

NO MERCY

The very best of the
Spanking Writers blog



Abel Jenkins

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Abel Jenkins

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“To all the girls I’ve spanked before...”

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No mercy

School scenes have long been at the heart of my kink. But my imagination runs wild in other directions – fathers and guardians; lords of the manor and their butlers; strict employers; pure sadists; prison warders; reformatory governors. Some posts are inspired as I travel the world; many discuss aspects of consensual kink. And then there are the accounts of some of the real-life spanking scenes I've been lucky enough to play with friends in recent years. Nearly nine years and close to 2,000 posts, distilled down for your pleasure. Welcome to the anthology!

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EDUCATION, EDUCATION...

Whackings with the tawse

7 April 2006

I couldn't help but giggle at the description of a tawse on eBay, from one of my favourite sellers there. He's describing a school tawse which came from a London school, and which dates from the 1930s. It's '17" long x 1 1/4 x 1/8" thick' and he bought it from someone who thought it came from Highgate School.

The section that made me laugh: "on the reverse someone has written "bastard" in ink".

Cue stern, outraged, booming voice: "Who was responsible for this?"

Silence amongst the assembled masses, pupils staring down at their desks. The author sitting still as a statue, maintaining an air of innocence. Some glancing around, seeking out the guilty party. Some blushing despite their lack of involvement.

"I shall thrash each of you unless the culprit owns up."

Silence. But furious glances now being thrown around the room.

I wonder what would have happened. A mass thrashing? Or a sheepish student owning up? My goodness, what a whacking that would have been...

DC: District of Correction?

28 May 2006

Location: Washington Dulles Airport, Domestic Arrivals, Luggage Carousel 3

Time: 9pm Friday night, the start of the US holiday weekend

Assorted happy teens, released from the confines of their flight, rush round manically, giggling loudly.

Stern female teacher shouts over the crowds: "[School name deleted!] over here. Now!" Miss Jean Brodie, with an American lilt. Even the adults in the area stand up straighter, fall quiet.

The group gathers in a flash, suddenly silent. There are 15 of them: a dozen girls, three (lucky?!) Boys.

Their teacher lectures the assembled semi-circle, her voice quiet enough to command their absolute attention (and, sadly, to ensure that nearby pervers like me are unable to hear quite what she says). Chastened young students nod their promises of impeccable behaviour.

One girl mutters a comment under her breath. Dark hair, tied back. Braces, too-tight orange top, designer-looking jeans, red Gap rucksack. ('Allie', I later overhear).

Second teacher, male. 40ish, joins the lecture. Finger is wagged at Allie. Scolding continues. Finger wags some more. Allie looks satisfyingly downcast.

"You will be soundly paddled for that comment when we get to the hostel, young lady. We will not tolerate insolence on this trip." At least, that's what I imagine he was saying ;-)

The group has since claimed their bags, and have been lined up in pairs to walk out to their transport. Poor Allie. I hope the other girls look after her afterwards.

School detention

31 July 2006

A thought-provoking entry on a school message board on Friends Reunited:

"How many times did we copy out the school rules in detention only to go and break them all again within a few days?"

What a nice concept: I've always thought of girls copying out Latin tracts, or writing lines, or neatly reproducing pages from a heavy encyclopaedia. Copying the school rules would re-enforce correct behaviour, and allow no excuse were future offences to be committed.

One could imagine that some girls in detention would have committed more serious offences. Their hands would shake as they copied out the relevant section from the rules, documenting how these particular misdemeanours "would additionally result in a caning at the end of Detention".

Alternatively, they might be made to copy out the school history, a chapter per detention. A note would be taken of how many chapters each girl had copied during a year: once they had written out the whole book, their next detention would be replaced by a caning.

The punishment book

27 September 2006

Browsing Hansard (the official record of UK parliamentary proceedings) last night, as one does, I uncovered an interesting debate from 1998 about corporal punishment in schools. Much of the debate had focused around human rights legislation; Baroness Warnock then commented that: "I am not much enamoured of the concept of human rights."

My mind wandered... Their Lordships were debating abolition from the standpoint of the pupils: of course, it would infringe their human rights were they to be caned.

But what, I asked, about the human rights of the teachers? I pictured the test case that would be taken before the courts. A schoolmaster with a group of misbehaving young ladies, who are supposed to be studying in silence for some test. One flings a heavy textbook across the classroom, missing her target and clattering across the teacher's desk at the front of the classroom. The book catches him a glancing blow; the red ink he'd been using to mark exams floods across his suit. Pray, what of his human rights?

The case would proceed, of course, to the European Court. Learned lawyers would debate at length and at cost. The judges would make their pronouncement: where two sets of rights conflict in this way, they would of course defer to the gentleman in the position of authority.

Meanwhile, such cases taking not a little time to be resolved, the young lady would have escaped to the relative safety of a good University. Its Vice Chancellor would have followed the case with interest. On hearing of the judicial decision, the culprit would be invited before him. He'd reach for the university's rules and regulations.

"When you entered the University, you went through a formal process called Matriculation. In it, you confirmed that there were no outstanding issues with your former place of education that might prevent you from taking your place here. I now find that to be untrue."

"Please, sir..."

"Whilst, strictly speaking, I should send you down immediately, there is another option. I have spoken to your former Headmaster at length this morning, and we believe that we have found an acceptable solution."

She wouldn't sleep that night before catching the early-morning train, dressed in her smart interview suit.

She'd avoid the eyes of the other passengers lest they recognise her from the now-dated photograph of her in school uniform, clipped from an old house photo and used in so many of that morning's newspapers to illustrate the reports of the case.

She'd change onto the local train, rattling through the countryside to the small stop a mile down the road from her old school. Never would the walk through the village, up the hill, have seemed so long. She'd hesitate in front of the grand school building: to use the front door, or walk to the back and go in through the pupils' entrance? The latter, of course.

She'd find herself almost bowled over as she entered, by a group of giggling fourteen-year-olds rushing out to the hockey field. Along the corridors, with their familiar musty smell; up the stairs, someone answering her prayers as she crept past the staff common room unnoticed.

The Headmaster's Secretary would be expecting her, but, "Mr. Jenkins is engaged at present." Would she mind awfully taking a seat? Ten-minutes-that-felt-like-an-hour, before he would emerge, smiling his farewells to a distinguished couple - potential parents, maybe, their eyes alighting momentarily on her as they wondered where they'd seen this familiar face.

He'd be surprisingly welcoming. Thank you for travelling all this way so promptly. How nice it was to see her back, albeit not in such unfortunate circumstances. Had she had a good journey? How was she finding University life? Were her studies going well? A postgraduate degree afterwards, my dear? How very interesting. "And shall we move on and deal with the matter which brought you back to St. Christina's?"

The cane would be hanging on its old hook on the back of the study door. She'd wince at the thought that his previous visitors would have seen it there, must have

guessed. "I had to ask the porter to dig this out from the storeroom, to be honest, and get him to give it a good soaking overnight. We wouldn't want it breaking, now, would we?"

"We'd better do this the conventional way, I suppose. Knickers down, skirt up, touching your toes. And I agreed with the Vice Chancellor that the traditional six would be appropriate."

Her tears would drip onto the carpet before he even started; the undeniable, shocking pain of the first stroke seemed almost incidental in the context of her overall nightmare. Almost. By the third, the burning stripes would be all-consuming, despite the Headmaster's best attempts to re-assure. By the sixth, she'd - just - have managed to regain some degree of composure: mustn't let myself down....

She would dress painfully, as he filled in one last entry in the long-neglected punishment book. He would hand the leather tome to her, a calming hand briefly resting on her arm. "If you give this to Mrs. Burton on the way out, she'll take the photocopy that the Vice Chancellor will need to file away." And then she'd was free, the gravel crunching under her feet as she walked away from the school as quickly as she could, the autumnal air chill on her burning face. Trying to forget.

Trying to forget. Despite every bump of the train on the narrow branch line, every glance from passers-by, every newspaper stand trying to remind her.

Caned on the first day of term

3 January 2007

Workers and students are heading back to their labours after the holiday season.

I pictured a sixth-former, instructed on the final day of last term to report to the Headmaster after assembly on the first day of this. "A few weeks contemplating the consequences of your actions should help to focus your mind," he'd explained.

She'd be trembling as she walked through the school gates this morning, wearing her thickest skirt and praying that he wouldn't want to cane her on the bare. Contemplation had indeed been the order of the day during the festivities - seasonal joy tempered with the recurring thought of what would follow, imagined by now in so much detail.

And then there was one...

10 January 2007

I often find myself catching a train to work at around 7.30am. At that time, the opposite platform is packed with commuting schoolgirls. For a young lady to join the Schoolgirl Express each morning, rather than simply heading to one of the many schools nearer by, suggests that her parents are sending her to a very good school indeed. The neat uniforms re-enforce my view, as does the good behaviour - no rowdiness here. They're good girls, you see.

I departed for the office somewhat earlier than usual this morning. In place of a gaggle of girls waiting opposite was just one, forlorn soul. Head downcast, avoiding the eyes of her fellow travellers.

I guessed why immediately: that note in her locker the previous evening, neatly typed: "The Headmaster wishes to see you in his office thirty minutes before the start of school tomorrow."

She'd be there before her friends filled the corridors with chatter this morning. She'd hang up her coat, place her bag in her locker. Take a final look at the letter, lest it had magically reworded itself into a less ominous message overnight. Set off on a long, lonely, nervous walk through the empty corridors.

Acknowledge her wrong-doing; apologise profusely (have pity; be lenient; even though she knew that a caning was inevitable). Take her strokes with as much bravery as she could muster.

Wipe away her tears; wash her face carefully. Pretend when the others arrived that daddy had been en route to breakfast meeting, so had had to drop her for the earlier train. Hope that no-one saw her wince as she sat down for the first lesson of the day...

When fantasy and reality coincide

7 April 2007

Often, I hardly have to close my eyes before a feast of spanking fantasies starts to present itself for my consumption. I'm fascinated by how kink overlays real-life memories in my slumber. Take last night: the girl trudging disconsolately from the hockey pitch, all muddy knees and worried face, sent off by the referee in an inter-school match. She'd know, you see, that a sending-off (a most rare occurrence) was always punished by a caning.

I watched her on the bus back to the school, sitting in silence, lost in thought and fears. I wondered, as she must have done, how soon after her return she'd be called to see the Headmaster.

And here's the interesting thing. The hockey pitch from which she trudged was clearly one at my old school. The sports pavilion was there in the background; her lonely walk back to the changing rooms took her past the groundsman's cottage. I could hear the studs of her boots click along the badly-paved pathway.

Caned for climbing the school fence

21 June 2007

As I waited in the reception area of a client's office recently for an early meeting, I happened to glance out of the window. Across the street was a school playground, surrounded by a high mesh fence, and full of surprisingly well-behaved students in immaculate blue uniforms.

A supervisor monitored new arrivals. At 8.20 sharp, he reached for his keys and padlocked the only gate. Tardy new arrivals continued to drift up, but the entrance remained firmly locked in their faces.

Doubtless there'd be letters home and detentions to serve. Apart, perhaps, for the one girl who tried to climb the fence, aided and abetted by three of her friends in the playground. The supervisor would catch them: they'd be hauled up to wait outside the Headmaster's study.

He'd call in the three 'insiders' first: young ladies should understand the importance of upholding school rules, not aiding those who would seek to undermine them. Two sharp strokes each would teach them the error of their ways. They'd be sent on their way to their classroom.

Their fence-climbing friend would, by now, be in no doubt as to her fate, having heard whacks and yelps as she waited outside the office, having seen solemn faces and clutched bottoms as her punished friends passed her by.

There was her late arrival: not for the first time this term, and thus incurring a standard two strokes. And there was her attempt to break into school premises: "quite disgraceful behaviour", as the Head would describe it: "Dangerous and dishonest conduct cannot fail to result in the most severe punishment."

Five strokes in total, came the judgment, "as I am minded to err on the side of leniency since this is your first visit to my study." Like her friends, inflicted on the bare as she touched her toes. Unlike her friends, administered with the *senior* cane and a short run-up. And equally unlike her friends, attracting an extra stripe for failing to hold her position after one particularly excruciating whack.

Paddles at the ready

1 August 2007

A story from the Dallas News last week is just too remarkable - and has too much potential for sparking the spanko imagination - to let pass without comment. Apparently:

Thirty-three high school cheerleaders from Dallas and Midland were involved in a scuffle at a camp in San Marcos this week... as the four-day Universal Cheerleaders Association camp was winding down. Squads from both Dallas Skyline and Midland high schools were staying in Blanco Hall... Eleven Midland girls and 22 Skyline girls were involved...

Dallas school district spokesman Jon Dahlander acknowledged that the district was looking into the off-campus incident. "If disciplinary action is warranted, it will be taken according to the guidelines established in the student code of conduct," he said, reading from a statement...

Dean Oblonsky, a spokesman for the cheerleaders association, said 275 cheerleaders representing 20 squads participated in the San Marcos camp.

The association, based in Memphis, Tenn., did not plan to take action because it occurred at the end of camp. "We will let the schools handle it," he said.

Principals once the miscreants returned to their respective schools, the girls being called in one by one to bend tight over the desk?

Coaches at the start of the next practice session, working their way down the line of toe-touching cheerleaders - or waiting to dole out punishments in the changing rooms afterwards?

Disappointed fathers, adding excruciating weight to the chorus of disapproval, in their daughters' bedrooms? I scarcely know where to start.

And as for how the cheerleaders' association might have dealt with matters had the fighting broken out at any point *before* 'the end of camp'...

The Master Librarian's cane

5 August 2007

I took in a particularly beautiful library on my travels recently. A set of old, high-backed wooden chairs lined the room, as if awaiting a group of girls to be lectured - or, perhaps, scolded.

I pictured them there: freshly changed into their new uniforms, on the first day of their year of study. Competition for places in the Library College would be intense: only the very brightest, the most committed, would qualify for the honour.

They would each be seated, marvelling at the antique tomes and the magnificent ceiling. Then the grand wooden doors would swing open, and they would leap to

their feet as the librarian came in: a tall, imposing figure in gown and mortar board.

He would welcome them. Outline the syllabus, inform them of their responsibilities. They'd learn the finest calligraphy; to transcribe, to catalogue, to illustrate to the highest standards. Positions in the finest libraries in the world would be theirs for the asking at the end of their study. If they met his standards.

He'd invite questions; none would be forthcoming, the newcomers too scared of this daunting figure.

"There is one other thing," he would add, and they would all know what he had in mind. "You've probably heard tale of the disciplinary regime here." Girls shuffling nervously. "Yes, I do cane girls. And yes, I do cane them hard. Of that you can be sure. But you need to know my two golden principles in relation to punishing my students. I presume that most of you were flogged at your previous school?"

Embarrassed nods, murmurs, red faces.

"I can't hear you".

A chorus; "Yes, Sir."

"Much better. So, my principles. The first is very simple: a girl will never be punished for an honest mistake. But those of you who are repeatedly careless; who choose to be disrespectful or dishonest; *you* should fear the consequences."

Gulps; nervous clenching of fists. Staring at the carpet. Mental vows all round to uphold the highest standards.

"And the second is that I punish girls very infrequently. So much better that you live without the constant threat of the rod, so you can concentrate on your studies. But rest assured: when I do need to punish one of you, I shall do so with all due severity, in front of the rest of the group."

He would pause, speak more quietly. "It is rare that any girl is foolish enough to earn a second punishment

during her time under my supervision. Any questions?" Met with an inevitable silence, before "Might I wish you every success." And he would walk through the still-open doors, closing them firmly behind him.

Prefectorial punishments

27 August 2007

Having been a prefect at a British public school in the mid-80s, I was intrigued to spot so many the similarities with the Prefects' Charter at the Victoria Institute in Malaysia, some thirty years before. Their "privileges" were described as follows.

Some may think that the choice of the word "privilege" to describe point (b) is rather interesting:

a. Prefects shall have direct access to the Headmaster on any subject at any time.

b. Prefects shall have the power to punish students. Any student refusing to obey a reasonable order given by a Prefect or, breaking a school rule, shall brought before the School Captain, or, if the School Captain thinks it necessary, before the whole Board, when the offender shall be punished accordingly, either by having to write lines or by being sent to the Detention Class. The names of all students so punished shall be entered in a book together with name of the Prefect inflicting the punishment and the reason for its infliction. If the offence is very serious, the offender shall be brought before the Headmaster.

Interestingly, "Prefects shall not be sent to Detention Class without the authorization of the Headmaster" and "will normally continue in office as long as they are in the School but the Headmaster will remove a Prefect from the Board where this seems desirable or necessary". I can imagine that such removal would have been a rather painful procedure.

Remember, remember...

5 November 2007

"A particularly fine bonfire the girls have made for Guy Fawkes' night this year, Headmaster." The two gentlemen peer from the window onto the merriment below in the school's courtyard.

"Indeed, Deputy Headmaster. I do wonder what they've done to make it burn with quite such unusual intensity."

Suddenly, the Headmaster utters a disbelieving cry, pointing into the crowd of revellers: "Those girls are drinking vodka from the bottle!" He rushes to his cupboard: "I must go down and sort this out. I'll cane the lot of them."

But, dear readers, he finds the armoury quite bare, its usual fearsome collection of canes gone missing. The Headmaster turns back to his Deputy. And their eyes turn simultaneously back out of the window, to the blazing bonfire below...

The moment you realise you're going to get caned

7 November 2007

The Education Code Regulations (1973) for Guyana are, apparently, still in effect. They contain provisions that would be deemed outdated elsewhere, outside the scenes that many of us play. "Regulation 94 [Reg. 37/1943]" is the section of interest:

- (1) For serious or repeated offences corporal punishment may be administered by the head teacher or by an assistant teacher over twenty years of age and authorised by him.

(2) Whenever a head teacher authorises an assistant teacher to administer corporal punishment, it shall be administered in the presence of the head teacher and under his direction and on his responsibility.

(3) Corporal punishment for girls shall be administered by a female teacher or by the head teacher in the presence of a female teacher.

(4) Whenever corporal punishment is administered, an entry shall be made on the same day in the punishment book, with a statement of the nature and extent of the punishment and the reason for inflicting it.

Paragraph (3) is the particularly interesting one. Presumably a girl knocking on the Headmaster's door would dread opening it to find not just the Head, but a female teacher too - for that could mean only one thing...

Hanging up his cane

10 December 2007

Recently, I contemplated the final Headmasterial caning before a new law banned corporal punishment. Of course, on reflection, there would have been far more "final punishments" than those imposed by legislators.

Every summer, schools would see distinguished old schoolmasters hanging up their canes for the last time as they headed for retirement. I picture one such boarding school Housemaster, much beloved by his pupils, returning to his study after dinner on the night before the end of term.

There, in the dark corridor, waited a girl. "Lisa?" One of his favourites: he'd miss girls like this. The bright ones, the ones keen to learn, the ones whose smiles had made teaching so worthwhile.

"Mr. Rose sent me to see you, sir." Hands trembling, she proffered a folded sheet of paper. As she bent over a

few moments later, he reflected on how easy it would be to lay it on gently. But that wasn't his way; wasn't how he would want to be remembered, wasn't what smokers deserved.

Her first caning, his last, would be no different to the others. Although each caning, he reflected, was indeed different: the offences the same, over the years - the strokes, the stripes, the tears alike. But each girl unique, each punishment a sharp, distinctive moment in time for her to fear and then remember.

Afterwards he'd write Lisa's name in the punishment book, with her tally of six hard strokes, bravely taken. Even though, this time, he would take out a ruler and draw a neat line underneath her entry. Even though, this time, as she wiped away the tears, she would tell him that he would be missed: not just by her, but by all of his girls. And he would permit himself the luxury of giving her a gentle hug as he wished her every joy and every success, and showed her out of the door.

A whipping in the school play

24 February 2008

A poster for an amateur production of some play or other sparked the kinky fires... I pictured a school play. The audience was packed for the one-off performance - the Headmaster and Chairman of Governors sitting proudly in the front row; staff, students, proud parents packing the hall.

I can tell you little of the plot, other than it being a rural scene, set in the distant past. Yet I do know that the lead girl - a tall, strikingly pretty lower sixth-former - had rather a thing for the lead boy, one of the school prefects.

The climactic scene called for her to be whipped; the director had pondered the staging long and hard. It

needed to look authentic; clearly a real flogging was out of the question. So she would bend over the chair facing the audience. As her skirt was lifted and drawers parted, the shorts underneath would be invisible to the crowd. As the hero took up the rod, the music would blast out so loud that the absence of the crack of wood on skin as his strokes fell short would be barely noticeable.

Only neither hero nor heroine felt that the scene was quite right. And after the dress rehearsal, they walked, they talked, and she finally plucked up the courage: "I want you to whip me for real..."

Punished. Bare.

9 May 2008

It was only four swats into her punishment, and yet he was ordering her to stand. Surely he couldn't have finished already? Not that it didn't hurt: oh goodness, how it hurt. But when they'd discussed it earlier, in his office, she'd somehow imagined the punishment lasting longer.

She staggered upright, brushing down her oh-too-short nightdress before her hands reached back to rub, to cradle, to soothe her backside. Her knickers were on her desk: would he let her put them back on now?

He stood too, looming over her. "Let's get the nudity thing dealt with, shall we?" "Sir?" "Did I tell you that I would punish you on the bare?"

Reluctantly: "Yes, professor."

"And did you agree to that condition?"

Blushing, she confirmed her consent. He'd been very clear: when he arrived at her dorm room, she would be wearing her nightie. And only her nightie. He'd already informed her that the knickers would prove to be a costly mistake.

"And yet you persist in trying to cover yourself at every opportunity."

"It's embarrassing, sir."

"Being punished isn't meant to be anything but embarrassing, Elisabeth. And you agreed, did you not, that you wanted me to punish you like this? To spank you."

Blushing again: "I did, sir."

"So why is it that every time I try to bring down my hand, I find you reaching back to pull down your nightie?"

"I'm sorry, sir. I won't do it again."

"Indeed not." He walked around her. "I'm not used to my students disobeying me. But this particular matter should be remarkably easy to stop."

"Sir?"

"Take off your nightdress..."

--

I can rather guess where this might go next, but sadly that was as far as my dream went last night. Now, I need to find a girl to spank. And to strip, for that matter.

On the breaking of canes

17 May 2008

I've broken three canes during scenes in recent months. The girls concerned will no doubt be wincing as they read. (Or not, as the case may be: they'll probably have big smiles on their faces). I blame faulty manufacture, of course. I'd never whack a girl so hard as to break the cane across her deliberately... ... honest...

Although it presents me with a dilemma which I am unable to solve to my satisfaction. A Headmaster is

caning a girl; she's committed a particularly grave breach of school rules, and her attitude has been entirely unrepentant. Only the hardest six, of the very very best, could be appropriate.

He makes her count. One, two, three... and on the fourth stroke the cane breaks. He leaves her in position while he fetches a new cane from his cupboard. With the next stroke, she counts "five". Does he: (a) continue, applying the sixth and sending her on her way, or (b) correct her: "the previous whack didn't count as the cane broke: that was only the fourth proper stroke."

One in ten

31 May 2008

The Headmaster was evidently furious, as he lectured the hastily-assembled sixth-formers from the stage. "In all of my years as a schoolmaster, I have never encountered such wilful misconduct by such a large group of girls... I am minded to give each and every one of you six of the best."

Stunned silence: girls winced, threw scared glances at their friends, reached for neighbours' hands.

He paused, as if for effect. "But I fear that the time involved in punishing so many of you would prove unacceptably disruptive to the school day, so intend to adapt the Roman approach to quelling insubordination in the ranks. I shall therefore select one girl in every ten at random; each of those chosen will find a letter in their pigeonhole before chapel tomorrow morning, asking them to report to my study before lunch to be caned."

--

Amazing the kinky concepts one dreams up with ten hours to kill on a transatlantic flight. No idea what they'd

done - mass truancy, a brawl with a neighbouring school, boycotting a session with an eminent visiting speaker? But I rather enjoyed the idea, even if it's entirely impractical for a play scene - after all, the nine girls left out would be distraught!

The plight of the plagiarists

8 June 2008

Earlier in the week, the BBC reported shock findings on behaviour within our Higher Education system:

University students who are caught submitting plagiarised work are very rarely expelled, shows a survey. A study found only 143 students caught cheating were expelled out of 9,200 cases - despite almost all universities threatening expulsion as a sanction.

Of the other cheats, 1,475 were let off with a formal warning. The remaining students were required to report to the government's new regional Centres for University Discipline, where trained officers administer corrective canings.

"I was given twelve strokes for copying my friend's essay," explained Emma Buckenham (pictured), a second year student at the University of Cheshire, "whilst she was given four strokes for helping me to cheat. We've learned our lesson the painful way, and neither of us will ever break the rules again."

Almost eight out of a hundred students caught plagiarising had already been caught on previous occasions. These offenders are birched. No cases of students being caught plagiarising for a third time have been reported.

OK, OK: I may have edited the text just a little...

Make your own paddles

13 June 2008

The Times Argus reports a recent visit from 21 Mississippi school students to Cabot School in Vermont. The southern guests explained that they "can be paddled for a list of offenses that include talking back, picking up a piece of paper without permission and being tardy three times... The assistant principal administers the paddling, which is done in the presence of a teacher."

No particular surprise there. But I was taken aback when the article explained that:

The wooden paddles are about 1 inch thick, 5 inches wide and 18 inches long - excluding the handle - and have 24 holes. They are often made by students in the building trades classes, sometimes in exchange for privileges such as hall passes.

Made by students?! I wonder whether "go and fetch the paddle" ever morphs into "go and make a paddle"? Do students facing punishment ever recognise the paddle that's about to make its mark ("hey, I made that")? Do they do mail order?

What would happen to a group of girls caught deliberately making a batch of paddles out of lighter wood, cutting it thinner, maybe even scoring a fault into the wood to make sure it broke when used? And was the Mississippi group polite enough to bring a hand-crafted gift with them, to be presented to the Vermont principal? Made of especially thick, extra-dense wood...

By the way, it is said that, "When the Mississippi students first met their Vermont counterparts last year, they were amazed to learn that Vermont students are not given paddlings." Indeed. But apparently the Vermont group will be on their *very* best behaviour when undertaking a return visit to their new friends in Mississippi.

Remembering punishments past

12 February 2009

An amusing scene in my favourite second-hand bookshop on our most recent visit. A rather distinguished older gentleman was sitting at the table in the middle of the store, browsing a pile of learned tomes. The young woman walking past stopped, the look of recognition on her face quickly followed by a deep blush.

"Hello, Flora. What a pleasant coincidence."

"Hello, sir."

It was the "sir" that caught my attention. So why was she blushing? Was she taken straight back to his study at school, recalling his Housemasterly disappointment in her, remembering his sympathetic voice uttering the words she'd been dreading: "I am afraid that you really leave me no choice but to cane you."

Or did her memories stem from a poor school report - for a girl of her calibre - at the end of her first term in the Lower Sixth: "Flora really must apply more self-discipline if she is to achieve the high standards of which she is capable." Only... her uncle had decided that self-discipline might not suffice, and had arranged for her to visit a gentleman tutor twice a week.

Was it those Monday and Thursday visits that Flora now recalled in the bookstore, and the methods he had employed? Did her hands smart from the memory of his tawse? Did she picture herself standing before him in her school uniform, in his drawing room? Did she remember the look on his face as he discarded her essay ("B+. Should be more careful."), wince at the firmly-spoken line: "You may be content with second-rate work, Flora. Your uncle is not, and neither am I. You will remove your skirt, and bend over and touch your toes."

The Martyrs' Club

23 February 2009

Sometimes, story plots work themselves out perfectly; sometimes, no matter how much I think about them, the ideas never quite gel. Take a scenario which sprung into my mind early one recent morning, as I walked through Green Park in central London, en route to work.

The Headmaster was clearly annoyed: a group of girls had been caned for some serious breach of a school rule. What made it worse was that their crime was a quite calculated gesture: they'd broken a rule widely agreed by the girls in the school to be unfair, and their act had been committed in the full knowledge that it would provoke and annoy the school authorities.

He'd called them in, one by one; each had received a lecture; each had been caned soundly across her skirt and sent on her way.

The grapevine quickly spread word of their punishment around the school, and the girls concerned - far from being ashamed of their punishment - seemed to revel in the attention. That, in their eyes, their canings had been as unfair as the rule they had broken, merely added to their sense of camaraderie, and before long they had styled themselves "The Martyrs' Club."

Posters appeared on noticeboards; slogans scrawled on blackboards; T-shirts were printed and worn under school colours during hockey matches. Their names were whispered by others as a gesture of solidarity and shared defiance: "I support The Martyrs' Club..."

