**EMMA AT SCHOOL 1**

by Rosewood

A Change Is Called For

As Emma approached her front door she decided that things really couldn't get any worse. Not only had she just split up with Steven, her boyfriend of two whole months, the two of them had been seen in a compromising position by a teacher at school and reported. Emma had been sent home in disgrace and now had to face her parents; compared to the ordeal of the last 24 hours, this part would be a doddle.

As expected, Emma's mum and dad were waiting for her, looking suitably solemn. They began their lecture with a diatribe against Steven and Emma tried not to let her deep sense of irony at the reprimand show. The truth was that Emma had discovered, belatedly, that everything her parents had told her about Steven had been true. He had only been after her virginity, he hadn't ever really loved her. He'd admitted as much to her after last night's disastrous date.

Last night! Her mind shut out her parents' droning and she drooped miserably as she recalled the terrible events. Her parents would never allow her out on school evenings - especially since Steven came along - so, naturally, she regularly slipped out in the evening and got a friend to cover. Last night was no exception. While her parents thought she was studying life in Europe during the Great War with Melanie, she was in fact engaged in heavy petting with Steven in a car parked by the pond in Hampstead.

Emma shivered as she recalled the events. As on so many occasions, Steven had been trying to get Emma to go "all the way" and, as on every such occasion, Emma had rebutted him. It was not easy either - what with two of his fingers buried deliciously inside her and his mouth nibbling at her ear lobes - but she had firmly said no. That was the point at which Steven had suddenly turned nasty, calling her a tease and a slut. He'd suddenly tried to roll himself on top of her and Emma had found herself pinned down by the combination of his weight and her awkward position. It was Mr Jenkins, the passing PE teacher who had recognized the car and peeped in to see what he thought was consensual (if under-age) sex, who had unwittingly saved Emma from rape.

Not that she could tell the head or her parents any of this, of course. Apart from the fact that she should not have been out, confessing that her "wonderful" boyfriend had tried to force her to have sex with him would have confirmed all the very worst nightmares of her mother and she would probably never have let her out again.

All this went racing through her mind as her father spoke sternly to her. When he asked about the incident by the pond, she gave her father the same response she had her headteacher: they were "fooling around", but had not made love.

Emma felt so stupid. How could she have fallen for Steven's transparent charm? She allowed her father's harsh words to soak into her, trying to stem the shame she was feeling by accepting her lecture with good grace. Suddenly, when her father fired another question at her, Emma realised she had no idea what he was talking about.

"Er... sorry, I didn't hear you."

"I said," her father repeated, slowly, "I had never thought of sending you away to boarding school, but now it seems quite a good idea. The one I have in mind, the Katherine Parr school, is well practised in dealing with poor behavior and motivation. In fact I may as well tell you now, they use corporal punishment in the school."

Such a statement would, a day or two ago, have evoked absolute outrage in Emma - yet now it simply meant being able to get away from Steven and all her friends who would be laughing at her when they found out about what had happened. No, boarding school seemed quite attractive at that moment. And as for corporal punishment! Everyone knew that almost all English schools had stopped using any form of physical punishment for fear of the law - if this Katherine Whatsist's was an exception, then the punishments administered could hardly be very unpleasant.

Emma was feeling sorry for herself again now and asked her mum, "Is that it? Can I go now?"

"Go now!!??" It was her father who spoke - or rather, shouted at her. "No you may not! Your behavior has been abysmal recently - at home and at school - and your work not much better. Too much time spent on boys!" he asserted.

Then Emma's father lifted her downturned face to his.

"Your punishment for curfew breaking and... and so on... last night."

Emma waited for the sentence. Emma's father looked uneasy and then spoke quickly.

"I've never laid a hand on you in anger in all your years, have I?"

"No, daddy."

"No. Well I think that if I am prepared to send you to a school where corporal punishment is the norm... well, I don't believe that one can sanction a form of punishment one is not prepared to carry out oneself. I..." he paused for a moment. "I'm going to spank you."

"Spank me?" The words broke her from her mental ramblings.

"Yes, Emma, spank you! Do you want it here and now, or at bed time?"

This was not anything Emma had considered - ever! However, again her lethargic depression took over and she found herself staring at the floor and saying, "Now!"

"Very well, take off your jeans, please," her father told her.

"What?" Emma exploded. "Why?"

"Because I told you to," her father said sharply. "It's obvious that your mother and I made a big mistake in not spanking you when you were younger and I'm going to make up for it now. You may be fifteen years old, but that isn't going to stop me giving you the bare-bottom spanking I should have given you years ago. Now - do as you're told!!!" Flushing with embarrassment, Emma began to strip in front of her parents, tears starting to form in her eyes now.

"Please, Daddy. You can't spank my bare bottom - I'm too old!!" she whined.

"I can and I will," he replied matter-of-factly, sitting down on a stool, taking her hand and pulling her to him as she finally extracted her feet from the heavy denim. "We have a lot of lost ground to make up!"

Emma stood before her father now with her pussy covered only by a skimpy pair of red knickers. Her father's hands reached out to grasp the waistband of her final protection firmly and then, with a tug, Emma's knickers were around her ankles, her young sex bared to her father and mother, and her face an even deeper shade of red than before.

Her mother seeing her naked was, of course, not that unusual. But her father had not seen her flowering body since she was eight or nine. She was acutely aware of what he was seeing - her delicate triangle of wispy hair which crowned her juvenile, but not inexperienced, pussy. She felt the blood pumping round her face as a vision came unbidden to her mind; she saw herself lying on her bed with her thighs spread wide and her fingers rubbing and stroking her enlarged clitoris as her father stood at the foot of the bed, watching silently. As the image sharpened in focus, Emma felt a warmth and a dampness between her legs and her feelings of shame trebled instantly. She was almost pleased to hear the next command.

"Right. Come on young lady... over my knee!"

Although she'd never heard the phrase uttered by her parents it seemed, somehow, a very familiar entreaty to her and Emma at once moved round to her father's right and leant down over his thighs. Her unfamiliar position felt firm and comforting in contrast to what she knew was to come as she laid her own naked skin over his cotton covered legs.

"I'm going to give you twenty smacks with my hand," he said, resting his palm on his daughter’s untamed bottom for a moment before raising it. I do hope it teaches you a lesson!"

With that, he lifted his hand high in the air and then, after what seemed like an eternity, he finally brought it down smartly across Emma's pale, tensed cheeks. The heat Emma had been guiltily experiencing between her legs was banished at once by the sharp sting of her father's big hand on her pale cheeks. She opened her mouth to scream, but for a few moments nothing came out. The only substantial sound was of four rapid slaps landing on her bared bottom - two on each side. Only once they had been delivered, and Emma's father had paused, did the wail trapped in her throat find its release.

At the yowl of agony, Mr Denning found his tentative conversion to this alien form of parental discipline solidifying somewhat and he continued the chastisement with redoubled force.

SMACKK! "Yeooooow! Daddy, it hurts... ouchh! Please, daddy, noooooooo!"

Ignoring, as far as he was able, his daughter's pleas for clemency, Emma's father went right on spanking her bare bottom hard with his hand until he reached sixteen. Then, Emma's sobs failing (to his own surprise and slight uneasiness) to move him one jot, he paused.

"Emma?" He spoke quietly, yet firmly.

"Yes, daddy," his red-bottomed girl replied tearfully.

"Why have I spanked you?"

There was no pause before the clear reply.

"Because I've not been doing my best at school and I've not been honest," she admitted.

Mr Denning looked across at his wife who was smiling broadly. Perhaps she really had been right all this time, he mused, and his daughter had really only wanted for a firm hand. Well, if this was the response a good spanking brought, he would stick with it.

"You are quite right," he answered her. "And what's more, young lady, as long as you reside under my roof, be that until you are sixteen or sixty, each and every exhibition of slackness or mendacity will result in your knickers coming off and your bare bottom paying the penalty. Do you understand me?"

Emma, during this last speech, had begun to cry. She had always thought of those of her friends whose parents spanked them as better of than those who, like herself, were grounded or punished in other non-physical ways. She was now becoming, very quickly, much less certain. And then to think that this was not to be a one-off! That her daddy was threatening now to put her over his knee again and again... as long as she lived there....!

"Do you understand?" The question was barked this time and accompanied by two huge swipes of Mr Denning's hand which straddled her cheeks and produced clear prints on her rosy bottom.

"Ohhhhh! Ohh! Yes, d..d..daddy," Emma managed to splutter as the last traces of puppy fat on her bottom and thighs set her bruised behind wobbling .

"Good!" Emma's father, although pleased to have discovered at last a successful mode of filial discipline, found himself feeling angry at his fifteen years of opposition to corporal punishment. He toyed for a moment with the idea of demanding that Emma submit to several further spankings before the following Monday when he would drive her to Katherine Parr's, to help to offset the trouble that she had caused his wife and himself over those years. One thing at a time, though. And he knew that in any case, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that the time would nonetheless come again when he would have cause to administer a bare-bottom spanking to young Emma. It would have to wait.

"Just two more," he said, breaking the silence which his thoughts had spun around the trio. Then he lifted his hand again and...

WHACK! "Ouuuucch!" CRACK! "Yeoooow!"

Mr Denning left his sobbing daughter in place for a minute or two before requiring her to stand.

"Leave those where they are," he told her gently as she moved to retrieve her discarded knickers. He took her by the hand and led her, still naked from the waist down, to the corner of the room and left her there - facing the corner.

"That," he said, gesturing towards his daughter's scarlet behind, "will serve to remind both of us of the new penalty for misbehaviour in this house!"

And with that, Mr Denning and his wife, left the room, their well-spanked offspring consoling herself with further tears in the corner as her still naked bottom radiated warmth.

**EMMA AT SCHOOL 2**

A Sight For Sore....

Four days after her first ever spanking, Emma was being driven to Katherine Parr School for Girls. She hadn’t had to set foot in her old school again. She hadn’t had to run the gauntlet of her friends’ accusing glances - or face Steven. As they passed it by on that dull Monday morning, Emma gave it only a cursory glance - she was moving on.

She had managed to survive without the humiliation of any further bare bottom spankings from her dad; in fact, she had amazed her parents and herself with her immaculate behavior since that first embarrassing occasion which she endured, knickers round her ankles, over her father’s knee. Now there was just the case of Katherine Parr’s infamous corporal punishment regime. In the 1990s, what with the Children’s Act and everything, what leeway did schools have in the realm of physical discipline?

This and other more mundane thoughts occupied her mind until, after an hour’s drive, her father turned the car onto the crispy gravel drive of Bronte House. Emma peered out of the window. The building didn’t look as austere as she had expected. There were curtains in the windows upstairs (what she rightly assumed must be dormitories) and the large downstairs rooms, despite their size, had a look of warmth about them. Emma’s anxiety began to diminish a little.

She felt more relaxed still when the housemaster, Mr Lindon, answered the door. He had a kindly face and Emma took to him at once, bubbling over enthusiastically when he asked her questions about her tastes and hobbies. "Well," the teacher said after a while, "Let’s get you settled shall we while I chat to your mum and dad? Say your good-byes and then follow me." Keeping inside the tears she could feel pricking at her eyes, Emma kissed her mum and dad, remembering her sore bottom of a few days ago when her dad whispered to her, "Be good!"

"I will," she promised him, turning then to follow her housemaster. "Right, then," he said as they marched briskly through his private section of the house. "Let me introduce you to my study."

Emma thought that a slightly curious thing to say, but then she expected a little linguistic eccentricity from public school and simple trotted along after him and followed him through a big oak doorway. This, obviously, was his study. It was a medium sized, beautifully decorated room with pot plants and paintings scattered liberally around its many nooks and crannies. The large mahogany desk took up a huge amount of room, but helped to make the study feel warm and comfortable. Here and there were small models of vintage cars, and the walls were literally covered with books.

Emma, however, saw nothing of this. She saw only what was placed in the middle of the room. It was a construction made of black steel tubing and green padding which Emma might have mistaken for an exercise apparatus of some kind if only its function was not being so unambiguously demonstrated by the young girl strapped to it.

Although she couldn’t see her face, Emma guessed the girl to be about her age. Her face was hidden from Emma’s line of sight because she was bent over double away from the new pupil, grasping a bar at the other side of the contraption to which her wrists were fastened by velcro straps. She was kneeling on two padded rests which effectively forced her to maintain a position with her thighs permanently spread, and her lower thighs too were secured in place.

This information alone would have been sufficient to tell any onlooker that the construction was designed to assist in the punishment of naughty pupils. However, none of these details were part of what first struck Emma dumb as she entered the room. What did strike her were three things. Firstly, that the girl bent over before her had her skirt up round her waist and her knickers neatly deposited on the floor, thus exposing her bare bottom and, due to the position of her knees, her youthful pussy. Secondly, that her bare bottom was adorned with five very angry looking, and clearly recently established, weals. And thirdly, that the weals in question had almost certainly been originated by the terrifying, four foot rattan cane lying impatiently on Mr Lindon’s desk.

"How many more, Deborah?" the housemaster asked, not unkindly.

"One," the girl sobbed.

"Good," Mr Lindon said absent-mindedly. "I’ll be back to finish you off after I’ve said goodbye to Emma’s parents. No talking please, either of you."

Neither girl, given the situation, needed this final injunction to silence and, once the housemaster had left the room, Emma’s mind finally began to draw some unpalatable conclusions from the scene before her. There were few options: either this was Mr Lindon’s own daughter (or a pupil who was "special" in some other way), or her predicament represented at least one point on the scale of punishments to which Emma’s parents were now proposing to subject her. The latter was, she knew, the more likely as well as the more frightening, and she suddenly noticed that her hands had begun to shake.

She could hear the muted voices of Mr Lindon and her parents from down the corridor and wondered whether her parents would take her home if she told them of what was happening here in this room... but she knew inside that they would wholeheartedly approve. This was to be her fate. She inched closer to the bound girl. As her eyes roamed shamelessly over the victim’s pale, but vividly striped, bottom and then dipped, uninvited, between her thighs she became aware of a dampness beneath her own cotton knickers and flushed, glad that the girl could not see her face. She was bewitched by the completeness of the girl’s submission, sex and bottom simultaneously offered up, her bonds making impossible any resistance. Emma wanted to reach out her hand and run her fingers along the moist, silky slit provocatively presented to her, but instead she slipped her fingers under her own skirt and negotiated a passage inside her knickers and then into her own wetness.

She heard Mr Lindon’s footsteps just before he entered the room and pulled her hand from between her legs quickly, blushing heavily once again and hoping he hadn’t seen. There was no way of telling from his impassive expression whether he had or not and Emma avoided his gaze and looked at the by now quite familiar bottom which, she knew, was now to receive the delayed climax of its punishment.

She looked on with a horrified fascination as Mr Lindon picked up the cane and then walked over to the girl, reaching down to offer her teeth something to bite down on before taking up his position. He stood to the left of her, the cane resting gently across both cheeks and seeking an unmarked area of flesh. Once satisfied, he widened his stance to better balance himself and then raised the cane slowly up into the air in a long arc.

Emma imagined herself now in the girl’s place, bottom naked and vulnerable, sex parted and shamefully hot and moist. She watched as Mr Lindon’s cane began the sweep down through the air, accelerating rapidly towards its target and creating a terrifying swishing sound as it gathered momentum and then suddenly....

THWACKKK! It struck! The girl’s body jerked under the force of the blow and she bit on her scream, turning it into a agonized grunt as a new welt grew almost magically under the cruel caress of the rod. Mr Lindon turned and replaced the cane on his desk and then, leaving the punished girl in place for the time being, addressed Emma in a level voice. "Well now, Emma. Deborah here will look after you for the first week or so of your stay while you get to learn how we do things. Your parents have told me the reasons they’ve sent you here, perhaps you’d like to tell me yourself as well.

Emma felt awkward speaking in front of the half naked Deborah, and part whispered her reply.

"I... I was going out with this boy who they didn’t approve of and I started getting into trouble... like not getting in on time and stuff and my dad said I needed somewhere with more discipline..."

At this, picturing herself once more under the housemaster’s cane, she began to weep and Mr Lindon’s voice softened a little.

"And corporal punishment has never been part of your discipline at home?"

"Not... not before last week," Emma replied.

"What happened last week?"

"My dad... my dad spanked me," she answered.

"For the first time," the man completed her sentence. "How?"

"He... he made me take off my jeans and then he... pulled down my knickers and put me over his knee. And then he spanked my bare bottom.

"With his hand?" Emma nodded in reply.

"How many?"

"Twenty."

Mr Lindon nodded his approval and then, rather than telling her about his school’s regime he moved to unfasten Deborah’s ties, helping her to her feet. Emma watched as the other girl slipped her knickers back on, wincing a little as they rubbed against her raw markings and flushing all the time at the thought of what the new girl had just witnessed.

"Take Emma along to your study won’t you, Deborah," he told her. "You can both sleep in the guest room this week while Emma’s finding her feet." Deborah nodded, tears still trickling one by one down her cheeks, and then smiled briefly at Emma and led her from the room silently.

Neither girl spoke until they reached Deborah’s study which, by means of its tidiness and the posters and decorations on the walls, imparted a great deal of information to the new girl about her fellow pupil’s tastes and character.

"I’m sorry I had to see you being punished," Emma ventured meekly.

"Me too!" Deborah snapped. Then, seeing the hurt expression on Emma’s face, she relented. "Hey, I’m sorry," she said more gently. "I’m not angry with you - it’s not as if you had any choice. Come on, let’s get you unpacked."

As the girls made their way to the store room where Emma’s cases had been parked temporarily, Emma tried to get some information out of her new friend about the punishment regime.

"So, does Mr Lindon often cane the girls here?" she asked. Deborah stopped and turned towards the other girl, placing her hands warmly on her shoulders.

"Look, I’m sorry," she began, "but I’m not allowed to discuss any of the rules and punishments with you until you pass your House Test. I’ve got a rule book for you which will tell you most things, but I’ll get into real trouble if anyone finds out I’ve spoken to you about punishment before you’ve passed."

She went on to explain what House Tests were. Basically, each new girl had to learn the school rule book inside out and be able to answer questions from the house captain at the end of her first week. She had to get every single question right to pass. Up until then, she was only allowed out of her study for chapel, meals, lessons and bed. Once she had passed, she would become a full member of house - and be assigned a sixth former to "fag" for. Emma had thought that fagging had only happened in boys’ public schools - and that it had died out now anyway. It seemed that Katherine Parr was a school in a time warp!

After tea (Emma was surprised to find that the food served at the school was really good - plenty of vegetarian choices) Deborah left her alone with the rule book and told her that she was allowed to answer questions about what rules meant if she was unclear - but that was all. Emma got comfortable and began to read. Her comfort was short lived....

**RULES**

1. GENERAL These rules are to be strictly adhered to by all students.

Punishment for rule breaking will on all occasions include corporal punishment, though additional sanctions may be applied as warranted by each particular case. Throughout these rules, a pupil who is to be punished shall be called the offender, and the pupil or teacher who gives the punishment shall be called the administrator. The rules set out, for each offence, minimum and maximum punishments which should be strictly adhered to except where extensions are provided for in section 4 of these rules. Where a punishment is of a greater severity than the maximum permitted to any particular administrator, the punishment shall be referred to the appropriate authority at the necessary level. All punishments shall be administered to the bottom.

2. HIERARCHIES (in descending order)

2a. Implements (abbreviations)

Birch (B)

Cane ©

Tawse (T)

Paddle (P)

Hairbrush (H)

Slipper (S)

Ruler ®

Hand (X)

2b. Clothing (abbreviations)

Bare bottom (b)

Knickers only (p)

One layer of clothing (1)

Fully clothed (f)

2c. Administrators (max punishment)

Headmaster (24Bb)

Housemaster/mistress (12Cb)

House captain (12Tb)

House tutor (20Pb)

Class teacher (40Pp)

School prefect (9Tb)

House prefect (15H1)

Dormitory monitor (6Sb)

General monitor (18Rf)

Note: max no of strokes doubled for each movement down the implement or clothing hierarchies (e.g. max punishment for School prefect is equivalent to 36Pp). Administrators may not use implement or clothing levels above that given as their maximum.

1. GUIDELINES FOR ADMINISTRATION

3a. Privacy Bare bottom punishment should always be conducted in private, except where:

there are a number of co-offenders, in which case they may be punished together - there is an identifiable victim of the offence, in which case they may observe the punishment - it is decided (at house captain level or higher) that by conducting the punishment in public, other potential offenders may be deterred from similar offences - it is decided (at housemaster/mistress level or higher) that it is otherwise appropriate for the punishment to be observed by a third party - the offender’s guardians have requested the medical officer’s presence - the offender’s guardians have requested that the punishment be administered in public

3b. Method

There are no specific requirements for the method of administration. In general: - offenders should be afforded a basic level of dignity - punishments should not be conducted in cruel or obscene ways - the duration of punishments should not be unreasonably extended 3c. Information to guardians. Guardians shall be notified of all punishments at the level of 6Cb or higher in advance of administration. Guardians may require: - a medical officer to be present - a medical inspection to be made before and after the punishment - a phone conversation with the offender prior to administration In the event of a 3Bb punishment (or higher), the above conditions are mandatory.

3d. Appeals

Offenders may appeal against a punishment AFTER its administration. If the appeal is successful, double the equivalent punishment shall be voided in lieu at the next offence. If the appeal is unsuccessful, the punishment shall be repeated.

1. EXTENSIONS

4a. Refusal

Offenders who refuse to accept punishment shall, following one reminder of the appeals procedure, be liable to doubling of strokes, implements or clothing level for each refusal. Administrators shall refer punishments upwards if such doubling takes the punishment beyond their maximum.

4b. Denial

Where an offender denies an offence, following one reminder of the appeals procedure, their punishment shall be preceded by 6Xb (or 6Xp, 6X1 or 6Xf where this is the limit of the administrator’s powers). This additional punishment shall be repeated as necessary until the offender agrees to accept the original punishment.

4c. Physical or verbal aggression

Where an offender becomes physically or verbally aggressive or abusive, the doubling procedure outlined in 4a shall be invoked.

4d. Three strikes and out

Following the third punishment for an identical offence within a three week period, an offender shall be referred upwards to the necessary level and receive an additional punishment of 12 strokes at two implement levels and one clothing level higher than the punishment administered for the offence itself.

1. RULES (min-max punishment)

5a. General conduct Pupils shall not bring the school into disrepute (3Tp-6Bb) Pupils shall wear correct uniform (3Sp-2Cb) Pupils shall be polite and obedient towards teachers (6X1-6Cb) Pupils shall be polite to other pupils (6X1-3Cb)

5b. Lessons and work

Pupils shall attend all lessons on their timetable (3Pb-6Cb) Pupils shall behave sensibly and appropriately throughout lessons (6Pp-6Cb) Pupils shall complete all assignments on time (3Pp-12Pb) Pupils shall work hard throughout lessons (3Pf-20Pp) Pupils shall comply with all instructions given by their teacher (3Pf-20Pb)

... by this time Emma was lying on the couch in Deborah’s study with tears flowing down her cheeks so quickly that she could no longer read the close-typed text. There were pages more of similar rules, creating a web of directions in which no girl could hope, surely, to remain unentangled. Emma would have thought the book a practical joke if she hadn’t already witnessed her room-mate receiving the last of six strokes of the cane on the bare bottom earlier that day. Now, as she read through the rules, the sense of apprehension that had stalked her then grew into a towering monster. She remembered her father’s recent spanking of her and realised now that it had been nothing in comparison to what she could expect here! She resolved, as every girl did on their arrival at Katherine Parr, to be a model pupil.

Suddenly the door burst open and Deborah came flouncing through, red in the face and swearing copiously. She ignored Emma completely and threw herself onto the room’s other couch on her front.

