She hadn't let the younger girls drink, she explained. I noted that – and that it was precisely because she was the one girl I'd expect to set a good example that I felt so let down by her actions. The drinking per se wasn't the problem: I expected the girls on a trip to enjoy themselves, and she knew I'd turn something of a blind eye, within reason. Sneaking into the lounge; taking the wine – not conduct of which she could be proud. And this, a few weeks before I had to appoint a Lower Sixth girl to be Head of House for the coming school year; before prefects were appointed.

She'd found herself before me in serious circumstances once before, I reminded her – as if she needed any reminding of how I'd punished her in her first year. And so she would understand that behaviour like this left me no choice but to cane her.

It was a sorry, sad, apologetic girl who bent over my desk, lifting her skirt. "No, sir," she pleaded, as I pulled

down her white knickers and pronounced sentence: twelve strokes, to be counted aloud.

And they were hard: delivered slowly, with time for each to sink in as they striped her, raised weals. She took them bravely, quietly, with dignity: it was a solemn, very punished girl who stood before me afterwards.

I didn't expect her to tell the other girls that she'd been beaten, I explained: it was not something to be proud of. And for my part, the beating would go unrecorded in the punishment book: with conversations coming up about prefectorial positions, I thought it best to keep what had happened to ourselves, and it would avoid the caning being noted on her end-of-term report. But I certainly hoped we'd never have a similar discussion in future. And with that, I sent a chastened girl on her way.

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A favoured pupil, oh-so-good, suddenly finding herself in deserved trouble and regretting her behaviour. A hard caning, bravely taken. Just perfect. As I reflected afterwards, I found myself picturing other scenes with Mary Kate – including one with no cp whatsoever, set a few weeks hence, in which I appointed her as my new Head of House.

Of course, other ideas followed – what of that first punishment, a few years back? What if something happened in her sixth-form year, and I persuaded the Headmaster to let me cane her rather than stripping her of her prefectship? What of her University tutor and his strap?

Lovely characters. Lovely scene. Lovely Emma Jane – as ever, such a delight to play with.

Let's talk about...

Posted on 1 June, 2012

You know, much as spanking is core to my sexuality, sex itself is important too. Although my Tumblr site contains a fair few sexual images, I don't write about it often – too coy, too shy, not relevant to the core content of this blog. Some ruder stuff's crept into my last few posts – and, actually, quite often my fantasies don't always actually involve spanking.

Many of the naughtier ones follow a pattern: all [well, mainly] consensual, yet in scenarios where explicit consent isn't requested or given at the time.

Take a girl, told by her partner that she will be fucked before being allowed to go to sleep every night for a defined period of time (for a week, for example). No discussion; no choice, on the evening in question; just obediently doing what's been agreed...

Take a girl wanting to show that she's willing and cooperative; wanting to please. Knowing that pleasing involves offering herself in every way...

Take a girl presented with her new keep-fit regime – a day-by-day schedule: run, exercise, run, sex... being made to fuck energetically and enthusiastically on the relevant evening, until she's satisfied her supervisor that she's suitably exhausted...

Take a girl visiting a gentlemen's house. Letting herself in. Walking straight upstairs, where a hot bath will be awaiting, with a glass of champagne. Stripping, soaking, shaving. Moving to the bedroom; slipping into the white silk nightdress that has been laid out for her to wear. Lying face down. Waiting. Knowing that she will be forbidden from saying a word once he climbs the stairs, ties her wrists to the bed and takes her...

Take two girls; a group of gentlemen; locked doors...
No, maybe some of my fantasies ought not to be written
down!

Admission

Posted on 21 July, 2012

OK, so there can be a dark side to some of my dreams...

The young woman being admitted to the reformatory:
a girl from a good home, not at all the sort who'd be
expected to end up here.

The officer notes down her details, then instructs her
to strip for inspection. She hesitates.

“Now!”

More hesitation.

“You have just earned yourself your first birching. You
will be flogged at tomorrow morning's punishment
parade, in front of your fellow inmates. Now: I told you to
get undressed...”

Another moment's delay, and she finds him roughly
removing her clothes for her. She stands before him,
ashamed, co-operating oh-so-reluctantly with his
instruction to place her hands on her head.

His form requires him to establish whether she is in
good health: his hands roam perhaps more freely than is
strictly necessary for his purpose. He ticks boxes on the
checklist, and then orders her to bend over. He reads from
the list: “Virgin? That'd be a ‘no’.”

“But I am, sir...”

“You haven't signed the form yet...”

On the plane out

Posted on 2 September, 2012

Two girls board the plane in front of me. They're of a similar age (20s); similarly dressed (smart jeans, nice jacket); each has straight brown hair tied neatly up.

They're not travelling together; they sit a row apart, in the aisle seats on opposite sides of the plane to one another. They each take out their newspapers: I notice that one of them is staring at it without turning the pages.

Clearly, she's thinking about what's awaiting her at the other end. The website she'd discovered, offering help with motivation. The initial somewhat cryptic emails each way with the proprietor, until he explained his methods and she acknowledged her needs.

The list of things that required his attention, that had accumulated over the past weeks.

The beating that he would mete out. Needed, craved, feared.

(‘Beating’? Make that plural. Several times over, no doubt: “I shall cane you until I am certain you have learnt the necessary lessons”).

And then she notices the other girl's gaze on her. Knows that he deals with two young ladies each weekend. Remembers his comment that the other girl would also be coming from England. Wonders... realises... smiles faintly, and wishes she could reach out and take her hand...

The strict tutor

Posted on 14 September, 2012

Marianne looked nervous as she walked into her tutor's room – and rightly so. For he'd given her a chance the previous week when she'd failed to complete her French homework: she'd vowed to work on this week's assignment diligently. And, with a day to go before it was due in, she'd not even started.

Mr Jenkins was decidedly unimpressed. Breaking her promise to him? Lured outside by the unusually sunny September weather? Clearly, nipping such behaviour in the bud was essential.

The poor girl looked downcast as he asked whether she'd been caned at school. Shyly confirming that she had been, she looked downright scared when her tutor picked up the heavy dragon cane and told her that he intended to deal with her soundly. Six strokes over her demure dress for her lack of commitment; six more to follow on the bare to teach her the importance of discipline in relation to her studies.

Oh, how bravely she took the hard strokes, bent over with her hands resting on the arm of the sofa. How she shivered as he lifted her dress halfway through, and lowered her knickers. How they striped her. How cruel it was of him to add an extra stroke when she stood up and rubbed her bottom after the twelfth. How she winced when made to sit at the hard wooden school desk to study straight afterwards; how diligently she worked.

And how very lovely it was for Emma Jane and I to play again, after a summer when it was the last thing on our minds; how beautiful she looked: how tightly we hugged after. It wasn't the end of the evening's play – before I had to head reluctantly home, she ended up over my knee, then taking eight more strokes of the cane. But it was a very special little scene, and one I'll remember for

a long while. I really rather want to meet Marianne again...

Training the new girl – a scene

Posted on 15 September, 2012

So very disappointing when a girl is uncooperative, like Elodie. When she draws away as you touch her. When she disobeys instructions to open her legs wider for the strap. Especially so when your own girl has promised that she's trained her well.

I was left with little choice but to fetch Amelie from her room. To seek an explanation for the girl's shortcomings. To touch her; to bare her breasts. To punish her with the strap for failing in her task of providing me with an obedient, well-disciplined girl. To make Elodie watch. And then to observe as Amelie in turn punished her new recruit, and then sought to train her better – to make sure that in future she would comply with her mouth, her pussy, her arse.

To observe? To assist, too; to take full advantage of what the girl was learning.

To hold Elodie down, as Amelie whipped her with the martinet – until the fateful moment where a blow missed its target, and caught me lightly instead*. Severe punishment was inevitable: my girl kneeling on the bed, her hands held tight, as I caned her. And when she failed to take the six strokes as I expected, as she'd been trained to – in silence, not moving – to make her face the wall in shame as I beat Elodie.

To then make Amelie turn around and watch as I caned the front of her trainee's thighs. To make them swap again, instructing my girl to sit up straight on the edge of the bed so her thighs in turn could be striped; six hard, overlapping, weal-inducing cuts.

And then for Elodie's training to continue. Thorough training, from us both, until I was satisfied that Amelie's new girl would be more obedient in future. And then time to push Amelie herself face down on the bed. To use her, as Elodie grasped her hands. To turn my girl onto her back; to take full advantage of her obedience as the other girl watched.

—

Dear goodness, what a scene – hot as hot can be. Last night had been supposed to be the quiet night of our weekend; somehow it didn't quite turn out like that. Both girls played beautifully, bravely: I suspect I slept with a smile on my face all night!