The Headmaster had no choice but to act. His lecture at the morning assembly was stern: "I will not stand by and watch a group of girls seek to undermine my authority. Whilst I see no particular need to justify myself to the school, I feel I should point out why the rule in question exists, and why I felt it necessary to administer

corporal punishment to the girls in question." His explanation appeared more than reasonable; the tide of schoolgirl opinion started to turn; he made it clear that their ongoing disobedience could not be tolerated, and would be dealt with severely: "Miss Smith, Miss Matthews, Miss Harris, Miss Fry and Miss King will report to my office immediately following this assembly to be caned."

He saw the five girls together this time; called them forward in turn, each to receive six of the very best stripes on the bare. And no more was heard of the Martyrs.

Only, that's where I start to struggle - because I cannot, for the life of me, work out the nature of their original offence. What rule could they have broken, that would seem so manifestly unfair - yet be to eminently reasonable once the rationale for its existence was understood. Any ideas would be most welcome: I'd so love to write the story once that final, key part of the jigsaw falls into place.

The headmaster's gramophone

23 March 2009

Needless to say, as we've looked recently for a new place to rent, the question of sound-proofing has been foremost in our minds. Forget the location, the decor, the number of bedrooms - our first assessment on arriving at a potential new home has been of the thickness of the walls. That gorgeous new townhouse, set next to the canal? Far too likely that the neighbours would overhear the sounds of whacking.

I was drawn to picture a Headmaster in days gone by. Whilst he'd cane miscreants when strictly necessary, he'd be conscious that the sound of the thrashing would carry through his study's walls and windows. Being a kindly

gentleman at heart, he'd hit on a means of saving a girl from having her humiliation relayed to her friends.

Only, you can picture the reaction of a young lady, walking into his room in trepidation - praying that she might escape without a caning - when she saw the Headmaster tinkering with the gramophone...

"Your first Headship"

22 April 2009

I came across a long-forgotten book during our packing, entitled "Your First Headship". We picked it up years ago in a second-hand bookshop, wondering what it said about disciplinary matters.

Sadly, it was rather lacking in useful advice. But I did find myself mentally re-writing along it the following lines the other day during a long drive:

Corporal Punishment

It is imperative that, in your early days as a Headmaster, you make it plain to the girls in the school that you will resort to corporal punishment to punish those committing more serious misdemeanours.

We recommend that you make an example of one of the girls within the first two weeks of your Headship. Ideally, you will find a 'good girl', not one typically badly-behaved, who has overstepped the mark.

Announce your displeasure at her offence in school assembly, and tell her to report to your office at morning break. By making the fact of her punishment public, you will send out a clear and important message.

Keep her waiting for a few minutes, then scold her severely and express your disappointment. Administer the caning hard - six of your very best with the senior cane, on the bare, with her touching her toes. Have no doubt that news of the procedure that you follow will be disseminated

across the school within a matter of hours, just as her stripes will be inspected in the changing room showers in days to come for signs of your effectiveness as a disciplinarian.

By being strict in these early days, you will be kinder to the girls in the longer-term, making it clear that misbehaviour will be soundly punished, and thus reducing the incidence of rule-breaking and the need to administer future canings.

You know you're a pervert when...

23 May 2009

... your business meetings in Amsterdam finish early, you go for a walk, and all the sex shops seem *so* tame! Not a decent implement in sight.

I had to compensate with a visit to the Torture Museum ("The procedures of Inquisition, shameful and corporal punishments... Learn the painful truth..."). That too was rather dull - not a whip in sight, although some of the illustrations were rather nice. Sorry, rather shocking and scary.

But it was the coffee shop that I passed later which sparked interesting ideas - 'coffee' in this context being more (legal) cannabis than cappuccino. I pictured a schoolmaster in the hotel reception, in a state of some agitation - his 'lights out' room-by-room roll call having determined that two of the young ladies in his care had failed to return that evening.

They'd show up before long - just as he was debating whether to call the police to report them missing. The pair would be skimpily-dressed, overly-made-up, unstable on their feet and incredibly giggly.

"We've been for a *coffee*, sir. A legal one." (Snigger). "We forgot the time. But you're nice, sir, and we knew you wouldn't mind..."

But mind he did, and their demeanour back at school a few days later would be rather different as they stood before the Headmaster. Six strokes each on the bare would precede a one-week suspension; they'd touch their toes side-by-side for their caning, before being sent to pack and await the arrival of their respective fathers to take them to their homes...

The girl in the pub

7 June 2009

One really couldn't help but notice the lass over by the bar in our favourite local pub last night - gorgeously pretty, in a figure-hugging black dress. I speculated: why was she waiting along, toying with her half-pint of lemonade, glancing at her phone every few seconds, willing it to ring?

Ah, I worked out: she was waiting for her boyfriend. See, it was the leavers' ball at the local public school. And he'd invited her, of course. He was due here any moment to pick her up and take her to the celebration.

Only, she'd been a pupil in the same year at the same school. Until last summer. When she'd been caught breaking some sacrosanct school rule. Caned by her housemaster. Expelled by the headmaster.

This would be the first time she'd been back since. She'd be amongst old friends, of course; many would have stayed in touch. But the staff would be there, too. And simply walking through the school gates would bring back so many memories - not least, of the last time she'd walked *out* of them on that fateful day a year ago.

(She was actually presumably just going out for the night. But I thought my version was better. And when I remembered that the poshest school locally is all-girls, and realised that it would therefore have been her *girlfriend* taking her to the ball, the whole thing seemed almost too perfect not to be true!)

The first-year examination

19 June 2009

Come with me to a rather unusual establishment: an exclusive University campus, for the country's very brightest girls. Only a small number are accepted - fifty per year, perhaps, hand-picked after careful scrutiny of those recommended in confidential letters from their schools. They're guaranteed high-flying jobs in the State administration when they leave - this being a country where the State controls everything.

The place is run along boarding school lines: uniforms, strict rules, girls required to remain on campus at all times during the term. There's the ever-present (but rarely-used) threat of the cane for those who under-perform.

It's the end-of-year examination for the first year students. The exam takes place over three days: three papers per day, each incredibly testing. Each paper can pose questions on any of the topics studied during the year.

Exactly 48 hours after the final paper is completed, a league table of results will be published on the University noticeboard - a percentage score against each girl's name, with the top student at the head of the list. And, to focus them on their studies throughout their first year, there's a long-standing tradition that whoever who finishes bottom of the class will be caned. Twelve strokes on the bare, in

front of her peers - the only time a punishment is ever given in public.

We're in the exam room. It's the morning of day two. The students are writing away, feverishly. The invigilator roams from desk to desk. Something catches his eye across the room - a girl behaving strangely. He walks on, closer, behind the girl in question, observing without being observed. Closer still, and his suspicions are confirmed.

Suddenly he's next to her, taking the wooden ruler from her desk, turning it over and seeing (as he'd suspected) tiny hand-written notes: formulae, dates, names. He breaks the silence: "Stand up and explain yourself!"

She rises to her feet, but can only offer a mumbled excuse: "I... I used it for revising, sir. I didn't mean to bring it into the exam with me."

"Sit down and continue your work," he tells her. "You'll keep working on this and the other papers, as usual. But be in no doubt that you will be accorded a score of zero per cent on this year's examination."

He walks away, leaving her to try to concentrate again on her work - tears staining the ink on the page in front of her, as the shock and shame of being caught gives way to the realisation that a zero score will inevitably leave her at the bottom of the class...

Queueing outside the Headmaster's study

13 July 2009

The door of the Headmaster's study swings open; a girl emerges into the corridor, tearful and rubbing her bottom. A line of four, maybe five, of her friends waits outside.

"He wants you to go straight in," she tells the lass at the front of the queue, then whispers: "Good luck."

The door shuts. And within a moment, the freshly-punished girl is surrounded by her friends - comforting, consoling, wanting to know what it was like. She'd try not to worry them - "It wasn't too bad" masking the reality that being caned had been far, far worse than she'd anticipated.

And at that moment, a master would turn into the corridor. "What on earth is going on here?" The line would slink back against the wall, leaving the punished lass looking up at the Deputy Head. "You must know that talking outside the Headmaster's office is strictly forbidden."

"Yes, sir. I mean, I've just been in trouble, and I've just come out, and my friends... Well, they were checking I was OK."

"I find it quite astonishing that a pupil can emerge from being punished by the Headmaster, and flout a school rule within a matter of seconds."

"I'm sorry, sir."

"You can join the back of the queue, and once he's dealt with your colleagues, you can go in to see him again. Explain why I've sent you back. And I suspect the Headmaster will teach you what a very dim view he'd take of a girl who misbehaves within minutes of being caned."

The dorm inspection

4 September 2009

It was a dark, wet, windy morning... Walking through deserted streets to the local train station at 5.30am yesterday really was a miserable experience. Not a light in a single window; it really did seem as though I was the only person awake at such an ungodly hour.

To cheer myself up, my crook-handled umbrella caned countless imaginary girls as I strolled. (Hey, there was no-one around, OK?). And then inspiration struck. For surely this would be precisely the time at which the prefects in the local girls' boarding school would conduct a surprise early-morning dorm inspection?

They'd burst in, unannounced, and flick on the bright lights. The girls in the room would be made to climb groggily from their beds; they'd stand watching (and trembling) as the inspection took place.

Some would be sent back to sleep, everything being in order. Others would be found guilty of minor offences - clothes strewn on the floor rather than folded neatly on their bedside chair; wearing non-regulation pyjamas. They'd be made to bend over the end of their bed for a sound whacking with the prefectorial plimsoll.

And the remaining few? Those foolish girls whose bedside tables contained stashes of illicit contraband - cigarettes, alcohol? They'd be made to put on their dressing gowns and go and wait in silence until their Housemaster arrived in his study that morning, knowing that a caning was inevitable.

Owning up

26 September 2009

The Headmaster, in my day dreams at the back of my conference in Germany last week, was standing at the front of the classroom of twenty or so girls, wearing his gown and flexing a crook-handled cane. "This is your final chance," he warned. "If the culprit doesn't own up now, I shall cane you all.

The girls looked at each other, and slowly one of their number rose to her feet. "It was me, sir," she confessed. "Then you'll accompany me to my study," came the icy reply.

Later in the day, one of the masters would overhear a conversation in the playground that he reported to the Head. The girl who'd been caned hadn't, it seemed, been the actual offender - rather, she'd admitted guilt to save the whole class from punishment. And the two real miscreants, who'd now confessed to their friends, had escaped scot-free save for the unbearable guilt.

The three girls concerned were quickly called before the Headmaster. The lass he'd punished in the morning was shown in first, to learn the painful way that he took an even dimmer view of lying than he did of the offence for which he'd caned her that morning. And she'd discover that six strokes on the bare would hurt far more than their predecessors over her skirt.

The two real culprits would then be called in in turn. Blazers removed, skirts lifted, knickers lowered, they'd each receive twelve of the very best with his thickest cane, before being sent back to their classroom in utter shame.

"I'd do anything"

2 December 2009

Rev Jenkins's ears pricked up with interest the other morning, whilst I was indulging in a few moments of guilty pleasure. See, I was early for a meeting in central London and needed breakfast - and the Oxford Circus McD's just beckoned me in.

Anyway... There I was, quietly reading the paper, when the lass at the next table commented to her mother that, "I was really pleased when I got an A in RS last year: I'd have done anything to beat her."

Anything? Really?

They'd been set a test that would count towards their final grades. A multiple-choice exam: mark the correct answer from the four options for each of a hundred questions, and leave their completed answer sheet in the chaplain's pigeonhole outside the staff common room by a particular time.

It was easy to print off an extra form, to add her rival's name to the top, to substitute the form that the other girl had already left for one full of so many incorrect answers. Only the subterfuge would have been discovered, when the chaplain showed the wronged girl where she'd gone wrong, and why she'd only scored 40% rather than her usual 80%-plus.

See, she'd kept a copy of her answer sheet. The deceit was quickly discovered, and the class asked to own up.

Shamefaced, the culprit would report to the vestry after evensong in the school chapel. She'd have no excuses, only apologies and regrets. The good Reverend would take out the tawse more habitually used when girls misbehaved during use in choir practice, and strap her hands until she cried. And then he'd hug her and send her off to apologise to her rival.

Obeying the law

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 prefect and his favourite girl

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...

After her caning

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 new girls’ dorm

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...

On the touchline

8 February 2014

I'm in something of a prefectorial mood, writing-wise. This time: the headmaster observing a girl's tomfoolery whilst she was spectating at a school hockey match. Calling her over: "I won't stand for that sort of thing whilst there are parents here watching, never mind staff and students from another school."

Turning to the prefect to his side: "I can't really leave the touchline. Would you mind taking her inside, and dealing with her? Severely. Maybe six or eight strokes: I shall leave it to your discretion. Bring her back out to me when you've finished."

It would be eight, of course. And he'd want to make sure the headmaster felt he'd done the job properly. Bent over a table in the prefects' room; the heaviest cane, lifted high each time. No mercy. ("I'm doing you a favour. If I don't punish you hard enough, I'm sure the headmaster will deal with you himself later on.")

Plenty of tears staining her face when they walked back out to the game. And more flowing when she presented herself to the Head, and apologised for her conduct.

Revenge

22 March 2014

The Head Girl looked her up and down. "Not fair?"

"No. I didn't do it."

"How fascinating." She walked over to the shelves that lined the Prefects' Room, and pulled down a volume.

"The punishment book," she observed, "from four years ago. Now, let me see... 20th September. My name. Six strokes of the cane. And... oh, look: your sister's signature. When she was Head Girl, just as I am now."

She closed the book, replaced it, and picked the cane off the table. "Not fair. Another girl hit me; I was trying to defend myself. But it didn't save me. Your family obviously has very high standards."

"And what does that have to do with me?"

"Oh, nothing at all. It's entirely coincidental that I'm going to beat you. No element of score-settling whatsoever. Now bend over and touch your toes..."

The girls

13 April 2014

They'd been quiet. So quiet, knowing the risks.

The older girl had taken control. She, after all, had done this before. Nervous, tentative touches had given way, once that unspoken decision had been taken, to mouths and fingers and bare flesh. And pleasure, and pain, so merrily and momentarily inflicted, then pleasure again. One orgasm. Two. Begging for, and being granted, the third.

The walk back down to her own study-bedroom had been fraught, for being caught at that early hour would have inevitable consequences that she dreaded, avoided

for nigh on two years at St Mary's. But the coast remained thankfully clear.

She slipped into her room, heart pounding. Closed the door, flicked on the light. And saw the handwritten card on the bed, bearing the head prefect's name. "You understand that being away from your room so long after lights-out is strictly against school rules. Report to my study in your pyjamas and dressing gown at 7.30am to be beaten."

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Not that said garments were required, it seemed, as she bent over naked to touch her toes. Six strokes, doubled to twelve for refusing to reveal the other girl's name. Increased to fifteen, sixteen, she couldn't by the end tell, for those moments when she disgraced herself by being unable to take the searing strokes like a good girl.

Facing the corner afterwards, hands on head so unable to wipe away the tears. Hearing the knock on the door. Hearing, to her mortification: "Come in."

Hearing the other person entering the room, closing the door.

Hearing *her* voice. "I told you she was pretty, and that she would stripe nicely. Now: which of us do you intend to fuck first: me or our new toy?"

Sent off

9 May 2014

Sent off, captaining the school team that Saturday afternoon. A mandatory caning inevitable. Her team going on to lose. The argument, after the final whistle, with the master from the opposing team who had been refereeing: the fierce accusations of bias.

The headmaster away for the weekend. By Sunday evening, her anger and outrage starting to give way to fear.

The prefect, finding her in the lower sixth common room that evening, after dinner. The instruction to report to the headmaster's study before lights out. The lonely walk through deserted corridors. The nervous knock on his door. The immediate realisation as he reproached for letting down her team that protest was futile, her fate determined.

The twelve strokes - double the usual tally, for the captain - on the bare, as she touched her toes. Bravery and pride left long behind as she broke on the fourth, and sobbed through the rest.

And afterwards, as he wrote her name for the first time into the punishment book, the discussion turning to her behaviour after the game. How speaking like that to a visiting master was utterly unacceptable. How she had disgraced herself and the school.

How the rules of permitted him to administer twelve strokes at a time. How she was therefore to report back to him before showers the following day to be beaten once more. "7am sharp, Monday morning..."

The guardian

27 June 2014

It was seen as unconventional, to say the least: girls were expected to live with their parents or guardians. So when, on her eighteenth birthday, she had announced that she was leaving home and moving in with her boyfriend, the school authorities were somewhat taken aback. The rulebook was scoured, but to no avail. One of the prefects would be henceforth living in sin.

They had designated him her 'guardian', for the purposes of the official record. And, with the age difference between them, perhaps that had a ring of truth.

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It was guardians who were called when a girl was caned and suspended - to be informed of her punishment, and required to remove her from the premises.

He was there as soon as he could be, to rescue her from the pain and shame of public display on the hard wooden bench in the corridor outside the headmaster's study - her prefect badge by now returned, her humiliation unbearable.

She handed him a letter, which he folded into his jacket pocket, before enclosing her in his arms. "We'll go home. And we'll talk about it. And you'll be OK."

--

An explanation. Hesitant. Embarrassed. Sad.

Loving cuddles. Loving sex, there on the couch: slow, passionate, their orgasms mutual. Sleep. Deep sleep. In one another's arms.

--

He read the letter later. Put it to one side. Ignored it. Until she came back into the room, in tears.

"I've just been talking to Samantha." The other girl. "She's just been sent to bed, in disgrace. She got punished, in front of her sisters."

"And you?"

A pause.

"I'm so sorry..."

"Do you need punishing? The letter from the school seems to rather require it."

A longer pause. "Yes, sir. It would be unfair otherwise."

"Then go to our room and get undressed."

--

Not the first time he'd whipped his good girl for being bad. Not the first time he'd taken off his belt, told her to bend over. Only, this time, it was the buckle end. This time she was crying before he started. This time, the strokes rained down on top of already-agonising cane stripes.

Not the first time he'd held her after, feeling her tears on his skin. Told her how much she meant to him, before fucking her as hard as she needed to be taken. Fallen asleep with her in his arms, holding her as close as can be. Making her feel loved; cared for; protected.

Letting herself down

30 September 2014

I heard tale the other day of a Headmaster's son who, many years after leaving the sixth form, still holds one of the school's athletics records.

But what of another Headmaster's *daughter*, who doesn't hold the record? Clear favourite; by far the best runner the school had ever seen. The record smashed in the semi-final – but only runs on the actual Sports Day counted for the history books.

The high expectations. The parents watching; her father proud. And her trailing in a miserable third.

He'd discuss it with her later. "It's not that you lost," he'd say. "Anyone can have a bad day." But he'd take out a printout, and read from it to her. "But when I see from your browsing history that you were online until three in the morning on the day of the race, and had been up to similar hours on both of the previous nights, then it's less a case of back luck than of poor self-discipline."

She'd look ashamed, downcast. "I'm sorry, father. I let you down."

"You let yourself down, more importantly. So go to my study and fetch the top cane from the rack. I need to make sure you really have learnt your lesson..."

Unimpressive?

2 October 2014

Perish the thought that I would write a blog entry inspired by something as mundane as an inaccurate autocorrect, but my phone amended an *unimpressed* gentleman the other day to read:

The headmaster was unimpressive.

At first, I merely thought of someone shambolic, a laughing stock amongst the girls and singularly unable to maintain discipline.

But then... perhaps it was simply that he was less accurate when administering canings than his predecessor had been. ("Rev Jenkins was renowned for administering perfectly parallel strokes when administering a beating. But as first girls to be caned by his successor were inspected in the showers after their punishment, it was deemed that in comparison the headmaster was unimpressive.")

Or maybe it was simply that he was *too* severe: unable to control the girls with a glance, with a phrase, and too quick to resort to corporal punishment.

Or perhaps, even, the head girl had complained to the chairman of the governors about the way in which a particular incident had been handled. The matter had been investigated, and the head – of course – clearly exonerated, and advised to discuss the issue with the prefect in question.

He'd read from the report, as she stood before him. "The headmaster was unimpressive', eh?" Twelve hard strokes with his heaviest cane would follow: "To teach you the respect for authority that I thought you had, but which you clearly lack."

The slightly open door

19 December 2014

What a lovely quote, from a reminiscence of school life in the 1930s:

"On the way [to class], we passed Dr Hare's office. Dr Hare was a mystery, seen only on ceremonial occasions. The door of his office was always slightly open, and the only thing visible was a cane standing in the corner. It was an inner sanctum never to be entered, we hoped."

It makes me think that the headmasters in my fantasies are too familiar to the girls. I think they need to be more aloof, more formal...

A girl knocks lightly on the "always open" door. "Come in!" calls the headmaster. "And close the door behind you. Now, why are you here?"

"I'm Anna Leonard, sir. Upper Four A. Mr Watkins sent me. To... to be punished."

He consulted a paper on his desk: "I see!" – before looking up at her: "And why are you to be beaten, Miss Leonard?"

"Please, sir. It was out of character. I promise..."

He cut across her. "The issue here is not how you're to be punished. It is merely to make sure you learn your lesson..."

"Yes, sir." Downcast. "I... was caught copying another girl's work in my History essay."

"Then your housemaster was entirely correct in his judgment that you should be thrashed. Now, let's get this over with: take off your knickers, and bend over and touch your toes."

The cane taken from its corner. The trembling girl's skirt lifted. No announcement of the number of strokes: just the first, cutting home, and her sob. The second, the third. A long pause. The fourth, fifth, sixth. A longer pause: surely, now it was over. But the next descended, and the next, before the instruction to stand was given.

Before she was sent on her way. Before, as she opened the door, he stopped her in her tracks with one final question: "Who was the girl whose work you copied?"

"I... no, sir, I mean..."

"Do you need me to cane you again, Miss Leonard?"

"No, sir. Please, sir..." Realising that the other girl's identity was no secret, their work having been compared. "It... it was Joanne Thompson."

"Then when you get back to class, send her to me, would you, so I can discuss her role in this matter?"

The note

29 December, 2014

I picture a prefect, monitoring girls in the library as they do their prep. He notices one of their number slipping a note to a friend. "Bring that here!" he commands.

She hesitates. "Now!"

She still hesitates. "Then you have a detention, to serve on Saturday, even before I've read the note."

Tears come to her eyes: she's not the type to be in trouble. Slowly, she stands, and takes the note back from its recipient. She brings it to the front, and hands it to him, blushing and avoiding his eyes.

He opens it. A sketch, clearly depicting him. A note: "Don't you think he's cute?"

"I'm not sure whether to be complimented or slightly mortified, Miss Watson, much as I am impressed with your artistic talent. Now, back to your seat, and back to your work." It's his turn to blush.

—

Five minutes later: a whispered conversation between the two girls. He walks to the back of the room, stands behind her, whispering softly: "Last warning, Miss Watson. Don't push your luck."

—

And then the next note. How could she have been so careless? "I'll see you in the prefects' room after prep."

—

Being made to stand outside, waiting, for an eternity. Her heart pounding. Her heart pounding still faster when he finally emerges and calls her in.

Taking in the room. Five, six of the prefects – reading; in conversation. Falling silent as she entered.

Watching as he takes a cane from the rack. "Go and bend over the table in the corner, and lift your skirt." No

negotiation; no room for persuasion; the sentence inevitable.

All eyes on them, as he positions himself behind her and to her side. "I would have expected better from you, Miss Watson. You're not the sort of girl we expect to see in here. You've let yourself down rather badly."

Tears in her eyes, even before he confirms: "Six strokes."

—

She does not take the caning well.

—

He dismisses her — sending her back, in shame, to the world outside and the prying questions and teasing taunts. Is that sympathy in his voice? "I'm sorry to have had to do that, Miss Watson. Let that be the last time."

—

And later... does her heart pound again as she mounts the stairs to his study-bedroom, in her regulation pyjamas and dressing gown, shortly before lights-out. As she knocks on his door. Takes in his surprise as he sees her standing there. "I... I just wanted to apologise for my behaviour earlier."

—

Does he invite her in? Does he hold her, as she sobs?

—

Does he lift her face gently to his? Does he kiss her?

—

Does he lead her to his bed?

PUNISHED AT **HOME**

Teenage antics

30 March 2006

One of those news stories today that you just couldn't make up:

'German police discovered a truant teenager at home in bed with her boyfriend after a neighbour spotted a man climbing into her window and reported a burglary, authorities said on Wednesday.

Thinking he had witnessed a break-in, the neighbour called police, who sped towards the would-be crime scene with their siren blaring.

When officers arrived, the girl's mother told them the room belonged to her 15-year-old daughter who was at school. Further investigation revealed the mother was wrong. "She wasn't looking at school books, she was in bed with her boyfriend and was presumably learning something else," Frankfurt police said in a statement.'

My kinky mind hardly knows where to start....

The hardware shop

1 May 2006

I just wandered past an old-fashioned hardware shop, one of a dying breed. A carefully-hung selection of mops and brushes fluttered in the breeze; peering inside, I spied a veritable treasure-trove of household essentials.

The friendly proprietor of a neighbourhood store such as this would know everyone, be at the heart of the community. Children would be despatched by their parents on errands; smiling down at them, he'd check their order, wrap their goods with brown paper and string, and teach the youngest how to count out their change.

He'd have a special drawer, of course. I imagined one young lady, in her smart school blazer, nervously perusing the shelves inside as I walked past, sniffing the shop's distinctively clean air, waiting for the coast to clear of other shoppers. He'd welcome her warmly: he would have known her since she'd been a little girl. He'd have heard of her successes - the scholarship to the Grammar School, the prize-winning poems.

And now she'd be telling him, under her breath, that her daddy had sent her to buy a strap from the special drawer. He wouldn't hear the first time: she'd have to repeat herself louder, glancing over her shoulder lest anyone had entered the shop.

And he'd shake his head sadly. He'd know that she was an only child: there could be no confusion as to her imminent fate. And he'd reach into his drawer, and rummage around for the lightest strap he had left, and parcel it up carefully as a tear trickled down her cheek.

'I'm not on the train'

17 December 2006

One doesn't mean to eavesdrop, but I've just heard the most spankable comment from the seat behind me on the train. Thanks to the joys of wireless on-board internet connections, I can report it directly to you.

A youngish lass, pretty, smartly dressed, joined at the last station; a sixth-former, if I'm guessing her age correctly. She was chatting on the phone to her dad, and sounding unusually keen to finish the conversation. Opposite her, a small boy with his family accidentally knocked a glass of milk over the table. Cue much commotion.

"It's nothing, dad," cute student mutters. "Just the people next to me in the coffee shop."

'Coffee shop'? Right. That would be the 130 miles per hour type of coffee shop that comes with a locomotive at the front and runs along tracks. So, dear readers, who's she going to see? What furtive liaisons are planned for her afternoon? And what would daddy do on her return home were he to find out where she'd really been for the day?

Caned at the crack of dawn

18 January 2007

The milkman, usually fairly quiet as he creeps up to the front door to deliver our daily pint, woke me this morning with a great clinking of bottles. Still half asleep, I began to ponder an alternative early morning round, this time by the local punishment officer.

Legally-appointed, said official's "morning round" would take in each village or district once a week. Parents in the relevant area would leave a note outside their door before retiring the previous night, requesting the officer to

stop by: "Six strokes, eldest daughter", for example. The young lady's punishment would presumably be amplified by the thought that late night passers-by might pause, curious, and read the note.

The girl would be expected to be up and waiting from, say, 6am - showered and in her uniform ready for the school day. The precise time of the disciplinarian's arrival determined by the number of other calls he'd had to make on the given morning. Punishment would be swift and firm, administered on the bare with a government-issue cane.

Anyone interested in providing such a service in our local area should apply to...

Dreaming of suburban spankings

10 July 2007

Sometimes I marvel at the level of detail in my kinky dreams - and wonder at some of the points that get skipped over. Take last night's reveries.

A 30s style suburban semi. Slightly grubby net curtains, in the big bay window overlooking an overgrown front garden. Rays of sunlight, filtering through, onto dated furniture that might have been fashionable in the late 1970s.

The vicar, visiting for afternoon tea, perched politely on the sofa. The startled gentleman (guardian, father, uncle?) admonishing a young lady for swearing (although I had no idea what she'd said).

"Just because you're at College doesn't mean you can use foul language when you come home. Go upstairs and fetch the cane."

The girl returning, shame-faced. "Would you mind moving down a little, vicar?" so that the girl had room to

bend over the arm of the settee. (Wearing trousers? Skirt? Bared? No idea!)

The vicar taking the lass's face quite firmly in his hand, lifting it so he could look directly into her eyes as the strokes fell. (Four strokes? Six?)