Emma guessed at the probable source of her friend’s distress and got up to approach her, caressing Deborah’s hair gently.

"What happened?" she asked quietly.

"I’m not allowed to tell you!" the tearful girl snapped. "You know that!" Emma ignored this unwarranted outburst and continued to stroke Deborah’s hair.

"Can’t you just leave me alone? It’s not there it hurts!"

Deborah regretted her harsh words immediately, her tears flowing faster as her comforter got up and walked off.

"I’m sorry," she whined. "Emma, really...."

"That’s OK," Emma answered without a trace of a rebuke. "You’re quite right."

"About what?"

"That you’re not allowed to tell me what happened and that it’s not your head that hurts." She smiled. "I have a solution."

"What?" Deborah murmured, closing her eyes once more as Emma returned and hoping that she’d continue her tender caresses. What solution? she asked herself dozily, the pain in her recently paddled bottom making continued rational thought impossible. When she sensed her skirt being raised, at first she imagined that she was back in her house tutor’s room, bent over his knee. Then she realised that it was Emma by her side, exposing her knickers and lifted her head.

"Hey! What are you doing?"

"Just you lie still," Emma told her sternly, pushing her room-mates head back down and finding, to her pleasure, that Deborah allowed herself to be thus placated.

When, next, Emma took hold of Deborah’s knickers and pulled them steadily down her legs and off her ankles, Deborah lay still, still in the mode of accepting obedience required during punishments in the school. Her fuzzy brain hoped only that Emma wasn’t going to spank her, not recognising the unlikelihood of that.

"I’ve got this herbal cream," Emma explained now, rubbing a small quantity of the cold, white preparation on her palms. "It’s brilliant for any external injury, like nettles and bruises and stuff. I can’t see why it shouldn’t work on your bottom."

She looked down now at Deborah’s cheeks. The six welts given to her by Mr Lindon were still very much in evidence, but they were now swimming in a vivid sea of red which covered her whole bottom. She wondered if Deborah would talk just a little in her woozy condition.

"Paddle or slipper?" she asked nonchalantly.

"Paddle," Deborah admitted sleepily. "Ten whacks for not getting my homework done for Miss Pearson again. Bitch!"

"Careful what you say!" Emma warned her with a smile. "You don’t know who might be listening!"

With that, she began to smooth the ointment into Deborah’s sore behind, the girl wincing at first under her fingers, but then moaning with relief as the remedy began to have its effect. As she rubbed, Emma delighted in the feel of her friend’s cheeks. She had only ever fancied boys - she thought - but their bottoms were horrible. Either too fat or too thin, too hairy or too pale.... But this, this olive-coloured peach-shaped bottom was perfect; the skin smooth to the touch, responsive under the fingers. "Ouch!" Emma caught a weal with her finger-nail and apologised profusely. Instinctively she bent down to kiss the injured part tenderly, being rewarded by a muted gasp from the girl beneath her. She began to kiss each of the red stripes laced across Deborah’s bottom and, as she did so, she was aware of a creeping heat between her own thighs. She moved her face close to the place where Deborah’s pussy lay hidden between her closed legs and smelt what she knew was female arousal. As she continued to kiss and caress her friend’s bare bottom, Emma allowed one of her hands to slip between her own thighs and find her pussy, rubbing hard at her clitoris and closing her eyes.

As she neared orgasm, Emma stopped working on Deborah’s body and Deborah remained silent as she felt the couch move slightly in rhythm to her friend’s masturbation and heard the shallow gasps Emma made as she approached her climax. As she heard the other girl coming, Deborah crushed her pussy down on the couch, relieving just a little of her own tension, but wishing she had the courage to ask Emma to touch her pussy and make love to her. Like Emma, she considered herself to be straight - but unlike her she had had several relationships with other girls - all at school - and was enchanted, rather than disgusted, at Emma’s obvious desire for her. Emma had been taken by surprise by her sudden lust and, having come just once, she removed her hand from her knickers and continued to massage the cream into her friend’s bottom, as if pretending that nothing had happened. During Emma’s first week at school, she neither received a spanking herself nor, apart from the caning she witnessed on her very first day, did she see one being administered. She suspected, correctly, that this was by design - as if spanking her would admit her to the world of Katherine Parr before she had passed her Test.

She crammed for it constantly; not being allowed out of the study she shared with Deborah, it was fairly easy to avoid distraction. Her isolation was completed by an injunction against other pupils entering Deborah’s study during Emma’s period of purdah.

She did have some contact with the school’s corporal punishment regime though. Either Deborah was one of those kids who gets into trouble a lot, or punishments really were dished out left, right and centre. Emma’s room-mate would roll in once, twice - sometimes three times a day, clutching her bottom with a tear-streaked face. When she did so, Emma would pick up her herbal cream and begin to smear the sweet smelling mixture over her hands while Deborah slipped off her knickers and lay on the couch ready to have her spanking soothed. Emma tried each time to gauge what punishment her friend had received, although Deborah no longer confirmed her guesses. Strappings and canings were the easiest to spot because of the distinctive stripes left by their beatings and Emma was grateful to find that these were relative rarities. Often, though, the only clue available was the vividness of the redness left by the administrator.

As the days passed, Deborah began to adopt a different posture for Emma’s caresses. Claiming that the cream worked better when her skin was taut, she now knelt up on the bed with her bare bottom up in the air - just as if she were waiting for a spanking. Emma continued to keep the lid on the sexual part of her reaction to Deborah’s flirtation, never refusing to get out the cream and never failing to become wet as she smoothed her hands over her friend’s ready-warmed bottom, but never either letting her hands stray between Deborah’s thighs.

On Saturday, the day before Emma’s test, Deborah came back from a particularly heavy afternoon in floods of tears. She hadn’t been caned (Emma’s first thought) but had received a bare-bottom hand-spanking from a boy who was now a school prefect, but who had the previous year been Deborah’s boyfriend. She had been really upset when he had dropped her and she still really fancied him.

Emma didn’t even know that there were any boys in the school and Deborah explained that teachers’ sons were allowed to attend and there were usually about two or three in each year at the school. They were given no special treatment and their presence did lead to some embarrassment for both boys and girls, given the punishment regime of the school. When boys deserved, in the sixth form, to be made prefects, they were - and were trusted not to abuse their right to remove girl’s knickers.

Today this particular prefect, Robbie, had caught Deborah skipping class and, despite her pleas to refer her, he had insisted on administering her punishment himself. He had also refused to listen to her entreaty not to bare her bottom because of their previous involvement.

"Don’t be ridiculous," he chided her. "First of all, you can’t expect prefects to give their ex-girlfriends special treatment, and secondly, unlike most girls I spank, I’ve already seen your bare bottom haven’t I?"

"Yes, I know, but..." Deborah began.

"No buts! Come on, come to my study or I’ll spank you out here on the lawn."

Deborah slouched along after this boy whom she still lusted after, who no longer wanted her, but who was now about to give her a bare bottom spanking. When they got to his study, Robbie sat down and contemplated his task.

"Of course, you should get an extension for your protests," he said.

"However, I understand your reasons, so I shall simply adapt the punishment to persuade you of my determination to carry out my duties properly. You will strip to your knickers, please!"

"No!!" Deborah screeched.

The prefect jumped to his feet, took her face in his hands and spoke quietly.

"If you make one more refusal, I shall double up twice and you’ll be getting the tawse across your bare bottom. Now do as you’re told!" Crying steadily, Deborah started to remove her clothing, remembering the times she had gladly taken off her clothes for this boy and welcomed his fingers between her thighs. These memories flooded not only her mind but also her pussy and she knew she was getting wet enough for Robbie to see her arousal if she didn’t keep her legs pressed tightly together. Robbie’s face was appreciative, rather than impassive, as Deborah unfastened her bra and slowly exposed her breasts. She found herself flushing with a humiliating pleasure that he still seemed to find her attractive, mixed with embarrassment at her hardened nipples: pert teats that Robbie’s lips had often surrounded.

When she finally stood naked before him, except for her skimpy knickers, Robbie beckoned her to him and ran his hands gently up her legs to the crotch of her remaining garment. Then, without actually touching her pussy, he took hold of the strip of cotton which passed between her legs and tugged downwards. Inch by inch, Robbie uncovered Deborah’s triangle of blond hair and then continued his task until the girl’s knickers fell uselessly to the floor around her ankles. Then he took her hand and she stepped out of her knickers and allowed her ex- boyfriend to take her over his knee.

When his hand began to stroke her bare bottom, Deborah was unable to hold in a moan of sensual pleasure and she closed her eyes and scolded herself harshly as his hand travelled down to the top of her thighs, applying the gentlest of outward pressure, and Deborah responded, despite her earlier resolution, by parting her thighs until her soaking pussy was on full view. Only then, when Robbie had demonstrated his total command of her, did the boy begin to punish her for skipping class. A full thirty-six hard smacks, covering every square inch of her cheeks and moving down to spank the back of her thighs towards the end of the punishment. Deborah howled and cried, and indeed the spanking was a fierce one, but the greatest pain was that this boy, who no longer wished to make love with her, was happy to use his power to strip and spank her.

Once he had finished, Robbie made her stand, still naked, in front of him for a final reproach.

"Before you go, you will thank me for punishing you," he told her. Any rebelliousness in her had been suppressed by the weight of his hand on her naked bottom and she replied meekly.

"Thank you for spanking my bare bottom," she said. "I should not have skipped class and I deserved to be punished."

"You certainly did. And be warned that I shall be keeping a very careful eye on you, young lady, over the next term. If you put a foot wrong, you can be certain I shall have you in here with your knickers off and over my knee. And it will be the strap you’ll be feeling next time! Dismissed!" Deborah had run back over the grounds to her own house and down the corridor to her study, falling into Emma’s warm embrace and, breaking the rule for once, telling her friend about everything that had happened. Emma had responded by taking Deborah, bare bottomed, over her knee herself, but to soothe rather than spank her, rubbing the cream into her sore flesh with a deep sensuality and listening with delight to the moans and sighs of the girl beneath her hands.

On Sunday morning, Deborah kissed Emma tenderly and sent her off down the corridor to the house captain’s study.

"Good luck!" she said. "You show them!"

"I’ll try," Emma replied with a rather forced grin, before walking slowly down the corridor to the blue door at the far end that led to Amanda’s study.

"Come! Ah... Emma, isn’t it? Good. Sit down here and we’ll begin at once. Ready?"

Amanda was a tall, imposing eighteen year old who would have kept the members of her house on a tight rein even if she hadn’t been given the power to upend and spank them. As is was, no girl failed to give her the respect she demanded. In the room with the house captain were five other sixth-formers, all prefects. They sometimes asked the odd question, but principally the House Test was Amanda’s responsibility.

"I... I think so."

"Fine. What can you get an extension for?"

"Er," Emma’s mind went blank for a moment and she thought she was going to remember nothing. Then the words flashed into her head. "Refusal, denial, physical or verbal aggression, or three offences in three weeks."

"OK. What is the punishment for smoking?"

"A minimum of six strokes with the tawse on the bare bottom and a maximum of twelve strokes of the cane."

"Mm, hm. What is the maximum punishment a house tutor can give?"

"Twenty strokes of the paddle on the bare bottom."

The questions went on for fifteen minutes, the answers coming easily to Emma as her confidence built up. Then, as she sensed the test was coming to an end....

"How is a house public conducted?"

"A... a what?"

Emma knew that her response had made it impossible even for her to bluff now, but she knew she hadn’t even read those words. She could see the interest of the prefects, sitting behind their leader, growing.

"A house public. Come on, it’s in the appendix."

"Appendix? What appendix?"

Amanda, who had been smiling up until now, began to frown.

"The appendix at the back of the rule book. The last two pages."

"I... I..." tears were beginning to well up in her now. She had seen the appendix - she remembered now - but for some reason she hadn’t thought it was part of the rules. Why hadn’t she asked? She began to get desperate. "I didn’t know... I... can I have an extra day...?"

"You can have an extra three days," Amanda said. "You have failed I’m afraid, so you’re still on restricted movement. You’ll come back here at eight o’clock on Wednesday morning. And I would suggest you make sure you get every question right."

"I will. I promise. Can I go now?"

"Not yet, I’m afraid. There is something else I must attend to first. Stand up, please."

Emma stood shakily and watched as the house captain walked over to her desk and pressed a large red button on the wall. Then she opened a drawer and, to Emma’s horror, took from it a long, stiff leather strap. She walked back over to where the younger girl was standing and held it so that Emma could see it clearly. It was some eighteen inches long and about two inches wide, dark brown in colour, and was cut into fingers at one end. The other end was bound into a short handle.

"Do you know what this is?" Amanda asked her sternly.

"Y... yes. It... it’s a tawse," she whispered.

"And what is it for?"

"For..." she was weeping heavily now. "For giving punishments."

"Yes. For giving punishments. For spanking the bare bottoms of naughty young girls. And, as you will find, it is extremely effective. Kneel down please."

**EMMA AT SCHOOL 3**

The cost of failure

Obediently, Emma knelt on the carpeted floor and closed her eyes, trying not to imagine what would happen next. What did happen was that the door opened.

"Deborah. Come in please."

Deborah? What was she doing there? Amanda went on.

"I'm sorry to tell you that Emma has failed her House Test. You know what that means?"

"Yes, Amanda," Emma's friend replied.

"Well?"

"The tawse. Eight whacks on the bare bottom."

Eight strokes on her bare bottom. Emma could hardly believe her ears and she felt tears running down her cheeks.

"Correct," Amanda continued. "Stand in front of Emma please."

Emma opened her eyes as Deborah approached her, wanting her friend to hug her, console her or, better still, persuade the house captain not to flog her. But she kept her mouth closed while Deborah walked up to stand right in front of her. Not only, it appeared, was she to be punished, but her only friend at the school, as well as the house prefects, was going to watch.

"Emma!"

At Amanda's sharp voice, Emma snapped her head up.

"Yes, Amanda," she croaked.

"Please remove Deborah's skirt."

"Wh... what?" Emma's mind was racing ahead, trying to work out what twist was being added to her punishment, but no clarification was forthcoming.

"Just do as you are told please, young lady."

Emma reached up and unfastened the clasps that held up Deborah's school skirt, dropping it to the floor. Her face was only inches from her friend's subtly bulging knickers and, despite the circumstances, she felt a familiar twitching between her own thighs.

"Now pull her knickers down, right to her ankles."

Something strange was happening here, Emma thought as she lifted her hands to the elastic waistband of Deborah's white cotton knickers. However unlike you, dear reader, she lacked the distance necessary to recognise her error and still feared for her own bottom as she bared Deborah's pretty pussy and landed her knickers on the ground.

It was only when Amanda gave her next instruction that the penny dropped.

"Good. Now, Deborah, feet apart please and move forwards a little for me. Emma, will you take a firm hold of Deborah's legs for me."

Deborah obeyed at once, spreading her thighs to give Emma an even better look at her slightly parted pussy lips and the pink secrets within and then, as Emma took hold of her legs, anticipating the next instruction by bending down over her friend to hold on to Emma's elbows. In spite of the fact that she had clearly brought about the tawsing of, not herself, but her friend, Emma could think of little at that moment but the sight and haunting scent of her friend's sex.

Again Amanda broke in on her personal thoughts.

"Until you pass your House Test," she said, a little regretfully, "I am not permitted to administer corporal punishment to you. You will, of course, receive a generous amount when you finally do pass, but in the meantime your friend Deborah will take the thrashing you have earned. Did you hear what that was to be?"

Emma felt a guilty blush rising to her cheeks as she stammered the answer.

"Er... eight stroke of the tawse on... on the bare bottom."

"Correct. Usually offenders count out the strokes as they are being beaten. As you are the offender, you will count please."

"Please..." Emma suddenly began, as if finally realising what she had brought down upon her friend. "Can't you just...."

"Silence!" Amanda ordered her. "Or Deborah, not you, will face additional strokes for insolence. "Count out loud please!"

And with that angry command, Amanda lifted the tawse high and swept it down in a long arc to crash loudly and forcefully across Deborah's bared bottom.

As her friend screamed with pain, Emma began to cry again, wondering whether Deborah would ever speak to her again, let alone continue to be her friend. Tearfully she whimpered the first count.

"One!"

As the second stroke landed, Emma felt Deborah's body jump under the might of the blow and heard the jolt echoed in her loud screech of anguish.

I did this! Emma told herself. I might as well be wielding the strap myself! How will Deborah ever be able to forgive me?

THWACK! "Oooohh!"

Tears from Deborah's eyes began to fall onto Emma's bare calves as she counted out the strokes, Deborah's pain given voice in her desperate sobbing as she endured the punishment for her trainee failing the House Test.

Then, as Deborah's bare bottom was strapped for a sixth time, Emma became aware of a strong, sweet scent and realised to surprise that it was the smell of her friend's arousal - the same smell she had delighted in on the several occasions when she had soothed Deborah's well-spanked cheeks.

Could she really be getting turned on by this cruel spanking? Could this vicious flogging really be warming not only Deborah's behind, but also her pussy. Emma's own wetness (which had not surprised her) now increased as she contemplated her friend's sexual response to being beaten and she imagined herself in Deborah's position - bent over with her knickers off and receiving Amanda's robust attention. Surely all she would feel would be the burning pain of the strap? Surely she wouldn't find her sex crying out for attention in the way her friend's pussy was now?

CRACK! "Noooh!"

In her reverie, Emma almost forgot to call out "Seven!" as Deborah's scream of agony cut through her mind, her whole body on fire now as the different aspects of this electrifying event intermixed with each other.

Deborah's arousal was unmistakable now. Her pussy's wetness was visible to Emma from her position between the other girl's thighs (and therefore visible too to Amanda as she wielded the strap!). She watched as Amanda's tennis-trained arm lifted the leather high above her head for a final time and pulled it sharply through the air.

Emma followed the tawse with her eyes as it snaked down across her roommate's buttocks, cursing her position as she couldn't watch the impact and the unravelling of the new weal she knew must have been left by the stroke. For the last time (for this session at least) Deborah's mouth opened and her voice exploded bitterly around the room.

"Eight!" yelled Emma in response.

Amanda said nothing for the moment, but walked back to her desk to replace the tawse in its hiding place, leaving Deborah half- naked and exposed. Emma desperately now wanted to lean forwards to taste the sweet-smelling juices whose scent was still infusing her confused mind. However, she simply waited for Amanda to issue her next instruction which she did almost immediately.

"Stand up, Deborah," she said. "You need to get back to educating your trainee don't you. I'd hate to have to call you back here again on Wednesday. And anyway, I want to be able to have the opportunity of putting young Emma over my knee, so you need to ensure she passes. Understand?"

"Yes, Amanda," Deborah replied, still standing in front of her friend and naked from the waist down, her swollen clitoris peeking inquisitively from the folds of her sex.

"Good. You can replace your skirt... but no knickers until your charged has passed, I think. Just to remind you of the importance I attach to it. OK?"

"Yes, Amanda."

Deborah pulled her skirt on and silently left the room with Emma following, head-bowed, behind. Her friend was being deprived of her knickers too - as well as getting the strap. And all because of her. She began to weep again as they approached Deborah's study.

"What are you snivelling about?" Deborah demanded.

"I... I'm sorry... I'm sorry for...." Emma began.

"Oh don't bother with your pathetic excuses. Just learn that fucking book!"

And with that, Deborah threw herself onto her couch face down and began, heaving gently, to cry her eyes out. Emma gingerly tried stroking her hair, but Deborah slapped her hand away and grunted loudly. Emma had screwed up good an proper. Deborah was her only friend at the school and it was beginning to look as though she may have lost her though this horrible business.

"Deborah..." she whispered. "Deborah!"

"What do you want, you little shit?" "I... I wanted to ask... I mean, are you... will you still be my friend?"

Deborah sat up sharply, her tears held back for the moment.

"Are you serious?" she asked.

"Of course... I mean, I don't know anyone here and..." And again Emma collapsed in tears.

"Listen Emma," Deborah said a little less harshly.

"Yes?"

"Have you just had your bare bottom strapped?"

"N... no. What do..."

"So just SHUT THE FUCK UP! I've got the reason to cry, not you!"

Emma flinched at the blow.

"I'm really sorry, Deborah. Really I am."

"Yeah, really!" Deborah retorted.

"I am. Can... can I rub some cream on you?"

Deborah's look was withering.

"And what makes you think I'd want you near me, letting alone smearing your grubby hands over my bare bum?"

"I just... I don't know anyone... I don't have any friends...."

As Emma dissolved once again, Deborah felt her heart softening a little. But she wasn't ready to let the new girl off just yet.

"Deborah?"

"Yes?"

"Would you... if I... would you let me be your friend if I let you..." She looked Deborah in the eyes and then looked down, "If I let you spank me."

Deborah wasn't ready for that and had to check herself to stop her from jumping around the room excitedly.

"Spank you?" she asked, with a vaguely interested tone.

Emma just nodded.

"Hmmm. I suppose that might make a difference. A bare bottom spanking?"

"Yes... OK," Emma agreed.

"Let's see... twelve whacks with... with whatever I want."

Emma recalled Deborah's wailing under the cane and tawse and recoiled a little.

"Couldn't you just spank me with your hand?"

Deborah found that idea particularly delicious, but didn't let on.

"I don't know about that.... OK, I'm prepared to agree to forty smacks with my hand... and also six with the instrument of my choice?"

Emma realised that this was an increase in the scale, but nodded her assent anyway.

"Ok, Deborah. Wh... when do you want to do it?"

"I'm not sure. Whenever and wherever I want, though. Agreed?"

"Yes."

"Good. Now, what about my bottom rub?"

Emma was surprised at how pleasant Deborah was being now, unaware of quite how many times the other girl had masturbated herself to sleep while fantasising about spanking Emma's bare bottom. She responded by beginning to remove her friend's clothing and Deborah allowed her to strip her completely, not questioning the need for her breasts to be bared for a bottom massage.

Emma led Deborah over to the couch and placed her as she wanted her: on her knees with her bottom facing out into the room and, again with no protest, with her knees a full two feet apart. Taking her tube of cream, Emma knelt between her friend's feet which projected out over the edge of the couch and, as she rubbed a good quantity over her palms she looked, for the third time only, upon Deborah's pussy. Although, following the advice of her mum's women's magazines, Emma had inspected her own genitals with a mirror, she had never thought of female sex organs as "beautiful". But now, her face only inches from her friend's glistening pink folds, she found herself transfixed by every crevice. She could see Deborah's clitoris, enlarged like a tiny fat finger, and wanted so much to slide her own digits through the warm wetness of her and to caress that eager button.

Instead she began to smooth her cream over Deborah's bottom, but this time her hands began quite soon to roam down over the girl's thighs and then between them. She managed to restrain herself for a full five minutes before, responding to Deborah's moans and her wiggling bottom and her own mounting desire, she finally allowed a single finger to stray, as if lost, away from the pinkness of the girl's bottom and into the pinkness of her slit.

This tiny action changed everything between them. Deborah let out a long sigh of intense pleasure and Emma's response appeared one hundred percent natural, she fell into her friend's arms, her mouth seeking out Deborah's and her hand homing in on her sex. Two fingers slid easily deep inside Deborah's vagina, Emma's thumb finding her clit and circling it repeatedly. At the same time, Deborah began to pull at Emma's clothing and, within minutes, both girls were completely naked and licking and stroking each other's bodies with the passion created by a week's steadily growing arousal.

Although Emma had never experienced an orgasm at the hands of another, and Deborah only very rarely, they both came quickly and noisily, continuing their lovemaking through further climaxes until each was completely exhausted and they lay, covered in sweat, entwined in each other's arms. In the mind's eye of each girl there was now playing a very similar sequence of images. Emma having her knickers pulled off. Deborah pulling Emma over her knee. Emma's skirt being raised to bare her pale, young bottom. Deborah lifting her hand and beginning to give Emma only the second bare bottom spanking of her life.