* Before anyone thinks her aim was atrocious: this was actually deliberate, to make sure she got into more trouble!!

The price of admission

Posted on 1 November, 2012

Walking through the centre of Utrecht – one of my very favourite cities – late on Monday night, I spied an interesting sight.

Old, traditional building. Wood-panelled dining room. Candles on the tables. Gentlemen, all in their 60s or older, all wearing black tie. Glasses of wine being sipped, at the end of dinner.

The scene was set, it seemed, for the evening's entertainment. The young ladies would be brought in, in black corsets and matching stockings – for the provision of

a suitable girl would be the admission price for each of the society's members.

Lots would be drawn, from three hats. A girl's name. A gentleman's name. And then the gentleman's pleasure – to cane her, to fuck her, or to take her arse. In front of the assembled company, of course.

Well, it rather amused me en route to a late check-in in my hotel, anyway. And a man can dream...!

In praise of “50 shades”

Posted on 14 November, 2012

It's the fashion in kinky circles to decry E L James's "Fifty Shades" series. Indeed, I was perhaps the first to review it on a spanking blog, at the very start of May, and I was hardly positive in my observations. It's badly written and boring. There are concerns about how it portrays kink – a relationship that appears to lack informed consent; an implication that being a top or dom results from past psychological damage. And it's frustrating that it's sold so many copies in comparison to better-written, more genuine work such as Sophie Morgan's highly-recommended "Diary of a Submissive".

Yet there are real upsides to the "50 Shades" phenomenon, too. Wandering round a branch of W H Smith last week, I was struck by the thought that much of it looked like a kinky porn shop – with entire displays given over to salacious, kink-themed volumes. Now, most of those are badly-written too – but it has to be good that kink is more in the open, with people confident browsing, buying and reading this sort of thing – our sort of thing – in public.

Whilst there's a sense of a publishing bandwagon, and the quality of many of the books on display is (to put it kindly) variable, some of those flying off the shelves are –

like Sophie's memoir – really good. And they most certainly wouldn't have troubled the bestseller lists before Ms James's trilogy caught readers' (and hence publishers') imagination. Compare and contrast sales other excellent publications in the genre in the past: specifically, I'm thinking of my erstwhile friend Niki Flynn's 'Dances with Werewolves', still the one book I'd recommend above all others to those wanting to read a kinky memoir.

"50 Shades" has introduced some, I'm sure, to their kinky sides – giving them the confidence and inspiration to explore, or at least talk to their partners about, naughty fantasies. That's great, too.

It's also provided avenues for some kinky people to share their interests more openly with family or friends. "I'm into spanking" seems like a harsh truth. "You know that '50 Shades' book? Well I rather like that sort of thing" seems more palatable and socially-acceptable for those wanting or needing to 'out' themselves in some way. (Hey, I'm even doing a "50 Shades"-themed presentation at a business conference in Arizona next year: I'd never have dared do that in the past!)

It's even been responsible for turning round the sales fortunes and profitability of some booksellers. In an era where the high-street bookshop is increasingly under threat from online vendors and electronic downloads, this has to be excellent news.

So, ladies and gentlemen: here's to "50 Shades". I think folks like us should be celebrating it – realising the good it's done for kink and its place in the world. It's too easy to focus on the negatives at times.

The prefect and the girl

Posted on 26 November, 2012

Oh, how naughtily my mind works at times...

A school in which punishments are administered late at night, before lights out...

The head prefect and a girl from the lower sixth flirt wildly at a party. The following evening the lass is summonsed in her pyjamas from the dorm to his study. She looks shocked, scared on hearing the instruction; the other girls offer sympathy for the punishment inevitably to come.

“You wanted to see me?” she asks him nervously. “I rather thought the feeling might be mutual,” he replies, pulling her towards him. The sex that follows is wild, unrestrained...

Afterwards, he reaches for the cane hanging on the back of his study door. “I know you girls inspect each other’s marks,” he says. “So I really do need to give you a few strokes before you leave, otherwise people will wonder what we’ve been doing.” And he bends her back over the desk on which he so recently fucked her, and leaves four perfect weals before sending her to bed...

DD revisited

Posted on 5 December, 2012

I’ve long said that “domestic discipline” isn’t really my thing – that, whilst spontaneous whackings for occasional misbehaviour can work wonderfully, anything on-going based on more formal, comprehensive and systemic rules and accompanying punishments doesn’t quite work for me.

The “making a girl feel worse so that she feels better” absolutism for real-life transgressions isn’t really my thing

when it comes to helping someone keep on track with things that matter to them. I prefer to offer support (moral and practical) in ways other than the threat of painful enforcement – and accompanying disappointment – should rules be breached.

Yet the last time I wrote about it, I confessed that I was wavering somewhat. And I was challenged on the topic again the other day by a friend. The essence of their argument: is it **really** not my thing, or do I just say that because it hasn't featured in my relationships in recent years? Am I merely hiding behind a façade of “not interested” as a self-defence mechanism, dodging a different perspective: “I'd find it hot – but I wasn't very good at it when I did try, and no-one actually wants that sort of arrangement with me anyway”?

It's certainly something that, to my surprise, I've found myself fantasising about more and more: to have that deep-seated mutual trust whereby someone puts themselves in my hands (emotionally and physically) to help re-enforce one or more aspects of their real life behaviour. To have the self-confidence to be authoritative enough to administer the punishments, harshly if needed, yet in a caring and supportive context. To beat someone (consenting) for real, for their good, not for their ultimate pleasure or in role. To know she's as upset at having let herself (and hence me) down as she is scared of the beating to come. To see the fear in her eyes – before and during her punishment. To hold her afterwards when it's over, and reassure her that she's a good girl. To believe that it would help her to be happier overall.

Now I'd always assumed that if I were to administer DD, it would have to be within a loving relationship. And that dynamic simply isn't there with the girl I love, who in any case already has a disciplinary relationship: there'd be no real room for a second 'enforcer', even if either of us wanted that – which we decidedly don't.

But I'm not now sure I think that it's necessarily true that it wouldn't work with someone less close. All-encompassing DD, with a wide set of rules and deferred consequences, is perhaps too intimate for me to want to do with someone who wasn't my primary partner. (That's a personal preference, by the way, not meaning to judge others who see it differently).

But a student needing someone to monitor her work and her grades, for example? That could be rather hot. And there are other scenarios that might work too. It's all theoretical, frankly: it's not going to feature in my life any time soon or ever. But I'm surprised by my reaction to the challenging question, and somewhat intrigued. And it's always fun to let one's mind wander...

Kinky Amazon

Posted on 13 December, 2012

The other day there was a knock on the door from a delivery driver, asking whether I'd mind signing for an Amazon box for the young couple who live opposite. Not a problem, of course.

I couldn't help but snigger, though. See, it's rare that a shipment arrives for me from Amazon without at least one naughty item inside – a book, perhaps, or a more interesting and practical accessory of some description. So to my sub-conscious, Amazon deliveries equal kinky fun.

As a result, I couldn't help but wonder what my neighbours had purchased, and what the ever-so-cute lass in the couple would end up having done to her as a result of their new items. Excerpts read to her from a book about spanking, and then re-enacted? A new implement put to good and painful use as she bent over their bed? A vibrator, even, perhaps used as she was tied to the bed begging for... For what? For him to stop tormenting her?

For permission to orgasm? For him to put down the toy and fuck her?

I managed to keep a straight face when I wandered over later to give them the parcel, shortly after they'd returned from work. That the husband of the couple came to the door in a bathrobe – and clearly headed straight back upstairs with it once he'd taken it from me – did little to quell my pervy thoughts!

Father and daughter

Posted on 27 December, 2012

A smart, serious-looking gentleman sat opposite me on the train back from London the other night. At a station twenty minutes or so into the journey, his daughter boarded the train.

They chatted about her evening. She'd been to a friend's house for the day (Lottie, whose mum had cooked lasagna, if you're wondering). "They're such nice people, daddy," she explained excitedly. "And her brothers are really nice.'

At this point, reality and fantasy set off down separate paths. In the former, the father chatted happily away for the rest of the journey. In the latter, he'd started to enquire just how 'nice' the boys were; he'd noticed that he jacket gave off the unmistakable aroma of cigarette smoke; he'd begun probing in more detail. Actually, her friend's parents had been out for the evening. A few boys from the local village had called round with some vodka...

He'd raised his hand to silence her confession: "I don't want to hear any more. We'll deal with what you've told me when we get home." And when their station came, he'd taken her firmly by the wrist and led her off the train and to his car.

They'd journeyed home in silence; she'd been sent straight to her room; his thick, doubled-over belt had impressed on her that there was a considerable difference between asking for permission to visit Lottie for the evening and going to a party. She'd have cried herself to remorseful sleep that night. Poor thing: I almost feel sorry for her...!