The girl standing, rubbing her bottom, being handed the cane and disappearing to return it. (To a wardrobe in her bedroom, maybe?) The vicar being offered another cup of tea...

Daddy's footsteps

16 October 2007

What had he said? "I want you to go to your room, so that you have some time to contemplate the magnitude of your misjudgement, before I come up to punish you."

Oh, she was contemplating, all right. He hadn't whipped her in three years now. Not since that summer afternoon in Devon, in the caravan, after she and Alice had both been hauled back from the pub. "After you specifically promised us not to go back."

But Alice was at Uni now. Not that she'd wish a share of this on her elder sister. Her father's footsteps on the stairs, undeniably. Surely she was too old? Surely he wouldn't.... But when he entered the room, his hands were already reaching to his buckle.

I love it when ideas pop into my head with such clarity, to be polished and further perverted - even if it does then become a battle to transcribe the phrases before they float away. *I wonder what she'd done?*

Dealing with your irresponsible daughter

22 December 2007

A thought-provoking advertisement at Schiphol Airport, where we changed planes last week en route to our holiday...

You leave a fortune and an irresponsible daughter. Let's talk about your future.

So, I'll pose a quiz question. Was this:

- a) an advertisement for a bank, hoping to get its greedy paws on your money or
- b) an advertisement for a disciplinarian, hoping to get his greedy paws on your daughter?

Sadly, the correct answer was (a) - Dutch bank ING - but the latter option seems so much more appealing. And, after all, if you could instil some responsibility into your daughter, you might not need to employ a team of bankers to cream off their commissions from your hard-earned wealth.

(The option of hanging around for a while, so that you don't have to 'leave' your fortune to anyone but can continue to enjoy it yourself, was presumably - and rather morbidly - not on the bankers' agenda).

The room service paddle

26 December 2007

The "guest directory" for our ever-so-nice Malaysian resort lists essential items that the traveller might have forgotten, which can be provided simply by calling the service desk. Contact lens solution, highlighter pens, phone chargers, nail polish remover, paddles, paper clips, staplers and strollers are amongst the items listed.

OK... maybe I've extemporised slightly. But they should have a paddle (or cane, or tawse, or a selection) available, right?

I'm picturing the scene: the young lady who's persisted in fooling around next to the pool, eventually soaking her father and assorted other guests with a particularly ferocious splash. He'd apologise profusely, promising that the matter would be dealt with, and would lead her straight to her bedroom.

The phone call would be made; the daughter - still in her swimming costume - made to stand, disgraced, in the corner until the hotel staff knocked some minutes later.

Daddy would make her answer. The hotel employee would proffer the paddle: "I assume that this is for you?" She'd nod. "Please could you call to for us to collect it once it's been applied?"

From deep inside the room, her father's voice. "Please don't put yourselves to any further trouble. I'll have her return it shortly to the reception desk."

Meanwhile, elsewhere in the resort, another father would have placed a similar call. "Unfortunately, sir, the paddle is currently being used by another gentleman. We expect to have it back soon, though. Perhaps if someone could wait in the lobby?"

And so it would come to pass that the first girl, tearful and freshly punished, would duly pass on the paddle to the second, tearful and *about* to be punished, giving her a hug as she did and wishing her well. The transaction would take place under the watchful eyes of the hotel employees.

But I wonder? Would the two lasses avert their eyes from one another when they found themselves at adjacent loungers next to the pool the following day? Or would their common bond unite them, acting as a spark to future friendship?

The dreaming spires

23 March 2008

The girl at the next table at lunch in Oxford on Good Friday had stepped straight from one of my stories. Clearly a good girl: chunky hand-knitted cardigan, hemp Oxfam bag, the vegetarian option (of course). Pretty, in an understated way.

She smoothed out the map of the university's colleges, discussing the afternoon's itinerary with proud parents: I might apply there next year, or there, or there...

Her mobile beeped; she read the text; her father reached out his hand and took the phone from her. He read the message, smiled. But what if he'd read a different message, from her closest friend at boarding school:

My Dad got ltr from hdmstr about caning. Intercept yr post!

She'd blush, remembering ruefully back to the final night of term earlier in the week and their painful trip to the Headmaster's study. "Girls in the Lower Sixth should, quite frankly, know better, and I intend to make an example of you. Now, which of you would like to go first?"

The new arrival

12 May 2008

On a tube from Heathrow into central London recently, I found myself observing the young woman sitting opposite. She'd clearly just arrived in the country, with two huge suitcases that suggested that she was here to work or study for some time.

The girl picked up a copy of Metro, the free newspaper, discarded by a previous passenger. We watched as she studied the strange, unfamiliar place names - for now just

words, abstract concepts - as if searching for clues to the lifeblood of her new home. Which places would become real, three-dimensional for her; which would remain foreign and unexplored? Which marked the future-familiar locations where she would work, play, love, cry?

And then she laid it down, pulled a map from her pocket and started to gather her things together. Her uncle would be waiting for her - pleased to see her, no doubt, eager for news from home. She'd be staying with him: her father had emphasised how lucky she was.

Only... only daddy had said something else as he'd kissed her goodbye. About how he'd been talking to her uncle about her behaviour in London. How he'd explained how she was expected to uphold the highest standards at all times; about how transgressions were punished at home.... ...about how he'd given her uncle his full permission to punish her as he felt fit.

About how her uncle had assured him that his own daughters had been brought up 'traditionally', and how he hoped not to have to use the cane during her stay, but would do so firmly and without hesitation if her conduct caused it to be strictly necessary...

Back to face her first caning

22 June 2008

It's the end of term. The three sisters know the tradition: they line up outside Daddy's study on the first evening home, and one-by-one are called in to hand him their school report. They watch as he reads: crave his praise, dread his disapproval. He reads nice comments aloud: "I'm so pleased with Mrs Watson's comments about your hard work in Geography this term." And he raises an eyebrow, and asks for an explanation of any misconduct or shortcomings.

The end of every discussion is marked with a hug, and a "lovely to have you home". Only on some occasions, where a girl has fallen short of the high standards that she and he would expect, that hug is prefaced by an instruction to "take down the cane from the top of the bookcase", and a carefully-administered, loving correction.

The youngest has always been the good girl of the three: the one who comes top of her class, who shines even more than her ever-so-clever sisters. She's listened over the years as the two elder girls have gone in before her. She's learned to worry for them if the conversation has started to drag on for much longer than usual. She's heard the whacks, the sobs; participated in the cuddles afterwards. And, as the youngest, she's then gone in last - to be praised. Always, to be praised.

This time it's different: the first year she's been alone in the line, both sisters now at University. And it's the first time she's known that her report she's held in her trembling hands would disappoint, her lack of self-discipline in the run-up to the exams reflected in a series of unacceptably low marks...

Punished for sharing

6 July 2008

According to the BBC:

Virgin Media has sent about 800 letters to customers warning them that they should not be downloading illegal music files via file-sharing sites. It is part of a 10-week campaign it is running in conjunction with the BPI to "educate" users about downloads. The BPI, the body which represents the UK record industry, told the BBC that "thousands more letters" would be sent.

One can imagine the consequences...

The letter in its crisp envelope, opened by their father. The summons, calling the three of them down to his office. "Which of you girls has been breaking the rules we agreed about using the internet?"

The ever-so-innocent looks on their faces. The correspondence from their hosting company, read aloud. Slowly, purposefully.

The nervous glances between the sisters. The eldest stepping forward, to take the blame despite the shared responsibility. Her reluctant confession. His dismissal of his other two daughters.

The belt, being drawn purposefully from the loops of his trousers. Doubled. "It's been a long time since I had to do this, Elizabeth. But I'm sure that you remember the position." Over the side of his armchair. Outstretched. Jeans down.

The stinging strokes. Only four. (Only?) Delivered slowly. Hard. Counted aloud. And the hugs after, and the reassurance that he loved her. Before she was sent to bed, where her sisters would come to cuddle and offer their thanks for her bravery and her protection.

The girl on the train

11 November 2008

The tartan skirt was too short, the leather boots too long. I ogled happily - and then corrupted the innocent scene, as I am wont to do.

Her uncle had been very clear: whilst she was staying under his roof, she would go out dressed demurely, or not go out at all. She'd presented herself for inspection that morning; he couldn't not approve of her jeans and jumper.

Only, she'd changed clothes on the train, as a girl would. And would change back on the return journey, hiding in the bathroom. He'd be none the wiser.

And she wasn't to have known that he would have had that call from an old friend, wondering whether he was free for lunch; that he'd have jumped on the train after hers; that she'd meet him, now, walking the other way along the street.

He'd be with his friend; she'd be in a group with hers. No words would be spoken. But their eyes would meet, and she'd shiver at the thought of the lecture later, and the tawse that would burn her outstretched hands.

Bed, breakfast and belt

5 June 2009

I rather enjoyed Wednesday's TV programme transporting a family back to a 1970s lifestyle.

The particular section that caught my fancy was their holiday in a Blackpool bed & breakfast. I can picture the scene. It's a little after nine in the evening. Grown-ups from the various families are sitting downstairs, cups of tea in hand, chatting politely to the landlady. Their offspring are upstairs, asleep. And then a loud crash from one of the bedrooms disturbs the peace.

The fathers jump to their feet and rush to see what's caused the commotion. Within minutes, they're back - one accompanied by his teenaged daughter in her nightdress.

"I'm afraid Jennifer here has broken a chair in the bedroom. We'll make good the damage, of course. But might I make use of the dining room next door for a few moments?"

The landlady would agree. The noises of a particularly sound thrashing would soon be all-too-audible: the whacks, the yelps, the sobs. And then father and tearful daughter would be back, he adjusting the buckle of his belt, she murmuring an apology to the landlady before being sent straight to bed.

The guardian's back-story

9 June 2009

Girls in my scenes often end up being dealt with by their guardian. It's a convenient role - domestic rather than scholastic, but avoiding the need for parental punishment (such things relatively rarely being my thing in roleplay).

The arrangements vary, but usually the girl's parents are no longer on the scene (some unspoken tragedy having befallen them several years before). The guardian is usually wealthy, always lives in a big house, is single and childless. The girl will be at boarding school; she'll return to his house for school holidays. He'll be caring - but somewhat aloof, and uncompromisingly strict.

It struck me the other morning, though, thinking about a future scene, that such figures are usually fairly two-dimensional in my kinky reveries. So I set about dreaming up more on my guardian character.

See, he'd grown up in the same street as the girl's mother. They'd been best friends - even when the boys usually played with boys, and the girls with the girls, and never the twain did meet. Only children; their parents close; both of their houses almost equally home to each of them.

They'd explored the world with each other and through each other's experiences. They'd confided, commiserated and comforted when needed. They'd cuddled - but chastely; they were too close for friendship to turn into a 'relationship'; more brother-and-sister than boyfriend-and-girlfriend.

And then they'd gone to different universities, and she'd met a charming young man, and before too long she'd graduated, married - their daughter arriving a year or so later. The choice of godfather was an easy and obvious one; he'd been honoured and delighted.

He'd watched the girl grow up into a striking and successful young woman - so like her mother at that age. (And, before you wonder, as with her mother, his thoughts were entirely proper!).

Her parents had been posted overseas when she was 15, and a scholarship pupil at the most prestigious girls' boarding school. (I like the idea of 'posted', rather than some disastrous accident!). And they'd asked whether he would be her guardian as it wouldn't be feasible for her to visit them.

So the girl moved into one of the spare rooms in his house; stayed with him in the vacations - even been taken with him across Europe every summer to broaden her cultural education, staying in grand hotels. He took great pride in her success at school - which he documented in long, hand-written letters to her parents, which reached them weeks later.

And the use of corporal punishment - after all, the starting point for my scenario? Very infrequent; *in loco parentis*, as they had requested. But used, nonetheless, even as he remembered consoling her mother years before as she cried into his shoulder - after those rare occasions on which she'd been sent to bend over the dining table or the end of her bed, for a whipping with a doubled-over belt. Only, as a gentleman, he preferred to use the cane - when strictly necessary.

A costly ice cream

8 August 2009

I spent a wonderful summer's afternoon wandering around Stuttgart on Tuesday. The main square was bathed in sunlight; groups of friends played boules. I joined the locals sitting outside sipping a cold beer.

Later, I wandered through the city centre, noticing the groups of younger folk outside the ice cream bars. And an evil thought occurred to me.

For one of the lasses had been spared a switching for her atrocious report at the end of the school term by promising that she'd study flat out throughout the summer. But daddy had gone away on a business trip and wouldn't be back until late. With the coast clear, she'd be perfectly safe to slip into the town to spend the day with her friends.

Or so she thought.

For the business meeting had been cancelled at the last minute, and her father had found himself walking through the city centre with colleagues. He'd seen his daughter - who'd not noticed him.

By the time she bent over the end of the sofa that evening, after cutting a selection of switches from the back garden, it would not only be the poor report that had earned her a thrashing. There'd be the furtive trip out of the house to consider, too - never mind that she'd sworn blind to her father when he'd returned home that evening that she'd been studying diligently all day...

Sisters

28 August 2009

I wonder whether I can stream my dreams directly onto YouTube? One last week was especially vivid. It was a summer evening, during the school holidays. A policeman sat in the living room of a suburban semi; two girls stood in the middle of the room, as he spoke to their father.

There'd been complaints, see. Girls climbing the wall into the garden of a big local house. Noise. Flowers being picked, trees climbed. Vandalism. There probably wasn't enough evidence to prosecute, but the officer thought that he'd better call round. See, the two girls before him had allegedly been seen climbing back over the wall into the street earlier that afternoon. And the gentleman who owned the house was pressing for charges to be brought.

"Do you have anything to say, girls?" their father would ask. They'd stare at the carpet, silently.

"Perhaps it would be better if they don't answer that while I'm here, sir," the constable would advise. "Wouldn't want to hear anything incriminating. But the teacher from their school who saw them was quite clear on their identities, and the clothes they're wearing exactly match his description."

He stood up. "Well, sir, thank you for your time. Maybe it would be best if I left you to, erm, deal with matters yourself. I never think it's worth troubling the courts, really, if I'm sure that the girls have had a sound talking-to at home."

The sisters were sent to their rooms as soon as the officer had shown himself to the door. Their father left them alone for a few minutes to contemplate their conduct.

At this point, my dream switched to the perspective of the younger girl, sitting nervously on her bed. She heard her father's heavy steps on the stairs; her heart pounded.

This time, he went to her sister's room first: she heard the door close firmly, and imagined the conversation that must be taking place. A long lecture: his disappointment, sense of shame. The explanation that he had no choice; his belt being unbuckled and doubled over. His elder daughter instructed to take down her jeans and bend over the end of the bed.

The first stroke resonated through her sister's door, and across the corridor, followed by a cry. A pause, then the second, then more, then she tried to lose count as her sister's sobs foretold her own impending fate.

And then silence. A long silence. Before the door opened and closed, and her father's footsteps came towards her across the landing...

The suffragette

24 November 2009

It was an awkward gathering late that evening in drawing room of the grand London townhouse: the gentleman, his niece, the police inspector.

The girl, aged seventeen, had been missing all day. Panic had ensued; her absence had been reported, searches undertaken. They'd found her, eventually - in the cell of a police station, amidst the other protestors they'd arrested earlier.

"Wilful vandalism", the inspector called it - daubing messages demanding equality on the walls of public buildings across the capital. "They want equality?" he continued: "They should be birched, then." But, thanks to the gentleman's friends in high places, no charges would be brought against this particular young lady - this time.

The gentleman raised his hand to silence the officer: "Thank you for your help, inspector, and for your advice. I shall take matters into my own hands from here." He rang

a bell; the butler appeared. "Thomson here will show you the way out."

When they were alone, he turned to the girl. "I shall see you in your bedroom in twenty minutes' time," he told her. "Go and get ready for bed."

She mounted the stairs, half in anger ("I was doing what was right"), half in dread. He was a kind man: he'd been good to her since he'd taken her in. But she knew what happened when he sent her upstairs like this. And, she had to admit, she'd deserved the two whippings he'd had have to give her. But her righteous fury made the thought of bending over, of taking the harsh strokes with his crop, even worse.

She was washed and in her nightdress by the time he arrived. She started to protest: "It's not fair. We should have the vote. You can't punish me for trying to change the system when it's wrong."

And he listened, and sat next to her on the bed, and agree. He confided in her: he knew the ringleaders, was active behind the scenes lobbying on their behalf. If she wanted to protest, he was proud of her.

"But," he added, "that doesn't excuse you leaving the house without permission today, or the worry you've caused us. We've been beside ourselves dreading what might have become of you."

She nodded sadly. And when he told her that he was going to put her over his knee and spank her, she was almost grateful for the chance to make amends - not for her protest, but for hurting those who cared about her.

Still daddy's girl

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'd 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...

The girls at the corner table

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 frappuccinos 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...

Back to the 1940s

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...!

The stepfather

27 December 2011

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.

The daughter

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."

A tale I read the other day of a 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.

Missing church

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 family visit

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...

Early one Easter morning

3 May 2014

An early stroll through Dublin’s fair city on Easter Sunday morning, escaping our hotel room to give a sickly Emma Jane some peace and hunting for coffee.

At that time of the day, ‘fair’ would actually be a generous description, the city bearing the scars of the Saturday night before. Others out early were an eclectic

mix - from tourists departing for long tours out of town, to those with nowhere better or warmer to go.

My near neighbour in McDonald's - the only place open for my caffeine fix at that hour - was a short-skirted lass who, it appeared, had not quite made it home from her night on the town. Nervous, perhaps, of returning home: "Where were you last night? Why didn't you call? Where did you sleep?"

Non-committal replies - evasive, with good reason. "You know the rules. And you know the consequences." The slap, hard, across her face. "And I will not be spoken to with such insolence."

Sent upstairs to her room. Followed. Belt unbuckled, doubled.

Defiance: the unspoken rejection of his authority as she assumed the position so occasionally, shamefully familiar. The martyrdom of the first strokes. The pain mounting. Ignored through clenched teeth. Impossible to ignore, as he switched to the buckle end to provoke a response - to punish her; to make learn.

And his words, cutting through the intensity of the strapping. Of trust, and worry, and safety, and love. Finally freeing her to cry; to regret; to feel protected in his arms when the whipping was over...

In-flight champers

25 July 2014

When I returned home from Singapore, after just five days there, I found myself in the luxury of club class. The champagne flowed freely. The lass opposite, in her mid teens, paused when it was offered to her - before requesting an apple juice.

But what if she'd given in to temptation? What if she'd enjoyed not one but several glasses? What if, in the

arrivals hall, her father had smelt the alcohol on her breath? "Have you been drinking on the plane?"

"No, daddy."

"I can smell it clearly: we'll discuss this later."

The long drive home, to their manor house in rural Wiltshire. The friendly welcome from her mother, her sisters, so glad to have her home. Not another word of the morning's conversation until the dinner plates had been cleared, washed and drive. "Go and wait in my study."

The sympathetic looks from her siblings.

The long wait - when even a minute would have been too long.

The total, utter lack of debate when he did arrive. "You know how I feel about you drinking underage. And you know that I will not tolerate lying."

A prolonged spanking, with her jeans taken down and knickers unceremoniously lowered. Hard enough to turn her internal protests from anger to resentment to acceptance to disappointment and shame at her conduct.

And then, even as she clambered unsteadily to her feet, the sight of him unbuckling his thick black belt. "Please, daddy..."

"Had you been honest with me, I would not have felt this necessary. Now bend over the arm of the chair..."

A friend of the headmaster

12 September 2014

I picture a gentlemen's club, somewhere in Pall Mall. The headmaster bumps into a contemporary, an old friend whose daughter now attends his school.

"All well with my girl, I hope?"

"Indeed: she's doing well. Shame about the bit of bother earlier in the term. But I think she's learnt her lesson."

And, that night at home, the conversation in which an explanation was demanded: “It’s not merely that you were caned, but that you chose to mislead me...” Before the inevitable unbuckling of his belt.

AT THE HANDS **OF THE UPPER** **CLASSES**

Where the Tudor daughters were birched

1 June 2007

Ever been to Hampton Court Palace? It's one of my favourite places, a palpable sense of history surrounding one's every step. I was there recently, and hope the young lady in authentic Tudor dress realised quite how much inspiration she provided.

The attendant in Henry VIII's great hall explained how the decor was designed to intimidate visitors and inspire fear and loyalty. Each tapestry, it seems, is made with so much gold and silver that it weighs a ton; each cost the equivalent of a warship. In the kitchens, there's a wonderful model of the palace as a royal banquet takes place.

My mind wandered, as it's oft to do. The king was presiding over the feast; he was in a less than festive mood, having been kept waiting as the more tardy guests arrived. Indeed, there were still two seats empty as the meal began. Two immaculately-dressed young women - beautiful, head-turning - arrived in the hall, curtsying and heading for their seats.

"Come forward," His Majesty bellowed. "What do you mean by turning up late and keeping me waiting?"

They apologised, profusely: they'd got lost in the gardens, they'd lost track of time, they were so sorry... "And what do your excuses matter to me? I do not expect to be kept waiting. By any of my subjects."

The King turned to the girls' father. "I hope that you will punish them for such insolence and disrespect, Baron?"

"Of course, Your Majesty."

"And I'm sure that you will wish to demonstrate your loyalty to your King, by dealing with the matter with the severity it deserves, Baron?"

"Yes, Your Majesty."

"Then I shall ask the courtiers to set up the flogging block in my private chambers," glancing across at his own daughters, "where the princesses are punished if they misbehave. I shall come and watch after lunch, to show how seriously you treat such disrespectful behaviour to your monarch."

"Thank you, your Majesty."

"You are a good and noble man."

The King turned to the other diners, all listening intently. "A true test of a gentleman's loyalty, passed with honour. Girls: sit down: you've kept us waiting quite long enough. Now, on with our feast...."

Whip me up a coke

21 November 2007

Edward Coke served as Lord Chief Justice from 1613-1616. An excerpt from a book review demonstrates that he meted out 'justice' at home quite as forcefully as he did in court:

"Edward Coke, the father of English liberties in his struggle against the absolutist tendencies of the Stuarts, tied his daughter to the bedpost and whipped her until she agreed to the match he had arranged for her"

Not altogether surprisingly, "the marriage was a disaster." I had to dig further into this intriguing tale. Project Gutenberg helped, as it so often does, recording an account from those who had:

"...heard it from a noble Peer, a near relation of the Danvers family, and Mr. Villiers, Brother to the person who now claims the Earldom of Buckingham, as his Brother assumed the Title, that the Lady Frances Viscountess Purbeck was tyed to the Bed-Poste and severely whipped into consent to marry with the Duke of Buckingham's Brother, Sir John Villiers.. who was 2 years after created Viscount Purbeck..."

A man like Coke would have no difficulty in persuading himself that a marriage with Sir John Villiers would be for his daughter's welfare, and, consequently, that a whipping to bring that marriage about would also be for her welfare. Coke had often waited for the confessions of men who were in frightful agony on the rack, in the dungeons of the Tower; so it must have been a mere trifle to him to await his daughter's consent to a marriage which she detested, while he whipped her, or watched her being whipped, reflecting upon the luxury of the bed-post in comparison with the agony of the rack, flattering himself that he was acting in obedience to Holy Scripture, and piously

meditating upon the gratification he must be giving to the soul of Solomon by this exercise of domestic discipline.

Whippings seem to run in the family. Another relative, Lady Exeter, faced trial at around the same time.

She was found innocent, and her accusers, Sir Thomas and Lady Lake, were imprisoned and fined 10,000 to the King, and 5,000 to Lady Exeter as damages for the libel. A chambermaid who was one of the witnesses, was whipped at the cart's tail for her perjury.

One presumes that a cart's tail is rather less comfortable than a bedpost.

The Imperial silverware

1 August 2008

The Imperial Silverware display in Vienna's Hofburg palace leads straight onto the tour of the emperor's apartments. Was it any wonder that I immediately connected the two?

The Emperor looked up from the dinner table, visibly irritated. "There appears to be some commotion," he observed to his head butler, who was hovering - as usual - in the shadows.

"I believe, Your Majesty, that one of the serving girls has just been caught trying to steal a piece of the silverware that she was clearing from the banquet."

"Then they'd better bring her in, so that we may see her punished. I presume you will deal with her for me?"

"I have already sent to the Riding School for a whip, Your Majesty."

The girl was dragged into the room, and bent over a chair. The assembled gentlemen turned to watch, as the butler took up the crop. She squealed as he started to lay on the whipping - wriggling as if to get away, staying in position mindful of the further thrashing she would

doubtless receive if she did. Six strokes marked their way across her skirt, before the butler told her to stand.

A deep voice boomed across the room - the Emperor: "And when, pray, are you going to start punishing her *properly*?" There was a pause, a confused silence, before he continued. "The girls who work here need to understand the severity of stealing from the imperial family."

"Yes, Your Majesty. Would you like me to continue her thrashing?" The Emperor looked at the girl, as if weighing the conflicting courses of discipline and mercy. "No, I don't think I would."

But if the girl looked relieved, it was only for a moment, as he continued: "You shall take her to my chambers and I will whip her personally. Strip her, wash her, and have her tied tightly over my desk. And send a footman out into the gardens; have him cut six switches from one of the birch trees, and tie them firmly together. I intend to make something of an example out of young... what was your name?"

"Charlotte, sir."

"Yes, Charlotte." The emperor looked around the table. "I really must apologise for this most unfortunate incident." He clapped his hands: "Well, what are you waiting for? Take her away and prepare her to be punished. And meanwhile: pour us some more wine - my guests are dying of thirst."

Thrashed before the Upper Ten

18 August 2008

I've been reading a truly fascinating history of Wentworth, the largest of the English country houses. (When I spotted it on the bookshelves in the ever-so-posh new Terminal 5 at Heathrow the other day, I was interested purely in learning more of English history: that a book on the lives of the governing classes and their staff might have kinky potential wasn't at all a factor in my purchasing decision. Honest!).

The most interesting section comes when they discuss the dining arrangements: Dinner in the Steward's Room had been as formal an affair as the one that was about to take place upstairs. "There were six separate dining halls for the servants, depending on your place in the hierarchy," recalled the son of the manager of the Wentworth estates. "The Steward's Room was the top dining room, reserved for the Upper Ten. It was terribly smart. They sat on Chippendale chairs."

The Upper Ten were the most senior servants in the hierarchy. They included the groom of the chambers, the housekeeper, the house steward, the butler, the under-butler, the head housemaid and the valets. They dined in style: a footman served them at a table laid with fine china and glass; the men wore smoking jackets or evening dress, the women, long silk gowns. Precedence was strictly observed. As dinner concluded, coffee was served, followed by the usual digestifs - the senior staff enjoyed the same choice of port and liqueurs as their lordships downstairs.

And then came the moment that certain of their more junior colleagues had been dreading all evening. For a maid to misbehave in one of the great country houses was a serious offence, punishable with the utmost severity. For her to misbehave whilst accompanying her master on

a visit to one of his peers was a matter of the utmost shame.

A bell would be rung; any girls who had fallen short of the highest standards, had let down their household, would enter the room. A nervous line-up, each girl wringing her hands, shifting from foot to foot, avoiding the eyes of her seniors. Her offence would be read out, discussed around the table, and the presiding servant would pronounce her sentence.

The punishment would vary according to the customs of the house in which they were staying. In some, she might find herself over the steward's knee for the hardest of hand-spankings. In others, a strap might be fetched, in others a more junior servant would be sent to the stables to procure a riding crop from the grooms.

The cane was the most common instrument of discipline, of course - with the birch reserved for the most serious offences. One servant, Mabel Ross, recalls its terrors: "They had the dining table cleared, and used rope to tie me in position. And then Lord Scarborough's butler lifted my skirt, and parted my underwear, and laid such a thrashing on me as I will never forget. I was a good girl after that, I swear: one birching is one too many for any girl."

--

OK, I confess. I rather digressed from the original text part way through. But one can use one's imagination, surely?

The Cragside punishments

14 September 2008

Grand rooms, stories of maidservants, paintings of beautiful young wives on the walls - it's no wonder that, at some point when touring a country house, our minds flick into spanko overdrive.

It's unusual, though, for it to happen quite as quickly as it did at Cragside. For no sooner than one has walked past the ticket desk do tour groups find themselves in the butler's pantry. And there, on the wall, are three carpet beaters - right next to a solid table over which girls would presumably have bent.

But matters become more complicated than that, for a few rooms further in is the butler's study: a comfortable room, this, complete with his writing desk, armchair and bowler hat. He'd come here in the evenings, no doubt, to relax and unwind at the end of a busy day - whilst still remaining alert should the gentlemen next door require a top-up of port.

