**Corporal Punishment at Cronenberg**

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*As requested, in response to my first effort, a Cronenberg story in which a girl is not only stripped but also spanked albeit in a once only situation.*

Thomas Bertram Jenkins examined the inside of the bowl of his ancient Peterson pipe with great and critical attention. The layer of carbon deposited inside the briar was of even thickness and extended fully to the base of the bowl, however, there was a small crack in this vital lining caused only moments earlier when he had been somewhat over enthusiastic when knocking the ash out into the crystal ashtray set squarely before him. Sitting back in the high straight green leather upholstered chair he surveyed the room before him squinting slightly against the smoke-laden atmosphere. This was certainly a three pipe problem; he smiled slightly to himself at the mental reference to his great hero Holmes.

Before him the great oak panelled room seemed to speak to him of the countless problems, discussions and indeed arguments, it had witnessed over the years as the Cronenberg Academy had developed from just another girls' school into the world famous institution it was today. The board room table, old as the room and with a shine which showed the beneficial effect of pure beeswax polish applied over many years, stretched away towards the opposite end of the room. On it were the now curling remains of the sandwich lunch traditionally provided for the School Governors to sustain them through their regular quarterly deliberations. On all previous occasions he could remember and certainly during his tenure of Chair of Governors, there had never been a meeting which had overrun its allotted time to such an extent and all the indications were that considerably more discussion would be required. Thomas Jenkins raised himself a little in his chair and spoke in his deep quite voice:

"Ladies and Gentlemen, given the seriousness of the question before us, I feel that our concentration will only be enhanced if we adjourn for a break of fifteen minutes in order to stretch our legs and revitalize our minds. I propose that we re-convene promptly at six o'clock."

Then, addressing Mrs. Miggins the head of housekeeping he said, "Perhaps during the break, Mrs. Miggins, you could arrange for some girls to clear the table and refresh the tea and coffee."

Unlike the majority of his colleagues on the board of the Cronenberg Academy, Mr. Jenkins had a particular liking for tea served in the English way, in bone china cups and of a particular blend specially produced for aficionados such as himself by Wainthrops of London. The leaf tea (for he abhorred the modern tea bag) had to be steeped in freshly drawn boiling water for exactly five minutes before being poured through a sliver plated strainer into the cup. The milk always and without exception was added after the infusion itself. Any deviation from this detailed, even pedantic, routine was considered by Thomas Jenkins to be a crime worthy of the most severe punishment, indeed it was rumoured that he had even advocated hanging as an appropriate sentence on one notable occasion and had only be dissuaded from flogging the unfortunate maid who had added the tea to the milk, by the almost hysterical entreaty of his good lady wife.

Five girls were immediately detailed by Mrs. Miggins to clear away the repast and two further girls were instructed to brew fresh coffee for the Governors. Mrs. Miggins herself took the responsibility of making the tea as she was very much in awe of the Chairman of the Board and had no wish to see the fabled explosion of anger which would erupt from the normally mild and softly spoken gentleman in question. Promptly at six o'clock (the school's dislike of tardiness extended to everyone involved with the school) the Board of Governors reconvened to discuss the burning issue of the day which was the school's discipline policy.

The problem under discussion was the apparent failure of the policy of humiliation by degree to dissuade certain pupils from continuing disobedience. It was an increasingly common occurrence that girls who had been punished relatively frequently (albeit a small minority of the school's population) were re-offending with both shorter periods between offences and with greater severity of offence. These girls appeared to be deliberately courting punishments and even enjoying the enforced nudity, which resulted. The longer the period of punishment, the less effective it became; in several cases, evidence of sexual excitement had been reported in girls under punishment and in the infamous case of Suzy and Katryn the girls in question had chosen to remain naked permanently while continuing their unconventional lifestyle under the noses of the school authorities. The introduction of a boy into the school in the form of Sam had caused further problems especially if some of the rumours surrounding events in the gym during wrestling practice were to be believed. The question had to be resolved and the Board had been discussing this knotty problem for several hours without coming to a satisfactory conclusion.

Broadly opinion was divided into two camps:

One school of thought felt that the school's policy had run its natural course and that, although punishment by humiliation would remain the mainstay of the system, the addition of an element of corporal punishment for the most serious offences would provide the necessary disincentive to dissent.

