

ASSTR 52 Sling Puck, Slap, Kiss, F-ck

By Big Billie

Note: Sling Puck is a competitive, fast paced board game. It is easy to learn and engrossing for both players and spectators. It facilitates multiple contests since each game rarely lasts longer than a few minutes, and it is thus an excellent social and party game, ideal for drinking challenges and forfeits.

The wooden board is oblong in shape with raised wooden strips along the sides. Another wooden strip divides the board into 2 halves. In the middle of this strip is a central hole or gate. The players sit opposite each other across a table, with the board positioned between them and the 2 shorter sides of the oblong pitch in front of them. Each player starts with 5 pucks and players use an elastic band to sling the pucks on their side of the central strip through the central hole or gate and into their opponent's half. The player who gets all 10 pucks into the opponent's half wins.

Here is an illustrative YouTube video: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=iG6gJoDDuFQ>

My name is Brendan O'Flaherty. My father is an Irishman from Cork City, Republic of Ireland, and my mother is an English woman from Stepney, East London. I was born and raised in East London and I got my secondary education at the Merchant Bankers' High School for Boys in the City of London, a short walk from the Barbican tube station. The school is a high profile, top academy and most of my fellow students were middle and upper class, rich and posh. In contrast, I am working class and ordinary. My family is of modest means, and I was only at the school because of a generously endowed scholarship. At school I worked hard at my studies and in October 2016 I was admitted to Oxford University, where I had won another scholarship, this time to read English Literature at St. George's College.

Chris Mulhearn has been my bosom buddy since we were at primary school together. At the age of 11 we both passed the entrance examinations to grammar school, and we both went to the Merchant Bankers' High School together. Now Chris accompanied me to St George's College, Oxford where he had won a place to read Botany. For many years Chris had been very sweet on my younger sister Katie, who had just entered the 6th form at St. Monica's Academy for Girls in North London to study English and other Advanced Level GCSEs. Over the summer Chris had given Katie a diamond ring that had belonged to his grandmother, and, unknown to their parents, they both considered themselves to be engaged.

During our first year at Oxford Chris and I lived in college. Across the corridor from my room my nearest fellow students were 2 girls, lodged into separate bedrooms but sharing a common lounge.

As is not uncommon with female undergraduates at Oxford University both of my neighbours were drop dead gorgeous. I was stunned, and if asked, even today, to say which of them is the more beautiful I would be baffled for an answer.

Lizzie Munro is the daughter of a Scottish laird. She is a classic Highland beauty, tall, svelte and elegant with long flowing auburn hair, bright sky blue eyes, skin as white as alabaster, and some

fetching freckles sprinkled on and around her nose. From early childhood Lizzie received lessons in musical theory, singing and piano. As an accomplished keyboard player she entered St. George's College ostensibly, and like me, to read English Literature; but she was also an organ scholar, and she played in the College Chapel during religious services.

Like Chris and me, Lizzie's roommate, Maggie Phillips, is from East London. Women's football (or soccer, as you Americans call it) is a growing sport throughout the UK, including at Oxford University. Maggie is a top female football star, good enough to make a living in the professional game. If she had not been offered a university sports bursary to study Geography at Oxford University she would, in all probability, have entered the women's academy at West Ham United or Arsenal. On the football pitch she is an attacking midfielder and playmaker. She rampages around the middle of the park like a black panther, cutting out opposing attacks, feeding the ball forward, and advancing for shots on the opponents' goal. She is a mid-field general who constantly shouts out loud instructions and encouragement to her team mates. In her playing style her nearest equivalents in the men's game are footballers such as Franz Beckenbauer of Bayern Munich ("the Kaiser") and Stephen Gerrard of Liverpool.

Maggie is of mixed British and Afro-Caribbean descent. In a past and less politically correct age she would have been called a quadroon since her maternal grandmother is black. Like Lizzie, Maggie is tall; but, in contrast to Lizzie, she is dark and sultry, surprisingly dark given her predominantly British ancestry. She is meatier and more Junoesque than Lizzie. She lacks Lizzie's ethereal beauty but she smokes and sizzles with a raw sexuality. Maggie exudes more femininity than I can handle; but she is a girlfriend to die for.

I first met Lizzie and Maggie at the start of Freshers' Week in October 2016 when we made our brief introductions. Then, one afternoon a few days later, Chris visited me in my rooms and we started to play Sling Puck. The door between my room and the corridor was ajar and Maggie, as she was passing, heard the cries of battle. She poked her head in.

"Hey, Brendan, what's all the kerfuffle?"

Soon Maggie was sitting and playing with us; and that evening I lent Maggie my board and she introduced the game to Lizzie.

Oh wow! Sling Puck had broken the ice between me, Chris, and these 2 delectable morsels of Eve's flesh! Result! Within a few days, alongside all of the other distractions of Freshers' Week, in the evenings after dinner, Lizzie, Maggie, Chris and I played casual games of Sling Puck together.

Now I am not the most effective wooer of ladies, and not the best chat-up merchant. Nor is Chris, who has been isolated from other females by his long infatuation with my sister Katie. But we both thought that it was worth a punt so we gave it a try.

"I say, girls," I said as we were talking and playing Sling Puck on the Thursday evening of Freshers' Week, "What are you doing on Saturday night?"

"Nothing much," replied Maggie. "Make us an offer."

Well a long and complicated discussion then followed and the upshot was as follows.

We established an *ad hoc* "Sling Puck Soviet" with me as the Master of Ceremonies, and the girls agreed to a weekly Sling Puck tournament, to be held in my room immediately after dinner, which on Saturdays always consisted of a salad buffet from 5 to 7 p.m.

The rules were as follows.

Each week there would be 6 contests: Brendan v. Chris; Brendan v. Lizzie; Brendan v. Maggie; Chris v. Lizzie; Chris v. Maggie; Maggie v. Lizzie

Each contest would consist of 3 games, and the winner of each game would be awarded 1 point. There was thus a total of 18 points up for grabs. At the end of play a league table would be compiled to determine the winner, the runner up, the third placed, and the loser.

We determined that as relatively impoverished students we should not play for money. There was therefore no financial incentive to win, and this concerned Maggie.

"We should play for something," she argued. "And if there is no prize for the winner, there should be a penalty for the loser. I suggest that the player who performs the worst should pay a forfeit. Come on, Brendan, you are the Master of Ceremonies. Tell us what that forfeit should be."

"What do you suggest, Maggie?"

Well, to cut a long story short it soon became apparent that Maggie is a saucy wench, and that she is into spanking. At her suggestion it was agreed that the loser should take 4 slaps across the bottom from each of the 3 other competitors, or a total of 12 slaps. Under the overall supervision and control of me, as Master of Ceremonies, the non-loser determined the implement to be used: either the flat of the hand or a leather sole, thin, light and floppy, cut from a large gentleman's slipper. The same person could then stipulate any one of 4 different presentations of the rump: TTcb (touch toes, clothed bottom, with the non-loser determining the extent to which the bottom was clothed); TTbb (touch toes, bare bottom); OTKcb (over the knee, clothed bottom, with the non-loser determining the extent to which the bottom was clothed); OTKbb (over the knee, bare bottom.)

To avoid the same person losing all the time it was agreed that if a player lost to another player by 3 games to nil the non-loser would be handicapped the next time they played together. The non-loser, it was decided, would have one of the loser's pucks placed into the non-loser's half of the board. It was also agreed that non-losers, if they wished, could delegate their spanking rights to someone else. For example, we boys expressed a preference not spank each other but, instead, to nominate one or both of the girls to do the honours.

Now the driving force behind these rules was Maggie, who is a spankophile, and who fancies herself as a bit of a dominatrix. We lads were certainly up for the sport, but I was worried and concerned about Lizzie. I like to think of myself as a gallant, chivalrous and courteous gentleman, who would never dream of striking a lady, and certainly not of committing an indecent sexual assault by slapping her bare bottom. But when I questioned Lizzie she affirmed jocularly that it sounded like a bit of saucy fun, and she had no intention of playing the party pooper.