Hold on, though. I'd just pictured the punishments in the pantry. And here was this other, quite wonderfully-evocative room. It would be such a shame to allow it to go to imaginary-waste. The solution was clear: the first room, the pantry would be for summary punishment - a few sharp, stinging swats of the carpet beater thwacking across the girl's dress in the middle of the day.

But this second room, the study? The young maids would dread it, for this is where the butler would deal with more serious misbehaviour.

The girl would be told to wait outside his study, facing the wall, at the end of her day's work. No knocking to alert him to her presence: she'd wait for twenty minutes, more, sometimes until he happened to emerge and notice her. Once inside, she'd receive a stern lecture, before the cane would be taken from the top of his bookcase and

she'd be told to undress and touch her toes. Six strokes, sometimes a dozen, would follow: hard, expertly-administered, a hard-learned lesson.

And then... a few rooms further on... his Lordship's study. Far grander. Surely this couldn't go unused in our reinvention of the house? Conveniently, it stood at the top of stairs leading down to the Victorian sauna - complete with cold plunge pool. Ah, but the two rooms could easily be combined.

"Mr Watkins?"

"Yes, my Lord?"

"Would you take the girl downstairs and make sure she's clean?"

And the maid, caught committing some particularly dreadful offence (rifling through a guests' belongings, maybe?), would be led - protesting, no doubt - down the narrow stairs. Her clothes would be removed; she'd be ordered into the icy waters. The butler would then dry her, roughly, with a towel before leading her - shivering, still naked, back up the stairs.

His Lordship would be waiting, the birch cut by the butler that afternoon in his hand. "You may leave us, Mr Watkins, whilst I deal with the girl." And the butler would wait outside, listening to her sobs. No short, sharp shock, this - his Lordship would flog her slowly, methodically, making every stroke count, giving her one final chance instead of dismissing her without references.

And then the door would open, and the girl would emerge - soundly thrashed - into the corridor, to be led back to the servants' quarters by the butler. She'd return under his supervision the following morning, of course, to kneel painfully on the floor, brush in hand, and sweep up the remnants of the birch that had scattered across the rugs during her punishment. And then nothing more would be spoken of the incident again.

The secret of the squares

1 March 2009

I love the posher parts of London: those streets of whitewashed Georgian townhouses, far from the madding crowds of shoppers and tourists.

I find the immaculately-maintained private gardens in the middle of the squares particularly enticing. If you've ever strolled around the city, you'll know the sort of place I mean: iron railings, freshly-painted (*always* freshly painted) in black. A locked gate. Inside the railings, a border of trees and thick evergreen foliage - offering a mere glimpse of a footpath inside, around a perfectly-mown lawn in the greenest of greens.

Of course, I'm not posh enough to have ever been inside one of the squares; I'm the sort of hoi polloi that the padlocks are designed to keep out of these most genteel of pastures. But I did stay in a hotel in Belgravia recently facing on to such an oasis - and I finally realised why I find them so fascinating.

Because those trees surrounding the garden, dear readers, were silver birches. And the true purpose of the countless squares suddenly revealed itself. For the daughters of the nobility would need to be kept in order; their maids properly disciplined. And how else would one secure a supply of fresh rods for the administration of city-centre thrashings?

The guest of honour and the slaves

8 May 2009

I was dining with the king in my dreams the other night - of the royal rather than Elvis variety. It was a rather strange set-up: I was the guest of honour, sitting next to his majesty at a great oak table on a raised platform at

the end of a grand hall. Half a dozen courtiers joined us for the feast.

Below us, in the body of the room, were the king's slaves. Dozens of them: all female, dressed in immaculate white robes. They talked in hushed tones; some danced, some played cards, some read books.

At the end of dinner, the king clapped his hands and bade me choose a girl to take back to my chamber. I picked one, only for his majesty to apologise: the pretty young thing in question had had to be flogged the day before. He called her to stand before us, and made her strip. I inspected her stripes, and announced that I would take her, thrashed or not.

Then - rather than continuing to forceful sex in my bedchamber - my dream rewound. This time, the king told me that the following day was the festival of some important deity. It was traditional for one of the slaves to be tied before the altar and whipped. As the guest of honour, would I care to choose the slave to be used in the ceremony?

Rewind again. I was asked to select a slave for my pleasure; my choice was brought forward. There was but one custom I should follow, the king advised. Lest his slaves became over-familiar, a guest taking one of the girls for the night was required to thrash her before having his way with her. There'd be a whip in my bedchamber: I should be unsparing in its use.

This time, the dream kept rolling. The poor lass pleaded for mercy, but the royal instructions were clear. Mercy, if that's what you could call what I did to her as I pinned her down on my bed, had to follow her whipping.

Canings in the country house

10 November 2009

Whilst most of the disciplinarians imagined in my little fantasies are male, there's always space for the occasional strict female. The stern Headmistress, summoning a girl to her study; the prison officer stripping a reluctant girl before applying a birching; the mistress of the house dealing with the maids.

The final case sparked interesting thoughts of a young woman, recently married to a grand Duke. Disciplining the female staff, he'd explain, was to be one of her responsibilities; he'd provide her with a cane, encourage her to practice on the cushions, and inform her that the butler would be standing by to cut birch rods should she have to deal with a more serious offence

Only, she'd flinch from her duties - memories of being chastised by her own father mixing with a desire to be liked, loved even, by the staff. Particularly the pretty young thing who was her own lady's maid, her dresser - her confidant, even, in this scary, lonely big house

The day would come, inevitably, when her favourite made some heinous mistake. The Duke, over dinner, would check with his wife: "You will be caning her later, I assume?" Trembling, she'd confirm that she would - and trembling again the following morning at breakfast, she would confirm that she had.

Only, you she, she hadn't. She'd called the girl into her dressing room, scolded her, and sent her on her way.

Who knows how the Duke would discover her deceit - the trusted butler, listening at the door, noting the absence of whacking inside? But both his elegant young wife and her favoured maid would be called into his study.

"I understand that my wife let you off with a scolding," he'd inform the girl. "Would for you she'd carried out her

duties. He'd make her lift her skirts; bare herself; give her a dozen of the harshest cuts; send her on her way.

And then he'd turn to his new wife. "Clearly it's not only the staff who need discipline," he'd comment disapprovingly, before instructing her to adopt the position recently vacated by her maid. Twelve more strokes would echo out, teaching her an important lesson that would not be quickly forgotten, before holding her tight in his arms.

At the court of King Henry VIII

16 November 2009

Needless to say, Wolf Hall's 600+ pages about life in the Tudor Court inspired a fair few fantasies.

There are gatherings of the great and the good at country houses across the land, with His Majesty as guest of honour. One imagines each of the noblemen bringing him a gift for the weekend - the fairest maiden from their estate. The girls would be lined up for the king's inspection. He'd choose a favourite, and she'd protest: "Do not touch me, sir." The royal order would follow a firm slap across her face: "Take her to my chamber, tie her over the end of my bed, and lay out a whip so I may punish her - and teach her some respect and compliance."

The book tells tale of the Duke of Suffolk with his ever-so-young new bride. Is it too much to imagine how the girl might have had to be taught obedience to her new husband in his stately home - especially if she'd tried to resist his advance?

And the novel dwells at length on issues of oaths. My courtiers would have taken a rather more robust stance than Henry's to attaining compliance: "You are to swear the oath on behalf of your entire family, sir. And if you do

not, then they will all be whipped. So will you swear your allegiance? No? Which of these girls is your eldest daughter? Officers: seize her, take her to the whipping post in the marketplace and bring her back here once you've flogged her soundly." (So much more effective than a mere 'Off with his head', methinks).

It's still a good (nay, great) book, despite the missing scenes. But I hope that the inevitable TV or movie adaptation will fill in the gaps.

Demonstrating their submission

7 December 2009

See, I think most noblemen let their subjects off too easily. What's all this paying of tithes and droit de seigneur, if there's no good whippings going on?

The duke in a recent dream had a better scheme, whereby the folks of his fiefdom were forced to demonstrate their loyalty and submission to him in a traditional ceremony once a year. Each village was required to send him one of their maidens; once the girls were gathered in the great hall, they'd be stripped and led to the field below the castle walls. There, they'd be tied to posts - and each would be soundly flogged in turn.

A great banquet would follow for all of those present, albeit the girls who'd just been whipped rarely had much appetite for the feast.

Cruel to be kind

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...

The new maid

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...

Our house, in the middle of our estate

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

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!

Hiding

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!

Birched by the butler

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 hand-spanking 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 last palace

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'd 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."

The Imperial family dinner

23 February 2014

What struck me most in the (surprisingly unimpressive) Imperial State Apartments in Vienna was the dining room - the last call on the tour. Actually, it was less the salon itself that triggered my imagination than the array of cutlery laid out for each diner.

A nervous young lass, trembling her way through her first dinner in the Kaiser's company. Plucked at a tender age from her family home; forced to marry a much older Habsburg - after a series of humiliating inspections to check her health and obedience.

Used, on her wedding night, more roughly than she had dreamt possible. Expected and required to submit to unwanted attentions from her new husband - and, one awful evening, his fellow officers - night after humiliating night.

"Whatever you do, say nothing to upset the Kaiser" had been her instruction. And now, once the final dishes had been cleared away, she noticed him staring at her. He turned to her husband: "Remind me where you found her?"

A minor Prussian principality. "And they taught her no manners?" The imposing figure gestured at the unused silverware in front of her - the table in front of the other guests being, she suddenly noticed, clear. "Whip some etiquette into her after dinner, good chap. If she's to be family, I need her to uphold the highest standards. And show her no mercy. You can send her to me after you've flogged her, so I can check you've dealt with her sufficiently thoroughly..."

A country house conversation

7 April 2014

After lunch, in the dining room: just his lordship and his butler.

"This new maid you've recruited, Watkins..."

"Yes, my lord?"

"She's very full of herself, isn't she? Very confident."

"Yes sir. Does that displease you, my lord?"

"It does when competence portrays itself as arrogance, Watkins. My guests at lunch were hardly treated with the respect and deference that they deserved."

"I am sorry to hear that, sir. I shall deal with the matter, of course."

"Of course. You: girl: come here!" The girl turned away from the corner she had been facing; he beckoned her towards the table, then turned again to his butler. "Birch her soundly, would you. And then take her down to the stables. Have the boys there fuck her: that should bring her down a peg or two. And make sure she is back in time to serve us our afternoon tea in the drawing room..."

The fur coat

18 May 2014

OK, OK, I should be working. That, after all, is why I'm awake at this time on a Sunday morning - with a huge pile of business emails to work through after a silly-busy week. Yet I couldn't *not* share my waking thought, formed in those final few minutes of sleep and still fresh in my mind as I awoke.

A grand room.

A maid, stark naked, terrified and tearful. The lord and lady of the house. The butler, holding a Manx-style birch. The local constable.

A fur coat had been found for sale in the local market that morning. It had been recognised as being one of her ladyship's finest. Enquiries had shown that it had most certainly not been given away.

The terrified stallholder ("possession of stolen goods" being such a serious matter) had quickly offered full cooperation. From his description, it hadn't been hard to work out which of the household staff had been responsible. The girl in question had been brought before the group.

She'd protested her innocence, then quickly confessed once the threat of the magistrate and the Bridewell had been set out. So much quicker and easier to deal with these matters in house, after all, even if they would spare her no mercy...

-

As so often, the dream faded before the actual punishment. I shall leave that to your imaginations, dear readers, as I head back to my work feeling virtuous and diligent.

How many strokes do you think she would have been given? And who do you think would have rolled up their sleeves to flog her? The constable, the butler, his lordship - or even her ladyship herself?

EARNING HER LIVING

Naval floggings: the girls take their turn

13 December 2006

One could enjoy the thought of a press-gang, roaming a port in search of fit young men for the navy, making the mistake of rounding up a boyish young woman in a new batch of unwilling recruits. Her protests would be ignored, and once at sea, self-preservation would be the order of the day amidst so many sailors far from home comforts.

Condemned, though, to a caning for failing to strip at wash time, the truth would then be discovered. To maintain discipline on board, the captain would decree that her whipping should continue "as if she were one of the men", before taking her to the supposed safety of his private cabin.

An alternative naval scenario presented itself in a report of a Parliamentary Petition from 1659 describing the conditions facing "white slaves" transported to the colonies:

Elizabeth Dudgeon, had dared to talk back to a guard. She was trussed up to a ship's grating and mercilessly whipped. One of the ship's officers relished watching her whipped: "The corporal did not play with her, but laid it home, which I was very glad to see...she has long been fishing for it, which she has at last got to her heart's content."

Time for a trip to the seaside...

The captain's belt

3 February 2007

A vote of thanks, please, for the crew from the leading airline who kept me entertained with their wonderfully indiscreet conversation at the table next to mine at dinner last night. I nearly choked on my moules and frites several times, and had to order at least two extra beers lest I finished dinner before their stock of anecdotes had run dry.

I loved hearing from the cabin attendant who had had to put out a fire in a plane's oven mid-Atlantic on a previous trip. A colleague had put her shoes in the oven to dry, and was padding around the cabin barefoot. She forgot all about the shoes, and inevitably they combusted after a few hours.

It appears that young Kimberley, the stewardess concerned, was dismissed. I imagined a different outcome, in which the stern, older captain sat quietly at the end of last night's table had taken matters into his own hands. The crew had arrived safely at their destination in some far-flung land, and checked into their hotel rooms. Kimberley emerged from her post-flight shower, and slipped into casual clothes for a night on the town - before spying a note that had been slipped under her door: "Captain Watson would like to see you immediately in suite 2505."

He'd still have been in his uniform. He'd have been unimpressed to have been kept waiting. An uncompromising of lectures about flight safety would have followed. "Do you realise the possible consequences of your actions today, Kimberley?"

She did. She apologised, swore it would never happen again. "It certainly won't, young lady." He proceeded to outline his three options for the return journey, having total responsibility for the plane and the crew. "I can

dismiss you now, and you can find your own way back to the States. I can take you with us under suspension; you can travel as a passenger and be taken to Human Resources as soon as we touch down. Or I am allowed under airline rules to use my discretion to address any disciplinary matters as I feel fit, so we can deal with matters now."

"Please, sir," she pleaded. "Let's deal with it now. Whatever it takes."

'Whatever it took' involved a conversation about how the captain had punished his two daughters in their wilder teenage years and through into their recent times at college. "They're your age: good girls with good jobs. We're all very close. It worked for them, I think."

It involved a shamefaced Kimberley responding to the query as to whether her father had dealt with her in the same way in the affirmative. It involved her sitting at the desk in the captain's suite, taking out a sheet of the hotel stationery and writing a letter to him asking him to punish her.

It involved her taking off her tight designer jeans and folding them neatly over the arm of the chair; the captain looking at her sternly until, as agreed, her underwear followed.

He'd have cleared his desk of the usual hotel paraphernalia - the leaflets advertising the spa, warning of the exorbitant phone costs, forms seeking feedback that would inevitably be ignored.

He'd have removed his jacket, braided with so many stripes. Unbuckled his thick, airline-issue belt and doubled it over.

He'd have had her bend over the desk's cold wooden surface, reaching over to grip the far side.

He'd have punished her. Not one of those a-few-gentle-licks-will-be-enough, it's-the-very-act-of-punishment-that-will-correct-a-girl type corrections. Not a daddy-dealing-

with-Kimberley-for-a-bad-report type admonishments. A full-blown lesson in airline safety, in the risks she'd caused for the captain's aircraft, an 'if this is the alternative to dismissal it'd better be hard'-type thrashings.

She'd have fought not to cry; he'd whipped her 'til she did. And then he'd have had her stand, pull on those too-tight jeans with a wince, told her how brave she'd been, confirmed that the incident was now closed. Offered her a hug, gratefully received, holding her tight as she sobbed and her tears dampened his captain's shirt.

Birched behind the Gothic façade

2 April 2007

I've long loved St Pancras station, that incredible neo-Gothic London landmark that's soon to become the new Eurostar terminus. During my recent Tate Modern trip, I picked up a slim volume in their bookstore, in which Simon Bradley describes the history of the remarkable building.

Built to contain the then-wonderfully posh Midland Grand Hotel, accommodating passengers arriving into town, the comfort of the guest rooms contrasted with the 'bleak' dormitories provided in the attics for the staff. Male and female employees were, of course, separated - to the extent that the dorms were 'reached by separate staircases to prevent improper intercommunication'.

Whilst staff were generally looked after well, it's noted that there was an 'omnipresence of hierarchy, discipline and petty regulation'. I filled in some of the gaps, the book being sorely short on colourful anecdotes.

Young Beatrice, fresh from the country, would have been one of the most promising maids in the hotel. That she'd fallen for Albert, one of the footmen, was regarded

with good humour by the management. That a visiting dignitary, staying in one of the top suites, should stumble across them canoodling in the guests' corridors late at night, was a matter for rather less lenient treatment.

Footmen were two-a-penny: Albert was, of course, dismissed in a blink. But bright, polite, conscientious, pretty young maids were hard to find and expensive to train. Whispered discussions the following morning resulted in the wisp of a girl being led by the wrist through the corridors to the General Manager's imposing office. Lectured about the perils of irresponsibility, Beatrice was given a choice: follow her paramour, penniless, onto the streets, or bend over the gentleman's desk and have nothing more said of the matter after her punishment had been duly administered.

Her choice was easy, if painful: well-paid positions with training were hard to find, and homeless poverty was an unappealing option in Victorian London. Now, some 125 years on, staff working on the hotel's renovation tell tale of those still nights when the swish of the birch and the yelps of the penitent girl can be heard echoing through the corridors of the near-deserted building.

Beatrice would have gone on to a life of great prosperity, no doubt - whisked off by a famous gentleman who fell for her charm as she delivered fresh flowers to his room. But Albert would never have been forgotten, and nor would the painful consequences of that innocent first love.

The ballerina's punishment

14 March 2008

"South Korea's top ballerina disciplined for nude photo in Vogue"

Do headlines come any more arresting than that?

Sadly, the story was rather dull - the young lady was merely fined a portion of her wages. But one can dream...

Near-naked amidst the shoppers

18 July 2008

It's a very good thing that Her Majesty didn't wander down from Windsor Castle into the town the other Sunday to do some shopping in her local department store. For, much to our amusement, the shop was adopting a somewhat novel approach to promoting its new range of men's underwear: two young hunks, strolling around the menswear section floor naked save for a pair of trendy boxer shorts.

Fortunately, the experiment was also being tested in the women's lingerie department. (We had to check, of course, in the interest of research). But the cutie they'd selected for her semi-naked parade was rather more covered than the boys, being permitted the modesty of a white nightdress.

I immediately realised why: when she'd changed that morning, the department manager had noticed a fresh set of weals, clearly visible beneath the skimpy knickers that she was supposed to model. He'd questioned her; she'd blushed: daddy had only given her permission to stay out until eleven the evening before, and her post-midnight return had not gone down well.

She'd been sent straight to bed, his "we'll deal with this after breakfast" ringing ominously in her ears. And

after the morning's marmalade had been carefully tidied away, the china washed and dried, he'd accompanied her upstairs. Her protests would be ignored: "You should have thought of that before you chose to disobey me last night."

He'd unbuckled then slid out his thick leather belt; she'd slid down her jeans and knickers, and adopted that oh-so-familiar but thankfully-irregular posture: bent over the end of her bed, face buried in the soft duvet, which absorbed her tears as the sharp strokes seared.

The store's general manager would be less sympathetic, of course: "We've paid her to model the new underwear" would be his refrain, and the nightdress would have to be removed. The afternoon's clientele would be quite united, both in their curiosity at the mortified girl's marks and in their murmured agreement that she was fortunate to be corrected so by her loving father

Crying behind the bar

1 August 2009

After all of my kinky thoughts in Oxford, we had to retire to the pub. Behind the bar, a cute young member of staff was being quizzed by her manager about some confusion with a customer's food order. "What did you do... why did you do that... that was wrong... you shouldn't have done that... you should have thought about it more carefully first," came the litany of complaints.

I was secretly enjoying the scolding, much as I felt sorry for her. And when her boss started a sentence with, "If you ever do that again...", I was already mentally adding, "...I'll take you into the back room and spank you soundly."

In reality, the manager finished, "...you need to come and find me." But even that was enough to ensure that as the lass came over to take my order, she had tears in her

eyes. Awwww... There are times when tops need to give hugs, and sadly times when to do so would be entirely inappropriate!

The mill owner

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 factory 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.

Not even

3 November 2014

"Night!" The professor looked up from his desk, waving cheerily to the young codebreaker as she gathered her belongings and headed for the door. His protégée. His favourite.

She lived in digs, close to the site. Just a short walk. Cutting across the park: still safe enough, on these dark nights. Until the hand reached round her mouth, and pulled her to the undergrowth. Until other hands grabbed her, lifted her off the ground. Threw her roughly into the back of the waiting car, and sped off.

--

"So, what is it that goes on on the site," they'd asked. But she wasn't one for divulging secrets. Not even when they slapped her across the face. Not even when they stripped her. Touched and squeezed, teased and insulted.

Not even when they tied her to the frame and whipped her. Not even when they immersed her head in the bucket of icy water to bring her back to her senses.

Not even when they brought in the new girl from the hut in which she worked. The lass she'd been looking after, helping to settle. Not even when they told her that her friend would be whipped, unless she told them what they needed to know. Not even as the lash started to bring screams from the younger woman.

Not even when her friend had been dragged away. Not even when they bent her over the table, binding her tight, caning her until she writhed and pleaded.

Not even when the man moved close behind her. When she heard him unzip his trousers. When he entered her... as they taunted, and told her he'd stop if she would just be a good girl.

Not even when they untied her, and left her broken on the floor, in darkness.

--

And then the lights went on, and the professor was there. Reaching out to her. Holding her. "You're safe. You've passed."

"Passed?"

"I knew we could trust you. We just had to be sure. I'll tell you about the new project in the morning. Congratulations: I'm so proud of you..."

The charity collector

13 November 2014

My beloved wasn't feeling well, and I'd arrived late home from the airport after a work trip. "Takeaway?" I'd offered, and had duly phoned in an order and popped out to collect it.

At the end of our street, I noticed a group of four smart young people, wearing charity tabards, plotting their door-to-door campaign. Sixth formers out doing a good deed, I guessed. "Would you mind not knocking on number 36?" I asked. "My fiancée's not feeling well and is in bed. I don't want her to have to get up to answer."

Such polite replies. Such nice kids. Only... when, a few minutes later, I reappeared with the food, I found one of their number - a young woman - standing at our door. She turned, saw me, and looked suddenly crestfallen. "I am *so* sorry. I totally forgot. And now I've disturbed your girlfriend and... I am so, so sorry."

She was so sweet and polite, and so pitifully apologetic, that I felt sorry for her and re-assured her that it was OK; that it was great to see them out collecting. She looked relieved, and headed on her way.

Relieved? Indeed.

--

"Come inside." Straight into the nearest room. Straight over my knees. A hard spanking, accompanied by a lecture about good manners. Then the instruction to stand, take down her jeans and bend back over, before the spanking continued harder still.

... or ...

"Which school do you go to?" She named it. A prestigious one, a few streets away.

"Then I shall call your headmaster in the morning. What's your name?"

...and the headmaster's secretary arriving at the classroom door during a mid-morning lesson the following day. Handing an envelope to the teacher. Her heart pounding, already dreading its contents: "Could Miss Smith please go to see the headmaster."

...where such a good girl would find herself lectured about her behaviour, before receiving her first-ever caning - four strokes for bringing the school into disrepute.

BAD MEN

Dark. Very dark.

10 February 2008

On a train, bored, gazing out of the window. Set back from the railway line: an old, disused, vandalised factory.

"Ah," I thought to myself. "That's where they must take the local girls when they need to teach them a lesson."

The young lady opposite me, deep in her textbook, would have been wriggling uncomfortably in her seat had she been able to read my mind... Sometimes kinky thoughts don't need to be elaborately detailed to *work*...

Afraid of the dark

22 April 2008

I stayed in a hotel in the deep Hampshire countryside last month: a lovely little rural pub converted into a very chic little restaurant-with-rooms. Everything was quite perfect - until a power cut at three in the morning, which caused something electronic to splutter a dying bleep, waking me with a start.

It was **dark**. Not your normal dark - dark backlit by the faint glow of city lights, of street lamps, of distant passing cars - but properly, I'm-in-the-middle-of-nowhere dark. As I lay on the bed, unable to get back to sleep, I whiled away some of the time imagining a kinky variant of this pitch black world.

The prison cells lined a narrow corridor, deep in some dank stone dungeon. No natural light here, just the flicker of the torches flaming on the walls. And before the guards departed for the evening, even those would be extinguished, leaving the women - the king's captured enemies? - engulfed by the absolute darkness until morning.

Except, some nights, their captors would return in the middle of the night. The prisoners would wake at the sound of the dungeon door being unbolted, at the stomp of approaching boots. Each girl would be praying: don't let it be my turn. The guards, carrying candles, would stop outside the designated cell; would open it; would enter and step through the crowd of occupants to unlock the chains of the girl who was to be taken and whipped.

The mafia punishment

15 August 2008

A high-ceilinged barn, in the middle of nowhere. Straw on the floor. Dark outside, bright artificial light illuminating the gathering inside. No risk of the group being disturbed as they meted out the punishment.

The girl had just been brought in, her eyes widening as her blindfold had been taken off and she'd recognised her captors. Six men, eight maybe? Hardened types, each holding an implement - a crop here, switches there, a doubled belt over there.

She was grasped roughly from behind, her clothes half unbuttoned, half ripped from her body before she was thrust forward over the table, tied in position.

I spoke to my comrades - like me, senior figures in the local mafia. Expressed my disappointment at her behaviour, which had led to one of our brothers being caught and imprisoned. Hoped that they would not hold

back in teaching her a lesson. Invited the first of them forward.

We took turns. Whipped her until she begged for mercy, and offered her none. Waited my turn, before administering her final thrashing: slow, calculating, hard. And then took turns to punish her some more. Intimately, in ways that I couldn't possibly write about for fear of corrupting our more innocent readers... Sometimes my dreams surprise me...

The interrogation

13 November 2008

I fell asleep with a book in my hand last night, shortly after a chapter in which a woman had been subjected to an interview with an "Interrogator". It was all very boringly vanilla. But that - and copious quantities of cheese at dinner, which always inspires me to remarkably vivid dreams - did the trick.

Before long, I was picturing a young lady tied tightly over a whipping bench in some dark cell. She was stark naked, of course. A prison guard was administering a particular hard caning. An officer stood in front of her, watching intently. She'd borne the first few strokes without a flicker of emotion: the most recent had clearly been harder for her to take.

He raised his hand to interrupt the punishment, then lifted her chin, so that she had to look him in the eye. "It seems that we're starting to get through to you, at last," he commented.

"You can flog me all you like. I shall never tell you the details." She'd survived three days of questioning: her lips would protect the secret even through this latest torment.

"Oh, but we already know the details," he commented. "We picked up one of your colleagues crossing the border

last night. His briefcase contained everything we needed to know. No, my dear, this caning is to punish you for your defiance over these past few days. Guard, please continue..."

Kidnapped

1 November 2009

Dark, dark fantasies last night, after I'd woken early thanks to the joys of jetlag and struggled to get back to sleep. (I clearly read too many trashy thrillers on holiday, amidst some good, more serious novels).

The scene was played out in a rural cottage - miles from the nearest road or neighbour. The girl was tied to the chair, as I took photographs then transferred them to my laptop. "Now, let's send these to your stepfather and let him know you're here..."

An hour later, I unbound her. She struggled; I slapped her hard across the face to quieten her protests. I stripped her, tied her in position once again for the camera. I checked my mail. "He's replied, being all threatening. He won't find us here, though. This time we'll let him know what he needs to do to ensure your escape. An hour for him to do what I say, or his pretty little stepdaughter will suffer some more." And the next batch of photos were sent.

An hour later. No reply. The girl tied over a table. The camera recording video this time, as I caned her before emailing the clip of her struggles, her cries, her stripes.

And so it proceeded, this darkest of scenes, as the hourly correspondence continued deep into the night: the tortures becoming crueller, the methods of abuse more intimate and penetrating - whilst, off-camera, the girl was forced to offer favours for food, water.

I have no idea how it ended. And it didn't matter whether or not there was actually another top at the end

of the email link, joining in the fun by replying (or not) to my notes. All that mattered was that the victim thought there was.

Perhaps a ransom was paid. Perhaps I'd been seeking revenge for her stepfather having wronged me in some way. Perhaps I concluded that he would never comply with my demands, and simply left her, chained, in that rural cottage, knowing that they would never catch me...