2013

The paddle and the cane: a scene

Posted on 21 January, 2013

A simple-but-lovely scene at Emma Jane's the other evening.

Lucy Matthews was a lower-sixth former at St Claire's, a good girls' boarding school. Along with a few of her friends – and one of their staff, Mr Jenkins – she was participating in a term-long exchange programme with a US school.

Some weeks into their stay, Lucy found herself late one weekend evening knocking sheepishly at Jenkins' study door. She knew why she was there, of course: she and three of her new American friends had been caught playing truant that afternoon.

Of course, she was right that there was no harm in itself in going to experience a ballgame whilst in the States. "But you were given the rulebook to read, and it's very clear that you must have permission before leaving the campus," the master explained.

A sullen look: "It's a very long document." That hardly helped her cause. The rule, Jenkins explained, was their for the girls' safety: staff had a duty to know where they were. Her other three friends were, at that moment, in the Principal's office. And she'd know from the rulebook, and from her fellow pupils, what the punishment was.

And, of course, it would be most unfair if Lucy wasn't dealt with in same way. "You need to be made to realise why this school has such a strong reputation for

discipline.” Only, it had been agreed that it would be more appropriate for Mr Jenkins to punish her. “So I’m going to give you the paddle,” he explained. “Bend over and place your hands on the chair.”

She looked so very vulnerable as she did so, as he took the heavy implement. “I’m going to give you four swats.” They were delivered slowly; hard enough to hurt and teach her a deserved lesson, but not excessively so. Perhaps he wanted her to realise how much more severe a paddling could be if she misbehaved again?

She looked so very sorry when she stood up – but there was more to come. “I’ve also spoken to the headmaster back as St Claire’s.” He’d wanted Jenkins to pass on his disappointment at how Lucy had let down the school and damaged its reputation with their hosts. “And, of course, you’ve broken our rules too. The headmaster agrees with me that that needs dealing with, too.”

“But you’ve already punished me, sir!”

“For breaking our host school’s regulations, young lady. But you are, and remain, a pupil at St Claire’s – and you have broken our rules too, never mind letting down the school.” He walked past her and took a cane from the corner of the room.

“Bend back over. I’m going to give you six of the best: it seems our traditions require more strokes than our American friends. And take down your pyjamas and knickers; you know our tradition is for punishments to be on the bare.”

Her bottom was already bright red from her paddling; the six cane stripes added pattern to her marks. And then she was told to dress. She apologised: “I’m sorry, sir.”

“I know. I’ve persuaded the headmaster that we don’t need to mention this on the punishment list on the noticeboards at school.”

“Thank you, sir...”

He placed a caring hand on her shoulder: “Now: we don’t need to mention this again. Tme for you to go to bed, Lucy...”

And he sent her on her way. (Only, after a few steps, EJ was back tightly in my arms for the tightest of hugs).

—

I liked Lucy as a character a great deal. I think I’d rather like to meet her again. She’s a sensible girl, I think, and one who’d be duly chastened by her punishment. (And, after all, I’m sure the other American pupils would learn of it, much to her shame).

But were she to stray again? Perhaps with Jenkins dealing with her in preference to mentioning the matter to their hosts? And/or maybe she might find herself in trouble with him the following term, back home? We’ll see...!

Alice returns: an intense scene

Posted on 23 January, 2013

So, Alice re-appeared at Mr Jenkins’ house. Not, of course that she’d been forgotten.

He was rather taken aback to see her when she knocked on the door, but the hug was heartfelt. He’d been uneasy about what had happened; about sending her to Mr Murdstone; about how her new owner had abused her during the interview. He’d hoped she was OK. And the chance to hold her tight was delightful; needed.

She was in tears: overcome by emotion at being back in the house that had been her home for so long. He had her sit next to him on the sofa; held her hand; told her of the letter he’d received from her employer praising her for her hard work. He was proud of her. It was so lovely to see

her. He pushed the book he'd been reading to one side: "It's about the Great Exhibition a few years ago. I went, you know: I must have told you about it?"

But why was she here? Murdstone was away for the weekend, it seemed. She'd been lonely and scared in his big house. She thought Mr Jenkins wouldn't mind if she came to see him...?

Of course not. She was always welcome. But how was she doing? He tried to sound positive, fearing the reply. Her face said it all; he hardly needed to hear her tell that the intimacies she'd been forced to offer in the interview were being required of her regularly. Ashamed; scared; lost. Trembling. No hugs could quell her free-flowing tears.

He hoped she'd understood? That he had had to find her work. That his establishment depended on his so doing. That he'd been sorry to see her go; worried about her; but that he had to think of the other girls – and of future girls he could help. That he'd hoped that she, of all girls, might be strong enough to understand. To withstand. But the crumpled girl beside him clearly could not.

And, she blurted out, she'd lied. Murdstone wasn't away in the country; she'd simply fled his house. She knew she shouldn't have done, but she hadn't been able to stand it a moment longer. He'd told her he was going to use her intimately that night in the one way he'd not yet taken her. She couldn't bear it; it was so wrong. She was sorry not to have been honest.

He held her hand, shocked at what she'd said. An agreement was reached. He couldn't keep her here: that she had to understand. She was Murdstone's now, legally. But Jenkins couldn't leave the other girls alone in the house; it was too late and dark and snowy for him to send Alice home. (And, anyway, doing so was the last thing he wanted). He'd let her stay for the night; she could use his

bed and he'd sleep on the sofa. But in the morning, he'd have to send her back.

She was led upstairs. Only, before bed, he would need to deal with her for lying. She knew that. She'd always been an honest girl, he said. And no matter how hard times were, she should never lose sight of that. He was going to punish her – in the same way he'd punished her the very first time, when she'd arrived at the age of fourteen. Over his knees, her bottom bared. A hand spanking, as hard and sustained as he'd administered in many years. She sobbed. Oh, how she sobbed. And it was a relief to both of them, it seemed, when he could stop and tuck her up in bed with a chaste hug and goodnight kiss.

He turned off the light. He left her crying; prayed she'd find some peace and sleep. And he went back downstairs to finish his book. It was ten minutes later that the quiet evening was disturbed by loud banging at the door...

—

Now, here's the thing. This was as intense a scene as I've ever played. Up to this point, the account's written in the third person. It's about the characters of Alice and Mr Jenkins. And as I started to write what happened next, I could only process it in the first person. Me, not him...

—

It was Murdstone at the door, demanding to be let in; I'd recognise his voice anywhere. He looked furious; I tried to calm him.

"It's good to see you." I reached out my hand. He almost crushed it as he shook it.

We stood in the corridor; I knew Alice must be able to hear what was happening. I dreaded what she must be thinking. He demanded loudly to know where she was: "I know she must be here."

I explained what had happened as best I could so as to protect her. She'd been out for a walk; the snow had closed in; she'd been scared and had come to my house as it was close by. I'd told her she could stay til morning; I hadn't wanted her to come to any harm out alone late at night.

"She's my girl now. You have no business with her." I was taken aback by the force of his anger; scared at what this man might do. He demanded her back; I told him we'd better go upstairs. (Oh, and later, how I wished I'd told him to leave: that she was sleeping; that she'd be back before breakfast).

She looked terrified as he burst into the bedroom. Cowered as he lectured her. She had no business leaving the house without permission; he'd made that very plain. Had she asked for permission?

"No, sir."

I tried to intervene: reminding him how pleased he was with her work, of the letter he had sent. It wasn't working; nothing I could do could calm his fury. Alice was to be punished, and severely. (But I'd already spanked her. Could I not have told him that? Saved her?)

He asked for an implement. I pointed him to the box of straps under the window. He picked one of the thickest and heaviest. (Should I not have chosen one for him? A light one – severe in looks but less so in application)

He made her kneel up on the bed: shoulders down, bottom high. I walked round and held her hands. The strokes were brutal: I watched her wince and sob through each, powerless to protect her. (But she'd been my favourite girl; my best girl. How could I have let it come to this?)

And then she clenched her fists, pushing my hands away. Absorbed in the battle to take the whipping – or rejecting me? Her former mentor, the person she trusted, who'd abandoned her knowingly to this brute? Her safest

place; her home; violated. (How could I have done this to her? Should I not have sent Murdstone away when he first came looking for a girl, rather than ceding to his demands and the lure of his money? Would I not have found another employer for her soon?)

He only, actually, gave her seven strokes before stopping. He'd continue the punishment in private when he got her home – and then there was the other matter he'd told her he'd attend to that night.

I asked him to wait downstairs as Alice dressed. She was shaking as she stood before me. I tried to take her hand, to calm her. She was distant, distraught, desperate to leave. She'd lost any hope, any energy to fight. She was lost to me, for sure. And so I led her to the stairs, to her fate, and hated myself more than anything.