Well the results of our first Sling Puck tournament were as follows: Brendan 1-2 Chris; Brendan 2-1 Lizzie; Brendan 0-3 Maggie; Chris 2-1 Lizzie; Chris 1-2 Maggie; Maggie 3-0 Lizzie.

The league table thus read: Maggie – 8; Chris – 5; Brendan – 3; Lizzie – 2.

This left Chris and me in a quandary. I would have loved to take the gorgeous and delectable Lizzie Munro across my thighs, give her 4 playful slaps across her bare bottom with the flat of my hand, and feel her firm, succulent bum flesh bouncing and quivering under my palm and fingers; and Chris later confirmed to me that he felt exactly the same way. But we are gentlemen, and we didn't do that. Instead we asked Lizzie to bend over, fully clothed, and we both gave her 4 gentle pats on the rump with the slipper sole.

At this, however, Lizzie was not impressed.

"Is that the best you can do?" she asked, and she sounded very disappointed.

Maggie, however, was firmer with her.

"Come here, bitch," she said light heartedly, "There's only room for one Head Girl in our relationship and that's me. Bare your bottom, madam, and get yourself over my knee."

Maggie then took the slipper sole and inflicted 4 sizzling slaps, as hard as she could lay them on, across poor Lizzie's naked rump; and she did it with the consummate skill of an accomplished dominatrix, leaving just enough time between each slap for Lizzie's bum to tingle. When Lizzie rose from Maggie's thighs she had 4 overlapping red welts stencilled into the firm, plump, milk white meat of her shapely buttocks.

As for me, I found the whole scene riveting. I ogled Lizzie's bare bum obsessively, transfixed by its shapeliness and by the saucy red marks that Maggie had indented into her plump, milk white flesh. But I was also outraged at what Maggie had done.

"Just you wait, madam," I thought to myself. "If I ever catch you bending I will make you pay for that."

Lizzie, however, took her spanking in good part. She smiled ruefully as she rose to her feet, but she did not rub her bottom, even though it must have been stinging and tingling ferociously.

"Thanks, Maggie," she said. "I felt that! You should give lessons to these 2 young men. Their efforts were completely useless."

The next day, on Sunday afternoon, Chris and I sat in my room sipping whiskey and discussing the stimulating but disturbing events of the previous evening.

"Yes," I concluded. "Deep down, Maggie is a good lass, but she needs to be reined in a bit. I think that we need to teach her a lesson in humility."

The first stage of our plan was simple. We would do our very best to ensure that Maggie lost the Sling Puck tournament next Saturday evening. Despite the lass's undoubted prowess at the game this might just be possible. Lizzie and I had both lost to her 3-0, and had thus earned a handicap in

our favour. That extra puck moved to her side of the gate from ours for a total of 6 games gave us a decided edge. If I trained hard I might just be able to capitalise on that. As for Chris, he was a good player. He had already beaten Maggie in 1 of his games with her, and with practice he thought that he might be able to beat her in the best of 3. One problem was that we were not involving Lizzie in our plot and we could not influence her performance. On the plus side, however, Lizzie had not performed badly last Saturday. Her proficiency at the piano keyboard required swift and accurate finger movements, and her Sling Puck performance had shown promise.

What we could control were our own scores. We agreed that Chris would let me beat him 2 games to 1, that I would let Lizzie beat me 3 games to nil, and that Chris would let Lizzie win one of her 3 games with him. That would give Lizzie at least 4 points out of a possible 18 and that should be sufficient to raise her from the bottom of the league table. The problem from my point of view was that there was a distinct chance that I would run out the overall loser with the forfeit to pay. As I joked to Chris, like a man whose donkey stood across the railroad track, my ass was on the line. But hey, I thought, like the knights of old, I am a gallant, chivalrous and courteous gentleman, and I will take that risk in order to deliver from jeopardy a fair lady.

Our Sling Puck tournament on the following Saturday evening was an exciting affair. It all hinged on our results against Maggie, and Maggie was on top form. Eventually, however, Chris managed to defeat her 2 to 1, and Lizzie, benefiting from her handicap, managed the same score. So it all came down to whether I could beat Maggie. Well with the handicap in my favour that should have been no problem. But the lass fought like a tigress. I managed to win our first game, but she took the second. So everything hinged on the last game of the tournament. If I won, I would end up with 4 points and Maggie with 3. If Maggie won, she would finish with 4 points and I would finish with 3.

My goodness it was close. Before I had come out of the traps Maggie had fired 2 of her 6 pucks through the gate to reverse the handicap against her and to give her a 6 to 4 advantage. But then I sent 3 pucks the other way in rapid succession to tilt the game towards me. And so it went on, in a long, tense, exciting game, until eventually, and more by luck than skill, I managed to sling the last puck on my side of the barrier through the gate and onto her side.

The results were: Brendan 2-1 Chris; Brendan 0-3 Lizzie; Chris 2-1 Lizzie; Chris 2-1 Maggie; Maggie 1-2 Lizzie; Brendan 2-1 Maggie.

And the final score was: Lizzie 6 points, Chris 5 points, Brendan 4 points, Maggie 3 points.

Maggie had lost, and she had to pay the forfeit.

Then the next stage of our plan swung into operation. Chris and I had agreed that if Maggie lost we would both nominate Lizzie to give her the slaps that were due from us. Accordingly, as Master of Ceremonies, I officially sentenced Maggie, as a forfeit for her defeat in our second Sling Puck tournament, to a dozen slaps, 12 of the best, all of them to be inflicted by Lizzie.

Well that was as far as our plot went. We had not thought it through any further than that. What happened next was entirely in the hands of Lizzie, and we waited with interest to see how she would play it.

Oh, wow! No way did I foresee the denouement. Lizzie, I thought, was a romantic, ethereal girl, a beautiful lady with long, flowing red tresses, like Elizabeth Siddell, the model and muse of the pre-Raphaelite artist Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Well so she was. But she was not merely decorative. She was a lass from the Scottish Highlands. Several of her ancestors were military men, and they had served in Highland regiments with bravery and distinction, at Waterloo, Alamein, and on other battlefields. In Lizzie's increasingly intimate friendship with Maggie, her friend, after our first Sling Puck tournament, had humiliated her and slapped her hard, as if to establish dominance; but Lizzie was having none of it.

"Right, 'Head Girl!' Sport the oak, and close and bolt the inner door."

[In some rooms in Oxford colleges "the oak" is an outer door, and, if the outer door is closed, someone is "sporting their oak" and does not wish to be disturbed.]

The abrupt nature of this instruction surprised Maggie, but she nevertheless did as she was asked.

Then came Lizzie's bombshell.

"Now, madam, take off all of your clothes, fold them neatly, and place them on that chair."

In the ensuing shocked silence you could have heard a pin drop. Maggie was struck dumb and gazed at her friend, open mouthed. Then, as Master of Ceremonies, I interceded on Maggie's behalf.

"Hey, Lizzie, that's out of line. You can ask Maggie to bare her bum, but there is no mention in our Protocol of a complete striptease."

"It's OK, Brendan," Maggie interposed. "I'll do it."

And do it she did! Maggie has a beautiful body and, as she said afterwards, she was by no means averse to displaying it, especially to me. Ouch! I know not where Maggie acquired her skills, but she disrobed until she was stark naked, and she did it with all the adroitness and aplomb of a professional striptease artiste.

Oh, my dear reader! Is there anything more delectable to man than a beautiful, sumptuous naked lady? I think not. Maggie was 18 and at the very peak of her physical beauty and sexual attractiveness. I had never before seen, in the flesh rather than on a computer screen, a fully developed, sexually mature female in the full splendour of her nudity. What an incomparable dusky beauty! It was a sight that I will never forget. Maggie later admitted that her whole performance was an attempt to turn me on to her; and, when it was all over, if she would have me, I was hers for life.