**EMMA AT SCHOOL 4**

Asking for it

Emma has failed her House Test on the school rules. As a result, her only friend at the school, Deborah, has been punished - a bare-bottom strapping. As a way of winning back Deborah’s friendship, Emma has volunteered to submit to a spanking from her. The ploy has worked and the girls have now become lovers.

Nothing was said about Emma’s punishment until the morning when the girls awoke next to each other in one of the two narrow single beds in the guest room.

"Mmmmm." As Emma’s senses stirred, she became aware of the soft, warm flesh next to her and nuzzled happily against Deborah’s breasts.

"I thought you’d never wake up," her lover replied, running a finger down Emma’s spine.

"Tired," Emma answered with closed eyes and a relaxed smile, giggling then as Deborah’s hand slipped between her legs and roused her pussy, her thighs parting to welcome the touch.

"Oohh, that’s nice," she whispered, kissing Deborah’s nipples lightly and luxuriating in the snug feel of two fingers lodged deep inside her while her girlfriend’s spare hand approached her sleepy clitoris.

"Good," Deborah cooed. "I need you awake so that I can begin the first part of your spanking."

"F... first part," Emma stammered, the warmth in her pussy making conversation difficult. "What do you mean?"

"Well, I didn’t say anything about everything happening in one go. I mean, forty hand smacks and six with... well, something else - that could keep me going for days."

"You’ve only got two," Emma reminded her.

"Yes. A pity," Deborah agreed. "So... better start now then."

"Now?" Deborah’s fingers were still stroking her sex deliciously and she rather hoped that her lover might finish what she had started, rather than.... But no. Suddenly her pussy was abandoned and she was left only with a damp emptiness and the promise of a sore bottom.

"What are you going to use?" Emma asked, thinking that getting it over might be the best tactic.

"Well.... difficult," the other girl replied. "I’d love to strap or cane you... but if you do pass your Test on Wednesday then your cute little bum isn’t likely to stay covered for very long and we don’t want any marks, do we? So - go and look in the top drawer over there please."

Emma obediently got out of bed and, naked still, walked across the room to the desk, Deborah enjoying the sight of her well-proportioned body as she moved. Emma pulled back the drawer and lifted out the table-tennis bat within. It was one of those old-fashioned ones: basically a bit of wood with a bumpy plastic covering on each side. She felt the blood rushing to her head as she turned, holding the implement, to her lover.

"With... with this?" she asked quietly.

"Indeed. Hand it to me please."

Emma handed over the heavyish bat and waited for her instructions. Somehow she felt anticipation rather than fear and the heat between her thighs wasn’t abating either.

"Does... does this turn you on?" she asked. "You know.. spanking me?" Deborah replied by crooking her finger to draw Emma nearer and then guiding the girl’s hand down to her own sex, Emma fingers finding her hot, slippery and accommodating.

"Do you mind?" Deborah asked her.

"No. I just wondered. What do you want me to do?"

"Normally, I’ll spank you over my knee. However, I want this first one to really hurt so I’ll need a bit more swing. Face the desk, legs wide apart, and bend over. No, hang on."

She trawled through a couple of drawers until she found a clean white handkerchief.

"Can’t have any screams, can we?" she observed, handing the makeshift gag to the other girl.

Emma bit on the hanky and then followed the earlier instructions, for the second time in two weeks presenting her bare bottom for chastisement - this time at the hands (and bat) of a girl her own age. She didn’t have long to ponder, however, for Deborah wasted no time in lining up her shot and swinging the bat like an Olympic ping-ponger (or is it ping-pongist?). It flashed through the air and slammed into Emma’s exposed cheeks like a locomotive.

"Mmphhh!" Emma howled ineffectively through the gag as the sharp sting of the bat shot through her bottom, its afterglow reminding her of the time she’d had to pee while walking in a local wood as a little girl with her parents and had crouched down atop a clump of stinging nettles.

WHACK! WHACK!

The gag not only prevented Emma from screaming at the pain being inflicted on her by her "friend", it also stopped her from begging and pleading to be spared the last three strokes with the bat. If she had been in a fit sense to reason she would have recognized that this bottom-warming was extremely mild compared to what was often dished out at Katherine Parr - mild, in fact, compared to the punishments that Emma herself had watched being inflicted on Deborah.

Deborah would no doubt have argued, correctly surely, that her spanking of Emma in this way would help to acclimatise her to the school’s regime and that, in any case, it was in no way exceptionally severe. Because of the gag, however, Deborah didn’t have to consider the question - in fact she only wondered whether she might not have been rather over-lenient. Certainly there was a pleasing red glow to her lover’s bare bottom, but only six strokes? She had better make sure the last three really counted. Emma noticed the difference. Having mistakenly thought that she was experiencing ping-pong punishment at its hardest, Deborah was now pointing out her error most effectively and causing Emma to bounce around in a very unladylike manner under the fierce attention of the bat, ceasing only after the delivery of the sixth stroke.

"You may remove the gag and dress now," Deborah said in a businesslike tone.

"Thank you," Emma snivelled having freed her voice and then finding that dressing was not a painless affair either - not when you’ve chose to wear tight knickers and your bottom has been well spanked.

"There remain forty hand-smacks," Deborah reminded her. "That’s six sessions of six smacks - plus four for me to use now in your training."

"Tr... training," the half-dressed girl stammered in reply.

"Yes. I will choose the setting for three of those spankings, on the other three occasions you will ask me to punish you. Understand?"

"Yes, Deborah." Her friend’s voice told her that complaint was not an option.

"Of the three spankings you request (all before tomorrow night, of course), one must take place out of doors. When I choose to spank you, you will obey at once, regardless of the situation. Is that absolutely clear?"

"Yes, Deborah."

"Good. Now, sometimes I will ask you to strip to receive your punishment, at other times simply to "prepare". We’ll practice the latter one now. When asked to prepare, you must remove your knickers and lift your skirt to your waist. Then you come and stand before me with your legs apart and a hanky in your mouth so that I may touch you if I wish. When I give the command you will bend down over my knee and I will take care of the rest. So - prepare!"

Emma wanted to beg to be spared this further spanking, yet she also wanted to please her lover and she dutifully slipped her knickers to the floor once more, stuffed the same handkerchief in her mouth and stood as instructed in front of Deborah, pussy exposed and open.

"Very good," Deborah noted, choosing (to Emma’s frustration) not to play with her. "Now, over my lap, young lady."

Following the scenario, Emma laid herself across Deborah’s knee and felt her friend shifting her around a little to ensure she was able to get a good shot. Then she stroked Emma’s bare bottom one or twice and lifted her hand.

"Naughty girls get punished at this school. It’s time you learned that," Deborah intoned, slapping hard at Emma’s neatly turned up cheeks. "And what’s more, if you fail your house test this time, I’ll be taking the cane to you. Do you understand that, missy?"

"Nnngghh!" Emma gurgled through her full mouth, nodding her head vigorously as her bottom was smacked again.

"And if you pass, in addition to all the other punishments you receive you will submit to up to four spankings per week from me during your first three months. Six smacks on the bare bottom on each occasion. Agreed?" Again, following the question and the harsh smack which accompanied it, Emma nodded her head, despite the fact that she was now agreeing to a massive heightening of the stakes.

"Good girl, Emma," Deborah said quietly. "One more smack and you can get ready for lessons."

She slipped a finger into the warm crevice between her friend’s thighs and waited for Emma to respond with a thrust of her hips before sliding her finger quickly out and administering the final hard slap.

All through morning lessons, Emma found herself unable to think of anything but her warm bottom and the certainty that the heat in her cheeks would soon be topped-up. She failed to answer most of the teacher’s questions and she could tell by the look on his face that he was extremely annoyed not to be able to take the paddle to her. She couldn’t tell that he was logging her poor performance with a view to "settling up" at a later date. At lunch time Emma sped back to Deborah’s study and was disappointed to find her friend not yet back. Still finding her new situation like a long dream, Emma’s actions seemed to be following a plan over which she had no control. She reached beneath her school skirt and slipped her knickers off quickly and then got out the rule book which she dropped onto the couch. Next she collected the various cushions together and piled them up in the centre of the couch. Finally, Emma climbed up onto the couch, hiking her skirt up past her waist and leaning across the pile of cushions. In this position, she would be able to read and re-read the rule book while she waited for Deborah to come back and then, when the door opened and her lover entered the room, she would hardly need to ask for the first of her six spankings.

Deborah was impressed. She’d not had a good morning (and in fact had got her own bottom paddled in class) and was ready to call Emma across her knee anyway. However, Emma’s planning had meant that the spanking she received was given, not in anger, but in loving thanks.

Not that it didn’t still hurt. Deborah was an impressive spanker and Emma had not yet begun to develop the tolerance of her classmates so Deborah managed to bring tears to her friend’s eyes by the time she had finished. Five more spankings followed in the next two days, the last one at 8pm on Tuesday leaving a gap of 12 hours before Emma’s second attempt at the House Test. Emma had reserved her one open-air spanking for this final session and Deborah readily agreed to Emma’s suggestion of a walk in the neighbouring fields. She equally gladly accepted the skirt and knickers offered to her a couple of miles from school and helped Emma into place over the rickety wooden stile they had reached. For once, Emma could allow herself to cry out as Deborah smacked her bare bottom hard and Deborah’s smile reflected the pleasure she gained from this aspect of the punishment.

And after she had given her friend a sound spanking, Deborah pulled Emma down into the long grass and the two girls made love deliciously for almost an hour.

On Wednesday morning, Emma woke early in comfort and lay still for a while with her arm around Deborah. She lifted the sheet covering them to look over her soft, rounded body and, feeling the dampness gathering in between her legs, longed to plunge her face into her friend’s pussy - yet she knew that she would have to wait until after she’s passed her test. And there was no doubt in her mind that, this time, she would.

"OK, let’s start in the most obvious place," Amanda began.

Two hours had passed since Emma first opened her eyes and she had spent much of that time bathing and grooming herself in preparation.

The house captain continued, "How is a house public conducted?"

This was the question on which Emma had faltered last time. Now she was almost able to quote the rule book word for word.

"A house public is the term given for a punishment administered in public by the offender’s house captain or house master or mistress. Such punishments shall be given immediately after evening roll call. No pupils may be excused from watching. The offender shall be fully naked and shall be tied to a punishment horse (like the one Emma had seen Deborah tied to on her first day at the school). Following the administration of the punishment, the offender shall be left in position, on display, for fifteen minutes before being released and allowed to dress."

Emma’s answers to the rest of Amanda’s questions were equally accurate and Amanda was soon satisfied that she had fully learned the rule book.

"Well done," she said. "You’ve passed. I now want to say a few things to you about the ways in which your time here will now be different." Amanda looked at the younger girl with a quizzical look and then continued: "While I’m speaking, you may as well undress."

Emma had expected a spanking for her initial failure at the Test but was still unnerved by the throwaway line.

"Do I... everything?" she asked.

"Yes please," Amanda replied. "I’d prefer it."

As Emma stripped off her school uniform, Amanda sat in a large, blue, well-padded armchair and talked about the dormitory regime and other aspects of the school that Emma had not yet experienced. She told her about how to accept punishments from teachers in class and informed her that a number of teachers had spankings saved up for her already. As Emma shyly pulled her knickers down, the house captain got up and fetched the strap from her drawer, pleased to note the lack of surprise on the young girl’s face.

"You were expecting this?" she asked.

"Yes," Emma looked into the powerfully-built older girl’s face and felt almost overawed by her poise and beauty. "I thought that I’d probably still be punished for failing the Test last time."

"Yes. You’re right, of course," Amanda replied. "And, if I’m truthful, I like to be the person to initiate our new girls into the ways of the school."

The house captain walked up close to the new girl and took her nervous-looking face in her hands, kissing her tenderly on the forehead. "Are you ready?" she asked.

"I think so."

"Good. Often when you come to me to be punished, I’ll tell you to bend over my desk or something similar to allow me a better swing. However, for your first spanking I’d like you over my knee please."

Amanda took Emma’s hand and led her across the room to a straight backed chair. Smiling to herself she sat down and then took the good-looking youngster across her lap for the first time. "I hope you’re comfy," she thought to herself as she lifted the strap. "This is going to become a very familiar posture."

**EMMA AT SCHOOL 5**

Meeting the locals

Emma has finally passed her House Test and is now a full member of the school. This means that she is able to accompany her friend Deborah on a "walk"...

"How much further... where are we going?" Emma complained.

"Will you stop it!" her friend replied. Then, grinning, she added, "Or I’ll spank you!"

Emma made a face. She had agreed to allow Deborah to spank her up to four times a week for the next three months and knew that Deborah found it a great turn on - and that she enjoyed spanking her bare bottom outdoors. It was also true, of course, that Emma got amazingly turned on when her lover spanked her.

"Here!" Deborah was whispering now. "Look - through there!"

Emma followed her friend’s pointing finger through the hedge to a huge brick building. It looked, Emma thought, like a school.

"It’s a school," Deborah told her, adding: "A boys’ school."

"What!" Emma almost shrieked her response.

"Shhhh! You’ll get us caught!"

"I’m not going in there," Emma muttered, shaking her head.

"Do you know the way back?"

"No."

"Then it looks like you’re coming with me. Come on."

With that, Deborah took her friend’s hand and pulled her across the lawn and in through a small back door. Emma had to admit that Deborah seemed to know what she was doing; she obviously came here a lot.

They slipped through the corridors, avoiding meeting anyone until Deborah pulled at a study door and bundled herself and her friend inside.

"Hey! Debs!"

A tall, good-looking boy jumped to his feet and came over to kiss Deborah on the lips, Emma feeling a twinge of jealousy. He looked about seventeen. "And who’s this beauty?" he asked, Emma blushing at the flattery despite its corniness.

"This is my new best friend, Emma," Deborah said proudly.

"Good to meet you, Emma. Now..."

As the boy continued to talk, Emma looked around the room. Well-decorated, good posters, good taste in music. She had to admit to feeling quite excited being here and being in the presence of boys after several weeks locked up in an almost all-girl environment. As she gazed around, she suddenly noticed something odd under a table, although it took a few seconds for her to realise that the "something" was another boy, his face buried in a book. Emma felt annoyed that he had not even acknowledged the girls’ presence, but returned her attention to Deborah and the first boy instead.

"OK. Look, I’ve got to go and play soccer for an hour or two. Will you two hang around?"

Deborah didn’t even look to Emma for an answer.

"Of course," she said with a flashing smile.

"Great. Alright, see you later Emma. Bye."

"So what are we supposed to do for two hours while he’s away?" Emma asked. "I don’t know. Just hang out. What’s your problem?"

Emma knew that protesting her jealousy would not have any useful effect and, instead, threw herself onto a tatty, blue couch against one wall. Deborah was about to follow her when she saw a glint on the floor. Intrigued, she stooped to pick up the tiny object and then froze as a sharp voice cried out.

"Stop! Don’t move!"

It was the boy under the table and Deborah held herself deadly still, expecting news of a wasp or some other danger.

"What... what is it?" she asked under her breath.

"Oh," the boy replied calmly. "It’s the view of your knickers under your skirt!"

"You bastard!" Deborah exploded, standing up and turning on him. "What do you...."

But the boy interrupted her and something in his voice told her to stop shouting and, rather, to listen.

"I thought I said don’t move," he spat. "Now I suggest you get back into that brazen pose and wait for my next instruction."

"Why should I?" Deborah asked with a snarl.

"Because I know damn well that if I report you for being here when you’re supposed to be at school you’ll get your housemaster’s cane across that pretty bottom of yours - and, compared to that, the spanking I’m planning to give you will be fairly mild!"

Deborah stared at the boy with her mouth open. Emma felt her stomach turn over and then looked at her friend who was giving away her thoughts by inaction. It was true, of course. A caning was the minimum punishment for being caught in a boys’ school and Emma had seen the marks left by Mr Lindon’s cane on Deborah’s fair cheeks before. It was almost impossible to believe, but Emma knew that her friend was about to yield her bottom to a spanking from this precocious youth.

Slowly, Deborah turned her back on the boy and bent down once more. Her skirt was terribly short and Emma usually liked her to wear it for precisely the reason that today it had caused her trouble. She knew very well the view that the boy was getting from behind her lover - her white cotton knickers, swollen by her youthful pussy, only partly covering her pale bottom cheeks.

The boy got up and walked towards the girl he was commanding. Almost nonchalantly he flipped the remains of her skirt over her back and then stroked her cotton-clad bum with his fingers.

"My name’s David, by the way," he said. Emma felt a surge of anger rising in her as Deborah held her position under the intrusive touch. "You said you’d spank her, not rub your grubby fingers all over her!" The boy swung round to face her, his expression unruffled.

"Oh," he said, his fingers moving between Deborah’s thighs now. "You can talk!"

Fixing Emma with his eyes, he slid a finger of each hand into the waistband of Deborah’s knickers and slipped them down easily to her thighs before beginning to fondle her now bared buttocks once more.

"Well," he continued. "I suggest that you save your breath and get your own knickers off. Cos you’re next!"

Emma blushed despite herself. "I’m not doing any such thing!" she muttered. "I’d rather get the cane."

As she spoke, she saw his fingers straying once more between Deborah’s thighs and this time they clearly found the slippery entrance to the girl’s vagina. What horrified her more than this, though, was the words Deborah spoke (with a slight gasp) as he did so.

"You wouldn’t rather get the cane," she told her friend. "And I’m not getting it to save your modesty. So you can either get undressed and let David spank you like a good little girl, or so help me I’ll gladly assist him in ripping your clothes off you by force!"

"Debbie! No! You wouldn’t! You..." Emma wept, her mind in a spin, before David silenced her with a look and a step towards her.

"You heard your friend," he said. "Now strip! Everything off!" Deborah’s short speech had punctured her fighting spirit and she realised that she would be on a one-person losing side if she tried to resist further. Tearfully and slowly, she began to undress.

"I’m glad you’ve persuaded your... friend to see sense," David said pleasantly to Deborah, making clear his understanding of the relationship between the two girls. "Now, twelve swats each with a wet flannel. Come on, girl," he said sharply to Emma. "Get them off now!"

As David walked over to the washbasin in the study and proceeded to thoroughly dampen a large, heavyweight purple flannel, Emma removed her bra to leave her sitting in nothing but her knickers. Lacking Deborah’s support, and fearing an increase in the level of her punishment, she then began to slide this last, skimpy garment from her, dropping it to the floor and sitting naked on the couch.

David turned, holding the flannel which he had rolled up loosely and looked straight at her.

"Sit on the side of the couch facing me," he demanded. "Legs wide apart." "No, I ...." Emma began, only to see David turn away from her in disgust at her continued disobedience. He didn’t look at her as he delivered the next short monologue.

"You still have a lot to learn, don’t you? Deborah, pull your knickers all the way down to the floor please. Right down... good girl. Now, stand with your feet apart... wider... a little more, I want to see your sweet little cunt lips. Beautiful - just perfect. Now put your left hand between your legs and rub your clit. Yes... a bit faster... keep going. Great... I want you to keep going with your left hand... and stroke your pussy with your right hand... yes... spread your lips a bit more. Now, two fingers inside you... right up inside your cunt... further... yeah... and slide them in and our... keep going... don’t stop until you come... don’t stop...."

Emma watched, horrified and totally gripped, as her friend carried out each perverted command without protest and as she gradually became genuinely aroused. All the time that Deborah was wanking herself, Emma could see David stroking his evident hardness through his trousers. Then as Deborah’s breathing betrayed, through the signs Emma knew so well, the nearness of her orgasm, Emma turned towards her lover and watched her coming "to order" for this stranger.

David turned to Emma now.

"I don’t expect you to have the obedience of Deborah. But I do expect you to carry out simple commands!"

Looking at the floor, Emma slowly slid her feet off the side of the couch and parted her thighs, displaying her open sex to this boy she’d known for less than an hour. David smiled and thanked her politely, telling her to maintain that position while he punished Deborah. Then he moved back behind the other girl and lifted the flannel above his head.

WHACK!

Emma could tell by the sound of the crack of wet flannelette against bare skin that the blow was very painful. Deborah’s scream only helped to reinforce this knowledge. For the third time, Emma was made to sit and watch while her best friend was beaten, only this time she knew that when the punishment was over - she would be next.

She willed the spanking to proceed more slowly. She even, to her shame, wished for her friend to receive additional whacks - anything to defer the onset of her own chastisement any little way into the future. Yet, after twelve smart lashes had been delivered to Deborah’s upward-pointed and bare bottom, David turned once more to Emma. He didn’t speak unkindly... but then, in a position of such power, why should he bother.

"Roll over onto your tummy so that you’re bent over the side of the couch. That’s better... you’re learning."

She was learning. She was learning that in the twisted world into which her parents had thrust her, the rules of the outside world simply did not apply. She had learned the central lesson intended by her mother and father: that every action has a consequence. In the case of her new life, that every misdemeanour, however slight, resulted in her bottom being spanked.

But many other strange new dynamics were created in this world. Your best friend and lover could demand the right to punish you too. She could demand that you expose yourself to strangers - even to strange men! She could demand that you bare your bottom for their correction too. It even seemed that males in general were accorded the right, in general, to spank the bare bottom of females in general, though in this case, of course, it was blackmail that made it necessary for her and Deborah to submit. That was as far as her thoughts could wander, for they were interrupted rudely - painfully - by the first flash of the flannel across her bare buttocks.

Emma felt the heavy sting of the flannel and heard the sound of her own involuntary screech of pain almost simultaneously. The wetness of the flannel assisted it in bolstering its power and, although it lacked the blistering aftershock of Amanda’s strap, the initial touch was every bit as nasty.

"Yeeooowl!" She shrieked again as the second stroke landed, seeking out a new area to set burning. Part of the flannel’s advantage, David noticed, over other implements he’d tried was that it both covered a large area, like a hand or paddle, but yet the "tail" of the flannel delivered the concentrated force of a strap or cane

As Emma buckled under the following blows, she wondered whether David’s experience of being the spanker (for he undoubtedly did have experience!) was of punishing boys or girls. She knew he was too young to be a prefect: he was probably no older than her and that compounded the humiliation which was brought by every...

THWACK!

"Oouuchh!"

As David neared the half-way point he began to aim his blows more carefully. He swept the sixth across the crease between buttock and leg, catching Emma’s exposed vulva lightly as a happy coincidence. Then he moved down a little further to her thighs, using the "whiplash" property of the flannel to best advantage: when beating the left thigh, for instance, the tail of the flannel snakes round to lash cruelly at the inner thigh and he knew from experience how painful that could be.

CRACK!

"Noooooh!"

It was true that David was not unfamiliar with being on the imparting end of corporal punishment, and that he had some experience of spanking girls. However, Emma’s worst imaginings - that girls at Katherine Parr were expected to bare their bottoms on demand to the boys of St Stephen’s - were wide of the mark. In fact, the staff at both schools were genuinely concerned that their punishment regimes did not contribute to sexist power dynamics and would have been greatly disturbed by the goings on in Mark’s study that afternoon.

THWACK!

"Arrrrh! Please stop... please... Ouuuchh!"