Repaying his debt

7 November 2009

Picture the girl, being led along the corridor by her partner. They've travelled some distance. "I'd like to introduce you to a few friends," he'd explained. They stop in front of the final door. He knocks and waits. The door opens; he leads her in, clasping her wrist just a little too tightly. And before her eyes adjust to the darkness, it starts: hands cover her mouth, roughly; she's blindfolded.

He speaks, but not to her. "Repayment of my debt, gentlemen. I shall come back later, once you have finished with her."

An upper-class voice: firm, assertive: "You may leave us now." The door opens again, closes behind him. She screams for help; the slap across her face buys her stunned silence. "Gentlemen," the voice murmurs softly: "Shall we?"

Hands. Everywhere, all at once - how many, she cannot tell. Touching, fondling, groping. She tries to fight her way out, but there are too many of them. They strip her, tearing at buttons and cloth to bare her. And then the hands continue - probing, squeezing, penetrating.

The voice again: "Tie her down." And she feels herself being bent forward - over the back of a sofa, she guesses.

Ropes are applied to her wrists; she's pulled forward as they are secured. More ropes on her ankles; they too are tied tight, pulling her onto tiptoe, her legs parted, leaving her shamefully exposed.

She trembles, begs for mercy, even before the voice explains, "One stroke for every ten guineas owed." ('Guineas'? With what? How much did he owe? Did he know what they were going to do to her?) And then the first cut, slicing, burning, agonising. The first of more-than-she-could count: the men swapping over every minute or so, as she pays his debt. Then nothing. No strokes, no touching, no words. Just the agonising pain across her buttocks. Eventually, he speaks again. "Shall we leave her, gentlemen?" And the sound of the door opening, and the group leaving.

The door shuts. She's alone. Sobbing. And then the sound. A footstep behind her. A zip being opened, a belt buckle undone. And she realises she still has company, as he moves close behind her and she realises that the worst is still to come...

A rather strange dream

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 feel 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.

Teaching her father a lesson

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.

Submission, abuse

10 April 2011

The 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

The ordeals of a stowaway

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...

Petrus

15 April 2014

The tale of a neighbour drinking truly remarkable wine in a restaurant is true, from a couple of weekends back. (Hey, we have posh neighbours round here, OK?!). The rest - well, that may be a little more creative!

--

The gentleman perching next to us at the counter was quick to strike up conversation. "Do you live locally? Do you eat here often? Do you like the place?"

She was shy; I chatted away, and noticed that he'd arrived with his own wine. The house Chablis was rather on the rough side; I was surprised to see that you could "bring your own".

"I come here a lot, and they don't mind," he replied. "And this one's ready to drink."

He showed us the bottle; I tried not to splutter. Petrus. 1984. "Wow..."

He suddenly looked serious. "It's really rather nice. As is the young lady with you." (Who blushed deeply, at this point). "Care to swap?"

--

An hour, we agreed. To use her however he chose, whilst I stayed behind and sipped his claret.

--

Fifty-eight minutes later. Not that I was watching the second hand tick by...

"She's in the back of my car outside. My chauffeur will be happy to take you home. How was the Petrus?"

"Remarkable."

"The same could be said about the girl. Once she decided to be obedient."

--

She wasn't naked. Quite. Although the lack of underwear and torn dress rendered her almost so. Cowering, in the corner. Dishevelled. Bruised.

She tried to smile, but the tears were flowing too freely. I reached for her hand. She hesitated, before proffering hers.

I spoke to the driver, giving him the address. No more words during the subsequent ten minutes, until he deposited us in the dark of the familiar street.

No more words in the ten minutes after that, either, as she curled in a ball into my arms.

And still none as I did what I knew to be needed. Turned her onto her front. Pulled up the remainder of her dress. Moved on top of her. Brought her back from his world into mine, gently at first and then - thrusting hard against the expertly-administered weals that striped her buttocks - as roughly as I knew how.

Finally, the whisper: "May I cum for you, sir?"

My affirmation. Her gasp.

And then more tears. And cuddles. The tightest of cuddles.

--

It was three days before she told me what had happened. Three days of processing, of hiding, of shame. Three days before the long email, headed 'Confession'.

Ten minutes, before my reply: 'Obedience'. How she was a good girl; how proud I was of her for taking what he'd done. How her initial reluctance was understandable; how what he'd done next was more than adequate punishment.

--

Two more days before his letter appeared on the welcome mat. With thanks. And with photographs.

And with the request - or was it an instruction? "8pm on Saturday. I think you'll find the Latour '82 to your taste."

Whispers

13 June 2014

She'd seen it from the bus, en route to work. Often wondered. The darkened windows. The suggestive sign: "Whispers XXX".

And now he was holding her wrist tightly, and leading her inside.

"For the audition," he explained. "Mr Woods is expecting her."

Downstairs, amidst the neon and the mirrors. The room large, empty. A man in a too-flash suit walked over, hand outstretched.

"She wants to earn some extra money."

"Then let's see what she can do. Dance! Strip! Get on with it."

So cold. So lacking in interest. Yet she knew he would beat her later if she failed to impress the stranger. More importantly, that she would have failed.

--

When she was done - when she'd twirled, pouted, bared herself, exposed herself to his gaze, the manager spoke again. "Private dances?"

"Yes, of course," he confirmed.

"Then do you mind if I take her into the back room? To try her out..."

"Not at all."

--

Fucked, roughly, from behind on the dingy settee. Not a word spoken: just the callous thrusts and ultimate groan of a man who must do this to so many girls.

And then back with him onto the main floor of the club. "She'll do. When can she start?"

--

Never. Of course. That hadn't been the plan. No job application: just a demonstration of her obedience. That she would strip, that she would be fucked. Because he wanted her to. Because he had told her she would.

That he would beat her for his pleasure when he got her home, and reclaim her pussy and take her arse. That he would hold her. Tight. A good girl. For him.

"Couldn't wait"

8 August 2014

He returns to their hotel room earlier than expected after his work dinner. Opens the door. Catches her naked, her hand between her legs.

She stops, even as he moves to the bed; pulls her by her hair to her feet; slaps her face hard. "Couldn't wait, eh? Well I'd better show you what happens to little sluts. Get dressed!"

--

Along the street towards the university, not speaking, her wrist firmly and painfully in his grasp.

Back to the student bar from the night before, filled with the young and beautiful. Girls talking to boys; boys to girls.

He orders: one glass of white. Hands it to her. "As you didn't want to wait... find a boy, get yourself fucked, then come back to our room by midnight. You do not have permission to cum. And then when you get back..."

And then. Then he would make her strip and stand with her hands on her head. Would make her tell him about the boy she had let have her. About taking his cock in her mouth. About bending over the bed and begging him to fuck her from behind... unable to meet his eyes as she wasn't thinking of him. As she *had* to think of him, when he turned her over and pinned her down by the wrists, and forced her to kiss him before fucking her so hard she screamed for mercy.

"But I didn't cum, sir..."

And then. Her eyes pleading for mercy. His hands between her legs. "So wet. Well, little whores get punished..."

Would have her kneel up on the bed. Would remove his belt. Would whip her until she sobbed her apologies, begged for him to stop. Until he finally threw the belt to

the floor. Unzipped. Buried himself with no kindness deep in her arse. Made her his, again. And then held his sobbing girl tight in his arms...

Fresh from victory

12 October 2014

A little fantasy, inspired by a rather lovely restaurant we visited in southern Spain...

--

The private dining room, high in the hills, was so beautifully designed, with its candles and its tapestries and its views down to the sea below. Evocative of a hall in some ancient castle, to the extent that had a group of Knights from days of yore appeared and demanded a feast, I should hardly have been surprised.

A castle. A hillside. Knights. Fresh from their victory earlier in the day.

"There's a pretty one amongst the prisoners down in the dungeon, my lord. One of their commanders, it seems. I think she might be to your taste."

"Then have her prepared and brought up for me to inspect."

--

Dragged from the dungeon. Stripped, three of them manhandling her as she struggled. Forced to the ground.

The pail of cold water. Her head thrust down, held beneath the surface. And again. The icy contents thrown over her. Hands, roughly, touching and cleaning.

Wrists tied behind her back. Led, still naked, up the stone stairs - and into the hall before the Knights.

"Oh, you're right," he said. "Very much to my taste." He took her face in his hand, turning her eyes to meet his.

"Bastard! You will never break us." As she spat in his face.

"Shall we see?" Clicking his fingers. "Put her in position."

Taking the proffered leather whip, as his men tied her legs to the table, bending her forward, one grasping each wrist to hold her down, tight.

The first vicious stroke met with silence. Likewise the second, the third. A gasp after the fourth. "I do like a brave girl." The next strokes still harder. Cries after a dozen, screams. A beaten girl losing her fight by the twentieth.

Another click of his fingers. Beckoning a gentleman towards him. "You were especially gallant in battle today. You may use her first, as a reward. Open her up for me."

Brutally, as the men still held her down over the table. Satisfying himself quickly. "Thank you, my lord."

"Is she tight?"

"Very, my lord."

"Excellent." Another click of his fingers. "Untie her."

And, as she staggered to her feet, another click, ordering her to his side. "You are brave. And you are pretty. And you understand the consequences of defeat, and our rights."

Grabbing her hair, and turning towards the door. "And now I intend to celebrate our victory. I shall keep you to myself for the rest of the evening. Count yourself lucky: any other girls in the dungeons may not find themselves so fortunate..."

The battle

27 December 2014

A dark, windowless room.

She's fallen asleep, at last, curled up on the bare concrete floor – exhaustion finally conquering the fear and the pain.

She cries out in her sleep, her dreams dark and disturbed. Well, they would be, wouldn't they? She has lost track of how long she's been here, since they snatched her from the street. No idea how many times she's been beaten. How many of the men have taken her.

They wake her with a jet of cold water. As she comes to, two guards seize her, lifting her to her feet by her hair. They drag her, still only half-awake into the corridor, with its stark strip lighting. Into the end room: *that* room, which she has come to dread.

She switches off, mentally, as they strap her once more over the whipping bench. Nothing they do can break her.

A voice. His voice. That voice she once trusted so totally. The one she had dreaded hearing in this place, her sole consolation being that *he* couldn't know what they were doing to her.

"I'm tired of this game. So, it's time for you to finally tell us what you know. And then we can take you home." He turns to the men: "Pass me the heaviest of the canes."

The first, excruciating stroke cuts home. The battle begins... and she feels the will to fight weakening, and the need for comfort and forgiveness taking over...

She strengthens her resolve. *Nothing* they can do will break her.

JUDICIAL **REFORM**

The Reform School

18 August 2006

"So," I asked of the team I was working with in their grand corporate headquarters today, "what's the history of the building?"

"It was a reform school."

Cue difficulty in concentrating for the next few minutes. We were working in what must have been the old reception: I pictured girls driven up the long, tree-lined drive; marched in by the scruff of their necks, their details recorded by the severe orderly behind an imposing desk.

Then on into the ornate circular hallway. That first room on the right must have been where they were taken to strip off their civilian clothes - and to shower, or be showered. Thence, presumably, next door, to be kitted out in their reformatory uniform.

Made to wait in the hallway, perhaps. Then called in to the large room opposite, where the birching block was set up, for their court-determined whipping to be inflicted.

(Can I really believe that I wrote this during a meeting on my Blackberry?!) I'm sure I saw one of the lasses at the back of the room squirm knowingly.

City of the banned

10 May 2007

I saved a magnificent article from Time Out a couple of months ago, which listed little-known legislation that still applies in our capital city. Did you know, for example, that a London cab driver has to ask all passengers whether they are suffering from smallpox or the plague, before letting them in the cab? Or that it's illegal for commoners to permit their pet to 'have carnal knowledge of a pet of the Royal House'?

What really caught my eye, though, was the work of the "statute law revision team", which repeals obsolete legislation. According to its team leader:

"Most of the London acts we're repealing are about provision for workhouses."

I wonder... Some deep, dark, dusty legal tome... An ancient Act, permitting - nay, *requiring* - gentlemen to administer sound thrashings for misconduct on workhouse land....

A new building, constructed on the site of the old workhouse (so still deemed legally to be covered by the Act)... A girl misbehaving... The subsequent thrashing administered with the full authority of the law, even in these modern times...

Heading to her flogging?

14 May 2007

Warren Street station. The young woman next to me peers anxiously at the densely-typed sheet of instructions in her hand, then studies the tube map.

"You will report to the designated Punishment Centre at Pimlico at 5pm prompt, so that we may administer a birching to you, as ordered by the court."

It was already 4.30. No wonder she looked nervous...

At least, this is what I assume must have been written on her piece of paper.

Contemptible behaviour

27 June 2007

How many times have I written, fantasised or played scenes in which a girl reports at the anointed hour for some well-earned judicial thrashing? It's only just occurred to me that a young lady facing such a predicament might be tempted to fortify herself before her appointment.

The court officials would smell the alcohol on her breath, of course. They would wait until the judge who had originally heard her case had a gap in his schedule for the day, and would take her before him.

Her insobriety would cost her dear, for the judge would not be amused. Her birching would be deferred for one week. "In the meantime you need to be taught the consequences of your contempt for this court." The court officers would be asked to detain her for the remainder of the day, until the judge had finished hearing the afternoon's case. "And then you are to give her a cold shower to make sure she sobers up, before bringing her to my chambers so that I may punish her."

He turned to the culprit. "I shall be giving you twenty strokes of the cane on the bare when we meet again later. I hope that the afternoon will give you sufficient time to reflect on your behaviour and anticipate its consequences."

Whipping the waitress?

11 August 2007

A spanking get-together last month was followed, that evening, by dinner in a particularly fine restaurant. (The pheasant, my darlings, was simply divine!)

The staff were immaculate: polite, attentive. Waitresses were neat in austere black skirts and white blouses, with that professionally-ever-so-slightly-submissive demeanour that works so well for me for some strange reason.

Strange thing was, the waitress looking after our table was the spitting image of one of the girls who'd been caned at the earlier party.

There's an interesting angle on this, of course: the team from the Judicial Punishment Centre must *eat*. They'd choose a popular restaurant nearby. Either, a young lady might find herself waiting on their table at lunchtime, knowing precisely who they were but they oblivious to the fact that she was due to be one of their afternoon visitors. Or, perhaps better, a girl may have to head painfully to work in the evening, after her judicial flogging, wiping away the tears - only to find that the officers who'd punished her had arrived for dinner...

Shades of spanking

6 October 2007

How strange. My spanking imaginings are usually full of light: girls are whipped in rooms filled with rays of sun shining in through large picture windows, or in dingy cellars illuminated by bright fluorescent strips.

I've obviously been looking at too many trendy black and white photos lately, for last night's dream took on different hues. The girl was tied down: bent right over, shaking, vulnerable. But the room itself was pitch black, save for three sharp white lights. The first was directed straight at her backside, marking out the target area. A pool of brightness illuminated the officer with his cane. And the final beam shone right into in her eyes, lest she be tempted to close them in a vain attempt to block out the experience.

Whipped on this day: 1789

8 December 2007

Young Ann Burke felt the wrath of the judicial system on this day 218 years ago. Age 18, she was charged at the Old Bailey with:

"feloniously stealing, on the 2d of November, in the parish of Saint Giles's, in the Fields, a silk handkerchief, value 6 d. a muslin apron, value 4 s. a linen shift, value 12 d. a pair of cotton stockings, value 6 d. a piece of linen cloth, value 2 d. the goods of Lawrence Kelly."

The victim of the crime provided sworn evidence:

I live in Bulkely-street, Saint Giles's; I am an housekeeper; the prisoner was my servant when I lost the things, and continued till I took her up on suspicion of the robbery: I went on the 2d of November, and brought a constable, as I had before missed several things out of my

bed chamber: and no one could have recourse to it but herself and mistress, that is my wife; and I could suspect no one but herself; and she acknowledged there were some of my things in her bed room, which she took out of my bed room; and on examining her box, which was in her room and which I desired the constable to open, there we found the silk handkerchief, which was mine; and the other things were found in the prisoner's room.

John Taylor then gave evidence:

I am a constable; these things, which the prosecutor claims as his property (the things produced and sworn to by the prosecutor) were found in the prisoner's room and box; and the aprons had been cut off, and the piece cut off had the prosecutor's mark.

The prisoner called one witness who "gave her a good character", but the Jury were in no doubt, and Mr Baron Perryn's sentence inevitable:

GUILTY , aged 18. Privately Whipped .

One assumes that the young woman would have spent much of the lengthy five week wait between her arrest and her court case contemplating the likely consequences.

Dreaming of the workhouse

28 January 2008

Dreaming, I'd been a gentleman visiting the local Workhouse, to select a girl. Not for any illicit purposes, you understand: I needed a bright young thing to help with some work in my country house.

I'd interviewed a selection of their inmates: one girl stood out, shy but sharp. On payment of the appropriate fee, the Master of the Workhouse brought her to me. Only there was a slight hitch: "You see, sir, she's due a whipping at the end of the month with some of the other

girls, and I'm not sure whether we should let her leave before then."

A compromise was reached. The flogging block was brought into the room, the trembling girl stripped naked and tied tightly down. I watched - she was my property now, after all - as the Punishment Officer did his harsh duty. And after it was done, she was made to dress. The final signature was added to the paperwork, discharging her into my care; we journeyed home in my carriage, every bump in the road bringing fresh tears to her eyes.

To a dark, dark, dark place

8 March 2008

Oooo, a recent post about a reformatory weekend has certainly sparked some interest. Not least from me - my mind's been generating ideas for it so quickly that I can hardly keep up. I want to play the scene NOW; forget the practicalities of having virtually no weekends free in the imminent future, of coordinating dates with other willing players, of needing to book a venue... I envisage this being quite different to most scenes I play - much deeper, much darker.

Usually, there's the build-up, the girls getting whacked - and then comforted, relatively shortly afterwards. The aim's to take a girl to a dark place, then rescue her from it before she's too traumatised. But a weekend reformatory? In which the government's aim is to change a girl's behaviour over the course of her Friday night to Sunday morning sentence? That involves taking a girl to dark, dark, dark places behind the locked doors - and not rescuing her from them until the end of the lengthy scene.

So what if she's sobbing? That'll show that the punishment is working, that the officers are doing their job. It'd be interesting to see how such a shift in mindset

works - for the tops, as well as the girls; it'll certainly need "serious, experienced, open-minded players only" stamped on top of the details of the venue.

The level of play will be interesting, too. Each girl will be expected to write a statement in advance - her papers, submitted to the magistrates, explaining the crime with which she has been charged, and pleading her innocence. Other court papers will be added to her folder, including the one pronouncing her guilt and her sentence. She won't get to see these in advance, naturally - indeed, she'll be given relatively little information other than where to report, and when, and a few rumours circulated by (imagined) previous inmates. She'll be 'in role' from the moment she walks through the front door.

Her packing list will be light: a toothbrush and a towel; a prison uniform will be provided, in her size.

The c.p. will be hard. Very hard. There'll be the aforementioned court-ordered birching: a girl won't know when her thrashing will be administered. Will they be punished individually or in a group? One at a time over the course of the weekend, or immediately following each other to the birching block at some juncture? Or lined up next to one another, facing one another, birched in unison?

Any transgressions will be dealt with severely: the cane, of course, but the heavy prison strap too. On the bare. In public, and in private: the girls will probably come to pray for it to be in public, with their friends around. The house rule will be that the players consent in advance to the level of punishments that may be dealt out: reformatory guardians don't tailor their discipline to the whims of each prisoner. (Safewords? Of course, if the specific girl wants it in reserve, but some may choose to abandon them at the prison gate).

On the bare. Yes, there'll be admissions procedures, and inspections, and showers, and drills. Nudity is

inevitable, and the officers' hands may have a tendency to stray. (The level to which said hands will stray is perhaps the only facet of the weekend where preferences will have to be stated clearly in advance, and adhered to dutifully. But stray they will. And did I only say 'hands'? I know there'll be some girls who'll consent in advance to other types of abuse, and that'd be entirely appropriate for the scene).

Girls will be locked in their cells, alone. Even if the house that ends up being rented may not have locks on the doors: there'll be virtual locks, which girls won't open. At least, given their guardians' reputation, they'll probably pray to be left undisturbed. Any 'comfort' before the weekend's out may come at a price. They'll be made to perform tasks (this is about re-education, after all) helping them to learn to become model citizens. And there'll be no cordon bleu cuisine - at least not for the girls. Would all of our friends be able to immerse themselves deeply enough into the headspace to take such a punishment? I'm sure not. But I do hope that there'll be a fair few of them who still want to try. And I'm already looking forward to the Sunday cuddles afterwards - they'll be needed as much by the ex-officers as by their former prisoners. Dark, dark, dark. I so hope we can make it work.

Restless in the reformatory

21 March 2008

My habit of sleeping with the window open isn't always that conducive to a peaceful night when the north-east temperatures plunge towards freezing. Yet I started to dream of girls at a reform school, sent to bed at an early hour. The rules would be simple: if they were caught awake after a certain time, they would be caned.

A master wandered through a dorm; too late, a girl noticed him, and pretended to close her eyes. "Report to my study," he ordered, before continuing his inspection. Through the chill, dark, empty corridors she crept, terrified.

A caning was inevitable - her first in many months, since she'd vowed to stay clear of trouble. The memories of previous punishments came flooding back. A long wait ensued outside his door: was his tour of the dorms taking longer than usual? Had he forgotten her?

And then, in the distance, his footsteps, drawing nearer. As he approached, she felt herself cower. He showed her in: was brisk, to the point, already fetching down the cane as he explained that she knew the rules and knew the consequences. He made her lift her nightdress, touch her toes: the six strokes were harsh across her cold, bare backside.

At this point, I woke, but my mind continued along creative paths. The master had ordered the girl return to the dormitory without further ado. But she'd taken a detour, curled up gingerly on some bench to compose herself. The reformatory headmaster appeared around the corner. Her heart leapt. "What are you doing here?"

She murmured a panicked explanation: she'd got into trouble; she'd been caned; she was just catching her breath. "But this isn't on the way back to your dorm from his study..."

"No, sir."

"Did he tell you to go directly back?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you will follow me." And he led her into an empty classroom, took the cane from the cupboard, made her remove her nightdress and bend over the front desk. "Six strokes clearly weren't sufficient to teach you the importance of obedience, young lady," he'd say. The pain of his first cut would make the other master's whacks feel like gentle caresses; by the time she'd taken all twelve, she'd be sobbing for forgiveness. And this time, when it was over, she *would* run straight back to the dorm, clambering into her bed and pulling the sheets over her lest the other girls saw her cry.

Whipped on this day: 1799

3 April 2008

Next up, in my trawl through the court archives of the Old Bailey: young Maria Gurdham, aged 18, who was punished on this day in 1799.

She'd been taken in on 1 March as a servant by John Allingham, landlord of the "Greendragon", a pub in Hart Street (known these days as Bloomsbury Way). She came with character references "from Princes-street, Westminster." Yet on the 18th, her new employer noticed that various items were missing from his bedroom. "We accused her of it", the landlord explained, but she denied it.

Yet her guilt was in little doubt: the items had subsequently been recovered from the local pawnbroker, Samuel Morritt of nearby Long Acre, who swore that he had received them from young Maria. Up to that point, of course, she must have hoped to get away with her crime. But I'm imagining the conversation playing out:

Allingham: So you still proclaim your innocence? Maria: Of course, sir. Allingham: Then how do my possessions come to be at Mr Morritt's pawn shop? Maria: I have no idea, sir. You'd have to ask him that. Allingham: But I did. And he assures me that it was you who sold him the items in question. Maria: Please sir. I can explain. Have mercy on me. Please don't send me before the court.

But before the court she was taken, where she was:

indicted for feloniously stealing, two shirts, value 8s. a linen sheet, value 3s. a pair of nankeen breeches, value 3s. a dymity waistcoat, value 2s. a pair of cotton stockings, value 12d.

She was tried before the second Middlesex jury, whose names are recorded for posterity: Thomas Hill, James Ward, Joseph Welch, Matthew Long, Henry Young, Thomas Brown, William Nash, John Morgan, Joseph Leach, James Watts, Hezekiah Denby and Robert Thompson. They found her guilty, of course, and Lord Kenyon passed sentence:

The prosecutor having consented to take her into his service again, the Court ordered her to be privately whipped, and discharged.

"Having consented to take her into his service again?"!
Do I sense that, despite her criminal ways, Mr. Allingham might have had something of a soft spot for young Maria? If so, might he have stood outside, waiting while she was whipped, before taking the sobbing, remorseful girl back to the Green Dragon to comfort her?

The first girls' reformatory

5 May 2008

I've been reading about The Red Lodge, Britain's first reformatory for girls. The enlightened founder believed that the girls could be educated without regular recourse to corporal punishment. But I can imagine one resident pushing her luck too far: absconding for a third time, perhaps, having been given a very clear final warning.

She would be brought before the Governors. That, in itself, would cause her to quake: any bravado would have been long abandoned by the time she was led into the room. They would ask for an explanation; she would have none. They would warn her of the dire fate that might befall a homeless girl wandering the streets of Victorian Bristol. They would ask whether she recalled her previous warning: "Yes, sir."

"Then we cannot allow this to go unpunished." They would confer amongst themselves, before the Chairman of the Governors turned back to her. "We intend to make an example of you, girl. We cannot allow the staff her to be undermined, and you were given very clear warnings."

"Please, sir. Have mercy..."

"You are to be birched at nine prompt tomorrow morning." The Chairman would turn to the warden: "Please make sure the girl is washed and put into a clean dress tomorrow morning, and bring her to the Oak Room at five to nine. Now take her away..." –

A small group would gather in the Oak Room the following morning: the Chairman, with birch rods in hand. A governor or two. The warden of the reformatory. And the girl. She'd be ordered to remove her dress, before being tied over the end of a long oak table. The Chairman would stand back: "I think we should wait until nine, gentlemen." And so they'd pause, listening for the bells of the neighbouring church. Counting each of the nine peals.

Knowing that the other girls in the reformatory would also be counting, would also be holding their breath.

Pausing, once silence reigned. And then beginning her thrashing: hard, measured, teaching a lesson that even the most tolerant of reformatories knows how to punish when punishment is due.

Sleepless nights

25 November 2008

Curled up with a friend the other night; we'd not shared a bed before, so neither of us slept especially well. Another girl's interrupted sleep came hazily to mind. It was pitch dark. She lay face down on a hard prison bench, naked, covered only by a rough grey blanket.

The cell door swung open and the light bulb flicked into life: the guard appeared in the doorway as she jolted awake. She knew the procedure by now, and clambered groggily to her feet. No point in protesting - that would only make matters worse. She held out her hands; he bound her wrists tight with the harsh rope, and led her out and along the corridor to the punishment room.

She hesitated: he pushed her forward over the frame and tied her ankles with the leather straps. Six of the best, the system decreed, at six-hourly intervals until her tally was complete. She'd been awarded 48 strokes by the judge: two days of solitude, punctuated by her whippings. She'd taken 18 so far: the next stripes would be laid onto already-agonising weals. The punishment officer picked up the cane, and raised it high...

Posh girls in the workhouse

5 December 2008

The Percy Anecdotes, published in monthly parts from 1840, contain a fascinating entry on the "Dutch Workhouse":

The workhouse at Amsterdam is devoted to correctional, as well as charitable purposes. In one part of the building there were confined in 1807, ten young ladies, of very respectable, and some very high, families, sent there by their parents or friends for undutiful deportment, or some other domestic offence; they are compelled to wear a particular dress... obliged to work a stated number of hours a day, and are occasionally whipped. Husbands may here, upon a complaint of extravagance, drunkenness, &c., duly proved, send their wives to be confined, and receive the discipline of the house... The allowance of food is abundant and good; and each person is permitted to walk for a proper time in the courts within the building which are spacious. Every ward is kept locked, and no one can go in or out, without the special permission of the proper officer.

The role-playing potential in this is just incredible!

Birching the Tudor ladies

6 January 2009

We visited the Tower of London over the Christmas holidays - an easy way to entertain my parents for a couple of hours, despite the crowds. The black history of the place is all around, from the block and axe in the White Tower, past the place of execution, to the grave of Lady Jane Grey in the chapel.

And then there was the Birching Green*, to cheer us all up. The Tudor nobility, needless to say, weren't

awfully keen on mingling with the lower classes. This extended to the punishment of any crimes that the aristocracy might commit.

Lady Mary Bradgate, for example, was the youngest daughter of the Marquess of Devon. During a stay in London, she and her cousin, Lady Elizabeth Dudley, took their carriage to The Exchange. There, they asked a shopkeeper to see some silk handkerchiefs, which he laid out before them on the counter. They then tried on a number of fashionable hats, one of which Lady Mary purchased.

Within moments of their departure, however, a commotion ensued. As the shopkeeper returned the handkerchiefs to the drawer, he'd noticed that the most expensive was missing. The constable was called and was given a description of the (highly unusual) pattern on the silk, which had only arrived in London the previous day.