Maggie's strip tease started the show; then Lizzie took over and finished it. She seated herself on an armless dining chair and instructed Maggie to stand to her right hand side and lie over her thighs with her bottom conveniently positioned to receive the slipper sole. Lizzie then pushed her left thumb into Maggie's left dimple of Venus, and her left middle finger into Maggie's right dimple of Venus, pushed her victim's belly and loins into her lap, and held her securely in the classic OTK spanking position. She then grasped the slipper sole in her right hand and raised it high into the air. It hung there for a few tantalising seconds, ominous and threatening. Then down it came, with all the strength that Lizzie could muster.

Crack!

The thin, light, floppy leather struck flush across both bare buttocks in the area just above the thighs, where the meat is plump and juicy. Maggie's bum flesh wobbled and quivered. Sexiest of all, Maggie had recently shaved her quim, but that must have been several days ago because the labial lips and their adjacent areas were now covered by a thick, rough, black stubble. As the sharp slapping leather rattled Maggie's pudenda, her labial lips, and the short stubbly hairs that covered them, shuddered deliciously.

"Right, 'Head Girl!'" announced Lizzie, in her delightful and endearing Scottish accent. "You can have this either the hard or the easy way. But get this. You are not, nor will you ever be, my 'Head Girl' and neither will I be yours. If we stay in this relationship it will be as equals, in mutual tolerance and respect. Now if you are prepared to apologise for the vindictive and excessive chastisement that you inflicted on me last Saturday I am prepared to complete the fulfilment of your forfeit with gentle taps across your bare bottom. But if you refuse to say sorry I will continue to slipper your bare bottom with all the strength in my body. Are you sorry for what you did?"

"No!"

Crack!

"Are you sorry now?"

"No!"

Crack!

And so it went on. Maggie took 6 of the very best slaps that Lizzie could lay on, and they all landed flush, with crisp, sharp cracks, across the sweet spot of Maggie's rump, just above her thighs, between her vulva and her anus. Wow, it must have really stung and tingled.

Then Lizzie paused.

"Now get up and stand to my left."

Maggie complied and Lizzie put her across her thighs again, this time with her upturned bum perfectly positioned to receive the slipper sole when wielded by the left hand. This time Lizzie pushed her right thumb into Maggie's right dimple of Venus, and her right middle finger into Maggie's left dimple of Venus. Then, for a second time, she pushed her victim's stomach and loins into her lap, and held her securely in the classic OTK spanking position. She then grasped the slipper sole in her left hand, raised it high into the air and, as it hung there, asked:

"Are you sorry now?"

"No."

Crack!

And the ritual continued until Maggie had taken another 6 of the best, this time administered by Lizzie's highly active and energetic left hand and arm, which seemed to me to inflict their slaps with just as much venom and spite as the right; and again the slaps all landed across the back of Maggie's perineum. After every slap except the last one Maggie was asked if she was sorry now, and every time she defiantly answered no.

After the final slap had landed Lizzie instructed Maggie to clasp her hands on top of her head and rise.

"Now, go and stand in the corner of the room over there with your face to the wall for 10 minutes."

I interceded again in my role as Master of Ceremonies.

"No, Lizzie. That's out of order. There's no mention of that in the Protocol."

And again Maggie came back at me.

"No, Brendan. It's OK. I'll do that."

She did too. In obedience and compliance she faced the wall for 10 minutes, hands on head, unable to rub her bum as it stung and tingled. Needless to say, both Chris and I took the opportunity to ogle Maggie's delectable derrière in meticulous detail. My only regret was that her skin tones were dusky and there were no clear red marks to admire.

"OK, Maggie," I said. "You can turn round now. And, both of you ladies, listen up. This situation is toxic and we need to draw the poison. So please be guided by your Master of Ceremonies and do as I say. Stand in front of me here facing each other."

To my slight surprise the girls, without demur, obeyed my instruction.

"Now, each of you, look into the eyes of your friend."

And again the girls complied.

"Now the bone of contention is the forfeit that you, Maggie, inflicted upon you, Lizzie, last Saturday. Maggie, to atone for those 4 slaps, I order you to gift your friend 4 kisses. Lizzie, in a spirit of forgiveness and reconciliation, I order you to accept the gift of those 4 kisses that your friend offers you. I have further instructions, but are you with me so far?"

And both girls nodded their assent.

"The 4 kisses can be as long as you wish, but each must last for at least 30 seconds. They must all be French kisses, with lots of tonguing into your friend's mouth. During each kiss your hands must wander all over your friend's body, rubbing, caressing, slapping and tickling. I will be timing you and evaluating your performances. If I do not consider a kiss satisfactory I will declare it void and order you to try again. I will announce when you are thirty seconds into your kisses. If you break off a kiss before this announcement the kiss will be declared void. Are you both up for all that?"

And, to my considerable relief, the girls again nodded their agreement, and soon they were embracing each other and preparing to play the game.

Their first attempt at a kiss failed. They began the tongue tennis with enthusiasm and panache, and 4 flattened hands, 4 palms, 16 fingers and 4 thumbs intimately stroked and massaged 4 breasts, 2 bellies, 4 buttocks, 4 inner thighs, 2 vaginas, 4 labial lips, and 2 clitorises. A good time was had by all, especially, at first, by Lizzie, who had a completely naked paramour to work on. Soon, however, Maggie broke off the kiss and made frantic attempts, with the active help of her friend, to tear off Lizzie's clothing. Soon both of our ladies were displaying themselves to us in their birthday suits. Yes, that's right. Two gorgeous ladies, and they were both completely naked.

Oh, wow! To answer my own rhetorical question from earlier, if there is anything more delectable to man than a beautiful, sumptuous naked lady it is 2 beautiful, sumptuous naked ladies making out together. At the lascivious spectacle my heart thumped and raced under my ribcage, and my cock stood stiff and proud in my underpants.

But I had my ceremonial duty to perform.

"Kiss void," I decreed. "Mouth contact and embrace terminated after 23 seconds. Not a bad effort, though. Please try again girls."

And try again the girls did. This time, however, as they reached the height of their frolics they suffered a simultaneous attack of the giggles, and they both collapsed in a spluttering heap onto the carpet.

"Kiss void. Mouth contact and embrace terminated after 27 seconds. Come on girls! Stop messing about! If the Protocol allowed it I would give the pair of you a sound bare bottomed spanking. Concentrate! Try harder!"

And so the show went on until eventually our 2 ladies succeeded in giving and receiving 4 French kisses, and 4 embraces, that I found acceptable. By the 3rd kiss deep mutual passion had replaced light hearted frolics. By the 4th and final kiss both girls had thrown caution, discretion and modesty to the winds. They slowly and intensively fingered and slapped each other. The kiss ended with both girls rubbing each other, belly to belly, vagina to vagina, labial lips to labial lips, clitoris to clitoris, until, with a little help from their fingers, they enjoyed a shattering mutual orgasm.

I will never forget that night of Sapphic passion. For both girls it was their very first experience of the joys of Lesbos. It transformed both of their lives, and it had a profound effect upon mine.

Before the group broke up that night I announced that there would be a meeting of the Sling Puck Soviet on the next day, Sunday, in the afternoon.

"I have been researching spanking on the internet," I told the Soviet. "Among the implements that cause the greatest damage are the cane and the thick, heavy, stiff paddle as used in the USA. Other completely stiff implements, such for example, as the back of a hairbrush, are also very painful and can easily cause bruising. In contrast, a thin, light, flat, floppy implement such as a flexible leather or rubber paddle, or the leather slipper sole that we are using, even if applied forcibly and with vigour,

stings and tingles like hell but causes little or no lasting damage. I base this conclusion on written testimonies, and on the evidence of spanking videos posted onto the web. So the good news is that our 2 ladies, if they have not already done so, should soon recover from their recent ordeals.”

“Yes, that’s right,” interjected Maggie. “I was hopping mad at the time. My bum stung and sizzled like hell, in the most vexing and infuriating fashion. But by the end of my 10 minutes corner time I was no longer tingling to any great extent and my fury had subsided.”

“Now,” I continued. “I have a few suggestions to make. The most successful way to assuage a stinging and tingling rump is to rub and massage it vigorously. I noticed, however, that neither of you ladies did that, Lizzie from choice, and you, Maggie, because of the instruction to clasp your hands on the top of your head.”