David’s spanking of girls happened at home where he was expected to attend to the discipline of his two younger sisters, Katy and Sophia. The girls were twins and, at thirteen, two years David’s junior. Their parents, as strong believers in corporal punishment and the need for children to respect their elders, would leave David in charge when they went out and were very happy for him to bare the girls’ bottoms for a spanking if he deemed it necessary. Which he often did. In fact, now that the girls’ bodies were developing at least as quickly, if not more rapidly, than his he was extremely careful not to allow a single misdemeanour go unpunished. There were evenings where he spent more time with a naked sister over his knee than without. But, although he relished this duty, and although he enjoyed tracking the changes in the girls’ young breasts and pussies, and although he denied them the modesty of having their bottoms bared once over his knee but rather always pulled their knickers down as they stood before him, he had never ordered them to sit or stand with their legs open or attempted to touch their maturing bodies other than to smack their bottoms soundly.

This aspect of his spanking of Deborah and Emma was new, as was his choice of position though not implement: his parents dictated that he should hand-spank his sisters while they bent over his knee and this was therefore a welcome variation

WHACK!

"Yeeooow!"

Not that he hadn’t spanked boys as well. Although he was, indeed, too young to be a prefect at St Stephen’s, David had also gone to the attached boys’ prep school and had been school captain there. Unlike the secondary school which, like Katherine Parr, allowed all senior pupils some rights to deliver punishments to the younger children, St Stephen’s Prep gave the right to spank to the school captain only - a privilege which David had made great use of. Indeed, it was during that year that he had discovered the means of chastisement he was to beneficially employing on Emma at that very moment.

SHRRRACKK!

"Oooooooooh!"

And now, or course, as a junior pupil at St Stephen’s public school (in England, remember, this means a private school) David’s repertoire of spanking techniques was being rapidly swollen by being on the receiving end on a very regular basis.

David looked down at the lovely red-stained buttocks before him, the sweet virgin slit nestling delightfully between the open thighs and smiled. Just one more. He stroked the flannel smoothly over the upturned and quivering cheeks, leaving a trail of water droplets, and then lifted it one last time to lash the girl as hard as he could across her already well-punished bottom.

David smiled again as the loud cry of pain echoed around the small room, knowing that the girls’ cries sounded little different to those of young boys and would therefore not be considered remarkable by passers-by. Then he ran his hand lightly over Emma’s bare bottom and told her she could stand up and turn around.

Emma gladly did so and watched David though her tears as he walked back over to where Deborah retained her position - bent over with her thighs spread - and stood behind her. With growing disbelief, Emma watched him as he unbuttoned his trousers and tore open a small packet he had picked up from the desk. She couldn’t see his cock as he was standing behind Deborah, but Emma knew that he was fitting a condom onto his erection and simply watched and waited until David, with no further preparation, took hold of her friends hips and pushed himself inside her. She stood there, mouth open, as her lover held her position while the boy began to fuck her. She looked on with horror as Deborah started to breathe heavily and to push back on the cock filling her pussy, her eyes closed and her mind obviously oblivious to the effect the sight was having on Emma. Even worse, Emma found her own pussy moistening as she watched Deborah near her climax and then cry out as the waves of ecstasy washed over her, building up her backward thrusts again after they had subsided to meet David’s approaching orgasm. Finally, Emma allowed her hand to stray,

unseen, to her own clitoris as her friend and lover, Deborah, came again, this time more loudly and simultaneously with the boy standing behind her and fucking her. Emma’s own climax surprised her in its suddenness and intensity and she collapsed, weeping, onto the couch. David, after enjoying the sensation of feeling his erection subside inside Deborah’s pussy, withdrew and then, leaving the girl still bent over, dressed himself and left the room. Deborah stood up slowly and pulled her knickers up while Emma just stared at her.

"What are you going to do?" Emma spat at last.

"What do you mean?"

"What do you think. About him?"

"What do you expect me to do?"

Emma felt tears pricking at her eyes again and was angry with herself for not repressing them. "What is wrong with you. After what he did... he raped you!"

Deborah looked as though she was going to walk out of the room. Then, suddenly, she laughed.

"Raped me?" she repeated. "I told him to fuck me to teach you a lesson you idiot. You’ve behaved like a silly bitch this afternoon - possessive and pathetic. You don’t own me!"

"To teach me a lesson?" Emma couldn’t believe that Deborah had really wanted that boy to screw her.

"And you’ll be learning another lesson when we get home," Deborah continued, straightening her skirt. "Over my knee."

"What! You don’t seriously think I’m going to...." she ran our of words and simply got up and started to collect her clothes. She hardly noticed as Deborah left the room and certainly didn’t care. She looked up with more concern however when, seconds later, she returned - this time with two boys behind her. Emma tried to cover herself, but knew that these two now had also seen her nakedness. And then she noticed for the first time the heavy wooden ruler in Deborah’s hand.

"Paul, Andy, this is my friend Emma. She’s being a naughty, stubborn girl and I’m going to need your help with her."

**EMMA AT SCHOOL 6**

Lessons out of school

Emma has been taken on an illegal visit to the local boys' school. They've been blackmailed into accepting a spanking already and Emma now wants to leave. Deborah has other ideas and has collared two boys passing the study they're in....

"Deborah! What are you doing?"

"I'm afraid you need to be taught a lesson. And as the person you've appointed to train you, it falls to me to do the teaching!" Emma could see trouble and realised that fighting her way out was not an option.

"Look, Debbie. I'm sorry - really. I was just jealous - please tell them to go away. You can do what you like to me!"

"And you can be certain that I will," Deborah retorted with an ironic smile. "However, there are other things you need to learn about and the boys will be able to help me in this."

Emma was about to continue her pleading, but Deborah held up her hand. "No more! I'm not prepared to negotiate. I want you bent over with your legs straight and your hands on the couch. Now!"

Deborah's tone permitted no discussion. Emma, flushing hotly as she was ordered around in the nude before two more strange boys, turned around and displayed her already red behind.

"What do you think, boys?" Deborah asked.

"Very nice," a voice replied.

"But we can still improve the view, can't we?" Deborah said softly.

"Spread your legs please, Emma."

"No... please... I...."

"Young lady, you will do as you're... TOLD!" As she spoke, Deborah covered the space between herself and Emma in three brisk strides. Then, on the word "told", she landed a furious blow with the ruler on the naked girl's left inner thigh to emphasise the point.

Tears coming to her eyes, and words now bitten on, Emma moved her feet apart until her pink pussy lips opened up and pouted, glistening, at an enthralled audience. Deborah slipped her fingers into the silky wetness and allowed Emma to forget the horrible situation for a moment as she abandoned herself to her friend's skilful fingers. Then she was brought rudely back to reality.

"Now boys," Deborah's voice was saying. "Come and introduce yourselves." Deborah's fingers left her for a moment and were shortly replaced by a less gentle hand. With no preliminaries, two thick fingers slid themselves deep inside her in a single thrust.

"I'm Andy," a voice said.

Fortunately, Emma was so wet by now that their passage was easy and Emma couldn't hold back a gasp of pleasure as her pussy was so quickly filled and even found herself pushing back on the intruding hand as its fingers slid in and out of her before retiring.

"And I'm Paul."

These fingers were gentler, more tender. Instead of the rush to enter her which typified most teenaged boys, Paul's fingertips explored her folds carefully, finding her clitoris quickly and coaxing a low moan of pleasure from her lips as he traced tiny circles over it. She guessed that this was the taller of the two boys, the shy looking one with the cute brown eyes and gave herself up to his light caresses, parting her thighs a little wider and feeling a distant orgasm creeping closer.

Too soon, though, the fingers left her and their delicious touch was replaced by a very different sensual caress - that of the ruler. Emma guessed, rightly, that it was Deborah's hand wielding the short piece of wood as it cracked repeatedly across her bare bottom and thighs. She was certain that either of the boys, and especially Paul, would have difficulty (at least at first) in spanking her so severely.

Soon she was crying out loudly under the blows, desperately trying to hold her pose to avoid shaming herself before the boys. Again and again Deborah laid red stripes across her lover's rounded buttocks, determined to break the girl completely right from the start.

To her credit, it took a long time for Emma to buckle totally. She took over thirty-five strokes, delivered with full force, before falling forwards onto the couch in a quivering, weeping mess. Still Deborah continued to flog the crumpled girl, now shouting at her as well, until she was no longer even able to flinch at each blow but just lay there on her face and took her mistress' punishment.

When Deborah had finished, she stood over Emma's prostrate body sobbing with exertion and released anger. Emma's bottom and thighs were a web of red marks and she lay almost motionless, her every thought wiped from her mind by the terrible pain of the spanking.

"Now, let's see if we can deal with this jealousy of yours shall we?" Deborah reached under her mini-skirt and slipped her knickers down to the floor, walking over to the couch and sitting down with one foot on the floor and the other on the far side of Emma's head so that her own pussy was spread as wide as her friend's and, her skirt useless in this position, equally on display. Emma's eyes, her head turned in that direction, were only inches from that pink slit she knew so well.

"You!" she turned to Andy and almost shouted at him too. "Take off your trousers and pants and come over here!"

Despite the rudeness of the command, the boy did as he was told in the expectation of something good to come. His cock sprung from his pants as he pulled them down and Deborah smiled hungrily at him as he ambled over. She got Andy to kneel between her wide open thighs and then, as Emma looked on, opened a condom packet and took the thin rubber sheath out. Emma had only ever seen condoms when they were being filled up with air or water and had only ever seen erections in magazines. So when Deborah began to unroll the condom along the length of Andy's rigid prick, Emma watched in fascination, her eyes staying on the long, thick, rubber covered organ as Deborah manoeuvred the boy closer.

Then Deborah spoke directly to Emma. "This is my pussy," she said, rubbing her fingers along her slit, "I will choose what I do with it, not you. Do you understand me?"

"Yes," Emma mumbled, watching Andy's hardness edging forward until it nuzzled Deborah's pussy lips.

"My pussy is not owned by you. It's owned by me. And if, for example, I want to have a nice thick cock inside it, then I'll have one. Understand?" "Yes."

Andy was now beginning to get impatient at having to wait while Deborah continued to tell her friend off, and was also not too happy about being used simply as a teaching aid. So he decided to take the initiative. He reached round to grasp Deborah's bottom with both hands and thrust hard, entering a surprised girl with a loud grunt.

From her position, Emma had the clearest view possible of the thick, dark headed cock slamming up into her friend's pussy over and over again as Andy fucked her in the same basic way that he had previously fingered Emma. In and out, in and out with no real technique but, and this was his hidden secret, with incredible stamina. He never slowed down. He never appeared to be getting close to a climax from which he had to pull back. He never showed any signs of tiredness. He just drove deep into Deborah's pussy with a searing rhythm which, after twenty minutes of solid fucking, had brought the girl to orgasm no less than five times, Emma having to look on (in close up) as this boy pleasured her girlfriend.

Finally, when Deborah's head had started to loll from side to side from sexual exhaustion, and nearly half an hour after he had first pile-driven his erection between her labia and inside her, Andy came himself, groaning loudly as he filled the condom with his juices. Carefully, the boy withdrew and Emma watched as his creamy cum oozed from the used sheath. Deborah kept her eyes closed for a few moments, regaining her breath and then opened them to address Emma.

"So, you understand so far. Now, perhaps you could tell me who your pussy belongs to?"

If Emma had not already had her natural resistance soundly thrashed of her, she would have given then answer that she knew Deborah did not want to hear. In the circumstances, however, she answered:

"To you, Deborah."

"To me. That's right - to me. I decide who gets to see it, who gets to touch it, who gets to taste it. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Deborah."

"Paul. Do you like the taste of pussy. Virgin pussy, I might add."

Emma felt herself getting wetter at the words, but hoped it didn't show. "Why yes, it so happens that I love the taste of pussy. Although I'm not sure whether I've ever tasted virgin pussy before."

This was the boy Emma had thought looked shy. If he was, he hid his shyness well.

Deborah carried on: "Well, while I'm chatting to Emma, you just go ahead and have a good lick and tell me what you think."

Then she turned once more to Emma: "So we'll have no more of your ‘I'm not doing this, that, or the other' shit, girl! If I tell you to pull off your knickers and spread your legs in the middle of Oxford Street, you'll do it. I hope you understand that."

"Yes, Deborah, I... Oh, God... ohhh!"

As she spoke, Paul, having knelt between her thighs, lowered his head and began to lick tentatively at her enraged clitoris, running his tongue every now and then along the full length of her slit. The feeling was amazing. No boyfriend of hers had every offered to do this to her - and, she admitted to herself, she probably would have said no if they had. But what an amazing sensation. Now his tongue was starting to push inside her vagina...

It didn't take long, in the heightened atmosphere, for Paul to bring the girl under his lips and tongue to orgasm and Deborah intervened once he had. She sat on the side of the couch and picked up a banana from the side.

"Do you like bananas?" she asked Emma pleasantly.

"Oh yes," the other girl replied innocently. "I love them."

"Good."

Deborah sat next to her friend quietly peeling the fruit until the top half of its length was left white and unsheathed. Emma had a sudden uneasy feeling which grew rapidly as Deborah got off the couch and took Paul's place between the girl's legs.

Emma knew that nothing she could say or do would change anything now. Indeed, although she would never have admitted this to anyone, when she felt the first brush of the banana's soft tip against her pink vulva, she found herself willing Deborah to enter her with it - to slide it hard up inside her.

Deborah was never one for speed in such matters though. Slowly, she eased the fat fruit up into the other girl's greedy pussy, filling her completely with the white flesh.

Then she began to fuck her friend with it. Emma groaned with pleasure as the banana slid easily in and out of her pussy, Deborah setting up an easy rhythm and calling the boys in to help. Their hands and mouths were soon hard at work so that it seemed to Emma that every inch of her body was being stroked, caressed or kissed. The sensation was incredible. She had never felt anything like this before and she never wanted it to stop. The trio took her up and over mountains of pleasure, each peak a climax of intensity she had never imagined. She could hear the three changing places so that she never knew who was holding the banana (which was remaining in amazingly good condition) or whose fingers or tongues were toying with her clitoris or playing with her tits.

And then, very suddenly, it stopped. There was a sudden flurry and the banana was pulled sharply from her. She shouted out loudly in disappointment:

"Hey, what's going...." but was (thankfully) interrupted by a deep male voice.

"And you! Stand up quickly!"

Emma jumped to her feet, spinning round to see a middle-aged man with a black gown and a very angry face.

"My name," he explained, making no reference to Emma's nakedness, "is Mr Sternly. I'm the housemaster here and you..."

He looked at them all through narrowed eyes.

"You are all in a great deal of trouble. I won't ask what was going on because, to be frank, I really don't want to hear all the sordid details. Boys, go and wait outside my study. You will each receive twelve strokes of the cane on the bare behind. I will be recommending to the girls' housemaster that they get the same. Go!"

The boys scuttled wordlessly from the room, leaving Emma and Deborah to face the terrifying Mr Sternly alone.

"Is there any reason why I should not inform your housemaster of this incident. Were you being forced to do anything against your wishes?" Emma didn't even hear the question. She was totally preoccupied by the thought of taking a caning on the bare bottom from Mr Lindon. She had seen the effects on Deborah of just six strokes and was certain she couldn't take twelve.

"No, Sir. We're really sorry, Sir," Deborah was saying.

"I should think so. You've humiliated yourselves - and embarrassed me with your... your disgraceful display of... strumpettry.

He looked straight at Emma.

"What would your mother say, young lady. Hey?" he snapped. Emma tried to answer, but found herself able only to answer with a flood of tears.

"Don't bawl, you silly thing. That's just a refusal to face up to your responsibility for your actions. Stop it, I say! Very well, I'll give you something to cry about!"

And with that, he pulled the naked girl towards him with one hand, placed his left foot on a chair and hauled her, still weeping, up and over his knee - her feet and hands dangling in mid-air. Three times in swift succession he brought his large, heavy hand down on her upturned bare bottom, greatly amplifying the girl's wailing.

"I will not have little girls who think they're big women coming round to my house and making an exhibition of themselves with my boys!" he barked, delivering another ten severe smacks to her cheeks to the rhythm of his words.

"Right, get yourself dressed," he said with disgust, almost dropping her to the floor. Then to Deborah: "No, not you. You can have a reminder to take with you as well. Come on."

Deborah hesitated for a fraction of a second and was rewarded with another verbal barrage.

"Now, young hussy, over my knee. Or I'll take the cane to you myself!" Deborah knew, of course, that this man, not being a teacher at her school, had no jurisdiction to cane her - or even to spank her. Yet she knew, too, that this kind of fact rarely got in the way of anything and allowed herself to be pulled unceremoniously over the tall man's muscled thigh. Brusquely he flipped her skirt up, finding her naked beneath.

"Do you usually walk around without knickers on?" he asked, accompanied by the first salvo of five smacks.

"No, Sir!" she responded in the kind of voice privates use when answering their sergeant majors.

"Should I suggest to your housemaster that you be barred from wearing knickers for one month, perhaps?" Again, five blistering smacks.

"No, sir!"

"Mmph!" he grunted, lifting his hand and delivering a further three before letting the girl off to find her discarded knickers.

Then he looked at them both with a terrible stare. "If I catch you in my house just once more," he lectured them. "It won't be a few smacks on the bottom, I promise you that! Follow me."

Mr Sternly led the two tearful girls though the study corridors (where boys were whispering excitedly to one another, swapping versions of what might have happened) and into his own quarters. They passed Paul and Andy, both too concerned about their own fates to bother thinking twice about them, and followed the housemaster into his study where he picked up the phone. Emma heard him outlining the afternoon's happening and then tried to piece together the rest of the conversation from her one-sided evidence.

"Yes, I'm afraid so... yes... of course... well, twelve strokes on the bare... I think so... good, that's the fairest thing... yes... yes I'll send them straight away - they should be with you in, say, twenty-five minutes. Good, what shall I... straight to your study? Fine. Yes... that's OK, I'm sorry too. And I think four young people will be pretty sorry before the day is out!"

**EMMA AT SCHOOL 7**

Paying the penalty

Emma and Deborah have been caught sharing a mini-orgy with two boys from the local boys' boarding school. The housemaster there has sent them off with a brief spanking and a promise to recommend a bare bottom caning to their housemaster, Mr Lindon.

Neither girl said a word on the long walk back. Emma was unable to get the image of herself bent over that terrible punishment horse with her bottom bared for the cane. She couldn't control her tears which, every time she thought she had stemmed the flow, would begin to run down her cheeks again. Deborah's thoughts were, as usual, more practical:

"Have I gone too far?" she asked herself. "What if Emma tells Mr Lindon what really happened?"

The possible consequences didn't bear thinking about... and, she realised, she was perhaps even more worried of losing Emma as a friend - and lover. Despite all her bluster, she had grown very fond of the new girl. Had she finally gone over the top with this afternoon's performance?

The short walk back to school appeared to last for ever. And yet, it also seemed as if no time had passed before they found themselves facing a very angry and determined looking Mr Lindon across his desk.

"Do you have any idea," he thundered, "how much damage can be done to a school's reputation by this kind of scandalous behavior?"

It was clearly a rhetorical question as the words kept on coming: "You have embarrassed Mr Sternly and caused him a great deal of extra work. You have also put me in a very humiliating position. This is a respected public school. Girls of fifteen do NOT play depraved sexual games with boys from local schools... with ANY boys for that matter! What on earth got into you?"

This time the housemaster paused for an answer and Deborah quickly replied: "We're both really sorry, sir, we..."

"SORRY??!" He hurled the syllables across the desk like a spear. "What good is that going to do? And what on earth are you wearing?"

Deborah realised that Mr Lindon's eye had fallen on her skirt which she hadn't dared to change in case a description of her clothing had been passed on by Mr Sternly.

"What, my skirt, sir?"

"SKIRT! You don't seriously expect me to call that... that ribbon round your waist a skirt?"

There was a long pause.

"Well?"

"I don't know, sir. I realise it isn't regulation."

"That has got to be the greatest understatement of the year. Take it off... now! Put it straight in the bin."

Deborah turned and unclipped the skirt, walking slowly over to the bin as she unwrapped it and stopping short at Mr Lindon's next outburst.

"And what do you call those? Don't we have regulations about underwear any more?"

Deborah realised he was talking about her knickers. A lot of girls she knew wore similar skimpy knickers and it was generally overlooked, yet they were undoubtedly against the rules.

"Yes, sir," she answered, turning her head.

"Very well. We'll have those in the bin as well then, please."

"Yes, sir," Deborah confirmed, peeling the tiny knickers down her legs and dropping them, with her horribly expensive mini, in the bin. Naked from the waist down now, she turned round with a heavy blush to face the housemaster. Although she had been given bare-bottomed spankings and other punishments by him on a number of occasions, she had never had to conduct a conversation with him with her pussy on display.

"Right, let's get on," Mr Lindon asserted in a business-like tone. "Firstly, I have a question for you Emma. Mr Sternly got the impression that you were not involved in this... incident.. entirely of your own free will. Obviously, if this is true then I shall not punish you with anything like the severity due otherwise. Well?"

Deborah felt her heart sinking as she waited for Emma's reply. Would the nightmare never end?

"No, Mr Lindon," Emma answered quietly. "Mr Sternly was mistaken. I was just as involved as the others. I know it was wrong and I expect to be punished for it. I'm sorry, sir."

Mr Lindon's face showed the first hint of compassion of the afternoon. He looked thoughtful.

"I admire your honesty," he said at last. "It is an admirable quality. However, you clearly recognise that your honesty cannot lessen the penalty for your behavior. I very much regret being in this position with you so new to the school, but there it is."

Then he turned back to Deborah and spoke as fiercely as ever:

"It may not appear so, but you have been very lucky today. I had to flog you only a matter of days ago and here you are before me again. If it weren't for your companion I would have no compunction at all in sending you to the headmaster to be birched. As it is, with Emma being new here, I feel I should attend to your punishments myself."

Deborah breathed a massive sigh of relief. What was to come was going to be bad, she knew, but to escape a birching so narrowly. The birch was hardly ever used any more, maybe once every two years or so. The last girl to get it was in sick bay for three days afterwards unable to get up and the marks lasted for months! "Whatever the punishment," she thought. "I can take it now."

Mr Lindon was sill speaking, and was now coming to the sentence.

"So. Both of you will receive twelve full strokes of the cane across your bare bottoms, six now... and six at call this evening."

Emma gasped out loud. A house public! She was going to be beaten in front of the whole house. Stripped naked, tied down and caned! In front of everyone - even the two boys in the house. She felt herself growing faint and reached out to the table to steady herself.

"And you, Deborah. You will have an additional punishment. What lessons do you have this afternoon?"

In the summer months, because of the late sunset, afternoon lessons didn't begin until after four and then went on until supper. This was followed by prep until nine. And then call.

"Er... maths, PE and French, sir."

"Perfect. In view of your unladylike flirtation with exhibitionism and your inability to wear the correct uniform, you will spend the afternoon and evening dressed EXACTLY as you are now. I will also request of Mr Denby that you take part in PE as normal, but nude."

"Noooooh!"

Deborah had never shouted at Mr Lindon before, but this terrible statement had rendered her temporarily unable to control herself. The housemaster moved quickly and decisively. He was around the desk with strap in hand before Deborah closed her mouth and, almost before she realised what was happening, he had pulled her forwards, thrust her face down over the desk, and laid three fresh stripes across her bare cheeks.

"Don't you dare..."

Emma could see that Mr Lindon was purple in the face.

"Don't you dare shout at me you impudent tramp or I'll deliver you to the birching tower myself. Is that understood?"

"Yes, sir," Deborah whimpered.

"I'm glad to hear it," Mr Lindon said, calmer now and letting the girl stand up and rub her injured bottom. "Now, do I assume you accept the punishment I have outlined, or do you wish to take the other option?" No way was she being birched by choice! But to spend the whole afternoon naked from waist to ankle. In front of all the teachers and the other children. And to have to do PE in the nude! She hated PE anyway, and that sadistic Mr Denby. She was in no doubt that he would relish the opportunity to make this particular lesson more awful than ever!