—

The deepest of roleplay, with such trusted play partners. The depth of my reactions astounded me, as did Alice's. Or Bambi's. Or both, as she and I each spent the next few hours drifting mentally and emotionally back from real life to our characters.

The Hunter played his part superbly. Mr Jenkins was genuinely intimidated by him, genuinely scared for Alice. I was at a loss how to dissuade him from his course of action. (And Murdstone's anger and fury? Goodness, but he's a good roleplayer!)

Later, Bambi and I cuddled; much-needed tight hugs. We talked about what had happened. About Alice. About what lay ahead for her. About how Mr Jenkins regretted having let her be taken by such a dreadful man; about how he wanted to rescue her – but about how this story couldn't have a happy ending. Could it?

Wow. Just wow. Roleplay doesn't get any better than this.

The Worshipful Company – a group scene

Posted on 30 January, 2013

How to describe the hottest group scene I've ever been involved in, which took place at my house last weekend?

Perhaps I should start with the aftermath. I'd cooked dinner at Emma Jane's the following evening for a visiting vanilla friend. EJ sat down on one of her wooden chairs, and immediately stood back up and fetched a cushion. The chair was 'too low for the table' otherwise; we both avoided each others' eyes and managed not to snigger, knowing the real reason she couldn't sit in comfort.

We had gathered on Saturday under the auspices of the Worshipful Company of Corporal Punishers, this time meeting in the Regency era (and all immaculately dressed in period costume). A more wonderful group one couldn't hope to assemble: trusting; trustworthy; great roleplayers; fabulous and genuine people. Oh, and frankly in the case of the ladies: all beautiful, brave and downright hot.

There was sparkling conversation, in character; dinner and fine wines, interrupted by spankings for certain misbehaving young ladies; plentiful laughter. An air of joyous and spontaneous naughtiness prevailed. Everything just clicked.

And EJ, as my co-host, was on her finest and flirtiest form; how I adored the way in which she carried the scene; how gorgeous she looked; how proud Lord Jenkins was to have her as his partner.

Oh, and there were beatings too, of course. Each girl, for example, bent over naked in turn to take six strokes – or the equivalent – from each of the six tops. My malacca cane, one of my most severe implements, was put to good and hard effect when I came to beat one of the girls; I gave another of them her first-ever spray birching.

Nine or so of the most memorable hours of my life, from the moment the ladies were formally presented to the gentlemen, until we finally tumbled into bed for sleep at 3am. Such dear friends. And memories that will make me smile (and in some cases blush) for a very long time to come. I can't begin to express how grateful I am to all those who made the evening such a success, but I count myself a very lucky man indeed.

“Inappropriately attired”

Posted on 25 February, 2013

I spend much of my time between London meetings in a rather fine Pall Mall establishment. It's a great place to hide away and catch up with emails – or to stop for an hour or two and allow myself time to think more creatively about work issues and opportunities.

The other day, I found myself in town for two relatively informal meetings. I was more casually dressed than usual, so had to steer clear of the usual grand clubhouse in favour of its more casual near-neighbour. After all, it struck me, one wouldn't want to be accused of being “improperly attired”.

And oh, how that phrase set my mind wandering. A young lady was visiting a private club, for tea with an older, somewhat strict gentleman of who she was becoming increasingly fond. She'd not realised quite how formal the place was: her casual clothes were quite out of place.

Other members frowned in her direction; the club's secretary had a quiet word in the gentleman's ear, and then spoke directly and courteously to her: “Madam: it's a pleasure to see you today. We do, however, have a dress code in here. Whilst you are very welcome as you are as

our guest this afternoon, might I ask that you take a moment to consult it before any future visit?"

That second visit ended up arranged at short notice. He'd called, hopefully optimistic: "I'm at the club. I don't suppose you're free to join me for a cocktail when you finish work?"

Happily: "That'd be lovely."

Caringly: "That's lovely. It'll be so nice to see you. Are you dressed appropriately, though, after last time?"

Confidently: "I've been at work, so I'm sure I'll be fine."

Whilst they were sipping their drinks later, the membership secretary appeared once again – this time with two uniformed staff. "Might I disturb you, sir?" "Of course." He turned to her and asked her to stand.

"We spoke last time about our dress code, I believe, Miss..."

"Susan."

"Miss...?"

"Oh: Jackson. Susan Jackson."

"And did you get a chance to read the document in question before today's visit?"

"I... I came from work. I assumed this would be fine."

"Indeed? I thought we had an agreement that you would study the document in question." He turned to her friend. "May I deal with the matter, sir?"

"Naturally."

The club secretary turned back to the Susan, the other members now watching and listening intently. "Miss Jackson, had you shown the necessary diligence, you'd have known that this..." – her low-cut blouse, with a button too many open – "... or this..." – the hem of her skirt, above her knees – "never mind your bare legs, all directly contravene our rules. And that's before I conduct a more, shall we say, thorough inspection. And if girls insist on being inappropriately attired, we have to teach them a lesson."

“I am sorry, sir, I... No! Please! Stop!” The two staff had seized her hands; the club officer was unbuttoning her blouse. “A lesson, Miss Jackson, that they won’t forget.”

She looked to her friend, pleading, but saw that he was fully complicit in events. Stripping her was done expertly, quickly, without any heed for her protests. The official addressed her as she stood naked before the room – still held tight, unable to cover herself. “We uphold traditions and high standards here, Miss Jackson, as you need to learn if you’re to be a regular visitor. Now, Mr Jenkins: would you care to deal with the matter here, or in private?”

“I think we’ll deal with it in private, thank you.”

“Very good, sir. If you’d care to use the private dining room, you’ll find the necessary items in the sideboard.”

And so it was that she was led, naked, through the corridors, and shown into a fine room with a large oak table, overlooked by stained-glass windows. So it was that he spoke to her firmly about his disappointment in her; about how he expected more from a young lady of her calibre.

So it was that he told her, clearly and starkly, that he was going to teach her a much-needed lesson and punish her. That she should bend over the end of the table and stretch outwards.

So it was that he fetched a cane – doubtless well-used over the years – and informed her that she would receive twelve strokes: six for her failure to check the rules, the balance for letting him down.

So it was that she cried after the third; pleaded her apologies after the sixth; fell silent other than for her sobs for the final few.

So it was that he took her back downstairs, her striped buttocks on display for all to see. Told her to dress. And then, lifting her tear-stained eyes caringly to his, asked

whether she would like to accompany him upstairs to his suite...

The last palace

Posted on 7 March, 2013

To Spencer House, which I always describe as London's hidden gem – its last surviving 18th century private palace, overlooking Green Park, restored in the 80s at huge expense by Lord Rothschild. It's only open on Sundays; only by private tour; and it's not really on the main tourist trail at all. And that's despite it being a wonderful place – most especially the famed Green Room.

What struck me was the number of candles, in lights and chandeliers in every room. Picture the maid whose job it was to light them every evening,

Picture early one evening: a candle falling. Flames: the chair or carpet beneath quickly aflame. Quick-thinking by the butler – water quenching the fire; calm restored.

And then the reckoning – for his Lordship would surely have to be told. “Birch her,” he'd instruct. “And I want to watch – to make sure you do it thoroughly.”

Later that evening, after dinner, the Earl would retire to his private quarters and ring for the butler. The girl would be brought before him. She'd be stripped, and tied over a table, begging for mercy which would not be forthcoming.

The butler would take the well-soaked rods, and flog her without mercy. She's writhe, scream, plead: the louder her protests, the harder the thrashing. Until the master of the house removed his jacket, rolled up his sleeves, and took the birch himself.

He's break her, quickly. Then flog her more, until he was satisfied with her complete surrender. And then he'd lay down the implement, and tell the butler: “I'm going to

bed. I'd like to see her marks in my study after breakfast in the morning."

Missing church

Posted on 15 March, 2013

The centre of Bath is dominated by a large and rather lovely old Abbey. One imagines families in the Regency era treating Sunday service as an opportunity to show off: to see and to be seen by their fellow visitors to the spa town.

So: one Sunday morning. The servants rouse the family early, in good time for them to dress in their finest clothes. Father, mother, sons gather in the hallway of the grand house ready for the short carriage ride – and wait impatiently for the daughter to appear. Eventually, a maid is despatched to find her, and returns with the news that the lass had fallen back asleep and was not dressed for church.

That she would be thrashed by her father would go without saying. But how would the news be broken to her? Would her father storm to her room, seizing a riding crop on the way; slap her soundly across the face and push her over the end of her bed, lifting her nightdress and whipping her relentlessly?