Without further ado, the constable set off for the Marquess's townhouse. By the time the young women had finished their shopping and returned home in their carriage, he was in deep conversation with the Marquess. The girls were called into the library; the situation explained. Both pleaded their innocence. A bell was rung; their maids appeared.

"Would you leave us for a moment, sir," the Marquess asked the constable. And then the maids were ordered to strip their mistresses and search for the missing silk. Lady Mary's guilt was quickly established, and the magistrate called.

The option of a trial in the courthouse, followed - no doubt - by a whipping at Newgate was clearly not acceptable for a young noblewoman, and so arrangements were put in place: "You will report to the Tower one hour after sunrise tomorrow morning, and there you will be whipped."

A sleepless, tearful night ensued.

Her cousin and maid accompanied her on the journey, but could offer little consolation. They were taken to the Beauchamp Tower; Lady Mary was made to change from her fine clothes into a plain, rough dress, before the guard arrived to take her out to the Green in front. The whipping frame was already in place; the Yeoman bade her bend forward, and tied her tightly in position, before taking the first of the birches.

He called forward Lady Elizabeth, asking her to lift her cousin's skirt and bare her for her punishment. Her howls echoed around the Tower, and out through the cold morning air to the boats on the river outside, as the strokes rained down. The first rod lasted around fifteen strokes; the second a mere dozen, before a third birch was taken to complete the forty that made up the allotted tally.

And then she was untied, led back to change back into her finery, and marched from the Tower for the most uncomfortable of carriage rides home.

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* Actually, there wasn't. But there should have been.

Defiant girl, caned

19 February 2009

A judicial scene played out in my dreams last night, no doubt occasioned by having watched a spanking movie on my laptop in the hotel before falling asleep.

Two girls, newly admitted to the reformatory, stood side-by-side in a cold, whitewashed room - still in the clothes they'd been wearing when sentenced in court. The Governor stood in front of them; another guard watched from the back of the room.

The senior officer gestured towards a large wooden whipping frame in the centre of the room. "You will be aware that all new prisoners receive eight strokes of the cane on admission."

They were.

"Then let's get it over with, shall we? Take off your clothes; the last of you to be naked will receive two extra stripes."

One girl stripped immediately; the other stood with arms folded, not reacting.

He waited until the first girl was naked, then turned to the second: "Did you understand my order, young lady?"

A pause, then a murmured, "Yes."

"Yes, *sir*." She remained silent.

The governor stepped forward. "Well, if you won't remove your clothes, then we'll have to it for you." He and his colleague moved towards her; one took her wrists, whilst the other stripped her, roughly, as she squirmed to avoid their attentions.

"It seems we have a defiant one here," the senior officer commented to his colleague.

"Indeed, sir."

The governor walked over to the first, more compliant girl. He placed a finger under her chin, and lifted her eyes to his. "It's your lucky day, Miss Hobbs. See, Miss Spencer here clearly needs to be taught a lesson. So I'll be giving her your strokes, as well as her own. Go and stand at the back of the room, facing the wall."

The dream ended there, sadly, before the eighteen strokes (eight for each girl, plus the two for being the last to get undressed) were administered. But later in the night, I slipped back in my dreams to the same reformatory to hear that the girl had just been "put on Section D." This, it seemed, was shorthand for being sent to the punishment wing for repeated disobedience;

whippings would be par for the course. Quite what sections A, B or C wasn't explained, and my dreams moved on before I could find out more.

Birched in the prison courtyard

10 April 2009

I was struck the other morning by a strange thing about judicial birchings. See, when I imagine or dream or write about these, they always take place either inside, in brightly-lit punishment rooms, or outdoors in the sunshine.

But this particular morning was misty, cold. And suddenly it occurred to me that it was just the sort of morning on which a lass might be led out into the prison courtyard for a birching. It'd be a dark place - overlooked by the barred windows of many of the cells, whose occupants would inevitably here the punishments taking place down below.

The guard would arrive early at the cell door in question, waking the girls inside. He'd call out a name, and the prisoner would realise that her time had come.

He'd march her down the corridors, lead her outside into the cold morning air, where a small group of official witnesses would be waiting. He'd recite details of the punishment that the court had imposed: that her jail sentence would include a birching, "to be carried out at the convenience of the prison governor".

She'd be ordered to strip - forced to strip, if she resisted - and tied, shivering, to the whipping frame.

And then they'd wait. Wait. Wait. Until the bell of the prison chapel struck seven.

As the echo of its peal faded away, a door to the side of the courtyard would open, and the governor would emerge into the cold. The group would salute.

He'd walk behind the girl. A guard would read out her details: "Deborah Green. Aged eighteen. Convicted at Wandsworth Crown Court on the fourth of last month on three counts of shoplifting. Sentenced to ten weeks' detention at Her Majesty's pleasure, and thirty strokes of the birch rod."

The governor would hold out his hand, and the first birch would be passed across. He'd pause, measure it, and then commence the flogging...

The St. George's Day birchings

23 April 2009

Today, of course, is St. George's Day. Sadly, England is rather lax at celebrating its patron saint's day - other than the occasional promotion of cheap beer in the pubs. Me? I'd have flags flying everywhere, and a public holiday.

Still, I'm reminded that, not too many years ago, the date was marked in girls' reformatories across England - albeit perhaps not in a manner that would be deemed entirely celebratory. Picture the scene: it's after breakfast (water, dry bread) in the reformatory on 23rd April. The girls are gathered together around the walls of the main hall. In the centre of the room, the whipping block. A birch rod rests on top.

The governor strides in, and takes a piece of paper from his pocket. He opens it, slowly, reads the name to himself, looks round the room.

"Sarah Fisher, step forward."

She's pushed to the front of the crowd; finds herself face-to-face with the Governor. He looks over her, at the assembled girls. "You will know, of course, of the St. George's Day Birching. How our Prime Minister, Mr. Gladstone, outlawed the use of corporal punishment in

the girls' judicial system. How his eminent opponent, Mr. Disraeli, forced a late amendment to the bill before parliament. 'Without fear of the sanction of the birch, I fear that girls may run riot.'

As a result, he continued, once a year the Governor was obliged by law to select the girl whose behaviour in the previous twelve months had fallen furthest short of the expected standards. And to punish her. In public, before the other inmates.

"Miss Fisher: remove your dress, and bend over the punishment bench."

"Please, sir. There must be a mistake."

"When it comes to the governance of this institution, girl, I don't make mistakes." And he'd proceed to tie the naked lass in position - buckling the leather straps tightly around her wrists and her ankles.

The birching would be severe - a once-in-a-year lesson to the assembled crowd on the need to behave. For, after all, one of them (averting their eyes, peeking at the flogging in fascinated terror) could find herself there next year, howling as the rod cut home, sharply, repeatedly, until the Governor was satisfied that the girl's chastisement had sent out an appropriate message.

The escape committee

16 May 2009

Sometimes, I think spanking stories are best cut off early, leaving the subsequent detail to the reader's imagination. I've been playing with the following, for example, for a while now - tweaking words here and there on my laptop in idle moments.

I personally think it works better than if I'd kept writing and described the whole flogging. I wonder if readers agree?

--

"I am prepared to be lenient", the Governor explained.

The line of uniformed girls looked at him, looked at the whip in his hand, looked at their friend at the end of the hall - naked, her hands tied above her head, the rope thrown over a beam lifting her to her tiptoes. Lenient?

"Regulation 23.4: 'any prisoner associated with an attempt to plan an escape shall be flogged'. You were all party to the conversation that Officer Lucas overheard in the refectory: that is more than enough evidence."

Each girl, contemplating a protest. Thinking better of it; remaining silent.

He continued. "Prisoner 8974 here was sitting at the head of the table. I shall therefore deem her responsible for your plot. And you may trust that I shall not be as lenient with her. Nor with any of you, should you disobey an order at any future point in your sentence."

The Governor walked behind her, tall and powerful next to her slight, pale frame. "Twenty lashes. The rest of you shall watch carefully, and learn the consequences..."

He drew back the whip, with an expert hand, and cracked it down hard. Its leather tongues fanned out,

kissing her like serpents. Her scream filled the chamber, echoing from the rafters.

He took her face in his gloved hand, and lifted her eyes to meet his. "Regretting your conspiracy already, my dear? And I've scarcely started..."

--

So much left unstated. Did he whip her across the buttocks, or the back? Did the lashes stripe her bare breasts? Did she maintain a degree of bravery, or succumb abjectly to the anguish of her whipping?

Did she take the whole punishment on behalf of the group, or (in her anguish) betray the real leader of their escape plan in the hope of mercy? And if she did, how did the Governor react? (I rather suspect he would have completed her twenty lashes, before punishing the other girl too).

And of to those watching? Perhaps the Governor caught one of them looking away: would she too be brought to the front, stripped and flogged in turn?

The workhouse benefactor

25 November 2009

To a Victorian workhouse as I slept last night. A benefactor was visiting - a youngish gentleman, who'd recently inherited his father's title and estate and was therefore on the lookout for new staff.

Six of the best girls were lined up for him to inspect; they'd been scrubbed and dressed in clean clothes before his arrival, and ordered to be on their very best behaviour. He talked kindly to them - asking how long they'd been in the establishment, whether they'd been well-treated, what they wanted to do with their lives.

Each girl answered politely, save for the last. She initially refused to answer, then - when pressed - spoke up vehemently. "What do you care? You know nothing of what life's really like. You swan in here in your fine clothes, looking for cheap labour to exploit. And in return you expect us to bow down and worship you?"

The governor, of course, sent an underling to fetch a birch; the girl was tied over a chair, and six smart strokes applied. After she'd been punished, she was told apologise to the visitor - but refused.

"It appears, governor, that you may not have punished her with sufficient vigour. May I?" And the young gentleman removed his jacket, rolled up the sleeve of his shirt and took the birch. The girl was tied down once more; her second flogging, incomparably harder, soon had her pleading for forgiveness and mercy.

Afterwards, she stood before him, attempting not to let him see her cry, trying to avoid his eyes. "I'll take this one, governor, if I may," the gentleman requested. "I like a girl with spirit - and she can be taught good manners."

(The dream then degenerated into a Mills and Boon romance: master and servant became close; a check through the workhouse paperwork revealed that she'd been abandoned as a baby by a rich family fallen on hard times; they were therefore able to marry. All extremely improbable - whereas the birching scene, of course, was entirely realistic!)

Caning then cuddles

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...

Admission

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..."

Fare evasion

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..."

The reformatory Monday morning

24 March 2014

The light's flicked on abruptly. Not that many of them get much sleep between Sunday night and Monday morning. Worrying. Dreading.

Names are read from the clipboard: three of the fourteen girls from this dorm. They might have expected it; feared it. But only when the staff of the reformatory met for sherry before Sunday lunch would the discussion have taken place. Miscreants nominated, their fate determined. No right of appeal; no confirmation, even, of the precise offence that had led them to their fate, nor of the master who had condemned them.

"Hurry up!" comes the order. And they all knew the routine. Strip naked. Stay silent. Report to the gymnasium.

There are ten girls in total, that chill-but-bright spring morning. Called forward one at a time, as their peers were forced to watch. Tied, tight, over the vaulting horse.

Each given the same sentence: eighteen strokes of the cane, administered as hard as could be.

And afterwards, on their return to the dorms: no time to cry, to seek consolation. Straight into the showers, with the other girls now awake and up. Weals inspected in silence by sympathetic onlookers; tears of the beaten and their best friends running away with the drizzle of the ice-cold shower. Monday morning. The week now ready to begin.

Let off lightly?

19 May 2014

So, what of the girl in the reformatory who bribed the Punishment Officer the night before her flogging?

Twenty strokes of the Manx birch had been adjudged appropriate by the magistrate, along with a month's detention – the flogging to take place three days before her release.

She'd seen other girls after their punishments; dreaded her own; decided to do whatever it would take to be let off lightly. He'd feigned disinterest initially, until she'd pleaded. He couldn't reduce the number of strokes, of course, he eventually explained – but he could administer them less severely if she were to be a good girl for him. And so she was: bent over his desk; used brutally.

But any good story should have a twist. What is it here? Is it (a) that when her name was called the following morning, a different officer wielded the birch, as the usual one was off ill; he'd know nothing of the deal; the flogging would be just as hard as usual.

Or is it (b) that it would be announced, once she was tied in place, that her punishment would be doubled, for the additional serious offence of attempting to bribe a public official?

A workhouse birching

14 August 2014

I'm reading a book about Workhouses (as you do). I'm not far into it, but already there have been various references to female residents being soundly chastised. I'll blog a few in due course!

Forget them: it's the image that came to mind of a pretty young woman, stripped being tied over a table, the Master of the workhouse behind her with a birch. A new resident, I think, resenting the rules. She'd lashed out at a member of staff. And now:

"I'm going to make you the sorriest girl ever to have been admitted to my care."

And then her foolhardy reply, which she would soon come to regret:

"I doubt it, sir. Your sadistic reputation is well-known."

Yes, that works for me as an image - and as the idea for a scene!

The officers

26 September 2014

"A difficult one here," the officer had noted as she refused his order to undress. "Gentlemen: would you strip her and put her over the bench?"

The three warders stepped forward, used to dealing with reluctant new inmates. She lashed out, striking one in the face; kicking another. In a moment, she was overpowered. The clothes she'd worn to court were forcibly removed, ripped in the process. "Well you wouldn't have needed them for a couple of years anyway," they'd laughed.

Pushed face down over the wooden block. Wrists tied with leather straps. Legs pulled apart; ankles bound in position.

"Now," the officer in charge had said. "Fifty strokes, according to the form from the magistrate. And with behaviour like that, I intend to make them count..."

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Asleep, that night, in the bare cell in the punishment wing. At least, what passed for sleep - face down, the excruciating pain of her flogging hard to ignore. Replaying the day's events over and over. Guilty? Preposterous. And to be whipped, too?

Footsteps outside, in the dark. Keys in the lock. The door swinging open, as a light flickered on.

"Here she is." She recognised the voice before her eyes adjusted in the gloom. "Right little mischief-maker. Real bruise on my shin from her, I have."

"We can't be having trouble from the girls, can we?" "Especially not the new ones. Start off badly and they'll be difficult all the time." "She needs to be taught a lesson."

Three of them, pulling her to her feet. Pushing her to her knees. "Let's teach her some respect..."

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Facing the governor, peering at her from behind desk. "Stand up straight when I'm addressing you, girl."

"Sorry, sir."

"Now... the medical report." Reading from a handwritten form. "No evidence of assault... no evidence of sexual activity." Scrumpling the form, tossing it into the bin.

"But sir... My bruises... My..."

"Be quiet. You've had plenty to say already. I shall invite further comment should I require it. Which I don't. Now... Officer Jenkins allegedly leading the purported attack." Another piece of paper, studied carefully: "And yet our security system logs every movement through the

building, and shows clearly that he wasn't here that night."

"But..." The sheet torn into pieces.

"Photographs taken by each of the men on their iPhones." Another document. "Sworn testimony from Mr Jenkins that he only possesses the most basic of Nokias. His phone duly inspected by the Director of Operations, and found not to have a camera." The paper following its predecessors into the wastebasket.

"It seems you are a troublemaker, young lady. And I don't like people making trouble in my reformatory."

Boldly: "I'm telling the truth, sir."

"It's usual for the caning a girl receives on admission to somewhat dampen her fighting spirit. Clearly yours didn't have the necessary effect."

He pressed the phone on his desk, which buzzed into life. "Please come and take the young lady back to the punishment cells." And then he looked up once more. "Three more days in solitary, and then we will repeat your fifty strokes. And following that, I suggest that for your own good you keep your head down and do precisely whatever is expected of you..."

ON MY TRAVELS

Spanking writer on the move

14 March 2007

The well-spoken gentleman was having as little joy as I connecting to the internet on the train. We swapped technical suggestions: none worked.

He wandered through to the next carriage, returning a few moments later: "No luck," he said. Then, with a broad grin, he continued: "There's a chap further down browsing hard core porn of the most obscene nature, but he swears it's on his hard disk." I giggled; he returned to his seat; the train continued for another hour.

The gentleman passed me again, laden with luggage, as we approached his station. He glanced from afar at my laptop, watching me type. He shook his head in mock outrage. "Disgusting!" he joked. Had he been able to see the screen, I wonder if he'd have blushed. There are those who would concur with his opinion, had they realised that two girls had already been flogged in the story I'd been writing, and that a third was about to hear the court's sentence...

Pampering one's implements

12 April 2007

An article I read recently about the unbelievably posh Rocco Forte hotel chain commented that:

"Staff not only unpack your luggage but also pack it again, layering your undies with tissue paper."

Where would they place certain travel accessories, I wonder, whilst unpacking? The cane hanging on the door, the hairbrush on the dresser, the tawse in the desk drawer? Everything laid out neatly on the bed? Would they smile a knowing smile throughout one's stay? And would they inspect how well-used the implements had been before they cossetted them in tissue paper prior to departure?

Owner Mr. Forte sounds like something of a character, incidentally. According to the article, his family approved when he found his bride:

"At 36, he met the 16-year-old daughter of a Roman neurologist... She was sort of, I suppose, suitably virginal from their point of view - although she wasn't that virginal."

"A king-sized bed with ropes, sir?"

13 June 2007

Can I really be the only person to have glanced at a poster for 'Real Simple Travel' magazine on a newsstand in the States and marvelled at its feature on:

Kink-friendly travel.

Closer inspection revealed that I really should wear my glasses when tired, as the article was actually intended for travellers with kids.

Shame, really. I was beginning to picture their review of my ideal hotel:

Maids stand demurely in Victorian uniforms, curtsying in the reception area as one arrives. Large suites each contain a four-poster bed, with an interesting array of other furniture.

Staff take particularly care when matching guests to rooms, ensuring that each gentleman is allocated a suite in which the furniture is at just the right height for any lady/ladies who may accompany him to bend over.

In an unusual touch, a selection of rattan canes hangs, ready for use, over the fireplace in each bedroom, with a further collection available in the hotel's library for more public use. The nearby forest is available to guests should birches be required; one could take a brisk stroll, or ring the concierge to ask for fresh rods to be cut and delivered.

The rooms are, of course, immaculate in every respect. This is entirely to be expected, given the neatly-typed letter handed on arrival to gentleman "requesting and requiring" them to "deal promptly and severely" with any housekeeping errors. Indeed, many guests are known to conduct a full room inspection each morning shortly after breakfast.

Beware, though, that many a Sunday morning lie-in has consequentially been interrupted by the sounds of correction being administered in neighbouring rooms, despite more than adequate sound-proofing.

The message in the mirror

17 June 2007

I've just had a guilty thought. In Atlanta recently, we noticed that when the bathroom mirror steamed up after a shower, the phrase "19" emerged, having been handwritten by some previous occupant. (A lover aged 19? Their 19th lover? 19 notches on the bedpost during their stay? 19 strokes?)

Of course, we couldn't resist: "SPANK" was scribed neatly onto the glass. Lo and behold, next time the mist appeared, our message revealed itself, as it did for the

remainder of the trip... and as it still, presumably, does, as I forgot to wipe the word off before checking out.

I wonder how many guests we've startled since? And the brat deep within me wonders what else we could have written had we known we were bequeathing a note to future occupants. Some might say that the hidden text suggested an appropriate remedy for the hotel maid for not cleaning the mirror properly, of course. Mmmmm.... The duty manager inspects the rooms, notices the message, calls in the maid...

To the German couple in room 766

12 September 2007

Just because the adjoining door separating our rooms is locked, it doesn't mean that your room is soundproof.

Yes, I have heard the slapping noises at regular intervals over the past 48 hours. Very clearly. No, I don't think you're clapping something on the TV: it's too regular, too drawn-out, and the plaintive little feminine yelps after each smack leave little to my experienced imagination.

Yes, young lady: when we emerged from our rooms at the same time and found ourselves waiting for the elevator together, I did think you'd look good in school uniform.

And yes, he is a *lot* older than you, isn't he?

No, please don't stop. I'm sure she deserves it. And no, I'm sure she didn't sit at all comfortably at dinner last night. And the restaurant had hard wooden chairs, you say? What a shame...

No, I'm sure you're not enjoying being spanked. You doesn't look like one of those *perverts*...

You know, I can recommend just the place in Chinatown if you want to find a nice authentic local

implement with which to stripe her - or I have a plentiful supply if you'd care to send her next door to ask politely for a caning. And don't worry: I won't tell a soul.

The girl from the choir

22 October 2007

I really shouldn't eavesdrop on conversations. But there were five* things I particularly liked about the young lady in her mid-20s from the touring choir, who was perched at the next table in the Executive Lounge of the hotel the other night:

1. She was quiet, shy, intelligent, with a gentle humour.

2. She was my 'type'. (Any of you who know me in real-life will understand that there's a certain type of girl who makes me go weak at the knees. And she seemed quite oblivious to how attractive she was).

3. She and her two female friends had chosen not to go out with the rest of the group: the others were too rowdy and the three of them felt like a quieter evening exploring. (Show me a room full of strangers, and I'll head straight for the fringes!).

4. She was East Coast American. (I have a very soft spot that part of the world, having a number of dear friends who hail from (or have lived) there - my first play partner included).

5. She'd taken her punishment bravely when the choirmaster had paddled her for her wrong note in that afternoon's rehearsal. He'd given her ten whacks across her jeans, right after the others had left. Hard, since the following night's concert was so important.

* OK, only four of these are definitely true. One might have been the product of my over-fertile imagination!

The commander's daughter

11 February 2008

An advert for the spa in my hotel near Hadrian's Wall spun me back in time. It was the Roman era, in the bath house on the same site. The beautiful daughter of the legion's commander walked in, letting her toga slip to the floor, revealing the fresh stripes of a sound whipping.

But was she there of choice, determined to show that she was not ashamed: proud, defiant? Or, rather, had her father sent her there - refusing to allow her to sob in her room, wanting the word to get out that he was as severe with his own daughter as he expected his officers to be with theirs?

Upper class spankings?

5 March 2008

A group of off-duty cabin stewardesses from a well-known airline were waiting to board my flight home from Heathrow late the other evening. Another of their number hurried up to the gate and joined her friends.

One of the gang looked surprised to see her, asking, "Which flight did you come in you on?"

"Number 9."

"But doesn't that land very early in the morning?"

"Yes."

"So why are you only getting this connection?"

Her friend blushed extremely sweetly, looking guilty. "If you don't ask me questions, I won't tell you lies."

I suppressed a giggle. But here's the question. Had she: (a) misbehaved on the flight, and spent the day being soundly punished by the captain, or (b) been shagging one of the passengers senseless all day in a nearby hotel? I favour

the former, although the broad smile on her face suggested a Virgin by employ but not by nature...

The alarmed call

6 June 2008

"Good morning, sir. This is your 6 a.m. wake-up call." I was just awake enough to reply: "But I booked the call for eight o'clock." Pause. "Oh." Pause. "I'm sorry, sir, I think I've just misread the handwriting on our list. I'm really sorry."

The solution seemed obvious to me. After all, I had a paddle and cane in my suitcase. It took a few moments for her to arrive at my door - flustered, contrite. She noticed the implements on the table as soon as she entered; looked at me in momentary panic.

"It seems, young lady, that you need to be taught the difference between six and eight." "Yes, sir." "Remove your skirt and come and stand in the middle of the room with your hands on your head."

She folded her uniform neatly over the back of the chair; adopted the pose. I circled around her. "Why so careless?" "It was a mistake, sir. Really: I've never done it before."

I pulled down her knickers; let them drop to her ankles. Still circled: "And what happens to girls who make mistakes?"

"They get punished, sir."

"Then you shall bend over the back of the armchair, and take the consequences of your carelessness. I shall start with six swats of the paddle. And I'll finish with eight strokes of the cane..."

* At some point this account and reality diverge somewhat!

A sadistic vacation

29 June 2008

According to a report earlier this month in The Guardian, Pierre Cardin is spending millions in an attempt to turn the small town of Lacoste into a cultural enclave. The place has an interesting history:

Only the imposing, half-ruined castle that once belonged to the Marquis de Sade hints as a darker truth of the feudal rulers who lorded it over the villagers in this south-eastern corner of France... de Sade's chateau [is] said to have inspired the gothic settings for his novels of sexual perversion.

Cardin has "spent millions restoring the castle" and his plans for the village include "luxury hotels, a top restaurant, a de Sade cafe and a piano bar."

A de Sade cafe?!! The mind just boggles. I suspect that the conditions of employment for the waitresses are likely to be rather strict. And is it too much to hope that one of said hotels might be located in the castle itself, all themed rooms, whips available from room service and "would sir care to make use of the dungeon"?

Now calling at Correctional Institute

30 October 2008

Alighting from the Victoria Line at Green Park recently, it struck me that the Queen must be a forgetful old dear. After all, the announcer greets each train with, "Change here for Buckingham Palace," presumably in case Her Majesty (a) happens to be on board, and (b) can't remember the way home.

Helpful tube announcements could extend to other stations, now I think of it. Take that little-known stop on

the Metropolitan Line: Correctional Institute Station. "Alight here for the Royal Disciplinary Service", the tannoy proclaims. Passengers peer curiously from the windows at the scared girls who disembark, heading towards their punishments - to be replaced in the carriages by the latest batch of freshly-flogged young ladies who, tears in their eyes, refuse kind offers of a seat.

A room with a view

8 January 2009

The window of my London hotel room looks out onto the office block across the street. Actually, strike that: the street's so narrow that I'm almost sitting at their desks, joining in their meetings.

There's a manager's office. He looks a strict type.

Oh look! He's just called one of his staff in to see him. She looks uncomfortable: she's clearly being lectured for some misdemeanour or other.

And now she's leaving: walking back across the office floor, past her colleagues, to what looks like the stationery cupboard.

And is that... surely it's not? Heads turn from desks as the young lady walks back past them, blushing, cane in hand.

He's standing by the time she re-enters the room: points her to his desk. She bends over, knuckles white as she stretches across to hold on. She's looking straight out of the window. Straight at me. Looking defiant.

He lifts her skirt, lowers her knickers, measures the cane, administers the first whack.

Defiant, as the first strokes land. Still staring me straight in the eyes.

Defiant, as more lines stripe her. "I can take this, you know."

Biting her lip at each whack. "I'm a brave girl."

Tears welling. "It hurts so much."

Crying openly, as the tally reaches a dozen. Avoiding my gaze.

And then she's standing, and re-assembling her clothes, and thanking him, and taking the cane from him, and walking back through the stares to return it to the cupboard, and gingerly lowering herself back into her chair, and looking at her screen to see whether any emails have come in whilst she's been being punished.

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At least, I think that's what happens over there...

In which I nearly became a tutor...

21 May 2009

This week's been stupidly busy for work - too much going on to start with, even before colleagues start screwing up projects left, right and centre, leaving me to bail them out. So when I headed down into the town centre to post some stuff yesterday afternoon, I'd given myself strict mental instructions not to get diverted and to come straight back to work.

Only, see, I'd read about this lovely second-hand bookshop in the town centre. And I just happened to walk past its front door. And somehow I ended up inside.

The stock, it must be said, was a little disappointing. Their 20,000+ volumes seemed a little light on education, biography, law and history - our usual sources of interesting old books. But as I was browsing, a young lady appeared in neat school uniform, and very politely asked the assistant, "Do you have anything to help with revision?"

I was standing behind her, and very nearly volunteered my services. "Yes, my dear. A firm but fair approach, with the sanction of a sound caning should you fail to adhere to the agreed revision schedule."

It turned out she was after A-Level study guides. But I rather think my methods would have been even more effective.

Bavarian spankings

20 September 2009

To Munich, briefly, last week to speak at a conference. Sadly, I was accompanied by one of my team, so the trip was kink-free - although my imagination, of course, continued to work along its usual lines.

As one does, we headed to one of the city's famous old beer cellars for the evening - where my resolution to spend an entire month without drinking alcohol came to an abrupt end. (Hey, four weeks is a month, OK?)

Our fellow drinkers and diners were an eclectic bunch - lots of lederhosen, girls in traditional Bavarian dresses (oh, how they needed pulling over a lap to be spanked), and a group of twenty or so youngsters that appeared at the next table towards the end of the evening.

I'm not sure what the legal drinking age is in Germany, but I'm guessing it's 18 - and none of our neighbours could have been more than 16. Since they were sitting just inside the door, any passing policeman glancing inside would certainly have spied them. I pictured the scene - the Polizei appear, the group scatters, some escaping into the street but a handful of the young ladies being caught by the cops and the waiters.