“I wouldn’t have rubbed my bum anyway,” commented Maggie. “It would have been an admission of defeat.”

“Precisely. So I would like to propose a convention that we take the sting and tingle, and do not rub our bums. It is not an absolute rule, but anyone who does massage away the sting and tingle will be ridiculed as a wimp.”

After discussion my proposal was unanimously accepted by the Soviet.

“My next suggestion,” I continued, “Is a bit more problematic. It is that we allow the non-loser to offer the loser the option of kisses rather than slaps, on the basis of the Kissing Protocol that we adopted last night. This would help us lads, because I for one do not like the idea of slapping a lady with any great vigour. The loser, however, would have the right to reject the kisses and opt for slaps instead. Are you with me on that one?”

Well after discussion, and with some initial misgivings, the Soviet adopted that proposal too.

“Now this is where it gets a bit more contentious. I do not know what you ladies have between you, but whatever it is I do not want to see it escalate into another slapping feud. So I am asking for the right, as Master of Ceremonies, to enforce kisses rather than slaps if kisses, in my judgment, would promote peace and harmony--as, for example, they seem to have done last night.”

I half expected dissent from Maggie on that one, but it never came and the motion was passed.

“Finally, and here too, I am asking for an increase in my powers, I suggest, if a non-loser makes a request regarding the loser, such, for example, that the loser strip naked and/or stand in a corner for 10 minutes, hands on head and bare bum on display, that I decide whether or not to grant the request.”

This proposal was accepted but in an amended form, namely that my decision could be overturned by majority vote of the 3 non-losers.

“Thank you friends,” I concluded. “That ends this meeting of the Sling Puck Soviet.”

At our third Sling Puck Tournament the loser was Chris. This was a surprise because, after Maggie, he was our best player. But, as in real life football, there is a sizeable element of luck in Sling Puck, and on that particular Saturday evening, Chris's luck ran out. When the result became known I delegated my slapping duties to the girls, allocating 2 of my 4 slaps to Maggie and 2 to Lizzie.

"So it's a total of 6 spanks from me, my boy," said Maggie to Chris, "And I sentence you to take them OTK and bare bottomed. Or, of course, with my agreement, you could take 6 kisses and 6 embraces instead. Would you like that? 6 long, sweet French kisses and 6 intimate embraces? Because, mark my words, my lad, if I take you across my thighs for a bare bottomed spanking I promise to really sizzle your rump for you. So what is it to be? Kisses or spanks?"

And Chris fell into the trap.

"Kisses, please."

"But you are betrothed to another lady, are you not?"

"Yes."

"And you opt for intimate, sexually explicit activity with a lady who is not your fiancée?"

To this Chris had no answer.

I interceded: "What do you think, Lizzie?"

Lizzie saw that Maggie had got Chris into a corner and she decided to join in the fun.

"Well I think that he's got a bloody nerve, Brendan," she said, hamming it up. "I mean, in the presence of you, his beloved's brother, as well! I tell you what, Maggie, I hereby transfer my 6 spanks to you. Lay them on as hard as you can! Make sure that the miscreant feels them! He deserves it!"

"Hey, Brendan, I'm being fitted up here. You're the Master of Ceremonies. Put a stop to this!"

Well Chris is my best friend and, in extremity, I would be his to the death. But on this one I saw Maggie's point. My fervent wish was that one day Chris would become my brother-in-law. The last thing I wanted was for him to get *in flagrante delicto* with any lady who was not my sister. A short, sharp lesson to keep him on the straight and narrow seemed to me a good option. Besides, I had my own amorous designs on both Maggie and Lizzy, and I did not relish the idea of Chris in sexually explicit activity with either of them. He needed to be warned off, and this seemed a saucy, amusing and effective way to warn him.

"No, Chris. You're going to have to take this on the chin, or, rather, on the bum! In accordance with the Protocol, 12 slaps have been legitimately awarded to Maggie, and after what fashion, and how hard, she slaps you is entirely up to her."

"Brendan," said Maggie, "I propose that Chris strip naked for his forfeit, and afterwards submit to 10 minutes of corner time."

“Well I grant you the corner time, but to strip naked ...well I don’t think the lad deserves that.”

“What do you say, Lizzie?”

“Well, Maggie, I would have him stripped. In my view he does deserve it.”

“Brendan, that’s a 2 to 1 majority. You are overruled,” declared Maggie triumphantly.

“Well, OK. Chris is a handsome lad though. I suspect that you ladies seek titillation rather than justice.”

“Come on then, Chris,” goaded Maggie. “Get ‘em off! Chop, chop!”

Slowly and hesitantly Chris removed his clothes, urged on by the two girls.

“Get on with it! We haven’t got all day! Yes, the socks as well! Now the underpants! Don’t be shy! Oh, my goodness! That’s a whopper! Katie O’Flaherty is a lucky girl!”

And so on. To give him his due, Chris is a good sport. He accepted his forfeit in cheerful compliance, and endured this raillery with good natured tolerance. But his self-control was less than perfect. As he lowered himself onto Maggie’s thighs his manhood was semi-erect and at half cock.

To this day, if ever she gets the chance, Maggie likes to play the dominatrix and the kinky bitch; and that was the role that she now acted out as she set Chris up for his forfeit, and then laid into his upturned rump with the leather slipper sole.

“Now, Chris,” said Maggie. “After every slap I want you to say, loud and clear, ‘Katie O’Flaherty is my beloved and my betrothed. I will never betray her with another lady.’ Is that OK with you, Brendan?”

“Katie is my little sister and I am her devoted and loyal elder brother. I will love and support my sister to the death, and I will do all I can to stop her future bridegroom from playing away. So yes, it’s fine.”

Crack!

“Katie O’Flaherty is my beloved and my betrothed. I will never betray her with another lady.”

Crack!

“Katie O’Flaherty is my beloved and my betrothed. I will never betray her with another lady.”

Crack!

“Katie O’Flaherty is my beloved and my betrothed. I will never betray her with another lady.”

Crack!

“Katie O’Flaherty is my beloved and my betrothed. I will never betray her with another lady.”

And so on. Twelve times the leather slipper sole bit into Chris's bum. Twelve times, loud and clear, Chris repeated the mantra, and avowed his loyalty to the lady he loved. But wow! Maggie really sizzled his rump for him, just as Lizzie had sizzled hers the week before.

At the end of his ordeal Chris, without being prompted, rose from Maggie's thighs, clasped his hands on the top of his head, and stood obediently in the corner of the room, with his face to the wall and his bare, reddened rump on display. Then, at the end of the 10 minutes, I declared time up and he turned to face us. By now, his cock was at full tumescence.

"OK, old friend," I said sympathetically. "Cover that up and get dressed. Here, let me pour you a whisky." And soon the four of us, the four friends of the Sling Puck Soviet, were into a social drinking session, talking, laughing, joking, and enjoying each other's company.

"Thanks, Maggie," said Chris. "I deserved that."

Before we broke up for bed that night I declared another meeting of the Sling Puck Soviet to be held on the morrow, Sunday, in the afternoon. At this meeting I broached the problem of Chris's engagement to my sister Katie.

"Folks, spanking bare bottoms and exchanging French kisses are great fun but they are unsuitable for a young man betrothed to a young lady who is elsewhere. I don't think we should continue with our present Protocol."

"What do you suggest, then, Brendan?"

"Well, let's continue, as planned, with our fourth Sling Puck tournament next Saturday evening. Then let us reconvene as the Sling Puck Soviet next Sunday afternoon. In the meantime, let us think this thing through, and, perhaps, discuss it informally."

Our fourth Sling Puck Tournament duly took place on the following Saturday.

Thus far, all 3 of my friends had paid the forfeit and had taken the slipper sole across their naked rumps. My bum alone had escaped its stinging impact. If I was a non-loser again one of my friends would be a two-time loser. The worst scenario of all would be if Chris lost. As a man of honour he would insist on paying his forfeit, and, whether that forfeit was slaps or kisses, my sister's fiancée would, for a second time, be embroiled in inappropriate sexual hanky-panky with other ladies.