"Very well. Let's begin. Emma, put your knickers on that chair and then face the wall, holding your skirt right up around your waist. Deborah, I shall attend to you first."

Emma did as she was told silently, hearing the sound of the punishment horse being pulled out into the centre of the room but scared to look. Once her knickers were off she walked slowly over to the wall, pressing her nose up against it and then lifting he skirt to her waist as she'd been told. She took one last peek at the scene behind her and saw Mr Lindon arranging her friend's body for her caning.

"That's it Emma," the housemaster said as he strapped Deborah to the horse. "Just lift your skirt a little higher for me so I can see the whole of your bottom. Very good. It looks as if you've had quite a hard spanking recently."

"Yes, sir," Emma replied.

"Well, it's a pity it wasn't enough to persuade you to stay out of trouble, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr Lindon grunted to himself. Less than two weeks here and already in to have her bare backside caned. He hoped this wasn't going to become a habit. Although.... He checked himself quickly; he backed the school's corporal punishment regime to the hilt, but in some ways his wasn't an easy job. Temptation at every corner.

He looked over to where his newest pupil was standing with her skirt hiked up round her midriff, her youthful bottom already a delightful red hue. Was it necessary to have girls who were waiting for punishment against the wall with their bottoms bared? Well, it certainly helped to focus their minds on what was to come, and it was one of the traditions of the school, but it was hard not to enjoy the sight.... And then there was the punishment horse design. Of course, positioning a girl so that her legs were spread wide apart had some very straightforward advantages: it ensured a nice wide target and it enhanced the girl's humiliation.... But, and Mr Lindon turned his head back to the girl strapped to the horse before him, it would take a very special heterosexual male not to find the sight of a teenaged girl's open pussy just a little arousing. Or even a lot... Deborah was one of those girls who oozed sexuality, and the teacher had noticed when he caned her last time that she actually became visibly wet during the preparation and administration of her punishment.

The housemaster had an erection now and turned his back on the girls to fetch the cane from his desk. He paused for a moment and then lifted the familiar rod, smiled grimly and took the five steps required to place him behind Deborah.

Emma heard very little during these few minutes and just kept her face to the wall. And waited. She pictured her lover strapped to the horse, just like the first time she'd seen her on the day she arrived at Katherine Parr. She easily conjured up a vision of Deborah's firm buttocks and her sweet sex nestling between her thighs and then, just as easily, Mr Lindon standing behind her with the cane raised. Somehow it was easy to imagine the scene when she knew if she turned around she be looking right at it. SWISHHHH! The sound seemed so familiar, even though it was only the second time she had heard it. The fizzing sound of the long flight, much longer than seemed possible, seemed to sear right through to her heart - and she still had time to remember, "This is going to happen to me!"

Emma closed her eyes tightly and heard the terrible crack as the cane bit into her friend's unprotected cheeks, leaving, she knew, a heavy red welt. Then, as Mr Lindon prepared to strike again, she began to weep. Tears streamed down her face as though she were standing out in the rain, her body heaved with her sobs. Behind her, Deborah's caning was continuing at Mr Lindon's unhurried pace. But Emma was hardly aware of it now, she was too busy anticipating her own fate.

"OK, Emma. Your turn now!"

It couldn't be, could it? Deborah's punishment was already over? Emma turned round in time to see Deborah, her bottom marked even worse than last time, climbing stiffly off the horse to make room for her. As if in a trance she walked over to it, keeping her skirt up round her waist, and knelt on the two soft green pads at the base of the horse. She didn't move for a while, still not quite believing what was happening. Mr Lindon came over and gave her something to bite on before gently easing her over the largest pad and placing her hands on the two smallest ones on the far side of the contraption. It seemed like a replay of the day's earlier events, bent over to have her bare bottom chastised, and with her sex spread open in front of a man she hardly knew.

As Mr Lindon knelt down behind her to strap her legs in place, Emma felt a surge of heat through her pussy brought about by the simple proximity of this man to her parted thighs. Amazed to find her pussy displaying such a complete lack of loyalty, she closed her eyes then, and waited.

Standing against the wall, just as Emma had earlier, was Deborah. Indeed, part of the reason for her closing her eyes was so that she didn't have to stare at her friend's bare bottom, latticed as it with the proof of her punishment. Soon her bottom would look like that!

She heard a faint whistling sound, but not the thwack of wood against skin. The moment the cane touched her bare bottom, all her senses collapsed into one sensation - pain.

It felt like fire roaring through her body. Every nerve ending set ablaze furiously by the insistent caress of the rod. She desperately wanted to scream, but the gag prevented her and it seemed as though her wail of agony was trapped inside her and screeching round her mind along with the agony of the stroke itself.

Just one. She'd had only had one stroke. She vowed never, ever to get into trouble again, forgetting that it was Deborah who had directed the incident which had led to her caning. How could she take five more, not to mention another six tonight.

Mr Lindon watched the girl's squirming with sympathy. It was always tempting to go easy on a girl receiving her first caning, yet he knew that her marks would be carefully inspected by the other pupils afterwards and that lesser marks could lead to a doubled humiliation. Not only would the girl have had to endure a still painful bare-bottom caning, but her friends would be taunting her for not having even been beaten properly.

"No," he thought," if anything, a girl's first caning should be the hardest. After all, the idea is to persuade her that she doesn't want to return for a second.

With that in mind, and noting with pride the angry welts which were rising right in the centre of each cheek, completely overshadowing the marks left by Deborah's spanking of her with the ruler, Mr Lindon raised the cane again. The second stoke was perhaps an inch and a half below the first, and this time Emma heard the awesome sound of the rattan cutting across her. Her body jolted visibly and again the impossibility of crying out made her suffering still worse.

The burning sensation didn't stop after the blow had landed, each of the two sites visited already continued to blaze - their intensity dropping only very slowly. Emma knew that she would still be feeling not just a dull glow (as she had after her recent strapping over Amanda's knee) but acute pain for a long time to come.

She recalled that until two weeks ago, she had never even been spanked before. She remembered her outrage when her father had pulled her knickers down to draw her over his lap for the first time and how she had screeched as he spanked her bare bottom with his hand. That seemed like the distant past now.

She wondered how things would change at home now. She knew that, according to the school rules, her parents would have been told of this caning and tried to gauge how they might react.

"They will probably be celebrating," she thought. She remembered her father's vow to bare her bottom as often as necessary while she continued to live under his roof and speculated about the kind of punishment she might now expect at home. Once they knew more detail about the kind of chastisement employed by the school, she guessed that her father was unlikely to be satisfied with hand-spankings for all occasions. She could quite easily envisage going home at half-term (pupils were not allowed home, even for weekends, during their first term at the school) to find that he'd equipped himself with a whole range of punishment implements with which to attend to her naked backside

Mr Lindon was leaving good long gaps "for reflection" between the blows. The third stroke was more painful still, right at the top of Emma's bottom where there was less fleshy padding and the girl felt as if she were being branded with a red-hot poker rather than caned.

She looked up to see, through her tears, Deborah's bottom in front of her. Her welts had really come up now, still a fiery red but with hits of purple at the edges. That was how she must look. She shuddered.

Number five found the spot between the marks left by the first two blows. If there were a competition for caning accuracy, Mr Lindon conjectured, he might do exceedingly well. As he paused before continuing, he let his mind conjure up the delightful picture of a great sporting arena with rows and rows of punishment horses, each one with a girl and teacher standing beside it. On a signal from the judges, each teacher would pull down the girl's knickers, strap her to the horse and then lift up her skirt. Then the crowd would cheer as a hundred cute young bottoms were simultaneously caned. Smiling broadly at the image, he decided to act mercifully and deliver the remaining two strokes more rapidly and bring the girl's ordeal to an end. He laid one stroke just above the crease between buttocks and legs, Emma writhing under the cane as her vulva took part of the blow between her open thighs.

Then, to complete the six, he chose the one last unmarked area, between middle and top, and caned the girl one last time with maximum force. Mr Lindon left Emma where she was for a minute or two before gently unfastening the straps binding her legs and wrists to the horse and helping her to her feet.

"Good girl," he said quietly in her ear. "You've taken your first caning very well. Keep your skirt right up please so that I can see how effective the rod has been. That's right. I just hope that it has as pronounced effect on your behavior as it has on your bottom."

"It will," Emma snuffled. "I promise."

"I'm very glad to hear it," Mr Lindon told her. "Now I want you to go and stand next to Deborah and the two of you can spend a few minutes reflecting on your misbehaviour and the penalty for it."

Sitting back behind his desk, the housemaster found his hand straying to the front of his trousers as he surveyed his handiwork. Guiltily he stroked his hardening cock through the coarse material, his eyes roving over the girls' prettily decorated bottoms. After a minute or two, his conscience roaring at him, he stopped touching himself and spoke loudly. "Very well girls, you may go. Emma, you may dress yourself but Deborah, you are to stay as you are. I don't want to hear from anyone that you have either changed into a longer shirt or skipped lessons. Is that clear?" "Yes, sir." Deborah had indeed been planning to change her top as the one she was wearing barely came down to her navel. Now she was stuck in it and she would have no way at all of protecting her well-beaten bottom, or her young pussy, from the eyes of others.

"Right. It's time for class. You'd better get your books and be off."

**EMMA AT SCHOOL 8**

For all the world to see

Emma and her friend, lover and mentor (and mistress) Deborah have each received six strokes of the cane on their bare bottoms from Mr Lindon, the housemaster. That evening they are to receive a further six in front of the whole house.

To make matters worse, Mr Lindon has instructed that Deborah spend the intervening hours with the benefit of neither skirt nor knickers. She will have to go to lessons naked from the waist down - and do PE with the hated Mr Denby ENTIRELY IN THE NUDE!

They have just been dismissed from Mr Lindon's study....

Well chastened, the two girls shuffled out of the housemaster's part of the building and into the main study corridor. There were plenty of other girls about, preparing themselves for lessons, and each either stood and stared at the two (Deborah's pussy and striped behind on full display, of course) or ran over to question them.

Emma, as always happened on these occasions, was obliged to lower her knickers and lift her skirt to show her house-mates the record of her beating. But she was, at least, allowed to do so in the privacy of her study. Deborah, on the other hand, had no choice but to display her blazing marks to everyone within eyesight.

The long walk across the school precinct from their house to the classrooms was terrible. Word spread about Deborah's humiliating attire more quickly than the girls could walk and the quadrangle was certainly more crowded than was usual at that time of day.

Everyone knew that her appearance was part of a punishment as it was not uncommon for girls to receive instructions to dress in a particular way following certain types of rule-infringements. One of Deborah's friends had recently had to spend an entire day dressed only in bra and knickers for repeatedly flouting the school's regulations about underwear (including, on one infamous occasion, omitting it altogether. Another girl, a few months before, had had to sit through all her morning lessons bare-breasted as a punishment for showing too much cleavage for her housemistress' taste. In both cases, as the rules required, the girls had previously had to accept a spanking or beating of some sort - each had had a bare bottom caning. No one, however, could remember a case in recent years (although their were plenty of stories around) of any girl having to display her naked pussy and bottom for all the world to see.

Worst of all for Deborah were the badly hidden (or in some cases quite open) giggles, pleased smiles and knowing looks of those girls who, for one reason or another, did not like Deborah and were pleased to see her getting what they thought of as her comeuppance.

The most brazen of them would even come up to her, feigning sympathy, and ask about her offence and punishment, refusing to be put off by Deborah's monosyllabic replies:

"Really.. how many? ... Six? ... On the bare, I suppose... yes, of course... it must have been excruciatingly painful... I'm sure it was... and you still have? ... Another six... a house public! Oh you poor thing... and this too... how embarrassing for you... and all those lecherous boys around too... Well, we all feel for you, darling... keep smiling..."

Deborah only just held herself back from doing something excruciatingly painful to her tormentors but, in the circumstances, thought better of it. She just kept her head down, trying to avoid meeting the eyes of those following her awkward progress through the school grounds, until she got to class.

Fortunately the first lesson, maths, comprised a test and she was able to keep her mind off her predicament to some extent once she'd run the gauntlet of stares on entering the classroom. However, having found the test fairly easy, she was left with ten minutes at the end of the period to sit (or "to fidget around restlessly" might be more accurate) on her seat and contemplate the horror that was undoubtedly to come.

As soon as she walked into the gym, she could tell that Mr Denby was planning to make the most of her predicament. He loudly reminded her in front of everyone, as if she would need reminding, that she was to strip completely for the lesson and then sent her to fetch the boys once the girls were changed.

As it was primarily a girls' school, there were no special facilities for the sexes to change separately, so the boys used Mr Denby's office, waiting there to be called once the girls had finished. Mr Denby, however, stayed with the girls and pretended not to ogle them as they dressed.

Deborah knocked on the door but no answer came, forcing her to open it and, trying to conceal her nakedness behind the door, call the boys out. They left the room sniggering madly and it was not hard to deduce about what. The whole class then gathered in the centre of the large gym.

"Right. Gymnastics today isn't it?" Mr Deny announced. "Let's pair you up... er, you two... and you and Sally go together... and Deborah with Martin..."

"No!" Deborah shouted, Mr Denby whirling on her.

"What, girl?!"

More timidly, Deborah asked if she could change partners. Mr Denby's response was characteristic.

"You can do as your told or feel my paddle across your dainty little cheeks," he snarled. Mr Denby, however much he was disliked, was certainly a genuine sportsman and a spanking from his paddle was worth any number of most other teachers'. Martin was one of Deborah's least favourite classmates. He was far from unattractive, but he had a reputation as a lech and a user, and had hurt many of Deborah's friends. She knew that Mr Denby had paired them on purpose, but decided that a paddling was an even less attractive option. Fuming and embarrassed, she walked over to where Martin was sitting with a very broad grin and glared at him. "Right. Let's begin. We were doing sequences, weren't we?"

The class mumbled an affirmation.

"Hmmm. All asleep, I see. Very well, an exercise to warm us up. Let's see.... Standing start. Backward roll to crouch, arms pointing straight ahead. Forward roll into straddle, then push up into a headstand with splits. Bring the legs slowly together and then forward roll out... and nice clean finish. Er..." his eyes surveyed the room: "Sally, demonstrate for us please."

Everyone looked at Sally, in whose eyes water began to collect. It wasn't that she was not a capable gymnast. On the contrary, she was one of the best in the class. It was just that she had forgotten to put her gym shorts into the wash that week and was therefore wearing a skirt. The movements described by the teacher, although not difficult, would nonetheless mean her skirt tumbling round her shoulders as she executed the required headstand. Her knickers would be on display to everyone, and doing the splits in that upside down position would be even more revealing. Mr Denby anticipated both the girl's discomfort and her coming protest.

"Come on, girl," he said. "It wasn't me who forgot to bring their shorts. Demonstrate please."

It was obvious to everyone that Mr Denby had chosen Sally to demonstrate specifically because of her dress. It was therefore equally clear that, having turned down her appeal, if Sally didn't do as she was told a paddling would await. And that, of course, would also involve her knickers being put on display. On balance, she decided to perform the sequence. Forgetting the reason for her embarrassment as best as she could, Sally followed the routine with panache, not stinting on the splits either! She was a believer in doing everything to the best of her abilities even if, as on this occasion, this meant showing her classmates the odd pubic hair. Most of the girls in the class felt sympathy for Sally, but they were all thinking of Deborah. She would be exposing herself far more explicitly than Sally, and there was zero chance of Mr Denby altering the sequence for her.

Having commented, generally favourably, on Sally's performance, Mr Denby set all the pupils off to try the routine in their pairs. Martin volunteered to go first and Deborah readily agreed. As he carried out the series of moves, Deborah surprised herself with how much attention she was paying him. He was good looking (in a rugby-club kind of way) with large muscles and very little fat. His dark hair stood up from his head like the bristles of a brush and Deborah wondered at how a great-looking boy like this could end up becoming such a shit.

Deborah stood by idly as Martin rolled up and down the mat with expert precision. She had no reason even to step in and help him with his balance. It was a perfectly executed routine - and being a voluble creature she told him so, much to his delight.

Deborah spent the next couple of minutes, which Martin spent preening and congratulating himself, willing the ground to open and swallow her up. But it didn't and soon it was her turn. The initial rolls caused no problem, but once in a straddle position she found the idea (rather than the act) of raising herself to a headstand with her legs still wide apart impossible to so much as contemplate.

"Come on, Deborah," Martin said, not unkindly. "If you don't have a go he'll only paddle you. And it will be on the bare too, won't it?" Classroom paddlings by teachers were supposedly never administered on the bare bottom, but in her current position Deborah would obviously lose that protection. She placed her hands flat on the mat and then started to push up, her legs straight and splayed out, trying not to consider Martin's view.

Martin, on the other hand, was watching intently as Deborah's pussy lips slowly drew apart while she was opening her legs and then while the girl swung up into a vertical position.

She was pleased to have almost completed the move, but then, suddenly, she felt faint and Martin sensed that she was ready to drop. He knew that this could cause damage and he needed to soften her fall so he reached out instinctively as she toppled, one hand grabbing an arm and the other, without intent, going between her legs and taking most of her weight as she fell.

"You filthy fucking pervert," she exploded. "Get your shitty hands off me!"

Martin didn't respond, but just looked hurt until Mr Denby spoke.

"I don't believe I've ever heard such language directed from one pupil to another in class."

Then he spoke directly to Martin:

"Now I am not, or course, making a suggestion," he began. "But if you were to take her and her foul mouth into my office and put her over your knee who could blame you."

"No!" Deborah shouted again. "You can't!"

"No," he agreed. "Perhaps not. Maybe you should just get up over the vaulting horse while I fetch the paddle?"

Martin could tell that this was not an alternative that Deborah fancied and took the opportunity to grasp her hand firmly and lead her, unresisting, towards Mr Denby's office. When they got there, he sat down on a stool and told her to stand in front of her.

Deborah felt that she was attractive. People often told her so. Yet being looked at so pointedly unnerved her. Martin let his eyes take their time in moving over her naked body. He imagined touching her as he appraised her. How he'd run his fingers through her thick blonde hair. How he'd gently caress her neck, enjoying the feel of her smooth, deeply tanned skin. The girl's breasts were nicely proportioned and held their shape well without a bra, her nipples standing out sharply. He imagined the soft, coolness as each breast yielded to his warm hands before moving down... down over her tight stomach and towards the fine haze of hair which marked Deborah out as a "true" blonde.

Deborah's pubic hair, being not only fair but also fine, left the region between her thighs rather unprotected. She had her legs together now, of course, but he remembered her sweet pussy well from her "headstand with splits". He recalled the moist inner lips nestling in an open pink hideaway, the passage to her feminine secrets appearing as a tiny slit. "Turn around," Martin told her.

She didn't think of answering back but just did as she was told. After all, just about everyone had seen her unclothed today, so what was the point in arguing over trifles.

Deborah was slim, with the beginnings of a nicely curved adult body. Her legs were long and tapered neatly to her rather beautiful ankles. Her bottom drew attention to itself even when unmarked as Deborah's hips were seductively wide.

Martin had, like everyone else, seen the purpling welts left by Mr Lindon's cane but only now had he had time to inspect them in close up. They were, he decided, gorgeous and set off the background of young, rounded buttocks very well. Girls should be caned more often he thought absent-mindedly. And that reminded him of something.

For Deborah, things were going from bad to worse. She had been already been thinking of the same incident which had now sprung into Martin's mind: back only a month or two ago, when Deborah had reported Martin for selling cigarettes to twelve and thirteen year olds. He'd been caned himself for that and had been looking for revenge ever since. However, having told her to face him once more, his next words surprised her.

"I want you to know something," he began. "I know you don't approve of me, that there are lots of things about me which you despise, but this is the truth. Whatever I've done, I've never sexually abused anyone... Yes, OK," he said in response to the challenge he could see forming on Deborah's lips, "I know you and your feminist friends consider patting a girl on the bum abuse.... What I'm saying is that I would never have touched you between the legs on purpose; I really was trying to help."

His tone of voice, and the mere fact that Martin was bothering to tell her this and didn't just start smacking her straight away suggested to her that he was telling the truth and she began to feel guilty about what she had said.

"It's true," he said, hoping for a response. This time he got one.

"I know it's true," she told him. "I'm sorry for what I called you."

"Thanks," Martin breathed a sigh of relief. "So now what?"

"What do you mean?"

"You know." He had a glint in his eye. "Do you deserve to be put over my knee?"

Deborah's bottom was still stinging like mad from the morning's ordeal, but then she guessed that a hand- spanking would make little difference to the overall pain level. She knew too that her outburst would have dented Martin's reputation still further and felt her guilt increasing.

"How many?" she asked quietly, seeing Martin's handsome face light up in a smile.

"Something conservative..." he suggested. "Say fifteen?"

Deborah thought for a moment and then said with a tiny smile of resignation:

"Oh, God. Go on then."

Martin pulled her closer to him and happily turned her over his knee. Her bottom's cane marks looked even angrier up so close and under the fluorescent light, and he wondered whether he shouldn't let her off. Yet she had agreed to her spanking and was therefore prepared to accept it. Once Deborah's bare bottom was neatly presented, her scarred cheeks ready to receive yet more chastisement, Martin placed one large hand on her tender skin and said to her:

"You know, you don't have to go through with this...."

"It's OK, Martin," she said firmly. "I've said I'll take it, so I will." At those encouraging words, Martin lifted his hand up high and began to spank her soundly. The noise drifted into the gym, each smack echoed by a cry of pain from Deborah.

SMACK! WHACK! SLAP! The blows rained down and Deborah was surprised at how much a simple hand- spanking could do when delivered on top of a recent caning. She heard her voice begging for mercy as Martin spanked her, but she knew he wouldn't stop - not until he was finished. It seemed to be going on for ever, yet Deborah knew Martin was only just past half-way through.

SMACK! "Ouch!" SPLAT! "Nooh!" WHACK "Yeeeowll!"

Never rule out simple bare-bottomed hand-spanking as a form of punishment, she thought. This was hell....

Finally, Martin spanked her quivering and sore bottom two last times and the ordeal was over. He told her to stand up.

"Now," Martin said, his words unplanned this time. "You say you feel guilty about what you said. Could you prove it?"

"What do you mean? I thought I'd already done that," she complained, rubbing her sore behind.

"Let me kiss you."

"Kiss you?"

"Yeah, you know, my lips against yours, that sort of thing." Deborah looked more closely at him. There was no doubt that he was an attractive boy and in her current vulnerable state she felt kind of drawn to him, like a spider's prey. One kiss would be OK, wouldn't it?

"OK," she said quietly.

Martin took her face in one hand and pulled it down to his level, kissing her tenderly on the lips. Then he kissed her again, harder and more passionately now, and was delighted to feel Deborah's tongue responding to his own. This second kiss went on for a long time and Deborah found herself engrossed. So much so, that when he stood up and bent down to kiss her neck and a number of other sensual spots she didn't protest, but just murmured with pleasure. His lips traced a delicate path over each breast, pausing to envelop and suck gently on her nipples. He knelt down before her and kissed her thighs, his face only inches from her sex; then he spun her round and used his hands to gently convey his next request.

As pressure was applied tenderly, Deborah responded by first spreading her feet further and further apart. Then, when he was satisfied, he tapped her shoulders and she bent forwards, as if she was to be beaten again. He didn't strike her though. Instead, he did what she had been both dreading and hoping for: he knelt behind her, firmly grasped her thighs and found her pussy with his mouth.

Deborah managed to forget, for that moment at least, how much she supposedly hated this boy, and instead wallowed in the wonderful sensations as her vulva was sucked on, her clitoris lightly bitten and her climax gently coaxed.