The second group felt that the non-violence mantra had served the school very well, as had humiliation, and that if a few girls were deriving pleasure, that was a small price to pay for the majority being well behaved. This group however, also felt that the practice of extending punishments beyond two weeks was counterproductive and that a way of increasing the level of humiliation was the answer.

The various protagonists continued their discussions well into the evening, but at nine o'clock they were still divided equally and Thomas Jenkins had had enough. Standing abruptly, he called the meeting to order and again suggested a break to allow tempers (which had been becoming progressively more frayed) to cool and common sense to prevail. Again he asked Mrs Miggins to arrange for refreshments and the tidying of the room. His final injunction to the group was to consider their individual positions, which had naturally become somewhat entrenched during the discussions, as there would be a limit of fifteen minutes further discussion before he would call for a final vote and if necessary cast his deciding lot to settle the matter. The Governors departed *en masse* to relieve themselves of the effects of the quantities of coffee they had consumed during the meeting and again the girls entered the hallowed chamber to perform such duties as had been assigned.

It was during this break that an event which would shape the future of the Academy took place. It was insignificant in itself, but its ramifications were manifold. Mrs Miggins, interrupted from her self appointed tea-making role by the crash of falling crockery, turned sharply at the noise while in the process of pouring the boiling water into the teapot. As a result she missed the open top of the pot and poured a small quantity of boiling water across her arm. The pain was considerable, if localized, and pot, kettle, tea and cups were scattered across the work surface by her involuntary reaction to the injury. Running from the kitchen in search of the school nurse she did not have the presence of mind to instruct one of the pupils to complete her task and she certainly didn't even think of the elaborate ceremony required in order to satisfy the Chairman of the Board.

Glenda Byers was in her final year at Cronenberg. She had survived the experience virtually unscathed and had never suffered the ignominy of a Cronenberg punishment, only the weekly swims in the spring fed pool caused her any concern because, despite her having witnessed several spectacular punishments, she had never completely come to terms with the exposure of her own body even as part of a group comprising her peers. Glenda was a sensible and practical girl and since Mrs Miggins had been making tea when the accident occurred Glenda decided to complete the task in a spirit of good will towards the school and its Governors. However, sensible and practical she may have been, but Glenda was not noted for her attention to detail when it had been explained to her, therefore her chances of completing the required operation as prescribed by Mr Jenkins were virtually nil.

Glenda collected the various items from the resting places across the surface and reassembled them onto the tray. The kettle still had sufficient water in it to finish filling the tea pot, so she topped it up and then filled the jug with milk and in order to allow an extra cup, put a little in the cup itself. She didn't notice the strainer, which had ended up in the sink, and because she was used to tea bags herself, the omission did not register in her consciousness.

The time allowed for the break being up all the members of the Board were already seated in their appointed places around the great table when Glenda shuffled backwards through the double doors (in order not to disturb the tray she was carrying). She was not required to knock as the room was on the ground floor, but nevertheless she was greeted by complete silence as she carefully walked the length of the room in order to present the tray to Mr Jenkins. Glenda was more than a little intimidated by the silence and by the grandeur of the room, but she persevered and shortly she arrived at Mr Jenkins side. She put the tray down and in a show of good manners, lifted the pot to pour a cup for the Chairman. As she poured, the expected steam did not rise as it should from the vessel, and as the liquid became visible and the colour and opacity of the contents were noted, there was a clearly audible intake of breath from around the table.

Later, much later witnesses to the event claimed that although the cup was not steaming sufficiently, they actually saw steam emanating from Mr Jenkins collar! The explosion, when it came, was not as expected. There was no shouting, no banging of the table just an icy calm voice, which asked

"Just what do you think you are doing young lady? What is that abomination you are perpetrating on civilization?"

Glenda was taken aback, shocked at the reception her actions had received, she hesitantly replied, "Its your tea, Mr Jenkins; Mrs Miggins had an accident and I thought..."

"Thought!" roared Mr Jenkins, "Thought? You obviously haven't sufficient brain to trouble a retarded slug in an IQ contest! This is the ultimate insult, the ultimate example of the slackness and lassitude, which is infecting society as a whole and this school in particular. This is the final straw!"