So I decided to throw the tournament. I reckoned that if I lost 3-0 to Chris it should ensure he was a non-loser, and if I lost by, say, 2-1 to Lizzie it would almost certainly put me at the bottom of the league table as the overall loser; and that, indeed, was where I ended up.

Maggie, as I had anticipated, used this outcome to further her spankophile agenda.

"Hey, Brendan, nobody, not even you, can play that badly unless they are trying to. You lost deliberately, didn't you?"

I made no answer.

“Come on, Maggie,” cut in Lizzie. “Brendan has sacrificed himself to prevent us two floozies from exacting another sexually inappropriate forfeit from his sister’s fiancée. I call that noble and courteous. Brendan, you are a true gentleman. Please let me give you kisses and not slaps.”

“Well, he’s getting slaps and not kisses from me,” replied Maggie, “and as hard as I can lay them on. God! I hate it when a man patronises me, and deliberately letting me beat him is about as patronising as it can get.”

Chris took my part. He awarded his four spanks to Lizzie who vowed to convert them to kisses. He also tried to prevent the girls from having me strip naked and serve 10 minutes corner time, but the young minxes outvoted him on both counts--which was fair enough I suppose. Lizzie and Maggie are, after all, lusty young females and they prefer a naked young man to a clothed one. Maggie lost a third vote, however. Chris voted with Lizzie that I should take my slaps before my kisses as I had requested.

Oh wow! Ever since she has known me Maggie has really sizzled my bum at every opportunity she gets. At first I thought that she must dislike me, or, perhaps, that she bore me a grudge for some slight or wrong that I had unwittingly committed against her. But was that really what it was? To find out, dear reader, please peruse further.

On this occasion I was relieved that I only had to take 4 slaps. Ouch! Maggie is so damn skilful! She slapped my bum just above my thighs, and she laid each slap exactly on top of its predecessor; and, like all accomplished spankers, Maggie waited from 4 to 6 seconds between slaps, just long enough for my bum to tingle. Then, as the tingling reached its height, she gave me another slap. Maggie is a strong, fit, perfectly honed professional-standard athlete, and she slapped my bum as hard as she could. After 4 of the best from her what I wanted to do more than anything else in the world was to rub my bum. But that was against the spirit of the Protocol so instead I put my hands on my head and stood out my 10 minutes of corner time, stark naked, and with my bum ringing like a bell.

I would have taken any number of slaps from Maggie for just 1 of Lizzie’s kisses; and there were 8 of them. But our osculatory antics got off to an embarrassing start. As I have said, the girls had me strip naked before my spanking. I was naked while I was spanked, and I was naked during my corner time.

“OK, Brendan,” said Lizzie. “Your 10 minutes are up. Now come to me for your kisses.”

I remained in the corner of the room facing the wall.

“Can I have another few minutes to sort myself out?”

“No you can’t. Come here. A gentleman shouldn’t keep a lady waiting.”

“Honestly, Lizzie. You won’t want me like this.”

“Like what?”

Lizzie peered over my shoulder and saw that I was sporting, in heraldic terms, a cock rampant.

“You’re wrong there, Brendan. That’s exactly how I would want you; but not right now, perhaps, in this company. I suggest you slip into your bedroom, calm yourself down, and put your clothes back on.”

When I matriculated at Oxford University I was a sad, naïve virgin. I had poured my energies into my school work. I came from humble origins and I was desperate to get into Oxford. I wanted a good education to better myself, and to avoid a life of low pay and hard manual labour such as my father had endured. I entered a period of self-imposed celibacy. To me young females were tempting but unwelcome distractions. At the age of 18 I had never embraced a girl amorously, or kissed a girl in passion.

I calmed my erection, dressed, and returned to the living room. There, standing before me, was Lizzie Munro. We exchanged 8 kisses, and 8 embraces on that Saturday evening in the 4th week of Oxford University’s Michaelmas Term, 2016; and my life was changed. The baby bird comes out of its shell and there is its mother; and it bonds with its mother for life. I came out of my shell and there was Lizzie Munro; and I bonded with Lizzie, for life if she will have me.

On the following day, Sunday, the Sling Puck Soviet convened in my room to discuss its future.

Chris kicked off the discussion. “Brendan, I have been talking to Lizzie and Maggie and we have a plan.”

“OK. Fire away.”

“The girls have both challenged you to a tournament. We propose that you take on Maggie next Saturday, in the 5th week of term. If Maggie wins you pay her a forfeit of 12 slaps, one, or several, or all of which may be converted to kisses at her discretion and with your agreement. If you lost there would be a replay 2 days later, on Monday, and you would, of course, again pay the forfeit if Maggie wins. Further replays would occur at intervals of 2 or 3 days as convenient until you beat her. If or when you beat her the tournament will end. You may, then, if you wish, exact a forfeit of 12 slaps, one or several, or all of which may be converted to kisses at your discretion and with her agreement. Alternatively, you can opt for a surprise Christmas present from Maggie deliverable in the 8th week, the final week, of term.”

“OK, Chris. I’m up for that.”

“We suggest that your tournament with Lizzie commence on the Saturday of the 6th week of term with the same arrangements as your tournament with Maggie.”

“Does that include the same option, if I eventually win, of a surprise Christmas present from Lizzie in Week 8?”

“Yes, of course.”

“OK. That’s fine. Let’s go for it. Have you thought out the Protocol for the game play?”

“Yes. We propose that I take over from you as an impartial Master of Ceremonies, and that each tournament proceed as if it were a game of tennis with me as the umpire. You know: Love-15. Love-

30. 15-30. 15-40. 30-40. Deuce. Advantage. Game—that sort of thing. You would play a single set. The player who wins the set wins the tournament unless the score is 6-5. In that eventuality you play on until one player is 2 games ahead. Thus each tournament will consist of quite a few games. Even so, it should be possible to complete proceedings by the end of the evening, and, if it is not, we will have to carry the tournament over to the next day.

“Yes, OK. It looks like I’m up for a stinging, tingling, ringing red bum; but, even so, it all sounds great fun. I look forward to it.”

That Saturday night my first tournament tussle with Maggie went to form. She is a fit, honed, professional standard athlete and I am a bookish swot with little athletic ability. She wiped the floor with me.

Chris, as Master of Ceremonies, was on great form, calling out the points in a posh upper class voice like an old fashioned Wimbledon umpire of the 1950s or 60s: “Play. 15-Love. 30-Love. 40-Love. 40-15. Game to Miss Phillips. Miss Phillips leads 1 game to nil.” And so on. I managed a couple of wins but it ended, inevitably: “Game, Set and Tournament to Miss Phillips, 6 games to 2.”

“OK, Brendan, you have been a bit too cocky lately, so this time it’s 12 slaps for you.”

Maggie requested that I strip naked for my forfeit, and stand naked for 10 minutes corner time after the forfeit was paid. As Master of Ceremonies Chris refused both requests but Maggie called for a vote which, of course, she and Lizzie won 2-1.

“Sorry, Brendan,” said Chris. “These lascivious ladies just love to strip a young man naked.”

“Yes. What did John Knox say about ‘the monstrous regiment of women’?”

“Careful, young man! You’ll pay for that when I get you across my knee.”

But, surprisingly, I didn’t. Maggie was merciful, and I avoided the kind of trip-hammering she had inflicted on me when I last lay across her thighs. But wow! As an aspiring dominatrix the lass was so skilful! For the first 9 slaps she spanked me firmly in a slow, leisurely, gradually escalating crescendo that kept me teetering on the brink between pleasure and pain. Then she applied the last 3 slaps considerably harder, continuing the escalating sequence. The 12th slap was a beauty. It struck flush across the meat of my bum just above my thighs with a crack like a rifle shot. Ouch! It really stung and tingled! But it was not cruel or vicious. It was a spanking that infuriated me, at least initially as I rose from Maggie’s thighs, but that amused everyone else.