Or would he lead the rest of the family out as planned, despatching the butler back upstairs: "Your father asked me to inform you that they have gone to church as planned, and that he will see you in the drawing room on his return to discuss your absence with you. And he wanted you to know that he has asked me to cut a selection of switches from the garden before he gets back..."

The consequences of her night out

Posted on 23 March, 2013

Wandering back through Budapest to my (very nice, very cheap, very five-star) hotel one evening on a recent business trip, after an excellent dinner, I found myself strolling next to four student-aged Hungarian girls – one of whom was one of the cutest lasses I’ve seen in a very long time.

Now I couldn’t let a girl that adorable disappear from my sight without at least a little fantasy, could I?

She was a student at the top local University. The friends been out to a trendy bar; had drunk a few cocktails, flirted with some boys. When she’d got back to her dorm, feeling happy and pretty, she’d emailed her boyfriend to wish him a flirtatious goodnight, and to say how much she was looking forward to seeing him the following evening. She’d undressed, climbed into bed, reached for her well-used vibrator...

Now, you see, said boyfriend was a few years older than her: a tutor, as it turned out, in another department at the University. He’d texted in the morning: “You were up late last night. Did you manage to finish your essay?”

“Erm, not quite...”

“How not quite...?”

“I need to do some more on it this afternoon.”

“But it’s due in at 5?”

“It’ll be OK. I got a bit distracted.”

It wouldn’t have taken much for him to uncover the truth – that “a bit distracted” when she should have been in the library equated to a night out on the town. Their discussion when she reached his house that evening had been direct: “You’re aiming for a first-class degree. You won’t get that by rushing through work on the afternoon before it’s due in. You’ve let yourself down. And you’ve

disappointed me. And it appears you need to be taught a lesson.”

He'd sent her upstairs to his bedroom, with instructions to strip and wait for him on his bed: kneeling, shoulders down, bottom presented high in the air. He'd left her to wait for a few minutes; to anticipate; to dread; to feel guilty and sorry. He'd been calm, softly-spoken when he'd walked into the room and taken the cane from the wardrobe: that he intended to make her a very repentant girl; that it was for her own good. That as twelve strokes hadn't driven home the message the previous time, he was going to double it. She was crying before he even started; she was sobbing uncontrollably by the time she nestled into his welcoming, protective arms after the punishment was over.

“Did you touch yourself last night when you got home?” he'd ask, once she was calmer, back in control. “Yes, sir: I did.” “Then I think we can do better than that this evening, don't you?” “Yes, sir. Please, sir...” And slowly, gently, so as not to hurt her more than was necessary, he'd rolled her onto her back and parted her legs, and had taken his girl deeply and lovingly...

The consequences for a prefect

Posted on 4 April, 2013

Her confidence, her bravado had gone long before it was my turn to deal with her. Mr Darrow had seen to that.

To begin with, she'd been unapologetic. Yes, she'd been in the nightclub; yes, she'd had a drink. But it was only three months until she was due to leave; we should be treating the senior pupils as adults; it was “the done thing”. Her housemaster, of course, had disagreed, and determined that the maximum of twelve strokes

permitted under the school rules was appropriate given her lack of remorse. He'd punished her with severity, using a heavy cane. He'd clearly driven home his message.

Yet Laura was no mere ordinary pupil. And when a prefect so blatantly breaks the rules she is duty-bound to uphold, it falls to the headmaster to deal with her. She looked nervous for the first time as she stood before me.

"Why did I appoint you as a prefect, Laura?" She stumbled through the explanations: because she was a good girl, not one to get into trouble. Because I thought she could do the job?" "Because," as I pointed out, "I trusted you." And so she was reduced to tears even before the next question: "And so whom have you let down with your conduct last night?"

The girl was crying openly as she worked through the list of those she's disappointed. Herself, me, her family, her housemaster. "The other prefects; the girls who respected you," I added. "And so I'm going to punish you."

Another twelve strokes – this time, hands outstretched to be tawsed, hard, with an extra heavy strap. I sensed her reflex to flinch; warned her of the consequences before the final blow; determined that she had moved her hands slightly before the blow descended, and reapplied it. And then I told her that it was inconceivable that she could continue as a prefect, and that I was removing her forthwith from that office.

And to drive home the gravity of the situation? An exemplary punishment. Six more with the tawse from me, as she bent over the desk – struggling to hold onto it with her punished hands. And then – because if she was now a junior girl, she needed dealing with as such – came the slippering. From headmaster then housemaster in turn, applying the plimsoll with the utmost force, as she writhed and sobbed – all composure long gone. And then a very beaten girl was allowed to get to her feet.

—

To play one of the most intense school scenes I can recall, after so many over the years, gave me the greatest buzz imaginable.

Huge thanks to The Hunter, who played Mr Darrow, the strict housemaster, superbly. And thanks and big hugs to Bambi; the depth to which she managed to inhabit her character so completely meant that I was able to go incredibly satisfyingly-deep into character myself. Just wonderful. Just wonderful.

The cost of betrayal

Posted on 8 April, 2013

A dark little mini-story idea that distracted me one morning when I should have been packing for my move last week!

—

He sits at the end of the room, on a comfortable chair. The girl stands before him, her wrists held tightly by two of his men. “I trusted you,” he tells her, “and now you’re going to learn the cost of betraying me.” He clicks his fingers; they begin their work as he sits silently and watches.

One holds her as the other strips her, touching her, commenting as he does. She writhes in protest, but they are too strong. She shouts at them to stop – at him to make it stop; they slap her face, hard. It silences her. They bend her over the end of a table; bind her with rope. Take spray birches from the bucket; thrash her with them – a minute’s punishment, a minute’s rest, a minute’s punishment, repeated.

When they let her stand, she pleads apologies. He says nothing; they silence her by forcing her to her knees, unzipping their trousers, thrusting themselves into her mouth in turn. Then they tie her again, her hands high about her head; the whip cracks through the air and across her back, raising welts each time.

She screams. She begs. They talk to her, about her, in a language she doesn't understand. He sits in silence. Even as they rape her. Even as they push her back over the desk, strap her down once more and cane her, alternating strokes (one left-handed, one right-handed).

She whimpers. They each take her arse.

They untie her.

She stays in position, silent, awaiting the next form of abuse. And he clicks his fingers once more.

They bring her to him, holding her up. "You were the best of my girls. I'm sorry it came to this. Now take her away..."

The locked door

Posted on 12 April, 2013

As EJ and I lazed in bed one morning shortly before I left my old place, I happened to glance past her and notice something odd about the half-open door.

It had never struck me before, but the door had clearly once been lockable. And not from the inside, for the hole in the wood where said lock had formerly been fitted was such that the room could only have been locked from the *outside*.

Perhaps I was missing an obvious scene amidst so many in the house over the years – one that recreated

events that must surely have occurred at some point in its century or so of existence.

A girl locked in her room, sent naked to bed, left to contemplate her misconduct and her fate. Footsteps on the stairs then the landing outside. The key inserted into the door, turning. The door swinging open. The gentleman standing before her, birch (freshly cut from the garden) ready to beat her without mercy until she screamed and sobbed.

Her apologies. Her pleas for clemency, for mercy. His steadfast gaze, unforgiving words: “Bend over the end of the bed. It’s time for you to learn a lesson you won’t forget...”

The Railway Tawse

Posted on 24 April, 2013

The faded glory of the canopies of Perth station, in north-east Scotland, always feels evocative of a former era, of steam locomotives pulling luxurious Pullman sleeper carriages.

A sign to the station manager’s office caught my eye. The very office that a girl in the 1930s would have been led to, clasped firmly by the wrist, after she’d been caught having hidden away without a ticket on the London to Inverness express.

They’d have used the strap up here, of course, given the proximity to Lochgelly. Perhaps there was even a special Railway Tawse: extra extra heavy, but extremely flexible, to be used on girls caught evading their fares. Her not explanations and protestations were dismissed out of hand, for the manager had no tolerance whatsoever for those found thieving from the company. And hence the whipping would be especially hard, with two members of

station staff holding her tight over the manager's desk as he lifted her skirt, bared her bottom, and punished her.

They'd have heard everything from the platform outside, of course. That would add to her humiliation when they sent her on her way and she emerged to the curious – and not entirely sympathetic – gazes of fellow passengers. And then there'd be the question of how she could continue her journey – either further north, or back to England – given she had no money. I do wonder what she might have to do to bribe one of the station staff to issue her with a ticket, and how shamed she'd have been when complying with his forceful demands.

The ordeals of a stowaway

Posted on 9 July, 2013

Oh, the poor lass I dreamt of the other night. See, she deserved to be punished for being a stowaway: it was well-known that any girl found trying to make her way without papers to the New World would be flogged. But no girl expects to be caught, when she finds herself a nice hiding place before the boat sets sail from Liverpool.