His next words were spoken so softly that after the incredible volume of his last outburst, people at the far end of the room were almost unaware that Mr Jenkins was speaking.

"Miss Byers, this insult cannot and will not go un-punished, this is a matter of the utmost seriousness and requires the ultimate sanction available to the school. In fact it has made up my mind as to the new policy regarding punishments and you will be the first to experience the fate which will befall anyone foolish enough to ignore the simple instructions and rules by which this institution exists. You will remove both tops and bottoms immediately and without hesitation or argument; one word now will lead to your immediate dismissal and ejection from the Academy in a state similar to that when you entered this sad and sorry existence and your parents will be called upon to collect you from outside the school gate."

Glenda had been stunned by this turn of events and was certainly not thinking as clearly as she should have been, but the essence of Mr Jenkins last sentence came through loud and clear. That was a fate worse than anything imaginable especially since her parents were at present working as scientists on a polar ice station and were completely unavailable even to contact for at least the next three months. She knew no one in the area and in her imagination she saw herself living rough and of course naked for that period. The fact that such an existence would not have been possible did not register, and she immediately started unbuttoning her school blouse to reveal the standard issue white cotton bra worn by all the girls at the school. Her skirt followed rapidly and both were folded and placed on the Boardroom table. Bra followed in quick succession with her panties and she stood naked and extremely embarrassed in front of the whole Board of Governors with her hands clamped tightly to her thighs in case she should inadvertently appear to cover any vital part of her anatomy.

Worse was to follow. Mr Jenkins accepted the garments in silence and then spoke again in the soft icy tone, which carried such menace.

"Miss Byers," he said, "You will now have the highly dubious honour to be the first Cronenberg pupil to experience corporal punishment in living memory. Such is the magnitude of your offence that only this new sanction will sufficiently etch itself into your memory to ensure that there will be no possibility of a repeat. Bend over the table, place your arms straight out above your head, ensure your entire torso is in contact with the surface, your hips are in contact with the edge of the table and your legs straight."

The unfortunate girl assumed the position as instructed, her face burned and tears stung her eyes, never before had she been naked in front of a man, let alone men, that was bad enough, but now her body was stretched across the table with her legs spread wide facing the window and not six feet away behind her was a large and powerful man about to administer corporal punishment to the most sensitive part of her anatomy. She could feel the tightness of the skin as her position stretched it over her bottom and she could also feel, with great alarm, the lips of her virginal pussy opening with the spread of her legs. The next stage was quick and shocking both for the lack of warning and the spasm of pain which went through her like nothing she had even experienced before. Mr Jenkins, not having a cane or paddle with which to administer punishment had elected to use his hand. The second smack was delivered with equal force to the opposite cheek, the third lower on the first. The punishment continued with undiminished force in the same pattern ensuring that each blow was delivered to a new area where the nerves were fresh and fully capable of delivering their message to the brain. The ninth and last blow landed low and centre, directly on those lips Glenda had been so worried were opening and with that blow both the punishment and the pain ceased &SHY; Glenda had lost consciousness.

Mr Jenkins returned to his seat next to the still form of the girl, his anger sated for the present and looked at the faces of the people around the table. No one spoke. No one moved. The only sound was the slightly laboured breathing of the girl to his left. Mr Jenkins took out his pipe, filled it from the old leather pouch in which he kept his tobacco and struck a match. Only when it was properly lit did he speak.

"I think that proves the value or the new policy," he said. "This girl will think more than twice before she re-offends."

Miss Murguirk spoke next. "But, Mr Jenkins," she said, "we hadn't voted."

"Well, its about time we did," replied the Chairman. "All in favour of the new system please indicate in the normal way."

Hands did not move, the members of the Board were as still as they had been only a few moments earlier.

"Anyone against?"

This time the movement was unanimous, no one ever wished to see such an exhibition again and as Glenda roused she heard and saw the momentous decision that she had believed was now part of the school policy, overturned.

The Board voted Miss Murguirk as its next Chairperson the following week and a new system of enhanced humiliation was unanimously approved but that is for another time.

As for Glenda, for the first time in school history the period of a humiliation punishment was not just reduced (as was very occasionally possible) it was overturned and she left the Boardroom fully clothed if somewhat sore.

**End**