After my spanking I rose to my feet, put my hands on my head, and faced the wall for my 10 minutes of corner time. I moved as fast as I could but I still failed to conceal my raging hard on from my amused audience. After 10 minutes Chris announced that corner time was over. I took my hands from my head, shielded my cock with them, and hastily retreated to my bedroom with my clothes. It was at least 10 minutes before I had calmed myself down, got dressed, and re-joined my friends.

I continued to lose my tournaments with Maggie for the next 2 weeks and more. And, oh was she skilful in her exaction of forfeits!

“You are failing to show due deference. No kisses for you!”

“You are disrespectful, but I have observed some improvement. I grant you 3 kisses.”

“Your behaviour is getting better. I award 6 kisses.”

“There have been some lapses, but you have been trying hard. Take 9 kisses.”

“You have been the perfect gentleman this week. You have won 12 kisses.”

And so on. Maggie really enjoyed herself and, to be honest, I found it fun myself. Sometimes I asserted my independence by refusing the proffered kisses and opting for slaps instead. But that was a mistake. When spurned Maggie spanked hard.

As I have said, Sling Puck is a fast and furious game. It requires great concentration. Let your guard slip, even for a few seconds, and several pucks can come shooting into your half of the pitch. The game’s outcomes are also influenced by a sizeable amount of luck. I reckoned that if I kept practising, and concentrated hard, I might stand a chance of victory.

Then, at the end of Week 6, I narrowly won my Sling Puck tournament with Maggie. I played well, and I concentrated hard; but I suspect that Maggie did to me what had infuriated her when I did the same thing. She patronised me. She eased off, and she let me win.

“OK, Brendan. What’s it to be? Slaps? Slaps and Kisses? Kisses? Or a surprise Christmas present?”

Well I find smacking ladies’ bare bottoms saucy and amusing but I am not as addicted to spanking as Maggie; and, as a courteous and considerate gentleman, I don’t think that I could ever bring myself to slap a lady all that hard. Again, it was delicious when, after her victories, Maggie offered me kisses and I accepted them. She is a gentle, generous and yielding kisser, the opposite, the nemesis, of Maggie in dominatrix mode. I enjoyed my kisses but I wished for something new.

“I’ll take the Christmas present.”

“OK, young man, report to my room after lectures next Monday, in the 7th week of term, and we will discuss the deal.”

My first Sling Puck tournament with Lizzie duly kicked off on the Saturday evening of Week 6 of Oxford’s Michaelmas Term. Now that she has grown into the game, Lizzie is a better player than I am. If she is on form she usually beats me with ease. Lizzie is, as I have intimated, an organ scholar and an accomplished keyboard player and pianist. Her fingers are swift, deft and accurate. When she is firing on all cylinders she pings the pucks through the central gate far faster than I can ping them back again; and that, indeed, was exactly what happened at our first encounter. Before I knew what had hit me Chris was declaiming, in his best Wimbledon umpire’s voice: “Game, Set and Tournament to Miss Munro, 6 games to 1.”

As you may have picked up from my foregoing narrative, dear reader, there is a lively, mischievous, impish streak in Lizzie that is very appealing. She is high spirited lass. When on song she is the life

and soul of the party. Well Lizzie now had me at her mercy with a forfeit to pay, and she playfully teased and tormented me to distraction.

“Brendan, I know how much Maggie likes to get you across her thighs. Shall I ask her to exact your forfeit?”

To this I made a non-committal answer.

“What do you say, Maggie? Are you up for that?”

To which Maggie replied with an enthusiastic affirmation.

And so on. But eventually, when she had tired of teasing me, it was Lizzie herself who had me OTK bare bottomed for 6 hand spans that were erotic rather than punitive, followed by 6 deliciously voluptuous kisses and embraces; and Lizzie did not make me strip naked or sentence me to 10 minutes corner time.

Thus both Lizzie and I enjoyed the payment of my forfeit, and we both wanted more payments. Lizzie tried, if not particularly hard, to win our tournaments. I, in contrast, dedicated my best efforts to lose them. On the Friday of week 7, however, sensing the impending end of term, I pulled out the stops to secure a victory.

“Well, Brenhan, it’s your shout. Do I get slaps, slaps and kisses, or kisses? Or do you opt for the surprise Christmas present?”

“Lizzie, you have been a gracious and generous tournament opponent. I don’t want to spank you; and, much as I would love to kiss you, I have resolved to opt for the surprise present.”

“OK. That’s good. Come to my room after lunch on next week, on the last Tuesday of term, and I will reveal your surprise.”

On the Monday of week 7 I had a lecture from 3 to 4 p.m. When I got back to college Maggie had not returned from a session of football training. It was thus just before 5 p.m., with darkness descending, when, as instructed, I called on her. Soon we were sitting in Maggie’s room drinking tea, and eating teacakes that she had toasted and buttered.

“So OK, what’s my surprise present?”

“Brendan, we need to discuss this.” Maggie sounded unexpectedly serious.

“Oh. OK. Fire away.”

“Brendan, are you a virgin?”

The question hit me like a slap in the face. I sat, silent and embarrassed, for what must have been 30 seconds or more, pondering my reply.

“OK. I admit it. Yes, I am.”

“Quite. I talked to Lizzie and we both agreed. That is what you are. Then we discussed what we should do about it.”

“Maggie, can I ask you a question?”

“Of course.”

“I have been observing you and Lizzie since term began. You both seem very fond of each other. How do things stand between you?”

Maggie was evasive and sheepish and she could not look me in the eye. Then, after a long and embarrassing silence:

“Lizzie and I are in love. We have both plighted our troth and we are going to get married.”

Well, I thought to myself. That’s a shock. With these ladies there is never a dull moment.

“But Brendan, for the present this is a secret. Please keep it confidential.”

“Oh, I vouch to do that. I promise not to tell a soul, not even Chris. But where does it leave me? This term things have got pretty feisty and saucy between the 3 of us.”

“Well that is open to future negotiation. We are bisexuals. We both like men as well as ladies. So, if you are a good boy, it may just be possible to come to an accommodation.”

“Good. I would like that.”

“Yes. I bet you would you horny young stud. But for the immediate future we have agreed a 2 stage development plan for you. Would you like to know what Stage 1 is?”

“Go on then.”

“We have decided to rob you of your virginity.”

Oh, wow, I thought. This conversation is getting distinctly over-stimulating.

“Oh yes. And how do you intend to do that?”

“Well, for reasons that will become apparent to you in due course, Lizzie has agreed that the robber will be me. Call at my room after dinner on Sunday, the first day of the 8th and final week of term. You can bring a toothbrush and comb but pyjamas and other forms of night attire are strictly banned.”

“And that’s my surprise Christmas present?”

“The first part of it, yes.”

I was shocked and dazed, but happy and excited.

“Thank you, Maggie. Thank you.”

“Very well, young man, that is all for now. You have six days before the jousts of Venus. Go and prepare yourself; and I hope you are better at sex than you are at Sling Puck.”

From my early teens, like most adolescent boys, I fantasised about young females. I was an avid fan of Pornhub and similar websites. The female pudenda, their shape, structure and texture fascinated me. I was gripped by video clips. I studied high definition close ups of female labia from the front, as they were rubbed and tickled during masturbation. I watched sharply defined, magnified images of labial lips as they were penetrated from the rear by stiff, aroused, rampant cocks. I observed the screen images in close and meticulous detail. I noted in particular the inner lips, the *labia minora*. Oh, what luxurious frills, flaps and folds! What delicious ruffles, flounces and furbelows! What delightful corrugations of moist, delicate pink flesh! Oh, how I longed to sink my stiff, excited cock into such a sheath, such a haven! How I yearned for intimate skin to skin intercourse with a young, live, lusty, strapping, sexy lady! And here was the beauteous, the delectable Maggie Phillips, a young female who excited in me the sharpest of sexual desires. She fitted more or less perfectly my idealised image of female beauty; and she was freely offering to fulfil my wildest and most extravagant fantasies. I walked away from Maggie’s room as if on a cushion of air, dazed, bewildered and confused.