Brought on deck a mere day into the voyage; stripped; manhandled by the crew before the captain arrived. Tied down with rope; caned severely – three dozen strokes.

For the rest of the journey? A plaything for the officers. Made to stand, naked, in the corner of the room as they played cards – each man gambling for the right to take her to his bunk for the night and use her as he wanted.

On arrival on the far side of the Atlantic: handed over to the authorities. Her lack of paperwork ensured another flogging: hands bound above her head in the market place, again quite naked before the onlookers, as the magistrate whipped her back – showing no mercy.

Ordered onto the next boat home. Sneaking away from her captors. Stealing clean clothes from a line; going from house to house seeking work. Eventually finding a position as a maid; working hard; doing well. Spanked occasionally by the housekeeper: which girl wasn't? Strapped once by the butler, but too good to ever be hauled before her employers to be birched.

Months later, a guest appearing at dinner and to stay overnight. She recognised the captain of the ship on which she sailed immediately, of course. Sadly for her, the recognition was mutual. "Come and see me in my room later," he commented. And there, as he started to remove her uniform, he promised to say nothing to his friends, provided she was a good and obedient girl for him...

To the stables

Posted on 11 July, 2013

I'm picturing the master of the house, holding a dishevelled girl by the hair – her maid's dress uniform half removed. He speaks to his butler: "She tells me she's a virgin and so refuses me."

"But my lord, should you want her..."

"Indeed. But there's another way. Take her to the stables. Tie her and whip her for her insolence. And then let the stablehands deal with the issue that is making her so unwilling. You can bring her back to me tomorrow evening, by when there'll be no impediment to her being an obedient girl for me... And I shall be able to inspect her marks to be sure you've flogged her sufficiently severely."

The mill owner

Posted on 23 July, 2013

Oh, such a hot dream...

The Victorian mill owner was showing his premises to some distinguished visitors. As they talked, they heard a commotion down below on the factor floor. They looked down: two girls were brawling. A supervisor moved in quickly to break up the fight; the owner beckoned one of his staff across. "Have them wait outside my office. And make sure there's a plentiful supply of fresh and sturdy birches."

He turned back to his guests: "My apologies. I've never seen anything like that before. They'll be dealt with, of course."

Cut to later: a boardroom. Two girls tied naked, facing one another, at opposite ends of a large polished table. The mill owner taking turns – flogging one, moving on to the other, returning to the first. Harsh. Merciless. Defiance giving way to sobs; sobs to screams; screams to muffled, beaten whimpers.

The family visit

Posted on 12 August, 2013

It was a busy train back from Gatwick into central London, which is how I came to find myself standing next to the Scandinavian family.

Daughter living in London – a student at the end of her first year at Uni? Course notes stuffed into her carrier bag (a good girl, clearly, who'd used the time on the train out and whilst waiting at the airport to study). Beaming from ear to ear; almost jumping up and down with excitement and pride.

Mum and dad. Younger sister and brother. Hugs and happiness all round. Her new city to show off to them; them to show off to those she knew in her new city.

The family would all be staying together in a hotel, I surmised, but she'd show off her student digs to them the following morning. That night, it would be straight to bed for her younger siblings; she'd then wish her parents goodnight.

"And do you want to deal with the matter we need to discuss tonight, or leave it until tomorrow?" her father would ask. She'd hang her head in shame, knowing there was no point in arguing: this was a matter of when (and how hard), not if.

"Tonight, please, daddy."

"Very good. Then go to your room and get ready for bed. I shall come and see you in ten minutes."

"Yes, daddy. I'm sorry."

Damn those friends who'd posted the photos and tagged her on Facebook. Damn herself, for being so stupid as to try: just a few puffs on a joint, as everyone else was doing. And now she was to face the consequences she'd been dreading for the past six weeks.

It was the same as it had always been. The wait. The knock on her door. Letting him in.

The lecture; his evident disappointment in her too crushing to bear. His belt, unbuckled. "The usual position": lifting her nightie, lowering her knickers, bending over duly bared with her hands on the mattress.

And then the whipping. Hard. Unforgiving. He'd once told her that if she didn't deserve to be thrashed hard, she wouldn't be being thrashed at all.

Her tears.

And after, his arms, enveloping her. And the gentle kiss on her forehead once she was tucked up in bed, before he wished her goodnight...

Vegas Voyeur

Posted on 5 September, 2013

So, at one point whilst we are all gathered late on the first evening of Shadow Lane in the living room of our top-floor suite, EJ is beckoned over to one of the gentlemen – Fireman Chris – and taken through into the adjoining bedroom to feel a taste of his oh-so-hard ebony hairbrush. Just the two of them, in private.

Only... what they don't realise, having not closed the door and the curtains not being drawn, was that we all have a perfect view of proceedings, reflected in the floor-to-ceiling windows.

My girl, held in place over his knees with her upper body resting on the bed. Her skirt lifted up, her white knickers pulled up and offering no protection. Her bottom already bright red, incredibly tender. The brush administered firmly, slowly,

Her little cries at the harder strokes. Plaintive yelps after others. Her leg kicking occasionally, a reflex when the brush really has an impact. So adorable.

And then, when he finishes with her, they come back to join the group and we tell them that they have had an audience. Neither seems to mind...

Watching my girl being spanked hard, by a top I greatly like and trust, without her knowing she was being observed? Not something I'd ever particularly considered. But oh, the most beautiful and hottest thing imaginable... (And now my mind is full of other voyeuristic fantasies!)

The whipping girl

Posted on 25 September, 2013

Alias was already a sore girl by the time we met up with Olivia Crowe in Brussels last Saturday morning. A combination of straps, with the additional help of a rather lovely small wooden paddle I'd picked up at Shadow Lane, had left her especially well-marked after our first evening's play.

Now, Olivia and I have known each other for a few years – in which time we've never played, given that her boyfriend is her only male top. That doesn't mean that she won't misbehave, and that I can't and won't scold – and that we won't both have great fun in so doing. But honouring a friend's preferences, and those of her partner, is important to me – and I hugely respect her for the unwavering importance she accords to her relationship. So we won't cross the line into actual play.

As the three of us wandered back from visiting an old prison (as you do on days out!), I mentioned the concept of the whipping girl: where it wasn't deemed appropriate for a princess (say) to receive corporal punishment, another young lady would be nominated to take floggings on her behalf. "Why would the girl do that?" I was asked. "Because her father – a Duke, perhaps – might volunteer her services as a gesture of loyalty to the king," I explained. (I have no idea if that's historically accurate, but it should be...!)

The conclusion from that was obvious: that, as Olivia couldn't be spanked no matter how badly she behaved during the day, Alias would have to take her punishments for her. "I'm a princess," squealed Olivia excitedly. Her new friend looked a little more worried...

...as well she might have been. We dealt out the punishment in the hotel later: one stroke of the riding crop forming the penalty for each of Olivia's 16 offences.

Only, I rather suspect, it was Olivia who felt the more punished of the two, having to watch her friend being thrashed on her behalf. (Emphasis on ‘having to watch’: a girl should see the consequences of her actions). And that, of course, is the very point of the ‘whipping girl’ scheme, done right.

Such fun! And great to find an excuse to apply such a traditional remedy, I thought...

Whispering in the corridors

Posted on 9 October, 2013

I was in York a few weeks back for the races – and what a grand day out it was! (I didn’t get to see many horses, but the champagne tent was really most enjoyable.)

I found myself with a fairly lazy morning before heading to the racecourse, and relaxed in comfort in my ever-so-grand hotel. I took a relatively late breakfast, and en route to the dining room passed a cheerful, smartly-dressed maid cleaning in the corridor. We wished each other good morning, and after I’d passed she turned round and called out to one of her colleagues in a somewhat-too-loud stage whisper: “Jennifer! Jennifer!”

It struck me that she was loud enough to wake any guests who were having a lie in. And I couldn’t help but think of a maid in a similarly grand corridor in times gone by, this time in a country house.

A complaint would be raised by the lady of the house: “I heard a girl shouting outside my room this morning. It quite disturbed me. I want the matter dealt with. Find her, and send her to me.”

The butler would make enquiries, before one of the girls sheepishly confessed. The rest of her day would be a painful passage – over her ladyship’s knees for a sound hand spanking and hairbrushing, then an exemplary

thrashing with a leather strap by the housekeeper and butler in turn. And the master of the house would be displeased, too: one imagines him requiring the girl to be sent to the library after dinner, ordering her to strip, and administering twelve severe strokes of the cane.

The new girls' dorm

Posted on 17 October, 2013

The first weeks of a new school year. A prefect patrols the dorms. In one, a giggling group of new girls attracts his attention for making noise after lights-out. He orders them all from their beds; takes his plimsoll; slippers each in turn. "Collective responsibility: you'll all learn..."