They'd beg not to be arrested and, this being a traditional place, a compromise would be agreed. They'd be led to an upstairs room; they'd be ordered to bend over next to one another over the side of a long oak table, and

to take down their trousers and knickers. An old, heavy, well-worn strap would be fetched from the manager's office, and six merciless strokes each would prove most effective before the punished, tearful troupe were marched back through the restaurant and out onto the street.

The strictness of the samurai swordsman

28 October 2009

I loved our afternoon with the samurai swordsmen in Tokyo.

The master had an impressive presence. Short, calm, softly spoken - and unbelievably authoritative as he walked amidst the group, adjusting their posture, correcting the position in which they held their blades until they were just so. I'm looking forward to applying some of his techniques the next time I have a cane in my hand, as I'm sure they'll cross over from one art to another...

One exercise had us repeating the practice movement that a samurai would have undertaken 2,000 times each morning - lifting the sword high, practicing a blow: "forward, cut, back, lift..." We only performed the routine 100 times, as did the girl in my post-workshop fantasies after I woke the following morning.

See, the cutest of the young ladies in the class had shown quite an aptitude, and had returned to train alone with the master before dawn each morning. He had been unhappy with her attitude from the start of the session; she'd already earned one crisp slap across the face. His discontent was evident as she performed the 100-cut warm-up, her routine ragged, her swordsmanship untidy.

At the end, he left her standing, the heavy sword held high, uncomfortably above her head. A long, meaningful silence.

Eventually, she broke it: "Are you displeased with me, master?"

"Did I give you permission to speak?"

"No, master."

Silence once more, broken eventually by his instruction to her to take her sword to the corner of the room, and bring back the cane in its place. "I will not accept such ill-disciplined work."

"No, master."

"Nor can I comprehend how you could show such disrespect as to only perform 96 cuts, rather than the required 100."

"I'm sorry, master."

He'd untie her belt and open her kimono, pushing it back over her shoulders; it fell to the floor at her feet, leaving her naked in front of him. He'd order her to pick it up, to fold it neatly, then to bend over and grasp her ankles. "You will count - accurately, this time - to 100, whilst learning that I demand rather more application from my pupils than you have offered me this morning."

"Yes, master."

And so he'd punish her, quickly and rhythmically: no individual stroke too hard, but their cumulative effect quite agonising as she counted towards her tally.

Afterwards, he'd make the student stand. "Go and get dressed, and leave. There is nothing more I can teach you this morning." And she would be dismissed, bowing low before him and thanking him for her lesson.

Artistic whippings

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”?

A very modern whipping

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.

The Spanking Tour

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 communists' grand hotel

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.

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“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..."

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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!

The merchant's daughter

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 price of admission

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...!

“Inappropriately attired”

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 consequences of her night out

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 railway tawse

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.

THIS THING THAT WE DO

Left (kinky) luggage

17 August 2006

Checking a couple of bags into storage at a railway station en route home from holiday, I was reminded of my previous experience of said facilities.

They scan every bag these days using airline-style X-ray machines; I'd just returned from a weekend with a spanko friend. "Do you have any electrical items in your bag, sir?"

"Yes, an alarm clock and shaver."

And then the guy behind the counter looked extremely puzzled as he studied the silhouettes of my belongings on his screen. "What are these items, then?" (pointing to X-ray).

Politely: "That one's a cane, and that one's a whip" (OMG I can just imagine having said **that** a few years ago. Not).

Shock on his face: "Can you open your bag for me to have a look, please?" (Was he asking out of sheer disbelief, or rigid adherence to company policy - 'all spanking implements must be inspected?').

"Sure," I smiled back. Cue very embarrassed-looking left-luggage attendant, especially as I took out the large paddle to get to the other two items and laid it on his counter.

Honestly, these vanillas... Still, he accepted the bags into his store; it's good to know that - in the words of their notice - spanking implements don't class as "dangerous weapons".

The origins of the cane

10 September 2006

I posted t'other day about a company manufacturing polo sticks, whose staff make an annual pilgrimage to remote areas to hunt down the rattan harvest. It made me ponder the origins of the use of this particular material for corporal punishment purposes.

I wonder who first looked at a length of rattan and decided, "*That's* the material I've been looking for all this time. I must purchase some forthwith from the local farmers, and export it to the finest schools in the Empire."

Perhaps tales were told of a few villages, deep in the forest, where the local girls were unusually well-behaved? "Head forty miles up river, old chap, hire a donkey, trek for two days - and you'll come to the region in question."

Or was it perhaps some marketing ploy in the mid-1800s by the farmers concerned: sitting round at their annual sales conference, brainstorming ways in which they could diversify away from an over-dependence on the furniture market?

Then again..... I'm reading a book at the moment about leisure in the Victorian era ("Consuming Passions" by Judith Flanders - very highly recommended). The opening chapter deals at length with the Great Exhibition of 1851 - that landmark event in the development of society and enterprise. Perhaps *that* was the moment at which the cane became popular: "Stand 498. A length of rattan from the east, designed for the discipline of young ladies." Maybe the Prince Consort noticed it on one of his many

visits to the Crystal Palace, and his patronage led to the gentlemen of the day placing large orders?

Speaking of the Victorians, and meandering aimlessly in my kinky thoughts, I'm reminded that I read a review of a CD by a new band the other day. They're called "The Victorian English Gentlemen's Club". I can just imagine such an august body, gathering weekly in their splendid Pall Mall premises to try out the latest batch of canes purchased from the Exhibition. Their constitution would require them to bring with them any of their servant girls who may have misbehaved in the previous week, for discipline in front of the assembled group. Learned discussions on caning technique would follow, with proceedings written up into leather-bound books. All this talk of caning is making me want to whack a girl...!

He's got the look

15 November 2006

My ears pricked wandering past a gaggle of gossipers in the office first thing this morning, as one of the ladies commented, "He kept giving me that Headmaster look all day. You know?"

No, I don't: care to enlighten me? Is that the "I've seen what you're doing" look? The "I'll deal with you later" look? The "I understand I'll be seeing you in my office at lunchtime", or the "Ah, there you are"?

The "Feigned surprise at the severity of your misdeeds", the "I'm disappointed in you", the "You'd better not argue with me?" Or the "I'm now going to hurt you" or the "I wonder how you're going to take this?" or the "Averting my eyes, up to a point" as the girl adjusts her uniform for punishment?

Perhaps it was the unseen look: from behind, the girl bent over, feeling his eyes on her. The concentration as he

measured the cane, the smile of satisfaction at the quality of his ever-so-precise handiwork?

Or the "I wonder if that got through to her", the "I know you're not really a bad girl" - and the genuine, reassuring "I hope this is our last such encounter" combined with the "Intrigued as to whether you will ever be back for more".

Perhaps I should go over and ask her for clarification?

"Explain yourself, young lady."

3 March 2007

I love it when vanilla friends utter hot comments, completely inadvertently. One such was recently trying to decide whether a particular young lady's failure to complete some task or other resulted from her being:

"stubbornly disinclined or pathetically incapable."

I rather hoped it was the former, and felt smug knowing that I'd be rather ahead of my friend in my ability to correct the situation. And, of course, I memorised the phrase: so perfect for a future scene.

Gym kit

4 March 2007

A friend was heading to the gym in the hotel we were staying in.

"I could come with you," I told her. "I've got gym kit with me."

She looked puzzled, realising that I'm not exactly the gym-going type.

"A plimsoll," I clarified...

Nature versus nurture, spanking-style

15 March 2007

I am becoming ever-more convinced that my interest in spanking is inherited from my father, who's forever alluding subtly to my favourite topic.

Last time I stayed with my parents, I browsed the bookcase in the bedroom and discovered a battered copy of Juanita Carberry's autobiography. For those of you not in the know, it describes her childhood in the "Happy Valley" area of Kenya, and is littered with descriptions of whippings from her father and her governess (his mistress).

My father's well-worn copy fell open conveniently at the appropriate pages, which made for some very nice bedtime reading.

The following evening, I happened to mention an autobiography I'd bought, by a poet I know him to like. In return, he generously offered to lend me John Mortimer's biography: "It's very good."

Any of you who've read the reviews of the author and barrister's life story will know that it attracted a certain amount of prurient comment as a result of his predilection for spanking, and being spanked. One incident reported a visitor asking Mortimer's young secretary why she seemed flushed, for her to respond, "Well, how would you feel if you had just been spanked?"

Interesting, too, that a google search on "Mortimer spank" turns up a reference to the movie "Young Adam". This apparently:

"contains an incendiary mix of sex and violence unprecedented in British cinema history. In one scene, (Ewan) McGregor beats co-star Emily Mortimer on the bottom and then has sex.... Mackenzie said McGregor did actually spank Mortimer, daughter of writer John Mortimer. They all went into the whole sexual side very

much with their eyes open and as fine actors, and we've got some good stuff. They weren't spanking very hard."

Yet more proof of genetic influences over our kink interest?

Creating the Headmaster's study

27 March 2007

A dear friend was discussing a possible move into a new home. She was working out how to furnish it, and would love a room devoted to her spanking interests.

The problem, I guess, is what you'd do if family or friends inadvertently wandered in. "We were wondering why you need a school desk and a blackboard?" might be a tough question to answer!

My suggestion was to furnish a room in the style of a Headmaster's study. Imagine the fun you could have finding a grand oak desk just wide enough for a girl to hold onto - reaching up on tiptoes, fingertips clutching the far side.

Leather armchairs, slightly careworn, could be angled towards the desk, awaiting parents craving news of their daughter's progress, or over whose arms girls could be positioned. A high-backed wooden chair against the wall to one side.

Think of the old school photographs, and the slightly worn trophies handed out to victors on the sports field. The bookcases: a fair selection of volumes in Latin, I think, together with histories of famous scholarly establishments.

Perhaps the Headmaster's degree certificate, framed on the wall? The gown hanging behind the door. A mortar board? Punishment book on the desk, or in a drawer? Would the canes be out on display, propped against the wall, or locked away?

Oh, the hours of interior design fun one could have on eBay. And all perfectly suitable to be converted back into an ordinary home office before guests arrive!

Fancy meeting you here

1 July 2007

Interesting test of kinky etiquette last month. We were in Coffee, Cake and Kink - which regular readers will know to be our favourite London hangout... ...when I spied a familiar face. A very familiar face: a good friend who I know through work.

My copy of Debrett's Etiquette for Girls sadly lacks counsel on the protocol to follow in such circumstances. But what to do?

Now CCK is a relatively tame place: the emphasis is on the C & C, enjoyed by kinky and open-minded people, rather than on the actual practice of pervery. But, inevitably, some customers may not want to flaunt their real names and work-related identities. (Hey, we're fairly open here, but I don't link to my work website, do I?)

So, "Hello, Nicole" was out of the question, and we studiously passed by - before swapping giggly text messages a couple of hours later, starting with my:

Either you have a doppelganger in London, or you have very good taste in coffee and cake!

By coincidence, she and I had arranged to have dinner two nights later. It turns out that neither of us would have minded a conversation at all, but better no doubt to be safe than sorry.

"Coming out" for spankos

6 January 2008

I've been a little tardy of late in catching up with other sites I love, and so I nearly missed a truly marvellous post from November by our friend Natty, whose blog is always so wonderful. She starts:

A few months ago my best friend T. and I were talking about the process we each went through in discovering our core sexuality (homosexuality for him, spanking for me). At one point we began comparing when this exploration took place and he suddenly exclaimed, "oh wow -- you came out the same time I did!"

I love this application of the concept of "coming out" to the path so many of us tread as spankos - brave steps, albeit often tinged with (perhaps irrational) terror. I'm not sure it's a simple one-stage process, though: it has facets of evolution, not overnight revolution. So let me build on Natty's idea and postulate my own theory of the five stages of 'coming out' as it applies to those of us "into" spanking:

Step 1 - coming out to oneself. This is what I like. There are other people like me. This is not unusual or sick. This is an important part of who I am.

Step 2 - coming out to the virtual kinky world: delurking online, perhaps via comments on blogs like this, a contribution to a spanking forum or (in my case) a post to the soc.sexuality.spanking newsgroup. ("Oh my goodness will the police arrive at my door within minutes? And what if someone I know reads this?")

Step 3 - coming out into the real-life kinky world. Meeting another spanko in the flesh for the first time - possibly to chat, eventually to play. (Will they be safe, sane, 'normal'? Will we get arrested, be on the front page of the newspapers?)

Step 4 - coming out to carefully selected real-life vanilla folks: sharing that one has kinky interests with a very few friends / relatives / colleagues. (Soliciting promises that "you won't tell anyone, will you?" And finding that they are completely unfazed, yet often somewhat curious - and impressed at your self-awareness).

Step 5 - coming out to all and sundry. Reaching the point when frankly, my dear, you don't give a damn who knows - and if they have a problem with it, it's their problem.

I'm through levels one to four, but leaping to that fifth stage still remains a step too far for me - as it does for many, most of my kinky friends. I wonder: where are you on the path? Did you work through the process in the same order? Where do you want to be on your "coming out" journey by the end of this year?

Porn. With added stripes.

15 January 2008

A frank discussion with kinky friends recently concerned our early porn-reading days as teenagers. How I enjoyed some of those long summer holidays from school - parents safely out of the way, pocket money in hand and the local newsagent's top shelf just in reach!

It did seem that I had a rather unusual approach to my porn-reading, though. You see, browsing naughty magazines for me involved the use of a red pen. Pictures of delectable backsides soon became adorned with hand-drawn stripes, as I pictured the canings and whippings that the scantily-clad (nay, often completely unclad) young ladies would have received.

"Readers' Wives" became "Spanked Readers' Wives"; "Penthouse" transmuted into "Jailhouse" and "Men Only" (a particular favourite) metamorphosed into "Strict Men

Only". And that was before I'd realised that I was kinky, or even what "kinky" was.

Happy anniversary (to me)

12 April 2008

It was ten years ago today that I took the amazing, brave, scary step into the unknown and delurked on the internet, posting a story to the soc.sexuality.spanking newsgroup. The comments were kind; the police didn't come knocking at my front door, so more stories and posts followed.

With them came the emails, and with them the new friendships that started to form. Before very long, I started to realise that I didn't need to feel guilty about those guilty secrets I'd been keeping.

I've been re-reading my stories over the past few weeks - 67 of them, remarkably, not counting my writing for the Lowewood blog. Many published, some shared only with friends.

Some things remain the same. The build-up is often the point of the story - I love creating a credible scenario, explaining the background, setting the scene. My girls aren't usually incurably bad, used to regular punishment, but rather good girls who've suddenly fallen from grace. They certainly don't enjoy it - and neither do the gentlemen wielding the rod. I'm writing about punishment, not pleasure - set in the schoolroom rather than the bondage club. And there's little or no sex, even though there may be dark hints of entanglements to come...

But what interests me more is how my writing's changed, matured even. And it certainly has, not surprisingly - when I wrote my first stories, I was a spanking virgin, writing purely from imagination. (LOL and I wasn't far off being a virgin in other regards, too!).

Four changes really strike me. First, nudity. OK, I confess - I like, love the sight of naked women. In my early stories, girls were regularly stripped for punishment - now, that's rarer and more appropriate to the scene being played out.

The offenders had it harder, back then: twenty strokes and a girl got off lightly! Not that some of my more recent writing hasn't featured harsh punishment - but that tends to be the exception rather than the rule, and more likely to be in a judicial setting than anywhere scholastic.

There's the description of the individual strokes - now less onomatopoeic: I've found more creative ways to describe punishments than with a "WHACK! CRACK! THWACK!" repeated a dozen times.

And the girls themselves rarely get described in physical detail. Not because I don't have a vivid picture of them in mind when I'm writing: I usually do. But I want my readers to relate: sometimes, to put themselves in the shoes (or bare feet) of the young lady being thrashed. And if a reader's short and fair, and the main character's described as being tall and dark, that could be alienating, off-putting.

Does that mean I don't enjoy my older writing? Not at all - I've been delighted in my re-reading to find how much I like it. There are some hot scenes in there, waiting to be resurrected in real-life play. But ten years on, life's improved so much for the better, and I'd like to think that my writing has, too.

Vanilla-curious

2 May 2008

Whilst ogling a particularly cute young lady the other day, I started to wonder: what do vanilla people get up to in the bedroom?

I mean, for spanko couples, a romantic night in behind the closed bedroom door might start with the partners discussing kinky ideas. The girl might end up over one's knee, being warmed up with an initial spanking - gentle at first, then increasing in intensity. There could well be some role-playing next: stern lectures to set the scene before (say) a measured caning.

There'd be cuddles after the whacking - calming a punished girl, applying soothing creams - before moving on to intimacy (even then, perhaps, allowing time for the odd pause to tie an occasional rope).

But vanillas? I guess the whole process is just accelerated: shut the door, and move straight to cuddles (without even the need to rub in some arnica). It must be so boring. I guess they must just fall asleep earlier at night...

Paying the price?

22 September 2008

Quite the most bizarre implement-shopping experience ever... Some of you may know the fraught recent history of Cyprus - the conflicts leading to the effective separation of the (Turkish-occupied) north from the (Greek) south. Nicosia, the capital, has long been divided by the Green Line - the Cypriot equivalent of the Berlin Wall.

Progress is being made, however, and in April this year the barricades that cut across Ledra Street - the city's main shopping thoroughfare - were removed,

replaced by a border crossing. Cath and I took advantage of this to wander across to the northern half of the city, heading straight for the main sight, the Selimiye Mosque (founded in the 13th century as St Sophia's Cathedral, where the Kings of Cyprus were crowned).

As we emerged, we spied a rather wonderful-looking antiques shop on the opposite side of the little square. Surely a treasure-trove such as this must have something with kink value?

Lo and behold, our instincts proved correct, for there in the glass cabinet were two wonderful items: an old, heavy, leather riding crop, together with a cane topped with a silver badge of the Cypriot police.

The girl in the shop was unsure of the prices, though, so made a call to check the prices. A long conversation ensued. She frowned, hung up, then turned to us. "He says, 'One thousand euro for the two.'"

A thousand euro? Surely some mistake, some calculation error? Not at all, it turned out: she shook her head and explained that, "He really doesn't want to sell them."

Needless to say, the two items are still in the glass cabinet in the shop. If you're in the area, and obscenely rich, you might want to go and explore. Cath and I, meanwhile, speculated as to the conversation between the young woman in the shop and, presumably, her father on the end of the phone. "You may sell them when you marry," he must have explained. "In the meantime, they're staying exactly where they are in case you misbehave."

Submission

26 September 2008

I've rather grown to like Norwich over the years, especially since a lovely boutique hotel opened there, thus making my occasional work visits so much more comfortable.

Now, I've never done anything kinky in said hotel - so why it should appear as the setting for an extremely rude dream last night is quite beyond me.

It started in the restaurant; I was dining with a young lady I'd not met before, but one who I knew from correspondence to be kinkily-inclined. Our conversation became more intense as the meal progressed; by dessert it was known that I could expect her absolute submission and obedience in whatever was to follow.

We ordered coffee; I ordered her to remove her knickers. At the dinner table. She blushed, hesitated, wriggled as far as she could go under the table, obeyed. She handed them to me; I wouldn't take them. "Fold them neatly, and place them in front of you."

"But the waiter will see." He was returning, bearing our cappuccinos.

"Precisely." I made her leave them there when we left the table. "Please let me take them..." I ignored her pleas.

Upstairs, we reached the door to my room. I looked at her carefully, checking she was OK: she looked back, and smiled a smile of nervous validation. No sooner had I closed the door behind us than I forced her up against the wall, my hand enjoying the absence of underwear. "Do you like that, young lady?"

"Yes, sir."

I took my hand away, moved back. "Good. Then we shall continue. Once, that is, I've strapped you for your disobedience as we left the dinner table."

"But I didn't want to leave them there."

The slap across her face wasn't hard: it didn't need to be. It confirmed the order of things, and when I told her to strip naked and bend over the end of the bed, her compliance was immediate.

There followed much naughtiness, over which I'll draw a polite veil. But I am now rather looking forward to my next trip to that hotel.

Belgian antics

30 September 2008

Our friend Martha is incorrigible. A group of kinky friends had dinner recently in Belgo, Covent Garden's ever-enjoyable Belgian restaurant. One of the choices on the menu read:

Spit roasted Belgian chicken or duck

Martha amended hers with her biro, with an ever-so-unsubtle comma:

Spit roasted Belgian, chicken or duck

One hopes the maitre d' caught her on CCTV, and has her escorted into a back room to be whipped on her next visit...

(Interestingly, the staff all dress as monks. I'm picturing some dark cell, with the Abbot called in to hear her pleas for forgiveness and then administer the thrashing).

Nervous on the train

5 March 2009

The young woman opposite on the train to London looks incredibly nervous.

We're late, see. Her mobile phone keeps buzzing; she's frowning, now, biting her bottom lip, her fingers trembling as she replies to the latest text message.

She's smartly dressed, but clearly not on a business trip. Her mentor had sent her the ticket; she'd told him that the 08:40 would get her into London in perfect time for their lunch appointment.

Of course, it was always optimistic to assume that twenty minutes would be long enough for her to get from the terminus to the restaurant where they met. She should have booked the earlier train, just in case. But that would have meant getting up earlier, and the extra time in bed had sounded so appealing. Even though she knew that punctuality was expected - nay, required, for their meetings.

She already knew how the afternoon would unfold: he'd summoned her down to see him for a reason, displeased no doubt with the report she had sent of the grades for her most recent assignment. They'd lunch, and then he'd take her back to his townhouse, and show her into the library, and make her touch her toes. She feared the worst: last time had been eight strokes, almost too much to bear. This time must surely be more. And that was before she'd kept him waiting.

The train pulled up in Peterborough. She could get off - escape, return home, avoid the inevitable. But somehow she didn't want to...

The steam room spanking

28 April 2009

A spa trip with Cath the other morning featured a short spell inside a rather lovely steam room. Guests sat on circular stone benches around the edge of the chamber, surrounding a central pool. Hot steam filled the room - so thick that one could hardly see a thing.

We were the only people inside at the time - and yes, the inevitable spanking did echo rather loudly from the high dome. But we were given to imagine a different scenario, taking place inside a similar room elsewhere.

The young woman had offended the village elders; she was summoned to see them at the bath-house one Sunday after church. A servant met her at the door, and commanded her to strip naked. He then opened the door of the Hamman and pushed her inside.

As her eyes struggled to get used to the thick steam and the dim light, she would find herself taken roughly by the wrists and pulled over a towel-clad lap. The first of the elders would lift his hand high, and start to spank her with all his strength. She'd wriggle, scream, plead for mercy - but he would continue until he was satisfied that he had spanked her soundly, before ordering her to stand.

And then the next of the elders would take her over his knee, and repeat the spanking - and so on until the circle of the twelve wise men of the village had punished her in turn, without her ever seeing their faces, before she was evicted from the chamber to find the servant waiting with her dress.

[Cath had an even darker idea, involving a spy being birched until she revealed her secrets, with her head being held periodically under the waters of the central pool to weaken her resolve. But that's just damned perverted, if you ask me!]

Cute waitresses, rude thoughts

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?

Nice Abel versus nasty Abel

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"... 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 student

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..."

First steps

1 January 2014

You've read that oh-so-grey book. More than once. Your copy falls open on certain pages. But you're not like her: wanting this to please *him*. You... you need it for yourself. Need someone to look over you; to help; to deal with you when you fall short. And yet you dread what that might actually be like, for all you lie in bed trying to imagine it.

"Write?" the site had said. "If you're sure you're brave enough."

Written she had. Tentatively, guarded in what she'd said. She'd "stumbled across" his profile whilst searching for something else on Google. Had been rather intrigued. Wondered what exactly he had in mind.

His reply had been polite, but brief: 'stumbling' seemed improbable - technically infeasible, actually, given the site was password-protected. He understood that this was a big step, but without complete honesty both ways from the outset, things would be unlikely to work. He wished her well, but perhaps he wasn't the right person for her. And it was as she read that that she'd realised that he probably was.

Her second note had been apologetic, had tried to explain what he probably knew already: that she hadn't wanted to be too forward. That she wasn't that type of

girl. That she... that this... that sometimes she felt the need for help. Support. Motivation. That she hoped he'd reconsider, and that they might chat more.

You know how it is when someone asks all the right questions? Says all the right things? Before long, he'd suggested meeting. Her heart leapt, fluttered then sank: "But somewhere public, to see if there's as much rapport between us face-to-face as there seems to be in the written word." They'd lunch, talk, and head their separate ways to decide whether they each felt comfortable with the other. No pressure; no commitment either way. And he'd be in London the following Tuesday, and would Italian be something she'd enjoy...?

31 steps

3 March 2014

There are 31 steps from platform to street. She'll count them, now: he knows that. She'll giggle if he got the number wrong; smile if he didn't, knowing he'll permit himself a happily-smug grin.

And tonight, after work? She'll scamper her way up, as best she can in the rush-hour crowd. For she's a good girl. An obedient girl. A girl who'll be hurt, used, abused. Dealt with however harshly he feels fit. And submitting to him will make her feel cared for. Safe. Before the hugs. But it won't always be like this, that walk up those steps. There'll be the time she wends her way slowly: each carefully-counted step bringing her fractionally nearer to the punishment she dreads. She'll be early, then, so as not to exacerbate her predicament. Will walk around the block, the minute hand - checked oh-so-regularly - creeping closer to the hour of her appointment.

For girls sometimes need help to be good. Need to know there'll be consequences should they let themselves

down. Need to know that those will be severe, humiliating, unbearable.

His words will cut through her, even before he picks up the slipper. His reprimand, his disappointment, will force her to acknowledge yet again - as she has done so many shameful times since her nervous email of confession - that she had crossed that line which could only lead to one outcome.

For she's a good girl. Usually.

She'll be dealt with him as harshly as she deserves. As harshly as he feels fit. And being punished by him will make her feel cared for. Safe. Before the hugs.

The Visiting Professor

13 May 2014

The Jagiellonian, the posh university in Krakow - the city in which I spend most of last week - has a "Visiting Professor's House", with "18 single, 12 double rooms and 3 apartments".

She'd read all about it online, when he'd told her he was coming to stay. A meeting to discuss research, he'd explained - "and it will be lovely to catch up with you", just a few weeks into her Masters.

She'd emailed back, excited. "I can't wait to see you." She missed his advice, his ideas, his... support. She blushed at the thought: of how high his standards had been. Of how he had dealt with those few occasions when she had let herself down.

She dressed prettily, that summery May evening. Dabbed on the perfume that he'd more than once admired. Smiled at the stern receptionist as she'd asked for his room. Tried to calm herself as she'd walked up the stairs. Trembled as she knocked on the door. And fell, perhaps too enthusiastically, into his arms for a hug so tight.

"Missed you," he said, as he let her go at last, ruffling her hair.

Did he really? Miss her? Even notice her absence? Was that... one of the double beds the website had mentioned?

"But I hear from your professor that your preparation for your last meeting was disappointing..."

And before she could argue, the unbuckling of his belt. That unmistakable sound of it sliding at speed from his trousers into his hand. That instruction: "Bend over the back of the chair. Now." As if the 'now' was necessary: as if she'd hesitate; as if she would disobey.

Mercy was no more forthcoming now than it had been before. "If you deserve to be whipped, it needs to hurt," he'd told her that very first time. After his hints; after her nights wondering what he'd meant; after his next comment; after her tentative reply; after his instruction, shocking yet wanted, needed more than anything, ever.

And then it was done, and her tears flowed more freely than they ever had when he was just two floors away from her undergraduate lecture theatres.

Before that moment of silence, of utter calm, of *that* look. The one she had craved in her dreams, in her early-awake mornings, in her walks around that city and this, for so long. Of his hand on her shoulder, leading her gently and inevitably towards the bed...

REAL-LIFE PLAY

Interrogation

28 May 2007

Tired, jet lagged; waking this morning was a slow process. My mind wandered, dazed, to the day ahead. I'm heading out with a colleague; we've agreed to meet at 9 for breakfast, with pen and paper to scribble notes for the conference presentation we're giving later in the week.

I recalled, in my sleepy state, that I've brought with me a small notebook perfect for the purposes. Purchased in Japanese store Muji, it's the same size and colour as a passport. I picked up several the other week - thoughts of girls being caught with 'forged' documents sparking some fascinating scene ideas.

I daydreamed back to a scene we'd played the evening before I left for the US. There were six of us in total: some of the very best spanking role players I know. Three girls, three teachers. Fighting outside the common room; sound spankings, carefully-administered canings - and a superb rapport between the members of the group.

And then the logical leap. I pictured the same group of six; the girls with the forged papers, on the run from the authorities, possessors of some clever code that the State needed to know. We caught them, of course; interrogated them; flogged them, but to no avail - silence prevailed. So each officer took a sobbing girl away into a separate room: used fair means and very foul to extract confessions. (I'd better spare your blushes with details of the precise methods used!).