Even then, when Martin's mouth left her, it was only a temporary desertion. Straight away, he was back, his mouth this time ranging over her still bare bottom and kissing and soothing the pain. His tongue followed each of the ridges in turn, cooling momentarily the still throbbing pain there. Then he did something that Deborah had always hoped to experience but didn't think she would ever be able to ask for. He licked along the groove between her cheeks and then stopped when he reached her anus. His tongue flicked out and prodded and sucked at this tiny hole and, at the same time, his fingers found her pussy again, bringing her to yet another orgasm. As Deborah became more and more aroused, the boy behind her sped his tongue in small circles around and around the tiny pink hole, and gradually coaxed her on towards a third peak.

All in all it was delicious and when, after taking a minute or two to let their flushed faces return to their normal colours, they returned to the gym, Deborah was able to almost forget about her enforced immodesty. Her black and white image of Martin was no longer sufficient. Sure, he'd taken advantage her situation to enjoy her body (although only the spanking was forced - she had needed little persuasion to allow him access to the rest of her). But he could have spanked a good deal harder. He could have done so without first discussing the punishment or its justification. He could have slipped a hand between her thighs when she was still over his knee and when she had little way of protecting himself. He could also, of course, have fucked her. Having roused her so much already with his oral stimulation of her secrets, Deborah knew she would have let him - if only to regret it afterwards. But, in fact, he concentrated on giving her pleasure; something in which he had been extremely successful. She still thought of him as a sexist, lecherous, rugby-playing (and annoyingly attractive) shit. But that opinion was no longer one she could just hold unquestioningly. Her mind, as well as her warm, wet pussy, told her there were contradictions in her judgement that she hadn't noticed before. She wondered if, perhaps, it was anything to do with this post-feminism stuff her older sister kept on going on about. The lesson seemed to come to an end quickly. Despite Mr Denby continuing to instruct the class in tasks which he knew would force Deborah into revealing postures, she remained infuriatingly serene and even refused to give him any plausible reason for putting her over the vaulting horse for a paddling.

French was next with Mme Jospin, a middle-aged native of "la belle France" with a no-nonsense approach to teaching.

"Bonjour la classe," she intoned.

"Bonjour Madame Jospin," the children chanted back, feeling as they always did as if they were back in primary school.

"Bien. Asseyez-vous. Aujord-hui, nous ecouterions de..." She looked down at her notes and continued: "... de Deborah, n'est pas?"

"Me?" Deborah gasped, her mouth remaining wide-open.

"En Francais, s'il vous plait!"

"Er... moi?"

"Si, toi. Viens!"

Deborah stumbled out towards the front of the class, a chorus of sniggering accompanying her to the front.

"Bon. Et ton sujet, c'est... quoi?"

"Er... c'est... c'est.... Mon sujet est...."

She'd forgotten. She didn't even remember once in the classroom! As part of their course, each pupil had to give a prepared talk, in French, on a topic of their choice. Deborah, one of those children who always leaves things to the last minute, had planned to scribble down her notes before afternoon lessons. However, Mr Lindon had been seeing to her bare bottom with the cane at that time, and French had been the last thing on her mind. She tried to think of a way to begin. She'd chosen French Impressionists and it was a subject she knew a lot about... but without preparing the words...

"I... I'm sorry, Mmme...."

"En Francais! Francais!" the teacher barked.

"Oui, Madame. Um... je suis desole, mais... mais j'ai oublie mon devoir." Deborah kept her eyes downcast, but realised how angry her teacher was when she reverted to English.

"You've forgotten your homework? Just like that?"

"Yes, miss."

"You realise that you are supposed to be taking your GCSE French exam in just over twelve months time?"

"Yes, miss."

"And that your presentation will be a vital part of that exam?"

"Yes, miss."

"And that this will be your last opportunity to practise this aspect of the course?"

"Yes, miss."

"I see. So, what do you propose. Am I supposed to organise an additional session for you so that you can practise, once you've decided you're ready to offer us all the benefit of your work?"

"No, miss."

"Really? So, instead I shall have to explain to your housemaster and your parents why you have done so badly in this part of the exam? Why I have taught you so badly? Hmm?"

"No, miss."

"You have wasted too much of this lesson already. I will arrange something with you afterwards. For now, bend over my desk. I'll deal with your forgetfulness once I have everyone working."

Deborah had seen many of her friends beaten by Mme Jospin. She was a firm believer in corporal punishment, although she considered the school unnecessarily cautious in not allowing children to be paddled on their bare bottoms in class. Deborah's semi-nakedness would, for once, allow her to deliver what she considered a proper punishment.

Deborah knew that twelve strokes with the paddle on the bare bottom was the maximum sentence for missing an assignment. She knew equally that Mme Jospin would not consider administering less that the maximum. As she bent down over the side of the teacher's desk, she wondered whether the paddle would seem harder today than usual, reinforcing her earlier caning, or whether, due to the constant pain she was experiencing from that prior punishment anyway, the paddling would appear to sting a little less. She didn't have to wait long. Soon all Deborah's classmates were writing out a French translation and Mme Jospin was rummaging in her drawer for the paddle. Deborah hated French translation; yet she wished she were doing it now!

It took Mme Jospin very little time to locate the paddle. It was rarely far from the top of the pile of odds and ends in the desk drawer and she turned it over once or twice in her hands so that Deborah could remind herself of its look... and feel. Very few of Deborah's friends had never tasted the hard leather paddle and only its application on her naked skin would be new to her. It was almost in recompense for the fact that classroom teachers had (with rare exceptions) to spank through underwear that they were allowed to choose their own paddles, within a framework of dimensions and weight set down by the governors. Most chose wood. Mme Jospin swore by tough leather. WHACK! "Ouuchh!

Deborah had hardly noticed the teacher getting into position and was unprepared for the first stroke as it slammed into her upturned bottom. It certainly hurt. It definitely hurt more than usual, but whether that was solely the result of her lack of knickers or because of the caning she had already received, she couldn't tell.

The teacher started to walk round the class and mark the books now. In this one respect she paddled differently to all the other teachers. She would look at her watch as she began and divide the number of minutes remaining of the lesson by the number of strokes left. Then she would carefully time each whack so that the whole of the rest of the lesson consisted, for the offender, of nothing but a sound paddling.

Deborah tried to think of other things each time the teacher walked up behind her to deliver another painful stroke. Much of the time, to her surprise a little, she thought about Emma, the cute new girl with whom she had forged such a warm, and sexually exciting, relationship. Having another girl give her permission to spank her whenever she wanted to, to take pleasure in her body as she wished to, was one of the most wonderful things she had ever experienced. She loved telling Emma that she'd been naughty and that she wanted her over her knee. She adored lifting her skirt and slowly tugging her knickers down to her thighs. She relished the feel of her naked buttocks under her fingers. And, above all, she revelled in the sound of Emma's cries of pain and the crack of skin upon skin as she spanked her.

CRACK! "Yeoow!"

It didn't strike Deborah that thinking about spanking in order to take her mind off being spanked would appear illogical to most people. It seemed to be working for her. She wasn't sure how many times Mme Jospin had paddled her, but the clock told her there were only six minutes of the lesson left. SMACK! "Ooooh!"

Deborah closed her eyes again and conjured her lover up, this time offering her pussy to her mistress. She was wonderful to make love to. Emma would do anything Deborah asked her to. She knew that there was no sexual act Emma would refuse her, although there might me several (like the rimming she got from Martin) that she would be too embarrassed to ask for. THWACK! "Nooooh!"

That one was harder, Deborah thought, her bottom blazing yet again as she wiggled it from side to side to try to get a little air to pass over the skin in an attempt to cool the heat. Only one or two now, surely.

CRACK! "Yeoowll!"

How could a woman of fifty-something spank so hard, she wondered to herself. She pondered whether Emma was noticing any increase in the pain of her spankings now that Deborah was getting so much practice. If she was still talking to her following her caning....

WHACK! "Whhahh!"

"Class dismissed," Mme Jospin said then, almost as the last blow fell. "Deborah, you stay put please."

The girl did as she was told, only rising and facing the teacher once everyone had left. For some reason, with everyone else gone, she now felt her nakedness much more acutely.

"You are sometimes a very silly girl, aren't you?" the teacher admonished her.

"Yes, miss."

"Well, I don't want you to fail. Every Thursday morning you will come to my flat at eight-thirty and you will bring a mini-presentation. There is a price to pay for this extra tuition, however. You will deliver each one dressed, or should I say undressed, as you are today. After your presentation, I shall put you over my knee and, depending on how good or bad it was, I will spank you accordingly. Is this clear?"

Yes, miss," Deborah replied, pleased that she wasn't going to miss out on that part of her course, but not so pleased at having to submit to a weekly bare-bottom spanking from Mme Jospin.

There were no further incidents before prep and Emma and Deborah were both called out of their studies twenty minutes before the end by their house captain.

"I wanted to run over a few details of this evening's event," she told them, as if they were about to run a race rather than receive a public caning. "After that, I suggest you go and shower and generally make yourselves look presentable. You need to be in my study at nine sharp. OK?"

"Yes, Amanda," both girls replied.

"Fine. Now, call will be taken beforehand, so everyone will be out there in the hall. There will be two punishment horses as well, so that you can be caned together. We will wait in here until after call, and then march down the corridor following Mr Lindon: you two first, then me. Clear so far?"

Deborah nodded.

"Now, you undress in here first, so you'll be naked. That won't be a very new experience for you," she smiled at Deborah. "When we get to the hall, you will each stand next to a punishment horse facing the rest of the house while Mr Lindon explains why he is caning you. Then he and I will each tie one of you down ready for the cane. I'm afraid it's a slightly longer and thicker one he uses for house publics. It won't sting that much more, but the bruises will last a bit longer. After the caning, you'll both have to stay tied down for fifteen minutes. Then, if you wish, you may go straight to bed. Any questions?"

Emma and Deborah shook their head together.

"Good. Go and get yourselves ready."

"Ready?" Deborah exclaimed once they were upstairs in the changing rooms.

"How can you get ready for this?!"

She looked at Emma, who was slowly getting unchanged and spoke softly to her.

"I'm really sorry about this," she said. "I know it was my fault."

"No," Emma responded firmly. "I chose this relationship with you and everything that comes with it. If you're going to be caned, I want to be with you," she added, slipping her knickers to the floor.

"Why. I mean, I'm really glad you don't hate me, but I don't understand." Emma looked at her puzzled face and breathed deeply.

"Because... because I've fallen in love with you," she said simply, walking off towards the showers and stepping underneath the hot spray.

Deborah followed, still looking perplexed, and just stood watching her lover as she began to soap herself. Then, after a minute or two, Emma looked at Deborah with a little impatience before taking her hand and pulling her into the shower with her and guiding her friend's hand between her legs. In seconds, the two girls were locked together on the floor of the shower cubicle, their minds for the first time since lunch fully trained on something other than their imminent public punishment.

**EMMA AT SCHOOL 9**

House Public

Emma and Deborah have been caught playing sex games in the local boy’s school. They've received the first half of their punishment - a bare bottom caning in the housemaster's study - and are now about to be given six strokes more, this time stripped naked in front of the whole house.... The four marched slowly down the corridor towards the hall: Mr Lindon leading the way in his master's robes and with his cane held before him, the two naked girls following behind and Amanda, the house captain, bringing up the rear. With as much dignity as they could manage, the two girls took up their positions, one in front of each punishment horse. Amanda had warned them not to try to cover themselves but to stand with their arms by their sides. Emma, being the more modest of the two, felt the exposure more keenly; each member of the house, including the three boys, was able to look over her naked body at their leisure and she blushed deeply. "It is always with a heavy heart," the housemaster was saying, "that I decide to invoke the part of the school rules which deals with public beatings. However, on this occasion I feel as though I have been given little choice and both girls will therefore receive six strokes of the cane. Before I administer this punishment, I will say a few words about the offences committed in the hope that it may have a deterrent effect on the rest of you." Mr Lindon looked gravely around at the expectant faces before continuing. Evening call took place in the entrance hallway of the house. It was, therefore, quite chilly in the winter and both girls were grateful at least for the season. The location also meant that anyone who had a reason to visit the house that evening would come across the events taking place there. Mr Lindon drew a deep breath and then continued. "These two young ladies took it into their heads to visit St Stephen's Boys' School this afternoon. You all know that such excursions are strictly forbidden unless you are involved in an official school function, or have my express permission. If that had been their only offence they could still have expected a bare bottom caning! "However, Emma and Deborah compounded their offence by their behavior once there. They were discovered completely or partly naked in a boy's study by the housemaster in the company of two of the school's pupils and it was clear from the scene which the teacher uncovered that sexual activity had been taking place. "The two boys involved have been caned themselves and I was put in the position of having to apologise for the conduct of my girls to the boys' housemaster. In the circumstances, given the exhibitionism of both girls, I decided that a public caning was the only punishment possible. "In addition most of you will have noticed that Deborah, owing to her inappropriate dress, paid an extra penalty this afternoon." Deborah's face turned red as a collective snigger passed among the collected audience. Everyone had either seen or heard about her enforced display of bare bottom and pussy during afternoon classes. The three girls who shared Deborah's gym class also recalled with a shared smile her nakedness during the lesson and the fact that she had been sent off by the teacher to take a spanking from Martin. The scene set, Mr Lindon then turned to Amanda and asked her to prepare Emma while he got Deborah ready to receive the cane. Emma had to grit her teeth tightly to stop herself from fighting or shouting out as her legs were parted so that each knee could be placed on the padded rung and secured in place and then as her body was pushed forwards over the horse and her hands tied to keep her there. She knew that, from where her house-mates were standing, they now had a perfect view of her open pussy - and, of course, her upturned bottom with its fading purple marks from the afternoon's caning. To her horror, she felt a twinge between her thighs as she imagined forty pairs of eyes penetrating her and knew that she was getting a little wet. She silently began to pray for the caning to start to take her mind off her revealing pose and stem the flow of juices before her dampness became visible. Mr Lindon was ready to answer her prayer. He stood behind her and a little to one side, making sure that his audience would be able to see clearly. Then he touched the cane gingerly to Emma's pale, striped cheeks and lifted it high in the air. To have to publicly flog a new girl within weeks of her arrival! Well, perhaps this would encourage her to think before she acted in future. Emma and Deborah heard the whistle, but only Deborah heard the crack of impact. Emma's five senses collapsed into one the moment the cane bit into her flesh, and that one - touch - registered only one sensation: absolute and concentrated pain. With no gag to keep her voice trapped in her mouth, Emma's scream of anguish echoed harshly off the bare walls and uncarpeted floor as the burning caress of the rod seared through her. "ONE!" the assembled pupils yelled together. Deborah had forgotten about that, the unison counting of strokes which traditionally accompanied house publics in Austin house. Deeply wounded by the agony of her lover as she was beaten for an offence committed at Deborah's instigation, the prurient chorus of voices behind her magnified her contrition. Assistance in assuaging her guilt was at hand though as Mr Lindon took a couple of steps sideways, lifted his arm once again and delivered the first of Deborah's six strokes. Amanda's assertion that the thicker, longer cane the housemaster used in house publics would not be more immediately painful had helped to keep the girls' spirits up, yet it proved sadly inaccurate. The main difference between the canes was indeed this one's longer-lasting bruising, but in creating that deeper mark it undeniably bit harder. Deborah, with her reputation as a bit of a hard character, had resolved not to cry out, but her determination was thrashed out of her with the very first stroke. She had a good deal of experience of taking corporal punishment, both at school and at home, but this ranked up with the very worse of them and, as the slim wooden weapon sliced across her unprotected rump, Deborah opened her mouth and shrieked with pain, masking the repeated shout of the assembled pupils. Mr Lindon waited a full minute after delivering his opening salvo, Amanda cooling timing the passing seconds to the accompaniment of the two girls' wailing and then nodded her head gravely. WHACKK! "TWO!" "Arrrgghhhhhh!" As the force of the blow swept through her, Emma tried to remember why she was there. Not to be punished for what had happened in that boy's study - after all, most of what had happened had consisted in her being punished! No, she knew that she was here to prove her love for Deborah, to take the cruel lash of the cane across her bare buttocks with no thought of telling the truth about their afternoon jaunt. She closed her eyes tightly as the whistling sound nearby told her that Deborah was being beaten for a second time. If she could have found a plausible story, Emma would have engineered things so that Deborah had escaped punishment altogether and would now be standing with the others watching her flogging. Still, simply to be tied and caned next to Deborah was a great display of solidarity and love, wasn't it? These thoughts did nothing to stem the tide of tears which were collecting in a pool on the floor, but they gave her the strength to carry on - to stop herself from pleading uselessly for clemency or from wriggling hopelessly on the horse. A minute passed.... "Nooooooooh!" Deborah felt as if the wood were cutting her every time Emma took another stroke. She wanted to yell out that it was all her fault - that Emma was innocent - but she knew that Emma did not want her to. Although she loved baring Emma's bottom and spanking her, although she relished the squeals of agony as her friend writhed under her chastisement, now she just wanted to protect her, to gather her into her arms and plant tender kisses on each scarlet welt. She heard the sideways step and braced herself for her own third stroke. The cane snapped through the air and stroked her bare flesh as if covered in barbs. Despite the intense pain, she wanted to show Emma that she could take it. She gritted her teeth and felt the sting peak and then ebb slowly to a plateau of throbbing without more than a gasp passing her lips. "For you, my darling Emma," she thought. Emma, despite her own anguish, perceived the silence that followed the last stroke and took comfort in it, knowing that Deborah's bravery was garnered just for her. She knew too, however, that such fortitude was beyond her own body's resolve and, after the familiar pause, she was made to scream again as the cane carved another weal into her flesh amid a frenzied shout of "Four!" Mr Lindon too had noticed Deborah's success in refusing to cry out at the previous stroke and lifted his arm that bit higher the next time, let the rod swing through the air that bit faster, let the furious wood nibble that bit deeper into the youthful behind presented to him. Still, Deborah managed to hold her instinctive howl inside once again and, as he heard the roar of the girls and boys standing in a semi-circle behind him, Mr Lindon resolved to break her next time. He was impatient for the sixty seconds to pass and showed it in his agitated sidestep back to Emma, lining the cane up as if he were going to beat her again straight away. He restrained himself, however, and dispersed a little of his frustration with a few practice swings until it was time once more. The housemaster knew that to get so personally involved in the punishment of his girls was dangerous and guarded against it, but sometimes it was so hard... as was (and he was grateful for his loose gowns at times like these) his cock as he prepared to cane Emma once more. Her pussy's wetness was faint enough to be invisible to the pupils watching, but Mr Lindon could see it clearly. He guessed correctly that the caning itself was not responsible for her arousal, but whether it was the forced display of her most intimate parts to himself and her house-mates or something else, he was not immune to the delights of her pretty, pouting pussy. Trying to concentrate on the area he was aiming for, rather than the open secret below, he lined up again. The housemaster wanted to save his strength for Deborah, but still delivered a solid stroke to her friend and was rewarded once more by her enchanting cry. His mouth straightened into a determined line, Mr Lindon approached Deborah once more. Two more strokes to go. The man felt sure that if she survived this one then he would fail to crack her with the last - this would be his last attempt to reassert his authority. In fact after the extra fury of the previous stroke, the girl before him had felt her courage drain away anyway and knew somehow that she had lost the battle. Suddenly she felt less like a defiant martyr and more like a naughty little school-girl and, consequently, when the cane tackled her again with the full might of the housemaster focused on her chastisement, she gave herself up to its correction absolutely. The expectant crowd had barely begun to form their lips around the "Five!" when Deborah's blood-curdling screech of torment cut through their collective voices in a total admission of defeat. Emma felt the flow of her tears increase as she witnessed the shattering of her friend, aching for the feel of the wood on her own bare skin to allow her to join herself to Deborah in pain. She had to wait only a minute before Mr Lindon, reinvigorated by the success of his last delivery, beat her a final time with a great crack of a blow just above the crease between thighs and buttocks which kept her in full voice right through to the last of Deborah's six. An hour or so later, Emma was lying (face down, of course) on her bed in the dormitory when Amanda, the house captain, came over and sat down by her, gently stroking her hair. Emma had been reliving the caning again, remembering not only the thrashing itself, but the fifteen minutes which followed it when she and Deborah had been left tied to the punishment horses for their fellow pupils to see as they went about their various pre-bedtime chores. Again, Emma had been aware of a heat between her thighs which had mingled strangely with the heat in her bottom and the knew, to her shame, that any of the girls and boys who had come close enough would have been able to see her dampness. "Emma," the house captain was speaking softly in her ear. "Yes," she mumbled in reply. "I know this is a bad time, but I need to talk to you about your fagging duties." Emma had forgotten about that. Deborah had explained to her that for her first year she would be assigned to a sixth former to fag for. That could mean bringing tea in the morning, cleaning shoes, cleaning their studies - stuff like that. The fagging system was not governed by the school rules but by an informal tradition maintained by the pupils. There were, therefore, many anomalies. For a start, the duties covered were not written down anywhere and, therefore, there was a huge discrepancy between the extremes of what various sixth-formers remanded. Whom a girl ended up fagging for therefore had a great impact on her first year at school. The right of sixth formers to punish their fags was also an issue of debate. It was generally understood that the failure of a fag to perform her duties to the sixth former's satisfaction could be punished by a hand spanking through her knickers. However, it was well-known that many, if not most, went beyond that limit in the spanking of their fags, and that because of the position of power the sixth formers enjoyed, it was almost pointless for fags to complain. "Yes, OK," Emma said, raising herself onto one elbow. "Well," Amanda continued, "there is only one sixth-former to whom no one is assigned at the moment, so will be fagging for them. You need to report to them at seven sharp tomorrow morning." Something in Amanda's voice told Emma that there was a detail she wasn't being told, but she couldn't figure out what. "Who is it?" she asked. "It's... er... it's Richard Younger." "A boy! You... you can't!" Emma yelled, turning several heads in the dormitory in her direction. "Don't talk to me like that or, caning or no caning, I'll take my strap to you!" Amanda's tone was suddenly severe. "I'm sorry, Amanda," Emma groaned. "But please... it's not fair!" "You have no choice. Girls and boys have to fag for each other sometimes because of the way the numbers work. It will be OK, he's a really nice guy." Emma didn't dispute that. He was a kind and gentle boy, and attractive too, yet she still felt a terrible sense of foreboding at being handed over to a boy. She woke, after a series of very strange dreams, only to look over at her bedside clock and see that the time was already seven-fifteen. "Oh no!" she thought. "It can't be!" Following Amanda's talk with her, she had been too tired and sore to set her alarm straight away and had dozed off within minutes. Now she found herself flying down the stairs while doing up the buttons on her blouse as she went and then sprinting for Richard's study. "I... I'm sorry I'm late!" she gasped, having burst into the room. Richard looked at her with a displeased, but not angry gaze. "Really," he muttered. "And do you normally just barge in to people's studies?" "Er... no," she stammered. "No... I'm sorry." "Stop apologising," he said, irritated. He looked at his watch. "Well, it's getting late. Follow me." Richard strode off out of the study and down the corridor towards the boys' dormitory area, a place usually out of bounds to the girls. She followed him meekly until he reached an open door and walked inside, going in after him and looking around while he closed the door. They were in a small bathroom, one of two which the boys shared. The girls' changing room, where their baths and showers were found, were communal. However the boys' part of the house had been converted from old servants' quarters with the result that their rooms were all much smaller and they enjoyed more privacy. Richard sat down on the one stool in the room and gazed at the fresh-faced young girl in front of him, looking at him anxiously and expectantly. "Very well, take off your clothes please." "What?" Emma gasped. "I mean, why?" "Why?" The question appeared not to have entered his head. "To find out if you're the kind of girl who carries out the instructions of her superiors without question or delay," he told her at last. "Oh, I am," she exclaimed, realising her folly too late as Richard leaned back, folded his arms and simply said: "Good."