And then the following night... The head prefect this time. He finds one of the girls out of bed. Knowing of the previous evening's punishments, he expresses surprise: "It seems you are turning into a habitual rule-breaker..."

"No, please, I was just... I'd forgotten to put my phone on charge... I'm sorry..."

"Put on your dressing gown, and go and wait outside my study. I will deal with you once I have finished inspecting the other dorms..."

He leaves her waiting: ten minutes, maybe more. Trembling. Panicking.

He arrives and shows her in. "So what makes you think you are above the rules?"

"I don't, sir. Really..."

"You were obviously not punished hard enough last night."

"No! It hurt so much..."

"I wasn't seeking an opinion. I was stating the facts. Well, I won't make the same mistake." He picks up a heavy cane, flexing it as he instructs her to take off her dressing gown. "I'm going to make sure you learn your

lesson tonight. And I'm going to make an example of you, too..."

"Please...I'm not like that.... I... I always try and be good." (As she had been, at her previous school: an unblemished record that now seemed so-distant).

"I'm not seeing much evidence of that. I'd give you six strokes were it merely a case of having caught you out of bed; as it follows on from yesterday evening's misconduct, I shall double that."

She's in tears, now, even before he instructs her to remove her pyjama bottoms. Even before he looks disdainfully at her, and adds: "Knickers, too."

She stands, trying to cover herself. He orders her to bend over, legs apart; to clutch her ankles.

He measures the cane across her. "I'm doing you a favour by teaching you to respect the school rules, before your continuing misconduct gets you into more serious trouble. I hope you are grateful to me. Now, count the strokes and thank me after each one..."

He shows no mercy – for her still-bruised backside from the previous evening's punishment; for the fact she's not been caned before; for the fact she is in the first year; for her sobs and apologies. Each stroke as hard as can be, leaving perfect weals. Two extra for the ones for which she failed to stay in position; one more for forgetting to count; one more for miscounting.

And then the uncaring announcement that she should stand and dress; that he hopes she has learnt her lesson; that if she isn't in bed, in silence, within two minutes he will beat her again in the house assembly the following morning....

..and her sore, sad, solitary walk back to the dorm, where the others would whisper questions and reassurance, and she would remain face down on her bed in terrified silence...

Sexual variations

Posted on 23 October, 2013

A girl to seduce. Conversation turning to whispered intimacies mixed with tingling touches. Sex: frantic, passionate, clothes not even fully removed.

—

Seduced by a girl. Elegant, flirtatious. Beautifully erotic, deploying her guiles to give – and hence then receive – pleasure of the most intense kind.

—

Talking. Hugging. Cuddling. Kissing. A natural evolution into what loved ones do. In bed. On the sofa. Over the arm of the sofa. Wherever, Intimate. Caring. Beautifully connecting.

—

Making love.

—

A submissive, obedient girl. Doing what was expected of her. What was required of her. No matter how humiliating. (Perhaps what, deep down, what she wanted, needed to do. For him – and hence for her).

—

A girl made to co-operate.

—

A girl in role. Scared? Unwilling, forced? Reluctant, at least. Very probably already beaten and in tears. Hurt. Vulnerable. And humiliated by his touch.

—

Sex? So easy, here on a kinky blog, to default to variants on the final scenarios; yet important that real life includes fantasies and intimacies of many different guises.

Fare evasion

Posted on 12 November, 2013

Piccadilly station, Manchester. Not somewhere they usually check your tickets as you leave the train, but on this occasion the inspectors had descended on the platform opposite mine.

There were three officials on duty. Two were taking money from those who'd underpaid, whilst their more senior colleague engaged in deep and serious conversation with a pretty young lass wearing a stylish, short dress.

See, he'd been suspicious when she'd hesitated in providing her personal details, having explained that she must have dropped her ticket on the way to the birthday party she was attending. Did she really have nothing with her that could confirm her name? Why did her apparent address not match the postcode she had given? Why did she look vaguely familiar to him?

She didn't notice the police officer behind her; the first she knew was when her hands were pulled sharply behind her back and the cold steel of the cuffs embraced her wrists. Her cheeks burnt with shame as she was marched

through the rush-hour crowd, and let to the waiting patrol car.

The procedure was surprisingly swift. A plain Victorian building barely two minutes drive from the station; a signature in a log book from the constable as he led her inside. Stripped, roughly. Thrown into a cold cell. Made to wait – twenty minutes, no more, before the arresting officer reappeared accompanied by a gentleman who introduced himself as the duty magistrate.

The circumstances of the case were briefly explained. Along with her real name and address, gleaned when they had searched her belongings. Oh, and the fact that a check if the computer had revealed that this was the third time this year she had been found evading fares.

“Twelve strokes for theft; doubled for providing false details,” came the swift sentence as the magistrate turned on his heels and left. No room for debate. And immediately she was being dragged down the corridor, led into the end cell, hosted into position over a wooden punishment frame and tied into position.

The only slow part of the proceedings was the flogging – twenty seconds or more between the strokes, to allow each to have its maximum input. And afterwards, shaking, she was ordered to put on her clothes from the pile on the floor, and thrown out onto the street in a daze: “We’re sure you can find your own way back to Piccadilly. Enjoy the party...”

Elastic bands

Posted on 16 November, 2013

“So,” asked the lovely Olivia Crowe on Twitter earlier this week, “what do you think of girls flicking elastic bands in class?” Here’s my reply...

—

The first term was always interesting – a battle of wills between each girl and her new schoolmates, and between the girls and their new teachers.

He did not lose battles of will.

It was only the third week when she tried to test him. Flicked an elastic band at her neighbour, which he chose to ignore. Flicked another towards the front of the class, where he stood teaching. “I shall be generous and assume that that was not intended for me,” he commented. “But you will serve a detention.”

Five minutes passed, before the next missile appeared, flying past his shoulder and hitting the blackboard. “Out!” he ordered, despatching her to the corridor. “Stand up straight facing the wall, with your hands on your head. I shall deal with you at the end of the lesson.”

He checked on her, of course, through the glass in the classroom door. He was pleased to note that she seemed too terrified to disobey his instructions. And when the bell rang, and the class had filed out of the room in silence, and he’d placed the cane on his desk at the front of the room, he called her back in.

“I will not stand for that sort of behaviour in my class. Do I make myself clear?”

“Yes sir. I’m sorry, I just got carried away. It won’t happen again.”

“Indeed it won’t. But at this juncture, I am less concerned with instilling the discipline to prevent a repetition, than in punishing you for what has just taken place.”

“Please, sir....”

“I could deal with you now, of course. But I rather feel it would be more effective to do so when we next meet. We have a class immediately after morning break tomorrow. I shall cane you at the start of it, so that your classmates can see justice being done. I shall give you eight strokes, on the bare. Now: pick up your books and run along to your next lesson, and we shall continue this discussion in 24 hours’ time...”

The student

Posted on 22 November, 2013

... And then the dessert dishes were cleared and the coffee was finished. And there was silence between them.

“So,” he said, “it has been a real pleasure meeting you, young lady.”

She paused, starting to tremble slightly. (‘Young lady’? Maybe, after all...). “And it has been lovely to talk to you, too... sir.”

(‘Sir’, hanging in the air between them). “Yes, you’re a good girl. I’m sure you’re going to enjoy university life. Get a good degree. Make people proud.”

“I hope to, sir.”

“Only...” The longest pause... “Only in my experience, sometimes good girls need a little help. Don’t they?”

Staring at the tablecloth now. Softly: “Yes, sir.”

“And so here is what I propose to do. With your agreement, naturally. My house is a ten minute cab ride from here. I’m going to take you with me, and we’re going to go into my study.” (Her heart was pounding so loudly

now she could hardly hear him). “I am going to have you undress in front of me. Fully. And then I am going to make you bend over my knees, and I am going to spank you until you cry.”

Silence again. And then, eventually, when she realised he wouldn't continue until she had spoken, a muttered: “Yes sir.”

“Yes what, young lady?”

Almost inaudible. “Yes, sir, that would be good.” (What she'd read about; dreamt about; written to herself about in her oh-so-secret notebook. What they'd alluded to online; what they'd studiously both avoided throughout the course of lunch. What she wanted. What she craved...)

“Once you have composed yourself, we can then have a little discussion. About whether you want this sort of support to continue. And if you do, I shall then give you twelve hard strokes of the cane to illustrate how this might work in future. If you so choose, of course. Now, let me settle the bill...”

The dorm

Posted on 26 November, 2013

The idea of girls in a dorm being punished en masse has always ticked my kinky boxes. The housemaster or a prefect wandering the corridors after lights out; misbehaviour uncovered; several or all of the girls ordered to bend over the end of their respective beds to be slipped or caned.