For the next 6 days I abstained from masturbation. I wanted my scrotum to be brim full of spermatozoa when Maggie put it to the test. For several years I had been avidly scouring the internet for sex sites that gave accurate information, and sound advice, to young people. Some of the problem pages were particularly enlightening. I borrowed sex manuals from the local authority’s digital library, stripped them of their digital restrictions, and loaded them onto my computer and smart phone for future perusal. I was a connoisseur of Victorian and Edwardian pornography. Some of this was out of copyright and freely downloadable from the Jack Horntip Collection and similar sites. Some could be cheaply purchased online as digital ebooks. I am a studious and scholarly sort of chap and, by the time I went up to Oxford, I had loaded a sizeable collection of sex literature onto my PC’s Calibre library. In the 6 days before the designated time for my defloration I surveyed this literature and re-read bits of it. I also reviewed some of my favourite Pornhub video clips. If a thorough scholarly preparation was all that was required I was well prepared for my forthcoming initiation.

But much more was needed than that. Who can learn to drive without a car? Who can learn to f-ck without a lady? I was a hopeless sexual geek and I knew it. My best option, I concluded, was to let Maggie guide me through it.

On Sunday morning I deliberately slept late. I dragged myself down to the Refectory just in time for lunch at 1 p.m. At 9.15 p.m. I called on Maggie in her room. I wore a claret coloured faux silk dressing gown and red leather slippers. I carried a small bag of toiletries and personals and a large bunch of flowers.

Maggie was dressed in a long, flowing diaphanous nightie. It was brilliant white and shone bright in the dimly lit room. It was in sharp and fetching contrast to the dark, dusky skin tones of her face and upper body. I approached Maggie and handed her the flowers. I embraced her, French style, and kissed both of her cheeks. She exuded the sophisticated fragrant odour of expensive Parisian perfume. This was a very different, a very romantic Maggie, a Maggie that I had never encountered before. I knew and loved the

feisty footballing Maggie, the intrepid, indomitable, never-say-die mid-field warrior. But this Maggie was soft, yielding, and very, very feminine; and I loved her too.

“Here’s to tonight and the future.”

Maggie offered me a glass of fizzy white wine.

“It’s not champagne. It’s crème de Loire from Aldi. But it is a fit prequel. As Sappho of Lesbos told her fellow revellers: ‘Tonight we shall sleep no more than the clear-throated nightingale.’”

“Hey, I’m the Eng. Lit. scholar. I’m supposed to do the poetry.”

Oh, ladies! In romantic interactions you have powerful and unfair advantages over men. Through centuries of Darwinian evolution you have perfected bodily beauties and seductive qualities that we cannot reject. Maggie gave herself to me, and I accepted her as Adam accepted Eve, as men have always accepted women.

Yet this was not the night of passion that I had anticipated. I expected a feisty, sassy paramour. I anticipated lively, active, vigorous sex. I looked for teases, goads and torments if my performance fell below par. I thought that Maggie would be herself.

Well Maggie was herself; but she was a very different Maggie from the Maggie I had known for the past 7 weeks. She was no longer the bottom slapping dominatrix. She was soft, yielding, gentle and tender. I was initiated into the mysteries of Aphrodite by patient explanations and loving demonstrations. By daybreak I was a much wiser man.

My dear reader, you must forgive me. My pen lacks the skill adequately to describe the ecstasies of my first night in bed with my beloved Maggie: the gentle envelopment of the delicate purple glans by the moist, caressing pink flesh of the inner labia; the lapping and encasement of the stiff, excited penis rod by the soft, seductive folds of vaginal tissue; the gentle tickling and scratching of the scrotum; the long French kisses, at first tender, then more forceful and passionate; the sucking and nibbling of the ear lobes; the breathing and blowing into the ears; the playful slaps to the bottom; the rubs and tickles all over the body; the shouts of joy and gratitude as our acts of love culminated in shattering mutual orgasms. Each time Maggie did something to me that I liked I did my very best to deliver to her the same or an equivalent pleasure. We strived not for individual, selfish pleasures; we gifted pleasures to each other in freedom and generosity.

We missed breakfast in the refectory, and it was past 11 a.m. before we were sitting at breakfast in Maggie’s room, sipping orange juice, drinking tea, and eating buttered croissants with jam.

“Well, Maggie, I chose the right forfeit for you. That was considerably better than slapping you on the bottom, or, even, than kissing you on the lips.”

“Yes,” said my lover, archly and with a twinkle in her eye. “You are considerably better at sex than you are at Sling Puck. But there is still room for improvement. Come back tonight for the second part of your induction course.”

After lunch on the final Tuesday of term I called, as arranged, on Lizzie. Soon we were sitting together drinking tea.

“Well, Brendan, Maggie tells me that our development plan for you is on track. She reports satisfactory progress.”

To this I responded with embarrassed silence.

“So do you want to know about your surprise present from me?”

“Of course, Lizzie, get on with it. I can’t wait.”

“Well, if you accept, it is not so much a present from me to you as a present from you to me.

“Hey, are you training up to be the Sphinx or something? I’m not Oedipus, and this is not the road to Thebes, so please don’t talk in riddles.”

“OK. So do you want me to tell you straight out?”

“Yes. Please cut to the chase. The suspense is killing me.”

Then, suddenly, Lizzie blurted out:

“Brendan, I am a virgin. Please deflower me.”

There followed a stunned silence from your author.

“Brendan, my maidenhead, I want you to take it from me. I want you to rupture my hymen, penetrate my womb, and make a woman of me.”

“OK. OK. I get it. You express yourself very clearly. Just give me a few seconds to take that in.”

Then, after another lengthy, embarrassing silence, I asked:

“Lizzie, why now and why me?”

“Have you seen Durex’s *“Face of Global Sex”* report?”

“No.”

“It claims that the average age at which a British girl loses her virginity is 18 years and 4 months. Well that, more or less, is how old I am. It’s time to get it over with, time to move on. Why you? Well I like you. In fact, I’m very fond of you. And I trust you.”

“Are you absolutely sure about this, Lizzie? It will hurt.”

“That’s OK. It will hurt whoever does the deed.”

“But I’m very fond of you too. I couldn’t bear to hurt you. Perhaps the job would best be performed by someone else.”

As soon as I had said this I regretted it. I had already become proprietorial over Lizzie. I hated the thought of someone else getting into her knickers. That was my job.

Lizzie, however, could read me better than I could read myself. She knew I was attracted to her, she knew I wanted to sleep with her, and she knew how to bring me to bed. She rose from her chair and came to sit by me on the sofa.

“Brendan, look at me.”

Lizzie engaged me with steady eye contact, slipped her arms around my waist, gave a sly, impish grin, and kissed me gently on the lips. Then she said, in a soft, seductive, breathy voice:

“Hey, Brendan, I get it now. You’re not up to the job, are you? You’re not man enough. I’m a big, lusty, strapping, sexy girl. I’m more woman than you can handle.”

Oh, come on folks! What young, healthy, horny, red blooded male could resist a challenge like that?

“OK, Lizzie. I’ll do my best. But I can’t carry it off by being gentle. Until the hymeneal blood flows I will need to take firm and decisive action. Are you prepared to put yourself under my authority and discipline?”

“Oh. OK.”

“Have you ever heard of the “droit de seigneur,” also known as the *ius primae noctis*?”

“No.”

“It mean’s ‘lord’s right’ or ‘law of the first night.’ There is some doubt as to whether it ever existed, but, if it did, the idea was that the lord of the manor had the right to sleep with his bondswomen, in place of their husbands, on the night of their wedding.”

“Oh wow! The dirty old sod! I bet he enjoyed that!”

“Yes; and I bet he often needed a bit of rough play and slapping into line when a feisty young female struggled to retain her hymen.”

“Yes. Quite.”

Well could we act out that scenario? What if I play the part of the haughty, horny lord, full of lust for the beautiful young bride? You could take on the bride's role; and be sure to act it out like Katherine in Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew*.

"Brendan, that's brilliant! For this I don't want a thoughtful, considerate, gentle lover. I want someone to take me in hand and ravish me! I can think of no saucier or sexier way to pop my cherry. I'm up for it!"