**EMMA AT SCHOOL 10**

Fagging

Emma, following yesterday's public caning, has turned up late for Richard - the sixth former she is going to be fagging for. He has taken her to a bathroom in the boys' section of the house and told her to strip.... The writing style in this episode seems to change drastically part way through for some reason. Any similarity to Helen Zahavi is unintentional, but I think it's there... no one gets raped or murdered though.... Slowly, realising that demure obedience was more likely to be of use to her than refusal, Emma began to peel her clothes off. Although she had been naked before the whole house only the evening before (and Richard had been there of course), and although Deborah had made her disrobe in front of complete strangers as part of the incident that led to their joint caning, stripping in front of just one boy was different. Shyly she slipped her bra from her arms, her nipples standing out prettily in their light brown pools. Having dropped her skirt to the floor to leave her standing only in her knickers she finally paused, a look of nervous hopelessness on her face. Richard crooked his finger and she walked up to him, looking him in the eyes and hoping he would not use his authority over her too terribly. "Why do you still have your knickers on?" he asked softly, slipping two fingers from each hand inside the elastic waistband of her sole remaining covering.

"I... don't know..." she answered meekly.

"Late... disobedient..." Richard listed her apparent failings as he slowly drew Emma's knickers down over her thighs, the abrasive movement of cotton over her still raw bottom making her grimace. "Do you not think I'd be failing in my duty as your mentor if I didn't spank you soundly?" he asked as he dropped the knickers round her ankles and revealed her complete nakedness.

"I... I suppose so," she began. "But..."

"I know," Richard interrupted gently, putting a finger to her lips to silence her. "You're still sore from last night aren't you?" Emma nodded and allowed Richard to spin her round so that he could inspect her scarred bottom. She felt his fingers tracing the lines left by the housemaster's cane and closed her eyes against the unwelcome reminder of that terrible pain. When his fingers left her skin, he turned her back to him.

"I know how painful these marks must still be," Richard began and Emma allowed her hopes to rise prematurely. "However, they will remain painful for some time and you can't be expecting to avoid all punishment for the next fortnight, can you?"

"No, I guess not."

"Well..." As Richard spoke he drew Emma towards him by the hand and guided her over his lap from his left. She found the position unusual as no left-hander had spanked her yet, but she realised that it was a position which would soon become familiar. "I think it would be a mistake if I were not to spank you for your lateness and mild disobedience. It would set a poor precedent. However, I will take account of the caning you received yesterday and shall spank you rather less harshly than you can expect in future."

And, with that, Richard lifted his hand and began to smack Emma's bare, and purply-striped, bottom. Emma always cried when she was spanked. She found that her tears helped to wash away the feeling of guilt for whatever it was that she had done and helped her to give herself more completely to the person punishing her. On this occasion, however, she could not have held her tears back had she wanted to. The repeated falling of Richard's heavy hand on her youthful flesh, coming so soon as it did after her bare bottom caning, caused her the most terrible pain. It awakened all the anguish of the previous evening, the raised welts which decorated her cheeks coming eagerly back to life as if Mr Lindon was in the room with her and alternating his strokes with Richard's hand spanking. Richard was a believer in corporal punishment. Like most pupils at the school, having gone through the system, he recognized the positive effect that regular spankings had on the naughtiest children and was eager to play his part in the education of the younger generations. "She's a very sweet girl," Amanda had told him. "But she has a wilful streak and is not used to discipline. Don't go soft on her, let her bottom feel your hand regularly."

"Do you... do you mean her bare bottom?" Richard had asked. "Richard, you know as well as I do that fags are only supposed to be spanked through their knickers. You realise that I couldn't advise you to do otherwise. However," and Amanda had winked at him, "it is my opinion that IF you were allowed to spank fags on their bare bottoms, then Emma would benefit greatly from you taking her knickers down before you put her over your knee."

Then, as if to make sure that her meaning had not been lost on him, she added, "And I think an occasional spanking with a hairbrush or slipper would be very valuable in establishing your relationship properly - IF that were allowed!"

Her words came back to him now as he continued to deliver slap after slap to Emma's upturned bottom, reflecting that without Amanda's encouragement he would have found taking his fag in hand in this way almost impossible. After thirty smacks or so, Richard stopped and told Emma to get up and face him, noting with satisfaction her red eyes and tear-stained face. "Can I ask you a question?"

The girl in front of him didn't look as if she was about to say something sassy, but rather as if she had a genuine query and Richard told her to go ahead.

"Well..." Emma began uncertainly, "do you enjoy this?"

"Do I enjoy what?"

"You know, making me take my clothes off, seeing me naked and... and spanking my bare bottom?"

"Oh, I see..." Richard looked thoughtful. "Well, that's not as simple a question to answer as you might think."

"Why not. Isn't it just 'yes' or 'no'?"

"I don't think so. OK, listen... I'm gay."

Emma looked at him quizzically. She didn't have a problem with sexuality. Not since rumours had started circulating at her primary school that one of her favourite teachers was gay. She had spent a lot of time that term defending him to her friends. She didn't actually KNOW anyone who was gay though.

"Doesn't that make it easier?" she asked eventually. "Doesn't that mean you don't like girls?"

"Don't like girls?" he repeated, surprised.

"Not 'don't like', like as friends..." she meandered, searching for the words. "I mean 'don't like' like nudie girls in magazines and stuff." "Oh, I see," Richard answered, smiling at the girl's language. "Well, let me give you an example. I like looking at Paul Klee's paintings and..." "Who?"

"It doesn't matter who... Van Gough's 'Sunflowers' then. You know that one?"

"Of course," Emma frowned. She had the distinct feeling that she was being teased, but she couldn't work out how.

"OK. So I like looking at Van Gough's 'Sunflowers', but I wouldn't want to go to bed with it."

"You mean with them?"

"What? No - the painting!"

"That's as clear as mud!" Emma said sarcastically. "Oh, alright. Look, I think you're very pretty," he explained, looking her over. She was about as far from his 'type' (bronzed, muscular - and far too often straight!) as you could get, yet her curves gave him a warm and peaceful feeling. "You've got a cute body and a lovely smile - you shouldn't expect me to say 'Yuk!' just because I'm gay." "But... I don't turn you on?"

"Right. You'd need a few more muscles... and a couple of other changes," he added, looking pointedly at her breasts and making her flush. "So you sort of enjoy it?" she asked.

"Yeah. But it's slightly more complicated than that. Have you ever heard the phrase, 'power is the greatest aphrodisiac'?" "I think so. Aphrodisiacs are things that make you horny, right?" "Right," Richard affirmed. "Well, and I'm trying to be completely honest with you, the fact that I CAN tell you to strip - and that I CAN put you over my knee and spank you is a bit of a turn on. The same as when I was your age and prefects told me to pull my trousers and pants down for a spanking, I'd get a bit aroused sometimes - not because I fancied the person doing it, not because I wanted to be spanked, but just because of the situation. Do you know what I mean?"

"Yes," she admitted. Her pussy was warm as she spoke - talking about sex always made her damp. She started giggling. "It must have been a bit more embarrassing for you though!"

Richard smiled. "Yes, it was sometimes," he admitted, recalling the hoots of delight of senior girls who discovered an erection in his underwear when they came to spank him.

"Did you ever like girls... you know, that way. I mean, have you always been gay?"

"Well, I'm not sure really. I've had relationships with girls, but they weren't terribly successful. I'm not sure whether I was just doing it because I thought it was the right thing to do, or what." "Did you ever sleep with a girl?" Emma asked, dropping her voice. "Just once," he answered quietly. "Though I don't know why we're whispering."

"Who?" Emma's eyes lit up with the excitement of the question and Richard couldn't deny her.

"It's just between you and me, right? It was our revered house captain, Amanda."

"Really!" Emma exclaimed. "And didn't you enjoy it?"

"Well, I wouldn't put it like that. But the earth didn't move... it was OK, but I think it helped me realise it wasn't really right for me." "Wow," Emma sighed. "What a brilliant story." "Is it?" Richard was smiling at her again, his eyes dancing in that teasing way again.

"I think so," Emma pouted. "Anyway, do you want me to go now?" "No. I still want you to prove that you can do as you're told without questioning me."

"I can. I promise," Emma said eagerly.

"OK then. I'd like you to bathe me, please."

Emma opened her mouth and then closed it again. It wasn't that she wanted to protest; she liked Richard and she had already decided that she'd try her best to do what he told her. But she had questions. What exactly did he want? She decided not to ask, but just to start. He could always tell her if he wanted something done differently. Emma turned the taps on the bath, pouring a little Body Shop bath oil under the gushing water, and then stood in front of Richard, hesitating just a little.

"Stand up please, Richard," she said.

He stood and Emma took a deep breath before starting to undo his shirt buttons one by one. Soon his shirt was lying on top of the pile of her own clothes and she was kneeling in front of him and unbuttoning his fly, tugging his trousers down briskly. She got him to sit while she slipped his trousers from his ankles and did away with his shoes and socks. And then she asked him to stand again.

Emma had never exposed any of her boyfriends' cocks. The first she had seen had been when Deborah had offered herself up to the boys at St Stephen's and that whole scene was blurred in her memory. So as she knelt before Richard and calmly pulled his boxer shorts down his thighs, her heart was pumping furiously and her eyes were open wide. Slowly, Richard's cock came into view. It wasn't hard and Emma couldn't help feeling slighted by that, even though she knew that she was being silly. In fact, Richard was feeling quite aroused after talking about such intimate things with this younger girl and his manhood was quite swollen. Emma, however, lacked the necessary experience to recognise the fact. She badly wanted to look closer, to touch the peach-coloured sausage shape, to examine the spongy texture. But she knew she could not. Instead she spoke, conjuring her most businesslike tone:

"Now, into the bath with you. Lie down and have a soak." As she spoke, Emma tested the water temperature and allowed a final surge of cold to mingle with the soapy contents of the bath. Then she stood back and watched as Richard stepped over the edge and lowered himself with a contented sigh into the bubbles.

She watched him as, eyes closed, he wallowed in the slippery warmth of the water, and then directed him to stand so that she could wash him properly. A bottle of lemon scented shower gel sat invitingly on the side and Emma squeezed a large puddle into one hand. Then, without looking to the naked boy for approval, she stepped into the bath to join him. Richard's face registered appreciative consent at her action and she smiled at him briefly before placing her hands on his chest and beginning to move her palms over his skin. He was hard beneath her fingers. Emma realised that, in her few relationships with boys, she had always been touched - never the one to touch. Clammy hands had sought out her breasts with impatient clumsiness. Juvenile fingers had trampled her yielding flesh in search of her blossoming nipples, crept hopefully over a cool thigh on an eager upward voyage. Her fingers were never invited to explore - not unless she were willing to grasp the quivering pressure inside the swelling jeans. Which she never was.

So the hardness of him, the sinewy resistance of him to her fingers as they skated over his torso, as they followed the ridges of muscle, was a startling revelation. Emma was used to the soft, downiness of Deborah's supple body with its curves and its hollows, and its twin mounds of soft fleshy breast. This was more different than she had imagined. The firm boy-ness of him was a new pleasure and she trailed along his arms, and down over his stomach with wonder in her eyes.

She turned the boy around. With an almost clinical air she extended her survey. She spread soapy lemoniness over his back and over the broad sloping shoulders. She covered his tight buttocks with a cleansing film and smiled at their perfection with the smile not of a lover, but of a forensic scientist with a wonder for the beauty of human form. Richard closed his eyes at the first touch and didn't open them again. He tried to imagine the hands of a favourite fantasy lover caressing him, but was haunted instead by the image of his limp and lifeless body on a butcher's slab as it was prodded and pinched to size it up, to judge its fitness for the Sunday dinner table.

"Turn around. Face me."

He turned and faced and obeyed, commanded now by his own servant.

"Would you like me to wash your hair?"

"No."

"Good," she said. Good that there should be no further delay, no more reason to put off the final examination. Torso, arms and legs all clean and polished to a muscled shine, buttocks carefully soaped and rinsed down to a downy sparkle. Every crevice and every protuberance gelled and rubbed and buffed. Every one... except one.

Emma knew his eyes were open, knew her gaze was not a secret glimpse. But she stared at his remaining unwashed excess with quiet, careful sloth and pressed him into patience. She alighted with her eyes on the darkest part, on the very tip and made her way along from there. She inspected every tiny detail of his droopy tube and, when the shadowed places beckoned her, she reached out with her slippery fingers and lifted and moved and turned and pulled.

She slipped her fingers underneath the crinkly sack with his double bulge and giggled as the roundness within rolled shyly off her fingertips. Emma liked this part of him, she decided. This cock-y bit was fun, a firmly, wormly toy for her to play with in the bath. She oozed a glob or two from the bottle on the side, the one with two yellow orbs upon the label which made her giggle now at the appropriation of the innocent that her exploration was teaching her.

She smeared him with her gooey, lemon paws. The fleshy, clamminess of him gave way to her slippery, slimy, citrus-y fingers and she followed him with her slender digits. She ran her fingers right along his floppy, cocky length and back again. She held him in her hand and slipped along him once again and felt him twitch. She felt him jump and tremble in her dragging, fagging hand and she smiled.

"What are you doing, Emma?"

"I'm washing your willy," she said. Soaping away merrily as he swelled beneath her touch.

"Don't you think you've finished now?" he asked, a tremor in his voice. "Well, you see," she answered thoughtfully as her fingers grasped him more tightly and slithered along him more quickly. "Each time I think I've finished, it seems there's a little more to do. A little bit reveals itself which wasn't there before and so I have to go back. And back. And back."

And as her words repeated themselves, her fingers did the same, sharing with her bright brown eyes the delicious hardening of his softness. Richard closed his eyes. He could reach out and slap her helpfully away from her diversion. Remind her with a fingermark or two across her cheeky cheek that she was here to service him in an altogether more polite and decent manner. He could spin her round and tip her down and redden-up her plump and tender rump with his hard and manly hand. But his hard and manly manliness was becoming quite absorbed and he just closed his eyes and stood there with the water getting cooler and his penis getting hotter and a young and naked girl playing with him as if she were playing with a precious Christmas gift.

Emma wasn't finished yet. She hadn't savoured all there was to savour. She lifted a handful of water from the bath and rinsed the bubbly sheath from Richard's cock until it stood up moist and pink. And then she carefully fitted her moister, pinker lips around the bulgy tip and slipped him into her mouth. Emma, the girl who never touched, who would let the boys inside her knickers if they asked her very nicely but who would never stray between their spindly legs, opened up her greedy mouth and felt him slide along her tongue and fill her up with prick until he reached the limit of her. And then she slipped him out again. And in. And out. And as she ate him up she heard him groan and moan and suck the steamy air into his lungs in stutters.

And when she'd had enough she spat him out again and let her fingers take over from her lips and carry on the game. She listened to his gaspy, raspy breath and thought about how very strange today was becoming. "You know," she said at last, as she pulled and pushed and slithered finger over cock. "You know, I think I might be a lesbian." "Wh... why?"

"Well, I've been thinking about what you were saying before and about..." She didn't have a word for what she was doing and she looked at the tiling on the wall for a moment. "About... this... and I keep thinking to myself:

Well, Emma, this is quite fun. This rubbing and sucking and stiffening is quite fun. It makes my titties tingle and it makes me wet and slippery between my thighs. But most of all, it makes we want to find my room-mate... my friend... my lover... and to pull her head down to my pussy and to feel her tongue inside me and her hands on my bottom and to push my pussy into her face until I come. That's what it makes me want to do. Most of all.'"

"You mean... you're sl... sleeping with Deb... Deborah," Richard gurgled. "Sleeping with... fucking with... pussy-licking with Deborah. Yes, that's what I mean."

And that was when he came. As Emma calmly explicated her lustful, love-full friendship in words she'd never used before, his creamy, salty cum spewed from his upright cock. Hot, fresh, spermy fluids splashed on Emma's breasts and on her face. They trickled and dribbled down her tummy and her cheeks and over her mouth. She smiled and licked her tongue over her newly-salted lips and leaned forwards to kiss the purple, throbbing tip of his quickly wilting stiffness. And then she sat back in the water, amid the sticky strands of manly juice and looked up at him with the face of a girl who's just learned a little more about the world, a little bit more about herself, than she expected.

Richard looked down at Emma. He looked down with a slightly lop-sided smile which admitted to a power he had not suspected earlier in the day. "Well," he said. "I guess it will be fun to have a baby-dyke around the place. But I think I'd better keep my baby-dyke out of the bath in future."

"If you like," Emma replied. "Although I probably won't feel the urge to play the same game twice."

"All the same," Richard asserted. "And I think, perhaps, it would be best if I were to turn you upside down and spank you once again. Just to put you in your place."

Emma pouted at him. "That's not fair. I haven't disobeyed you or questioned your instructions. A spanking would be quite, quite unfair." "Yes, of course. You're right. Of course."

But Richard, being only human, decided that he'd rather spank her anyway. Being only human, he sat down on the white and cooling bath-edge and pulled the slippery girl, protesting loudly all the while, back across his knee. And lifted up his hand.

**EMMA AT SCHOOL 11**

 Getting Settled In

Emma has been at Katherine Parr School for three and a half weeks.... Two weeks after the action-packed two days which had seen Emma (and Deborah) caned in public and the start of Emma's fagging for Richard, Emma was lying in her study on her front (she'd got into the face-down habit during that short and hectic period) waiting for Deborah to return from Mme Jospin's.

This was Deborah's third rendezvous with the French teacher and Emma looked forward to hearing about it. After the first assignation, on the morning of Emma's bathtime session with Richard, Deborah had come back in floods of tears and had thrown her arms about her friend's neck, whining through her tears about being spanked not once, but twice. What had happened (and Emma found her consoling role hard to maintain as her lover recounted the morning's events) was this. Deborah had turned up outside Mme Jospin's study in Pankhurst House at eight-twenty-five, five minutes early, and knocked on the heavy blue door.... "Come!"

Deborah turned the handle and walked into the room to find Mme Jospin sitting at her oak desk with a half- smile on her face. "No, no, Deborah," she tutted softly. "The arrangement was that you would come dressed as you were yesterday. You go back out into the corridor, please. You may leave your skirt and knickers on the table outside the door and then knock again when you're ready."

Mme Jospin knew a little about psychology and didn't wait for Deborah's retort. She simply lowered her gaze to her morning paper and left Deborah standing there just inside the door with her mouth open. As a gentle encouragement, the teacher added: "Come on please, I don't have all day." Biting her lips, the girl turned around and walked back out the way she came in. At that time in the morning, there were plenty of people around and Deborah was faced with the prospect of stripping there as they passed her. She waited for a few moments and then, just as she felt the tears pricking at her eyes, the corridor suddenly cleared. In a flash, Deborah had her knickers off and had dropped her skirt on top of them on the table. Mercifully, when she knocked again on the door, Mme Jospin called her straight back in.

"Good," she said when she looked up from her paper to see Deborah's pussy on display. "What have you brought me?"

"Um... the presentation I was supposed to do yesterday... on the impressionists."

"Bon. Commence!"

"Oui, madame. Er... les impressionists sont...." Once into her subject Deborah was able to forget, to some degree, her partial nakedness. Even so, she'd had little time to prepare and she knew as she watched the teacher's face that it was far from being a perfect presentation.

It was all over very quickly and she watched Mme Jospin rise slowly from her seat.

"Eh bien," she began, reverting then to her heavily accented English. "Not very bad..." she said thoughtfully, "but not, I think, particularly good either. Do you recall the arrangements for the final part of our meeting?" "Er... yes," Deborah said softly. "You said you would put me over your knee and then spank me depending on how good... or bad... my presentation was."

"Yes. Well then, you had better come here then." Mme Jospin had pulled up an armless chair and sat down and Deborah, trace-like, moved to her side and allowed the older woman to guide her into the stipulated position.

"I have never been happy with the requirement that you girls are to keep your knickers in place when punished in the class-room. I am a great believer in the bare bottom."

As she spoke, she ran a surprisingly tender hand over the girl's upturned rump. She continued to caress Deborah as she continued:

"You, young lady, are one of those girls who I have always considered would benefit most from being properly punished. I am very pleased, therefore, to have the opportunity to test my thesis. I will, of course, include in your weekly punishment an additional element to reflect your behavior in my class. You understand?"

"Yes, Miss."

"Good."

That short word marked the unleashing of the most painful hand-spanking Deborah had experienced for a very long time. She wondered, as she yelped and kicked and screeched, why someone like Mme Jospin would ever bother with a paddle or other implement when she could smack this hard. Deborah's cries rattled in the tiny room as the teacher's hand spurred the youngster on, the Frenchwoman's long-nursed frustration finally finding a release in the sweetly curved, and prettily reddened, buttocks of her pupil.

Twenty-five minutes after entering the room for the first time, Deborah turned the handle again and stumbled out, rubbing her sore bottom and paying little heed (as her mind had temporarily been distracted) to the possibility of bumping, bare-bottomed, into someone in the corridor outside.

However, Deborah was rudely reminded of her predicament once she had shut the door as, leaning carelessly against the wall a little way down the corridor, was one of the lower-sixth boys. Hurriedly, Deborah reached out towards the table and closed her hand on thin air. There was no skirt, no knickers with which to cover herself. There was nothing in sight except a slyly grinning seventeen year old boy.

"Looking for something?" he asked.

"Where are they?" Deborah snarled, her burning bottom stoking her courage. "Oh dear, if you're going to talk to me like that I don't think I'll feel like helping," the boy retorted, turning on his heel and walking off down the corridor.

Deborah was left with a choice between saving her pride or regaining her clothes, and she followed the departing figure at a trot. "Hey, look, I just want my clothes back," she called, trying not to sound as angry as she felt.

"Good." The boy stopped and turned to face her. "What's it worth?"

"What do you mean?"

"I would have thought that was obvious. A fuck would me nice."

Deborah's look of horror was genuine enough. "You fucking joke!" she spat. "I'd rather walk though the school like this."

"Again," the boy added, unhelpfully. "Oh well. Seeing as you aren't feeling too friendly, I'll let you have your clothes back if you admit how naughty you are."

"Meaning?"

"You tell me you're a naughty girl who needs her bottom spanked. I oblige."

She was about to swear at him again, but decided instead to just get the business over with.

"I'm a very naughty girl," she sneered.

"And?"

She glared at him. "And I need to have my bottom spanked."

"Your bare bottom, is that?" the boy asked innocently.

"Yesrmed.

"Now put it together and say it nicely," the boy requested with a smug smile which Deborah wanted very badly to hit with something heavy. "I've been a very naughty girl and... and I need to have my bare bottom spanked," she said finally.

"I see," the boy said. "Well, you had better come with me then," he continued, taking her hand and leading her down the corridor towards the girls' toilets and pulling her into a cubicle with him. He reached down towards her pussy.

"You touch my cunt and I'll fucking kill you!" she whispered. The menace in her voice stopped him and, grunting with displeasure, he pulled her instead across his knee and set about spanking her. Having been caned the day before and soundly spanked by the French teacher so very recently, Deborah was easily broken and to the boy's delight she started to cry. The advantage of this was that he stopped his smacking more quickly than he had planned to and quite soon had told her to stand up again. From under his shirt he pulled Deborah's garments and handed them to her with pathetic embarrassment.

"Er... I'm sorry..." he began.

"Oh, just fuck off, jerk!" the girl replied, stepping into her knickers and refusing to look at him. He stood there stupidly for a few seconds and then pulled back the cubicle lock and left. Only once she'd heard the outer door close did Deborah finally sit down on the toilet seat and begin to sob violently.