Yet such punishments have invariably been spontaneous, with justice meted out there and then. What, I wonder, if the discipline was delayed?

A midnight feast discovered by a patrolling prefect. A report to the housemaster at breakfast. The

announcement in the house meeting that morning that such conduct would not be tolerated, and that all of the girls in the dorm – without exception – would be caned severely that evening immediately prior to lights out.

Word would spread around the school like wildfire, naturally. The names of the girls who were in for it would be shared; they'd be stared at, perhaps even (in some cruel cases) teased about their impending fate. It would be worse for the good girls in the dorm – the ones who'd never previously been in any sort of trouble whatsoever; they might not even have been involved in the party, but would be bound in its collective consequences.

The hour would draw near. They'd shower, as usual. Put on their pyjamas. Stand around, nervously. And wait until the prefect (holding the punishment book) and housemaster appeared, barking instructions to them to bare their bottoms and bend over their beds for eight strokes each. The strokes would be measured out with no apparent urgency; delivered hard, provoking tears from many even by the second or third cut. After each thrashing, the girl's name would be entered into the book; she'd be left in position, though, bearing her stripes, until all of her fellows had been beaten. And then they'd be ordered to bed, and with a "Let's hope we have no repetition of this," the figures of authority would flick off the light and shut the dorm door behind them.

Break her. Protect her.

Posted on 4 December, 2013

Friday morning. 4.45am. Sitting at the desk in my office. Upstairs, my girl lies sleeping. I should be next to her, curled up under the warmth of our duvet, but I am too wide awake and restless. I'd disturb her, and she has a busy day in store. After the dreams I had – in which I tried and was failing to protect her from harm – I'd need to hold her were I next to her. And she needs her rest.

She'll be in here no doubt on Sunday, once he's finished with her. He plans to break her. Physically. Emotionally. Break her hard. He'll take pleasure in doing so. In almost our first conversation after meeting him at the weekend, he happily described himself as a "bastard". A charming, intelligent, trustworthy bastard.

She's overwhelmed. I can see that she's been thinking of little else all week. Since he first played with her. Since he first abused her sexually: raping her, forcing her to do things I know she hates, as I watched. Since we three worked out the time at which they could play. I asked her last night how she was feeling. One word: "Sick."

My girl. The girl I love more than I knew it was possible to love someone. The girl I'd do anything to protect.

And I want him to hurt her. Want him to make her suffer. Want to see her broken. Want her to wince at my touch, when I hold her after he's left on Sunday night. Want to see her marks for days after, as a reminder of her abuse. Want her to need the safety and comfort of my arms, and of more gentle and loving intimacy. And I know she might want or need none of that: that play plans are fluid and her mind, his mind, their interaction may fly in ways as yet unforeseen.

She's the mistress of her own destiny: has to be, in matters of kink and sex. This is her choice.

But I'm complicit in it, too.

Behind me, under a sheet, lies a large pile of implements. He sent through his requests: "Canes of various thickness. Floggers. A tawse. Four lengths of rope. Clothes pegs." I had to disappoint him on the last item. So it's me who's selected the instruments of her torture. His choice as to how hard he wants to be. My choice to even include some of the more vicious items in the pile: I hope he doesn't use them. I hope he does.

There's a camera, too. Just in case he wants to use it. He's been clever in soliciting ideas from me as to things that will help him to humiliate her.

I only struggled with one item on his shopping list: a pinwheel. I know it's only marginally above a hard limit, rating just 1 on a scale of 0 – 5 on her limits list. As I wrote to him:

Not going to leave my pinwheels as I know she truly hates them. (Given they're a '1' on her limits list, it's not something that I feel comfortable helping you with – sorry. But your choice of course as to whether you bring your own to use).

Something in me rather hopes he does. Something in me wishes I could have simply acceded to his request without question. But I have to be allowed to listen to my own emotions, too.

I'm due to be out, dropping a weekend house guest back home. I'll text him as I leave, so he knows the coast is clear. He's going to deal with her until I'm back. Two hours? Who knows with London traffic: I might be back sooner, if the traffic gods are kind to the Sunday drivers. Kind to her. It could easily take more. I can drive quickly, to get back and bring her ordeal to a prompter end. I could take my time: I don't want it to end too quickly. An afternoon for enjoying the consequences of every minute in the inevitable traffic jams? I want her to suffer. I want

him to have plenty of time to take his pleasure at her expense.

Let me save her. Protect her, this girl I love.
Break her for me. Break her for her.

Perfect play

Posted on 14 December, 2013

Oh, how we'd conspired. The "Official Notification of Corporal Punishment" despatched to Stone, Kay (Miss) by the UK Judicial Authority, bearing the royal crest. Confirming her sentence of 18 strokes of the cane and noting the date and time at which it would be administered. "Requiring her to report". Accompanied with detailed guidance notes for her to review. For her to worry about.

The text message reminder the afternoon before, reconfirming her appointment. (The emails in parallel: so full of anticipation).

The other text message, shortly before the appointed time: "One hour to go: big hugs for you, from me. One hour to go: I hope Kay is terrified – from Mr Jenkins."

She'd been told to arrive at 6pm sharp, and that:

Failure to attend your appointment in a timely manner on the date specified may result in the administration of additional strokes, at the sole discretion of the Punishment Officer.

She duly rang the doorbell several minutes early. I left her standing in the hallway, facing the wall. I watched, of course, from the top of the stairs: "Take your hands out of your pockets, and stand up straight." And then, once the hour had reached six precisely, I walked downstairs and

showed her into the room. She confirmed her name and that she understood the reason for her visit.

She started to plead – that the offence hadn't been that serious, that a caning... "I have no interest in your offence. That was a matter for the courts. My only duty is to administer the punishment that the magistrates determined once they had found you guilty. Now, get undressed."

A look of shock crossed her face. Confusion. A pause. And then, slowly, reluctantly, facing away from me: compliance. Facing away, until I ordered her to turn around and put her hands on her head.

She already knew what was next:

Prior to the commencement of the punishment, the Punishment Officer is required to confirm that you are in good health.

"Bend over." I touched her for the first time. An innocent touch, full of threat. "You seem healthy. Is there any reason why you should not be punished today?"

"Only that it's a ridiculous law..."

A long pause. "For that comment, I shall give you three extra strokes. Now, shall we sign the paperwork?" Each of us respectively:

I confirm that the Offender appears to be in a fit state to receive the sentence of corporal punishment pronounced by the court.

–

I confirm that I am the individual named above, and that I know of no sound reason why the Punishment Officer should not proceed to administer the sentence of corporal punishment pronounced by the court.

Hands cuffed. Marched upstairs. Taken into the punishment room: her first sight of the bare floorboards, of the desk over which she would be bent to be whipped. Of the canes, on the rack on the wall. "Unfortunately, two of the canes have been broken recently in use, so I am limited in my choice." That didn't appear to help her nerves.

Hands untied. Ordered to bend over. The camera: the rules required that:

A photographic record may also be kept where this is deemed appropriate.

I deemed it appropriate, before commencing her flogging. Purposefully. Unhurriedly. Observing her reaction. Watching the white lines striping her skin, then blossoming to red. Listening to her hesitant counting.

Halfway through, I decided to test her. Four strokes in rapid succession. A girl moving out of position. The four strokes re-administered. Harder. And then back to the slow, methodical beating.

The eighteenth and last. The hardest. Only not the last, as a girl moved. And the rules had been clear: "Did you accept that stroke 'in a seemingly manner', young lady?" "No, sir." Re-administered. Harder.

We still had three to go, of course, for her initial misconduct in the hallway. With the prison tawse, my most severe. Nearly breaking her. Nearly. Before there were more forms to sign; more photographs to be taken; before she was marched back downstairs and ordered to dress.

Or *not* to dress...

—

I'll draw a veil over the rest of the proceedings. The lighter cane and its consequences. The abusive head prefect, when a girl was summoned to his room. What happens to a girl when she's put to bed. What happens to a girl when she wakes up in the morning.

What happens when two people's kinks coincide so beautifully, the first time they play.

Simply wonderful.

Perfect play.

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To read more, go to:

“The Spanking Writers” blog

spankingwriters.com/blog

“Abel’s Spanking Stories”

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“The Spanking Writers” is renowned as one of the leading, longest-established kinky literary erotica sites on the web.

It mixes M/f spanking fantasies with descriptions of the author’s real-life play: perfect reading for fans of the cane, tawse, birch, slipper and more...

Abel Jenkins is a well-known writer and roleplayer in the UK spanking scene. His websites have attracted more than ten million hits. His stories site launched in 1999, whilst he has updated his blog every other day since 2006.

This is the third anthology of posts from The Spanking Writers blog, containing over 100 of the author’s favourite entries from the past four years.