"Yes, but let's make sure that things don't get out of hand. We must have a safe word. If either of us thinks the other is too rough let's shout 'Hymen' as a signal to stop and regroup."

"Good old Brendan! Always the gentleman and sensible as ever! But don't worry. If you get too far into it I will simply stop struggling and let you have your wicked way."

"OK. When do you want to do this?"

"Tonight of course! Maggie and I have got other plans for you later in the week."

"Oh dear! That doesn't give me much time to prepare!"

"Nonsense! Just turn up here after dinner; and remember to bring the Sling Puck leather spanking sole. You might just need it to tame a feisty young bride and bend her to your wicked will."

"Lizzy, I'll give this my best shot. But Maggie has not given me much sleep for the last two days, and my scrotum has been pretty much sucked dry."

"No excuses, my lord. Think of the shame if you fail to deflower your feisty bondswoman. All your serfs will laugh you to scorn."

Life is unpredictable. If you had told me in advance that I would soon bed both of my beautiful friends I would have expected Maggie to give me feisty sex and Lizzie to be gentle, sweet and loving. Yet in reality the opposite was the case. Ah well, I thought. The experience looks set to be just as enjoyable, if not more so.

I had only a few hours to prepare. As a nerdy, geeky swot I sat at my computer and Googled "How to deflower a virgin." This fetched up a large number of hits, but many were not fit for purpose. Much of it was about how to reduce the virgin's pain. Well I would do that as best I could; but if the choice was between breaking the hymen or avoiding pain, the hymen would have to be broken and the pain endured. There were also too many words and too few graphics. So I went to Pornhub and typed in the same search command. Most of the movie clips were about young virgin boys, usually seduced by older, more experienced ladies. Perhaps somewhere there is footage of a virgin girl taken during her defloration, as her hymen is broken and her virginity ravaged; but if there is I never found it. Time was short. I concluded that I would have to wing it, abandoned my researches, and instead took a short nap until dinner time.

I called on Lizzie at 9.15 p.m. in my claret coloured faux silk dressing gown and red slippers. In my bag were my toiletries, my personals, the leather spanking sole and, in homage to the nation that had bred my beloved Lizzie, an unopened bottle of the finest single malt Scotch whisky. At my suggestion we did not start the role play immediately. Instead we stripped nude, got into bed together, and started to do what comes naturally when a naked horny young man is in the same bed as a naked, willing, beautiful young girl. We got on very well together. We embraced, we kissed, we rubbed and fingered each other, and soon I was rock hard and ready for action; but I was very excited and I feared premature ejaculation. So I did everything that I had done to Maggie and, when I detected signs of arousal, I spat on my fingers for lubrication and began to work on my lover's vulva and, in particular, on her clitoris. Soon I had fingered Lizzie to orgasm.

"Oh, my sweet, darling girl, how was that?"

"Very nice, but Maggie can do that for me. Your person specific advantage over her is that you have got a cock. I suggest that you use it. You're too romantic, Brendan, too gentle and lovey-dovey. Come on, I want to be broken, violated and ravished. Take me if you're a man; but I will fight you all the way. You manorial lords are too high and mighty. Let's see if a simple little peasant girl can pull you down. With which Lizzie started a vigorous play fight.

"You brute. You will never stretch my spey. Tomorrow night I will be a virgin for my husband, and a boastful virgin at that. I will tell him and, later, all the other serfs how the high and mighty Chief Brendan of the Clan O'Flaherty was humbled and disgraced in the jousts of Venus by a lowly peasant girl, how he couldn't get it up her." Lizzie was a fan of old Scottish ballads and she was citing *Eppie Morrie* (Child 223) at me. She was goading me, she was taunting me, and it was working. I was becoming more and more sexually excited and more and more inflamed. I resolved that I would not share in Willie's disgrace; unlike Eppie's, Lizzie's spey would be stretched and broken; she would yield up her virgin patent to her liege lord. With that mind set I entered enthusiastically into the game play.

"Thou art a saucy wench, and thou shalt be tamed." Which was easier said than done, but eventually I got the lass across my knee and with the leather slipper sole I administered a good, sound spanking to her bare, upturned, lily white bottom. On and on I went until, eventually, the kicking and the fighting subsided and Lizzie lay still and prone, passively taking her swots; and still I kept on spanking.

Now, as I have intimated before, a thin, light floppy leather paddle usually does no great permanent or serious damage to a bare bottom even if it is applied vigorously and at length. It does, however, sting and tingle in the sharpest and most vexatious fashion. Lizzie's shapely milk white buttocks were now glowing cherry red, and they must have been ringing like a bell."

"Wilt thou yield, wench, to the will of thy liege lord?"

"No! Piss off!"

Thus our sport continued. Lizzie got more and more sassy, and I got more and more horny and frustrated until eventually, on the brink of orgasm, I opened my lover's legs, pointed my engorged cockhead at her hymen and, with my haunches flexed, thrust my stiff, excited cock as hard as I could

into its receptive sheath. Lizzie's hymen was broken, the blood flowed and, when my cock had lodged itself into its haven, it exploded into violent orgasm, shooting out spurt after spurt of white sticky sperm which mingled with the bright red hymeneal blood and trickled down towards the crotch, the perineum and the inner thighs.

I had climaxed big time but Lizzie had not. So I continued to lie on top of her. With my left hand I squeezed and caressed her right breast. With my lips, tongue and teeth I kissed her neck and sucked and gently nibbled her right ear lobe. I blew down her ear and, still caressing her breast with my left hand, began to tickle her inner labia and her clitoris with my right hand. I did not succeed at first; Lizzie had been shocked and hurt by the sharp pain of her hymeneal rupture. But I patiently persisted. Then, still in role play mode, I started to talk dirty and, to my shame, with political incorrectness.

"Thus, thou saucy wench, art thou deflowered. I took thy mother's maidenhead this 20 years since, and thy elder sister's last Yuletide. Thy younger sisters eke shall pay the bride price, 3 more hymens for 3 more weddings. Three virgins of the Clan Munro have I deflowered already; 3 more will I deflower anon."

And so on. Lizzie is a great believer in women's rights and my affectations of haughty, boastful machismo, although spoken in role play and in jest, infuriated her, or, at least, they infuriated the character she was playing. She wriggled, squirmed and struggled against my sexual advances and, in culmination, slapped my face very hard. But out of character Lizzie was sexually inflamed. Soon the invasions of my hands, lips, tongue and teeth brought her off, and her vaginal spend flowed into her crotch and mingled with the hymeneal blood and the spermatozoa.

Ten minutes later we were cuddled up in bed together drinking whisky.

"Hey, Lizzie, let's take a brief break and a quick shower. We need to wash off the detritus of battle."

"Yes, and let's change the bed linen too. I would like a clean, dry bed to lie on."

After we had showered and made the bed anew we snuggled down naked under the duvet. The vigour of our initial coupling, and the violence of Lizzie's defloration, had tired us, but it had left us wide awake. Our bodies were fatigued but our arteries were pumping adrenaline. We were both eager for further Aphroditic antics.

"Beautiful lady, I'm sorry that I hurt you. Please let me make amends with gentleness and romance."

"Actually, it didn't hurt all that much and I enjoyed the foreplay and the afters. You have not made a bad start, young man. But come along. There is still work to be done."

Upon which we made sweet, tender love well into the night during which Lizzie climaxed 5 times and I ejaculated thrice.

On the Wednesday morning we woke up too late for breakfast in the refectory. At 11.30 a.m. we were drinking tea in Lizzie's room and eating boiled eggs and buttered toast.

“Lizzie, will we see much more of each other before we go home for Christmas?”

“You bet. Tonight is the second night of your Christmas treat. You are invited to spend it with me. Maggie and I have agreed to share you equally.”

“And then?”

“Maggie and I have decided to offer you a special Christmas bonus. On Thursday you are invited to spend the night in bed with us, together and naked, as a threesome.”

But that, and what happened afterwards, dear reader, is another story.