Two gave up their secrets: the third did not. They were brought back into the main room: the girls tied facing each other. We alternated strokes between them, the one uncooperative girl's resolve tested by her own whipping and that of her friends, until she finally gave in. I guess I ought to dig out that notebook and head off for breakfast...

PS if any of you happen to be at a conference in Savannah this coming week, feel free to play "guess the pervert" and by trying to work out which of the participants is yours truly! (No, you're not allowed to do a room-to-room search to see which suitcase contains a cane and a tawse!)

A caning conundrum

23 June 2007

Royal College of Disciplinarians

Examination paper - June 2007

You are administering a caning of twenty strokes. After 12 strokes, the young lady in question asks politely whether she might rub her backside. Equally politely, you decline.

After the fifteenth stroke, she stands up and clutches her backside. What is the correct course of action? You may choose only one answer from the following list.

- A. Hug her, and tell her that as it's obviously hurting so much, you will waive the rest of the caning.
- B. Make her return to her position and administer the remaining five strokes.
- C. Make her return to her position and administer the fifteenth stroke again, followed by the remaining five strokes.

D. Make her return to her position and administer the full twenty strokes again from the start.

I'm fairly sure I got the answer right when faced with this dilemma whilst playing with a friend last week!

Caned by the Inspector: a scene

23 January 2008

I wonder whether young Martha's work colleagues noticed her squirming uncomfortably behind her desk the other morning? If so, then I must record my confession...

She'd emerged from her shower to find an Inspector from The Party's police force waiting in her dorm room. He enquired after one of her friends "since we are somewhat concerned for his welfare." Reluctantly, she confessed that she had been with the young man in question into the early hours of the morning.

The inspector was grateful for her confirmation of the former part of her friend's story; he challenged her with the latter. "Your Comrade tells me that during your time together, you made various disparaging remarks about the Party leadership, in direct violation of section 7.3 of Party rules. He therefore visited us this morning to notify us of the offence."

The girl knew the potential consequences, of course: fortunately for her, the Inspector seemed minded to be generous. "Do you recall the punishment detailed in sub-section 15.3.2 of the rules for such an offence?" He paused momentarily, before continuing. "Comrade Martha, you may count yourself lucky that I do not this morning intend to impose the more serious punishment available to me, of stripping you of your Party membership. You will understand that that would inevitably result in you being expelled from the Party University."

"Thank you, sir."

"Instead, I will administer the lesser penalty of a thrashing. Can you recall, Comrade, the number of strokes of the cane specified for breaches of section 7.3?"

"Six, sir?"

"Between ten and fifteen. So I shall start by administering ten, and we shall then see whether you are suitably repentant, or whether I need to continue to the higher total..."

So, dear readers, you will understand Martha's discomfort. The inspector applied the heavy dragon cane with some considerable vigour; one of the ten strokes had to be re-applied as the girl failed to take it appropriately. When instructed to stand afterwards, her silence resulted in further punishment: "If you are not yet ready to express your remorse, then I shall see if two more strokes loosen your tongue."

And then it was time to leave for work, the young lady wincing all the way, much to my enjoyment.

The parable of the good and worthy girl

6 April 2008

I so enjoyed writing the Sunday morning sermon for the school role-play we so enjoyed a few weeks ago. With a mix of girls, some religious, some not, there was a fine line to tread lest I cause offence.

A spoof parable formed the basis of my preaching, and seemed to do the trick, and I can't resist publishing it here - rather than consigning it to the outer reaches of my laptop, never to see the light of day again.

It was taken from the (entirely non-existent) Book of Jonathan, chapter 6, verses 14 - 18:

For the girl didst speak ill words to her father, and this pained her father, and he in turn pained her. "Dost thou

not know to honour thine parents?" he spake, solemnly, before sending her out into the oasis to cut a switch from the apple tree that didst bless the family with its fruits.

And he didst punish her severely, and the girl wast sorely chastened.

It was but three moons later that the Feast of Archibald fell upon them, and as is set out by the scriptures, the young women of the village gathered in the temple to hear the Elders speak. Yet the girl didst not gather with the others at the annointed hour. She made her way tardily to the temple, and lo, she didst there gossip with another girl whilst the Elders taught. And the preacher became mightily annoyed. "Dost thou not know to honour thine Elders?" he spake, solemnly, before sending her to the front of the temple to bend over before the other girls, and taking out his rod.

And he didst punish her severely, and the girl wast sorely chastened.

It was but three weeks later that the girl wast riding a donkey through the village when she didst pass a fruit grove, full of the ripest, juiciest and most tasty pears imaginable. She tied her ass at the side of the track, and didst climb into the hidden orchard, gorging on the forbidden fruits. But lo, the fruit owner didst catch her, and didst take her before the judge. "Dost thou not know to honour thine neighbours?" he spake, solemnly, before sending her to the village square, and beseeching the local boys to make haste and cut a bundle of birches.

And he didst punish her severely, and the girl wast sorely chastened.

And the girl returned home, and didst lie on her front on her bed, weeping. And as she wept, and reflected on the lessons that she had experienced, she vowed that she would be a good and worthy girl henceforth. And she became loved by all, and much praised, and lived happily until the age of four hundred and seventy three.

Six of the best for Smudge

2 September 2008

Six of the best with the cane. It's the standard punishment, the old cliché. Only, it's not quite so 'standard' when you're plucking up the courage to face it for the first time.

See, for a kinky girl, it's easier in a way than for the schoolgirl in the story. The story-girl can't walk away: when the headmaster tells her to bend over, then bend over she must. Whereas the kinky girl's choosing to be there: she can always back out, say no, decide that she doesn't want to be caned today thank you very much. She has the power, the right of escape.

But, see, for a kinky girl, that makes it even harder than for the story-girls. For she *can* escape. She doesn't need to bend over, to be obedient, to take the 'punishment'. So there's a huge line to cross - to take that giant leap from imagining a caning, to experiencing it for real. It's a leap that takes immense courage and bravery.

Since Smudge started commenting on the blog earlier in the year, and we started swapping notes, she'd always confessed to a sheer terror of the cane. She'd stayed with us a few weeks ago, and been spanked for the first time - her heart pounding as she stretched over my lap. She was so sweet, so brave.

But the rattan? It had taken her until the third morning before she could even face looking at a cane, never mind taking a succession of light whacks and that one harder stroke. Only, it wasn't that hard, really. Just a taster. For what was to come.

This time was different.

I held the Malaysian cane in my hand: thin, long, flexible, whippy. She looked at me, looked at it; I could see her weighing the implications of what she was about to

do. And then she stepped forward. She bent over with her hands on the desk, did our sweet heroine; I made her bend lower, straighten her legs, present her backside properly. Smudge's six were going to be done right.

She looked back at me in the mirror that ran the length of the desk. (Was it too cruel to make a girl watch her first caning, to be a spectator at the event?). I measured out the cane - and started her journey.

The first two strokes across her jeans were delivered just hard enough to connect, to bite, to make her look surprised. But the third was hard: properly hard. She hadn't expected it; in the mirror, I watched her reaction - shock, pain, the wavering-bravery moment. The even-braver moment when she stayed in position for the next. And the fifth, and the final sixth: the should-have-been-the-hardest but I didn't have the heart to make it so after that third cut.

And then Smudge could stand, and be hugged. A girl who had been caned. Fiction, imagination replaced by reality. And I was honoured to have been the one to have been trusted to take her across the divide.

In the Headmaster's study

21 July 2009

Emma Jane's been keeping her readers posted with some wonderful accounts of the scenes she and I played during my recent visit to Ireland. But I'm going to dive in and blog about the very first scene of the weekend - which, indeed, was the first role-playing scene we'd played together.

--

"You wanted to see me, sir?"

The young lady in the door of the Headmaster's office looked nervous - as well she might have been. (And oh,

how delightfully authentic my playmate looked in her grey dress and blue school shirt. For a moment, I was that Headmaster - not a mere role-player).

"Indeed." I didn't rise from my desk, but looked up from my paperwork, closing the folder in front of me (actually the hotel's brochure, masquerading as important papers for a forthcoming Governors' meeting). I came straight to the point: "Where were you this afternoon, Miss Woodhouse?"

She'd been at the dentist's, she told me. She'd had permission. (I'd known this, of course, the plot having been carefully agreed in advance).

"So why did one of my staff see you in the local shops?"

An excuse was quick to follow: "I popped into Top Shop, sir. But only for a moment." (Trying to disarm me. A confession hadn't been part of the plot. I thought quickly...). "Top Shop, eh? Then can you explain why you were seen in two other stores, at least half an hour apart?"

She couldn't. And now I played my joker: a call to the dentist had revealed that she hadn't ever had an appointment made for that afternoon.

I stood up, and walked across to the cupboard in which I'd stored the two school canes that were to be so well used over the weekend. I opened the door, took them out, and passed sentence: "I'm going to cane you, Miss Woodhouse. Six strokes for your truancy, and a further six for lying."

And so she bent over the arm of the sofa that the hotel had so conveniently provided, her knickers lowered, and I took up the lighter of the canes for the first half-dozen. Hard - on a cold bottom; clearly hurting. And then I paused, and picked up the second, heavier cane: "Those were for truancy. I view lying as a far more serious offence. And you have lied both with your excuse that you had a dental appointment, and then continued lying to me

with your explanations this afternoon. I shall use the senior cane for the remaining six."

She protested (genuinely, I think!). But I was having none of it, and Headmaster-me was determined to make these really count. She held her position bravely, although the strokes were delivered at full strength, and then it was all over.

"Stand up and adjust your clothing, and don't let me see you back here again." And so Emma Jane headed off - almost to the stairs leading out of the room, before turning with the biggest grin on her face and walking back over for a hug.

Images of Lowewood

7 July 2009

The online spanking soap opera that was Lowewood Academy may have bowed out to a graceful end, but its real-life counterpart is still very much alive. Thus it was that the Reverend Jenkins found himself putting on his vicar's dog collar on Saturday morning, and heading off for a day's teaching and whacking.

No doubt others from the lovely group who attended will post their perspectives on the day - the assembly, complete with uniform inspection; the various classes; the goings-on at the bottom of the garden, both legitimate (the games lesson) and naughty (as a certain girl sneaked out for her cigarettes).

I did enjoy my time in the classroom. First up for me was Religious Studies (biblical quotations*, acted out, before a short essay on whether the bible should be taken literally). By the time I arrived to start my afternoon class, most of the girls were quite hyperactive. "If you'd like, you can spend thirty minutes writing lines in place of

my planned lesson," restored order amidst the mischief, allowing us to start on Sex Education.

Clearly, I informed the girls, the key word for them to remember was 'abstinence'. But the Headmaster had asked me to teach the new syllabus laid out by the Board of Education, in which girls needed to think of sex using the acronym "L.E.S.":

Legal: a short test on the age of consent in various countries

Enjoyable: each girl wrote down three things they thought they'd enjoy with a sexual partner, and had to act one of their list out with one of her classmates

Safe. If you've never seen eight girls in school uniform unrolling fruit-flavoured condoms onto bananas with their mouths, you really have missed out.

In the midst of the teaching came the Father Smith wing: girls sent out of class to be dealt with for some serious offence or other. Three girls came my way during the day; three short, lovely little sessions.

And then it was on to the detention sessions after the final assembly. Each girl was allocated to one of the masters, so that her behaviour during the day could be reviewed and addressed. Jemima was first in to see me; she'd instigated the insurrection in morning assembly, when the girls had sung a quite obscene ditty in place of the school hymn. As a result, the Headmaster had determined that they were each to be whacked.

Was it fair that she received six strokes? Naturally, although I was conscious that Eliane (Jemima's real-life counterpart) has been feeling less than receptive to whackings lately. The scene felt balanced on a knife-edge: she needed, deserved to be punished, to be pushed yet not too far. (But was I cruel to point out after caning her that there were seven girls around the school being caned as a

direct result of her actions? Well, a Lowewood teacher sometimes has to point out harsh truths...)

The eight other girl was going to be caned irrespective of the raucous singing. I'd made young Caoilfhionn wait outside the room, listening to her friend's punishment - and now it was her turn. She'd finished bottom of the class, with -35 house points; had it not been for her, an entire class would have recorded positive scores for the first time ever. I didn't doubt that she was a girl with potential: after all, she'd won the much-coveted Father Smith Cup for being the 'most sporting girl'. And that, I explained, made it even more imperative that I dealt with her severely, to punish her - but more importantly to discipline her so that her conduct would be better in future. Indeed, I'd feel that I'd have let the school down if I didn't succeed in ensuring good behaviour from her next time.

35 negative points? 35 strokes of the cane. On the bare. Hard, accurate, delivered with intent, lecturing her as I went. Remarkably, astonishingly deep and powerful role play: the chaplain correcting Caoilfhionn, never Abel 'playing' with Emma Jane- until it was over and we could come out of character and hug each other tight.

I must finish by thanking the Headmaster and his wonderful secretary, Miss Bellend, for inviting us and for organising such wonderful events. You two are at the fulcrum of so many people's play lives, and we all owe you a lot. I do hope you're both as proud as you should be of what you do.

* I do confess that one of the quotations in the lesson, about girls cutting switches from their orchard to punish their servants, was entirely made up - but none of the pupils seemed to notice!

The Punishment Centre

22 September 2009

Now **that** was a hot scene. Young Grace (Scarlett, in fact) had been sent her formal notice from the Punishment Centre, requiring her to report at a given time. For the offence of graffiti: 15 strokes of the cane.

Miss Cadogan drove off to the station shortly before the time of the appointment, to meet the girl (already in role). And Punishment Officer Jenkins sat back and waited in my office, for the first part of the proceedings were entirely in Miss Cadogan's capable hands (although carefully planned by us both in advance).

I heard the front door open and close; footsteps on the stairs; heard the door of the back bedroom shut firmly. There, I knew, Grace would be made to strip; she'd then be taken to the punishment room (aka our bedroom) and tied in position ready to be punished.

A few minutes later came a knock: Miss Cadogan to see me. "Your 9pm appointment is ready, sir," she informed me. We went into the room together; Grace was tied in position, naked, her ankles apart and bound to the foot of the bed, her hands drawn forward by a tight rope to the bed's head. I couldn't see her face; she couldn't see me.

Miss Cadogan handed me the clipboard; I scanned the form carefully, noted that Grace had signed to confirm that she understood the punishment that was to come. And then my assistant left the room, for the whipping to begin.

I lectured, of course: how vandalism couldn't be tolerated; how I intended to teach her a lesson. I noted how she had existing faint cane marks (my doing at our previous play session), and that she must therefore be a bad girl in need of firm correction.

I picked up the heavy, whippy, dragon cane (one of the more severe in my collection), and administered the first cut. Hard. It striped her beautifully. And then continued - pausing between administering her stripes, lecturing, varying the height at which the strokes fell but never varying their intensity. She counted each, thanking me, her trembling tone (and her "owwww"s) reaffirming the efficacy of the punishment.

And then it was over, and Miss Cadogan was called back in to help untie her and conclude the proceedings - the photographs, for the official records; a (much shakier) signature from Grace to acknowledge that she had been punished; one from me to confirm that I'd dealt with her. Only, the young lady disobeyed an order to keep her hands on her head, thus earning herself one additional stroke: back over the bed, the whack as hard as its predecessors.

And then it was time to hug, and rest, before Scarlett foolishly confessed that she'd never been spanked with a hairbrush and the rest of the evening played out...

I broke my penis

3 December 2009

Well, *that* was an interesting evening...

See, Cath and I headed out yesterday afternoon to a local antique shop yesterday, and found that it stocked a rather nice selection of riding crops. I studied a few and made my selection, at which point the elderly gentleman chatting to the owner turned to me and said, "You know what that is, don't you? A bull's manhood."

For, indeed, I had managed to buy a prized artefact - a pizzle. I defer to the authoritative "Agony & Ecstasy" for more details:

The pizzle is a whip made from a bull's penis (which is also called a pizzle)... The penis is cleaned, salted and dried. By stretching and sometimes twisting during this process, it becomes a highly flexible rod-like whip of 3ft overall length (actually, it can be stretched much longer, becoming increasingly thin).

They describe it as a 'severe' implement, noting that the eighteenth-century German equivalent, the Ochenziemer, "was used as a harsher alternative to the birch rod for judiciary punishments":

If mentioned in the sentence, the lashes were given during the culprit stay at the prison. The men usually got it on the bare back, tied to a post, the women on mostly on clothed buttocks, frequently covered only with thin wet pants but sometimes also on the bare, while lying on a long low bench which had restraining mechanisms for holding the head and feet.

But even when a flogging was not included in the judge's sentence, the pizzle (or a birch rod) was used for the customary "welcome" and "farewell" floggings given to all prisoners, male and female, just after entering and just before leaving the prison. Those floggings were usually given in front of people, both women and men, that went to prison just for watching (and enjoying) the punishments.

So what of my newly-acquired penis? Well, as night fell I became the master of the local hunt. Young Catherine was a maid in the house of one of the other huntsmen; she'd managed to get in the way of the hunt that afternoon, and a flogging was called for - for endangering herself, the riders and the horses.

The master took out his most feared implement - the pizzle - and bade her bare herself and bend over. By her eighteenth and final stroke, the sorry young lady was pleading for forgiveness... as was my lovely new

possession, the leather tip of which managed to fly off during the flogging.

I asked young Catherine, once the maid had been dismissed, to tell me how the pizzle compared to other riding crops she'd experienced. "I don't think I ever have," she foolishly replied, so a selection of five were duly brought out and tested in turn. After four strokes of each, the dressage whip was voted the winner, if you're wondering!

The burglar

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...

Sharing the pain

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 breath-taking 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.

The hockey captain

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-curricular 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.

Paying off the debt – a scene

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."

--

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

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 secateurs 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, as she lay flat on her bed, pillows positioning her bottom 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.

The Yorkshire School

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 *Encyclopaedia 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.

The walled garden

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 Barbours 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...

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 Punishment List

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 every day 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 good girl – a roleplay

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.

The paddle and the cane: a scene

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 there 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. Time 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).

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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

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 year. 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...

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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...

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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.

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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

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 other's 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.

The consequences for a prefect

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.

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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 whipping girl

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...

Perfect play

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 seemly 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.

Played. Punished.

28 January 2014

In the evening, we played. Oh, how we played. For if a girl has crossed international borders for a play date, it would be very, very wrong not to leave her sorely marked by the time she went to bed. And if said young lady happened to being along bring the very plimsoll she used to wear to PE lessons as school, then how could a gentleman resist putting it to good use in a hard, tear-inducing slippering?

And in the morning, she was punished. See, my alarm was set for 07:30 - earlier than I needed it to be to get to an event starting two hours later a short stroll across the city, but in good time for us to play a little before we had to part company.

Only, at 07:00, I was woken abruptly by Olivia's alarm. Thirty minutes of sleep lost. Thirty strokes. Ten on outstretched hands, with a vicious heavy plastic paddle purchased the afternoon before. Ten, very hard, with the cruel carpet beater. And ten, at full strength, with the slipper. Punished.

But that wouldn't have been a good way to end. After a pause - and hugs, more playful (yet still hard) spankings were called for. She had to know, as we went on her way, that she is a good girl. A very good girl. And she had to sit uncomfortably on the train back home. "Did you have a nice evening?" my colleagues asked when I reached the office. If only they had known!

Visiting the Orient

20 February 2014

Here's the thing about Vienna's Hotel Orient: you don't book it for the night. See, it's not really designed for sleep. Nor are you allowed to give your real name when booking your three-hour slot. It's not that sort of establishment.

If the marble bust of Franz-Joseph, on the mantelpiece in the Kaiser Suite, could talk, I imagine it would rather blush. On Valentine's Day it would have told tale of Emma Jane, naked and beautiful, sipping a glass of chilled fizz; of her bent over the chaise longue being languorously and pleasurably whipped, before we moved to another velvet-clad chair for my girl and I to... well, you can imagine, no doubt. It was probably a good thing the Emperor was looking the other way.

Now our kinks aren't really that aligned these days: roleplay is less-and-less her thing away from group scenes. I don't offer her the erotic lure of the new; given our real-life relationship equality she finds it hard to submit to much by way of pain or instruction when we play, and I struggle with being denied control when a play partner 'tops from the bottom'.

But still we have fun, finding opportunities like this to discover new ways of creating kinky intimacy, quite aside from far more vanilla 'cuddles'. And she is, after all, by far the sexiest woman I've ever known. This was certainly the hottest thing we've done in a while! "Valentine's Day in a not-quite brothel?" Really: highly recommended!

Behind the bedroom door

30 March 2014

I woke early, last Saturday. I usually do. Wandered downstairs to my office; flicked on my PC.

Heard the bedroom door open downstairs. Realised our weekend guest had headed to the bathroom.

Crept downstairs. Behind her bedroom door. Unheard. Unseen.

Waited until she reappeared...

My hand tight across her mouth *almost* smothered her scream.

Overpowered her. Forced her onto the bed, on her back. Forced her legs apart. Forced myself into her. Used her. Hard.

--

Sometimes spankings aren't necessary to make a girl submit...

Green Park

21 April 2014

I've never been a huge practitioner of the art of open-air spanking. Save for a particular bench in the gardens at Alnwick Castle many years ago, and a birch-gathering expedition near my last-but-one house, I tend to confine myself in public to occasional whacks to girls' safely-clad behinds. But if you're going to do something, you might as well do it in style, right?

Like taking a detour into Green Park one Saturday night. Stopping next to a bench. Sitting, and before a girl knew it up-ending her over my lap to bare her bottom - her knickers having already been confiscated in the restaurant some time earlier.

Spanking her, soundly, the whacks echoing plainly through the still air across to anyone who might have been strolling along Piccadilly. And then pushing her back to her feet to straighten her skirt and continue back on our way to the hotel...

The London tutor

27 April 2014

Tough, to get into a British university from abroad. So tough that a girl had been sent to a tutor to London to be prepared for her forthcoming entrance examinations. So tough that her 'good' grades at school the previous term - straight As, just two Bs - were dismissed with disdain. "Bs are never 'good'."

So tough that her claim to have read the books that she'd been sent in advance had to be put to the test. "When was the Civil War? What dates did Richard III reign? How do you feel Shakespeare's portrayal fits the historical reality?"

So tough that a girl so proud and confident as she walked through the tutor's door was made to feel that her approach and diligence were entirely inadequate.

So tough that, to her evident shock, she would be ordered to bend over the desk in the corner. That she would be instructed to take down her jeans. That her knickers would be lowered. That she would be caned. Hard.

--

Oh, such a good scene with Olivia when she stayed recently, in a week that featured much naughtiness. (No, I won't disclose what went on overnight in the hotel room in Reading, for example. I'd hate to make her, or a certain other girl, blush...). Such fun!

Fifty strokes, administered

15 May 2014

Anticipation is an essential part of good play. And the "50 stroke" caning that finally came to pass for Kay last week was one I'd looked forward to more than any scene in a long, long while.

We'd fixed the premise: a maid, caught stealing silver. Said 'maid' had even been despatched home with my cufflinks and a cleaning cloth, with orders to make sure they were nicely polished to ensure the best price. (Bonus of scene: I now have very sparkly cufflinks, and smile whenever I'm wearing them to work).

On the morning in question, I thought a girl needed a little more to contemplate, so sent her the following:

"If you're selling, get to the market early", she'd always been told. Buyers still had money, then. Seven in the morning. A clear, crisp, London day.

Wandering, confused, past the stalls. Ignoring the crude comments and invitations. Eventually, hearing a trustworthy voice: "You need help, love?"

The stall looked promising: neatly laid out, unlike its neighbours. "I... I have something to sell."

"Let me have a look?" He turned the polished cufflinks over in his hand. "Nice... Hallmarked. Real silver! Where did you come by these?"

Thinking quickly; trying to appear calm. "My master gave them to me as a gift when I left his employ."

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Stupid, of course, to trust anyone. The stallholder calling a name. A constable appearing behind her. The questions; the answers stumbling from her mouth, unconvincing.

Strong arms holding her; cuffing her wrists behind her back; leading her away. "I'm not sure the magistrate will

be awfully pleased to be woken at this hour. But you can see if he believes your little story."

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Shaking. "If you tell us the truth, it will be easier for you."

Persisting with her ever-less-convincing excuses.

"I do not like common thieves, Miss Watson. This is a respectable area: a respectable market. I will not have you dragging it into the gutter."

The magistrate, opening a heavy book and taking out his quill. "Guilty of common theft. You shall be privately whipped. Fifty strokes." Turning to the constable: "Take her to the Bridewell. And I know their ways. She's a pretty thing. Tell them to show not one iota of mercy. And I want her brought back here afterwards, so I can verify that justice has been done..."

And yes, if you're wondering, I hurt her. Ignored her howls. Ignores her pleas for me to stop. Made sure she lost count.

Watched as she sobbed afterwards, whilst still tied tight in position. And held her as close as can be once we'd finished. Amazing. I am so very lucky at times.

Should know better

23 May 2014

Olivia should know better... than to observe on the final evening that she wouldn't have bruises to show for two nights of play with me.

Because on the first night she'd been forced to her knees and used as soon as we got inside our suite. Had been stripped naked, roughly, and taken onto the outside balcony and abused until she screamed her satisfaction loudly into the still early evening silence. Had been

dragged into the bedroom and used, before I'd even removed my suit.

Because, before bed, a very hard hand spanking had hurt but not marked.

Because on the second evening, daddy had returned to the apartment early from work, having been called by the school with news that his daughter had been suspended for the day. And taking his belt to young Emily had been the right thing to do. Hard, but not damaging.

And so her comment was fair. But ill-judged.

A hard tawsing followed. But not as hard as the twelve strokes I then made her count, bent across the dining table. Until she was a broken little girl.

Not as hard as the whipping I gave her on the morning of our departure as she lay face down on the bed, her white knickers in her mouth to muffle her cries. Broken, again.

Not as hard as the six ferocious strokes I applied to the fronts of her thighs when she emerged from the shower. Pushing her to her limits, and nearly beyond.

Should know better... than to think I wouldn't take the hint, and deal with her in the necessary style! Such fun!

A visit to the headmaster

9 November 2014

I opened my study door. She was standing there, hands on head facing the wall, where my secretary had left her some minutes before.

"Come in." She followed, and shut the door behind her.

"Stand up straight!" She did. "I didn't expect to see you here in these circumstances."

"No, sir."

"Would you care to explain yourself?"

See, Mr Taylor had set her an essay in History, asking her to describe high society in the golden age of the 1920s. Her contribution had dismissed the main topic, in favour of a diatribe about the plight of the working classes at the time, exploited by those 'living it up' at their expense.

She'd been given a C, in comparison the straight As usually attained by a scholarship girl hoping to gain a place at one of the better universities. And she'd argued back, ferociously.

"I didn't agree with Mr Taylor, sir. He and I have different views."

"You were disrespectful to Mr Taylor, Miss Stone. You argued with him in front of the class, to the point where he had no choice but to send you out for the remainder of the lesson." ... where, as she waited, she would no doubt have started to panic, realising that any girl sent out of class was automatically then sent to the headmaster to be punished.

I continued: "I would advise you not to argue with me as well, or you will earn yourself extra strokes. You understand, I'm sure, that you're going to be caned?"

"Yes, sir."

My disappointment was heightened by the fact that the young lady in question was one I was tutoring for her university entrance exams. One I rather liked, respected. But I stood up from my desk and took the senior cane from the rack.

"Although I've not had to punish you before, I'm sure you know the position to take from other girls' tales. Bend over the desk."

Obedient. Scared.

I lifted her skirt; lowered her knickers. "Six strokes." Six punishing strokes, for a good girl. Enough time in between each for it to drive its message home before the next seared home. Six neat, parallel stripes.

"Adjust your clothing and stand up."

"I'm sorry, sir."

"I should expect so. Now, I do not expect to hear any more examples of you being disrespectful, Miss Stone. Or I will have to punish you severely, and reconsider giving my time to help you with your studies. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir. I'm sorry, sir."

"Right, off you go. And close the door behind you."

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Off to her study bedroom. Where the head prefect would join her a few minutes later, teasingly demanding to see her marks. Where she would refuse. Where he would tell her that she shouldn't be disrespectful...

...where we will draw a tasteful veil over what happened next! Fabulous scene. Simple, at the very heart of my kink. And with Kay so delightfully in character in her uniform. Perfect!

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Welcome to Abel's world – where corporal punishment reigns in girls' schools across the land. Where maids are whipped in country houses. Where judicial birchings are commonplace.

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Abel Jenkins is a well-known writer and roleplayer in the UK spanking scene. His websites have attracted more than ten million hits since the launch of his "Abel's Spanking Stories" site in 1999.

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