She knew it was wrong but Emma, when Deborah had told her what had happened, had been turned on by her lover's retelling of the encounter. She wanted to do the boy serious damage, and part of her felt sick... but there was no avoiding the fact that, between her legs, she was getting hot and slippery.

She knew better than to let on and just held her friend tightly, promising revenge. She even managed to stop herself from slipping an unseen hand between her legs. The thought of that boy going off afterwards to have a wank over the memory of abusing her girlfriend lent her the sense of perspective she needed....

Now, given the events of the intervening weeks, Emma felt a little less guilty as she slid her right arm beneath her body and lifted her bottom a little way into the air to let her fingers get past her skirt and knickers and into her wetness.

She remembered, only hours after she had told Richard of what had happened, how the same boy, snivelling now, had been dragged into the study the two girls shared and held tightly in front of Deborah.... "Is this him?" Richard asked.

Deborah couldn't look at his face for a few seconds. Then she met his pleading eyes and simply answered: "Yes."

"Good. Now, what do you say, scumbag?"

The boy looked scared and Emma was amazed at how little his frightened whimpering affected her friend.

"Please...." he began.

Deborah stepped up to him and hit him, once, hard across the face. "My friends have things to do," she told him coldly. "They don't want their time wasted. Or they tend to get upset," she added as an afterthought.

"I... I've been very naughty and... and I should have my bare bottom spanked."

Deborah looked up at Richard with a half-smile and then back down at the boy before her. "Hmm... now try this: 'I'm a shitty little semi-rapist and I fully deserve to get the fuck kicked out of me." "No... please..." he began, but Deborah intervened once again with a smart slap across the face. His left cheek was bright red now. "I'm a shit... shitty semi...." He looked at her with tears in his eyes but Deborah's gaze was uncompromising.

"Say it!"

"I'm a shitty semi-rapist and I fully deserve to get the fuck kicked out of me," he blurted finally, recognising the futility of his protest. "I agree," Deborah told him. "Now, strip."

Richard and the other sixth-former with him stood back and hovered while the seventeen year old pulled his clothes off, whimpering steadily. When he finally stood naked, Emma saw a look of determination in her lover's eyes which told both of how hard she was having to work to keep herself going, and how much she wanted to humiliate the boy in front of her. "Hold him again, please," she said.

Then, once the boys arms had been securely pinned behind him, Deborah dropped to her knees in front of him.

"And to think you wanted to fuck me!" she exclaimed with mockery littering her voice. "With that! Does it become visible when you're hard?" The boy, unsurprisingly, didn't answer. However, Deborah decided her question was not rhetorical.

"Well? Does it get bigger?"

"Yes," her prisoner murmured.

"How much?"

"What?"

"How much bigger does it get? How long?"

The boy's face now became almost wild with colour as she jabbed at his flaccid cock with a single finger.

"I... I don't know..." he stammered.

"You don't know! I thought all boys measured their dicks. Richard, you know how long yours is, don't you?"

"Check it every night," he replied with a grin. "Yes, of course," Deborah muttered. "Oh well, never mind. Emma, could you bring me those rubber gloves and a ruler please?" "What... what are you going to do?" the boy garnered the strength to ask.

"Measure you," Deborah told him, snapping on the thick washing-up gloves. "Have to wear these," she explained, "or else I'd have to touch your rancid penis, you see. And I don't know where it's been." Deborah closed her eyes. This was the hardest part, but she was resolute. She felt the bile rise in her stomach as she inched her rubber-clad hands towards his cock, but all she could see was the image of him pulling her half-naked body across his lap and pressing his hand between her legs. Her eyes snapped open as she met resistance and she found his cock nestling between her well-protected fingers. Suddenly, at this ridiculous sight, she felt in control once more and began, very slowly, to rub his cock up and down.

"Not much action," she called out after a few seconds. "Is it cold in here or something?"

"Seems pretty warm to me," Richard told her helpfully. "I've been as hard as a rock for ages."

Emma wondered, with horror, whether Richard was planning to rape the boy afterwards, but then realised (feeling a little guilty at her initial thought) that he was just taunting the boy in the most efficient way. Everybody knew he was gay, and most boys at school seemed to hold the comical idea that he therefore wanted to sleep with them all. The abuser-turned-victim was crying steadily now and his tears fell on his cock and helped to lubricate the sticky abrasion of rubber on flesh. Despite his fear he was hardening now and Deborah began waving Emma over to bring the ruler.

"Let's see," Deborah mumbled, fitting the ruler against the base of the boy's half-hard prick. "Er... five inches. That's rather small, isn't it boys?"

"Pretty pathetic," Richard agreed.

The boy could hardly argue that he wasn't fully hard yet and just stood there and allowed himself to be humiliated. Deborah was far from finished, though.

"OK, now strap him down and let's see if we can thrash some better manners into him," she said loudly.

Emma watched while the other three worked, pushing the boy forward over Deborah's desk and tying him there with a gag in his mouth. They armed themselves with belts and lined up behind him, Deborah stroking his pale, unmarked bottom with her gloved hand.

"I do hope you see the necessity of our mini-correction programme," she said, lifting her arm.

The belt slashed down across the boy's rump, his scream trapped by the handkerchief stuffed between his teeth. Emma watched the welting rise as, again and again, her lover whacked him hard across the buttocks. After about ten, she began to tire and gave up her place to Richard who set about continuing the beating with his usual vigor. As he brought the belt down, Emma couldn't help but see herself on the receiving end, panty- less and draped across his knee as he whipped her. She felt a tremor between her legs at the thought and wondered again at her peculiar experience in the bathroom that very morning.

After a while, Richard ceded to his friend, a boy Emma didn't recognise, who concluded the belting with equal rigour, the younger boy's buttocks now pressed her hand a little harder on her clitoris now, remembering. They had left the boy there for nearly two hours while the four of them chatted. Only afterwards was Emma able to get the sexual release she needed from Deborah's searching fingers.

The role of Deborah's fingers in Emma's life now was remarkable. They acted as an instrument of both pleasure and pain, often mixing both functions together. Since her initial agreement to allow her lover to spank her up to four times a week for three months, she had agreed to greater subservience. She was now to submit to Deborah's will at all times and without limits. She was to remain enslaved in this way indefinitely and, although she could terminate the arrangement without notice, she would then be responsible for terminating her friendship at the same time. She would continue to have Deborah as a friend only if she continued to have her as a mistress.

The spankings had not increased greatly since the change in their contract. Most days Deborah would chose to chastise her in some way, sometimes lightly with her hand and over her knee, sometimes tied down and with a heavier implement. Emma always cried, but she never complained. She had given herself up entirely to her lover.

The sexual demands put on her were more varied. She knew that Deborah was still experimenting and found that she could manipulate her in certain ways. For example if Deborah offered her to a friend to spank or use sexually, Emma found that by appearing pleased and aroused by the arrangement she could fill her lover's eyes with doubt. On the one occasion since the incident at St Stephen's that Deborah had brought a boy to the study and told Emma to strip, Emma had done her bidding with such coyness in her face and then spread her legs with such apparent eagerness that Deborah had turned her back to prevent either Emma or the boy from seeing her distress. She hadn't intended to let the boy fuck Emma, of course, as she treasured her virginity too highly. However, neither had she planned to screw him herself. But when she watched them sucking and fingering each other, and saw the feigned pleasure on Emma's face, she pulled the boy away, sat him down and lowered herself onto him, while Emma tried not to giggle at her mistress's possessiveness. Deborah was less upset when she watched Emma making love to other girls, even though, paradoxically, these encounters were actually much more pleasurable for Emma. She loved the softness of other girls' bodies, the way her fingers could push their way into every crease and crack. She loved the taste of pussy on her tongue and could subordinate most of her lovers once she had her head between her legs. Afterwards, even as she obeyed their demands to bend over and submit to their spanking, the way they had yielded to her touch maintained her. Richard, of course, was another source of discipline although, since their first meeting, there had been no sexual contact between them. Though she was disdainful towards most of the boys at school, she liked and respected Richard and tried her best to please him. She took on more duties than he had intended giving her (though, true to his word, he did not allow her to bathe him again) and carried them out well, though not necessarily faultlessly. And faultless was how Richard had told her she would have to execute them if punishment was not to follow. Richard had grown fond of his "baby-dyke" as he called her and the two of them spent a lot of time discussing gay politics and fringe theatre. He was knowledgeable and witty and she liked to listen to him. He, for his part, enjoyed having such a willing audience and, he admitted to himself with a wry smile, he did enjoy carrying out his duty, that of spanking Emma when she failed to match the highest standards. Emma would stand straight while Richard inspected her work and he would then ask her how well she thought she'd performed. If he considered it acceptable, but she did not, he spanked her anyway. If she thought it faultless and he disagreed, he gave her double. This meant that she found herself across his knee more often than not, her knickers on the floor and Richard's hand falling with harsh regularity upon her bare skin. Few girls, Emma reflected, could be as experienced in the realm of corporal punishment as her and yet she had been spanked for the very first time only a few weeks ago.

She looked up at the calendar on the wall, two fingers of her right hand moving slowly and deeply inside her all the time. Thursday 19 May 1994 - only a month ago she had still been a pupil at the local high school where discipline comprised of detentions and letters home which went straight in the bin. Her mother and father had never laid a hand on her or her sister. Yet her life, it had to be said, was going to pot. She was involved with a boyfriend who wanted only to take her virginity and her mock GSCE results predicted a string of failures.

Now the whisper of her cotton knickers being slipped down her legs was a sound which resonated in her brain like cannon-fire. The call to bend over had the familiarity and rapport of gun-fire. The sharp pain as her bare bottom was assaulted with hand, brush, paddle, cane or strap was a constant accompaniment to her daily life. Yet now too she had a girlfriend who, despite their unconventional relationship, she loved passionately and deeply, and her teachers were telling her to expect good results in the exams at the end of term.

She recalled, as she did almost daily, her father's first foray into parental discipline as he pulled her half-naked body across his lap and smiled. Who would have thought that so much could change in such a short time?

**EMMA AT SCHOOL 12**

A Letter From Home

A few days before the half term break, Emma received a letter from her sister, Kaitlin. Emma had written to her younger sibling several times since she started at Katherine Parr, often relating in tearful prose a very recent spanking, or presaging an imminent one. So far, Kaitlin had failed to write back and, although Emma could partly excuse her owing to her sister being a year younger than herself, she was pleased to finally receive a reply. She lay down on her couch and ripped the envelope open, impatiently snatching at the contents and tearing one sheet in the process. It was long, she noticed - ten, twelve pages of Kaitlin's slightly immature handwriting written in bright turquoise ink. Emma smiled as she recognized the evidence of her last birthday present to Kaitlin. The letter was short on introduction, and long on content:

"Dear Emma

"I'm really sorry I haven't written suner [note: I'll correct the spelling as I go along - Rosewood] but it's been a busy few weeks! The main news is that Daddy says I'm to start at Katherine Parr at the start of next term in September! It will be nice to be with you, but I must say I'm scared about getting smacked all the time. And by people I don't even know! "Anyway, that's the other thing that's different around here now. Daddy started spanking me a few days after you went. First he said it was for proper discipline, then later he said it was so I would be prepared when I got to my new school. He said your housemaster has been telling him how well behaved you are now and how your work is much, much better as well and he thinks it's because you're punished for everything you do wrong. Daddy even uses a.... [the next few words had been heavily crossed out and were illegible] But I'll start at the beginning.

"The first time was the Thursday after you went to school. It wasn't a big deal - I was just home late in the evening on a school night. Not really late - about half nine and I was supposed to be in by half eight. I'd only been to Franny's house, I wasn't really out. Anyway, Mum was at one of her meetings and Daddy gave me this long lecture about why it was important to follow rules and then he asked did I know what happened to girls at your new school if they broke the rules. I'd got a letter from you that morning telling me about seeing your roommate get caned so I said yes they were spanked, or caned or whatever. Well young lady, he said in his serious voice, from now on that is what is going to happen to you! He told me to have a shower and get ready for bed and to wait in his bedroom. "So I had a shower and put on my PJs. I remember shaking and wondering whether he'd spank my bare bottom and how much it would hurt. Anyway, he came into his bedroom and told me to stand in front of him while he sat on the bed. Then he took my PJs off. I mean top AND bottom so I was completely naked. I felt really embarrassed standing in front of him with my tits and my pussy bare but I didn't say anything cos I thought that would make it worse.

"He said spankings for minor offences would happen in his bedroom at bedtime like this - always in the nude - and that he'd show me later what would happen if I was really naughty. Then he made me bend over his knee and he pulled me about a bit so I was lying just how he wanted me and then he started. I know the cane must be a hundred times worse, but I tell you Emma it was SO painful. He smacked me again and again and again, going on all the time about how there were going to be some changes around here and how his daughters were going to learn to behave like ladies or else and about working hard at school and everything. And all the time he kept on spanking my bare bottom as if he was using all his strength. I wasn't just crying, I was screaming for him to stop, promising to be good and do what I was told and work hard at school - anything to stop him. But he just carried on until he decided I'd had enough. Or maybe his arm just got tired.

"Anyway, I could hardly move and Daddy had to pick me up and carry me to my room and put me to bed and I was just crying all the time and saying sorry over and over again and promising to be good and Daddy was stroking my hair and kissing me and saying it would be alright but that every time I disappointed him, I'd pay for it with a bare-bottomed spanking! "That carried on for the first week or so. I really did try to keep out of trouble and managed to avoid the pain and humiliation of being stripped and spanked on most days, although I guess there were about four more over the next fortnight. What I didn't particularly try to change was my schoolwork. After all, if the teacher sends a letter home it just goes in the bin, right? Well, wrong in this case. Or, rather, they (there was a whole series about some stupid history project) did go in the bin, but Ms Blanchard, the new history teacher, actually called dad in! She went on and on about how I didn't put any effort into my work, etc. etc. You know the stuff. And how my holiday homework was two weeks overdue. Well, Daddy didn't even know I had holiday homework - normally you can get away with it - and he was furious. I couldn't believe it. He actually asked Ms Blanchard what she thought about corporal punishment! "The stupid old cow said she was in favour of it - how students were never late with their work in the old days when she was allowed to use the strap on them. Daddy asked her what her method had been and she said that she taught in a private girls' school where the girls were strapped on the bare bottom! It was like a red rag to a bull. Daddy asked her if she still kept her strap and she said she did and got it out. A fucking huge leather thing, split at one end. It was from Scotland and it's called a tawse or something. Anyway, Daddy asked if the classroom door locked and, when Ms Blanchard said it did, he whispered something in her ear. I saw her eyes glance over towards me and noticed the edges of her mouth turning up into a conspiratorial smile. Then she walked over to the classroom door and slipped a key in the lock, turning it briskly, before spinning round and saying to me: Your daddy has asked me to show him how I reminded girls to do their homework in the old days! I looked round at him and begged him no, but he simply sat down at a desk and waited. "If I have to repeat any of my instructions, I shall increase your punishment by three strokes each time. At the moment, you are to receive ten. Stand in front of my desk and bend down over it! I knew it was useless - there was no way out. I walked up to the desk and I remember crying so much my tears were falling to the floor in tiny splashes. Then I leant down over it and held on tight to the far end while Ms Blanchard walked around to stand behind me. She lifted my skirt up first, right up onto my back. Then she went for my knickers. Of course, I knew it was going to be on the bare bum, but I couldn't help myself - I jumped up and shouted NO! really loudly. Ms Blanchard didn't flinch. She just said:

That's thirteen now and I began to cry even harder. But I still turned round and bent over again. I felt her lift my skirt up again and then felt her warm fingers catching the elastic of my knickers and drawing those down close to my knees so that my bare bottom was sticking out at both Ms Blanchard and Daddy.

"I'd like you to bite on this, she told me, walking round and shoving a hanky between my teeth. Then she picked up the strap and disappeared behind me. I closed my eyes and waited for what seemed like ages. Then there was a faint swishing sound that grew in a whirling crescendo and ended in a loud crack. For a moment I didn't realise that I'd been hit - I was so focused on the terrifying noise of the strap's flight through the air. Then, a split second after the impact, the pain came. I can't describe it. Actually, I don't have to do I because I think that's what Amanda used on you isn't it. But I think you said she's only allowed to give nine strokes. Well I got thirteen. No, fourteen because I tried to get up after the third and Ms Blanchard added another. It was simply the worst pain I'd ever experienced, flashing through my whole body after each stroke. I really don't know how I survived. When she'd finished, she pulled out my gag and asked: Am I going to get your project in by Monday then? I just about managed to whisper a 'yes'. Then Daddy told her that if I was badly behaved or produced poor work, she had his express permission - in fact she had his instruction - to keep me behind after school and apply the strap to my bare bottom to which Ms Blanchard responded with a grateful smile.

"If I'd thought that was it, though, I'd have been wrong. When we got home, Daddy took me into the sitting room where Mummy was writing and gave me a long lecture about school and the importance of education. Then he said to Mummy that there was no choice but to send me to Katherine Parr too where they'd see to my discipline properly. He said he didn't want me to change schools so close to the end of the year and that in the meantime he would have to see to it that I was made aware of what was acceptable and what was not. Clearly spanking your bare bottom with my hand is not sufficiently severe chastisement, he said. I wailed that he'd said how much my behavior was improving, but he just said not enough. He made me turn round, lift up my skirt and pull my knickers down so he could see my bottom. Well, he decided, I think you have been properly punished this afternoon for once so I shan't inflict any more on you. However, we will establish our routine now.

"In future, if you are to be punished I shall either tell you to go to my room which will mean a spanking with my hand which you've already experienced, or I shall ask you to prepare for a beating. If I say that, this is what you will do. Firstly you go and shower and leave your clothes upstairs (thank God for central heating!) and then you fetch your mother's large wooden hairbrush and my razor strop and bring them down here. I asked did he mean naked and he said yes. Then he said I had to place the hairbrush and the razor strop on the piano, pull the piano stool out into the middle of the room and then kneel in front of the stool with my knees apart. He said he would then select which implement he was going to use (the hairbrush is supposed to represent the paddle and the strop the tawse I think) and tell me how many strokes I was going to get. Then I'd have to bend over the piano stool, keeping my knees apart, until my hands were flat on the floor on the other side. As I said, he lectured me, I'm not going to punish you again tonight, but I would like you to run through that routine for me. Prepare for a beating please!

"Weeping all the time (I seem to spend loads of my time crying at the moment!) I had my shower and then came back downstairs with the hairbrush and the razor strop which I put on the piano before kneeling in front of the piano stool. Daddy said: And the position please, and I pulled myself up so I was bent right over. My face was bright red because with my knees apart I knew that Mummy and Daddy would be able to see my pussy as well as my bottom, but I didn't have the courage to ask Daddy if I could keep my knees together. Also, you mustn't tell anyone this, but when I ...

Again here a line and a half of writing were carefully scribbled out, but Emma knew instinctively what her sister had written. That when she exposed herself in that way she had felt a damp tingling between her legs which had shamed her far more than the simple fact of her pussy pouting nakedly from the inverted "V" of her parted thighs. That she had felt a sudden desperate urge to slip her hand beneath her proffered form to find the magic place which cried out for her touch. That all sorts of dark, forbidden images had poured into her head making her fearful of closing her eyes lest in the darkness she should conjure up not her own, but her father's gentle fingers easing her apart and slipping gently in. The familiar, taboo fantasies began to take hold of Emma now as her vision blurred and she stopped reading, a dark force pulling her hand down beneath her skirt and then up between her open thighs. As she stroked herself slowly, she recalled the many times she had lain awake in bed wondering how her father would choose to discipline her once she was at home again. She imagined him slipping her clothing from her as she stood before him in her parents' bedroom, pulling her bra forwards to release her well-developed breasts and sliding her knickers down to the floor to bare her sex. She replayed the multitude of positions she had visualised; over his knee, of course, but also bending down to touch her toes, pushed down over the dresser or the bed, prepared for the hairbrush in front of an open fire, on leaning against the wall or the dining table - in each scenario her bottom turned up naked ready to be punished and her thighs spread wide to leave her young and lustful pussy brazenly exhibited. She pictured herself lying on her back on the big double bed as her father lifted her feet and pushed them back, way back until her ankles almost touched her ears and she was displayed in the most exotic way. She watched him in her mind's eye as he raised his hand to strike and then, instead, dipped his head slowly towards her wetness.

"God, no... no... NO... Ooooh!!" Emma screeched, jumping up and blinking in the cold fluorescent light. As she had been lying there, her fingers had made their way carefully into her knickers and then inside her warmth and now, as she sat on the side of the couch her face burned with the realisation of what she had done - she had actually come while fantasising about her father going down on her. Her breath was coming in short, irregular spasms and she looked around the room as if searching for a way to absolve herself. After a few seconds, she got up and walked quickly across the study, opening the door and marching along the familiar corridors until she reached Richard's study.

She knocked, but didn't wait for the call. She just walked straight in. Richard was sitting in his usual chair, chatting in a relaxed manner to another boy she didn't recognise. She allowed herself the freedom briefly to wonder whether he was lover or friend, gay or straight. But she didn't need to know in order to make her request.

"Richard... I... I've done something really bad... something I feel really terrible about... I can't tell you what it is... I just can't... but will you..." she looked briefly towards the other occupant of the room. "Will you punish me... you know, spank me... hard?"

"Very hard?" he asked.

That was one of the things she loved about him. Most people would have started to ask all sorts of questions - Richard just got down to the point. She nodded.

"Very well. Ask Tommy to prepare you, please."

Emma turned to the other boy who, from this command, she guessed was straight (possibly one of those boys whom Richard seemed always to be hopelessly chasing) and said in a steady voice, "Would you take off my skirt and knickers please?"

"No!" This was Richard again. "Everything, please. If it's serious?"

Emma nodded again and repeated, "Everything."

Emma decided that while Tommy looked excited and nervous enough about the prospect of stripping her for him not to be a Katherine Parr pupil (and anyway, there were so few boys that she knew most of them by name), he looked sufficiently unshocked for her to be certain that Richard had told him something of the school's disciplinary codes. And he was nice looking enough. Emma wondered briefly if Richard would still have given him this task had he not been.

He had nice hands, she thought as they began to unbutton her crisp white blouse, his fingers nimble and quick. Emma watched his eyes as he moved the cotton away from her bra. They were deep blue and filled with concentration and she lost herself in them for a moment until the accidental brushing of the back of his hand against her bare nipple announced to her that her bra too had been removed and that she now stood naked from the waist up.

"Sorry," the boy said, and he bent down, without any great urgency or furtiveness to kiss the teat he had grazed. Emma wondered if this was some sort of test, finding out what liberties he could take with her. She didn't know whether Richard had seen and wondered if she ought really to protest, yet her pussy was still wet from before and she found her mouth reluctant to open.

"Sit down," the boy said. There was a new authority in his voice and Emma obeyed him as she would Richard, Deborah or Amanda, smiling as he knelt before her and first slipped off her shoes and socks and then kissed her feet tenderly.

Tommy told her to stand again and she closed her eyes as she did so to find that her father's face reappeared at once, poised as before above her quivering sex. This time, feeling the strength lent by the coming act of contrition, she kept her eyes closed and, as Tommy's fingers slipped lightly up the backs of her legs, she allowed her imagination to continue until her father's warm tongue found the sensitive folds of her sex. Tommy's hands had not stopped at her skirt but had continued their upward journey and were now running gingerly over her buttocks. Finding no impedance they moved round to the front of Emma's knickers and began a fingertip exploration of her mound, skimming the cotton coated sponginess of her pubic hair and then moving inward further and gently stroking her clitoris. Still Emma allowed herself to pretend that it was her father's tongue moving sensuously along her slit and she groaned loudly as Tommy once more bent his mouth to her breasts, this time sucking and licking at them more fervently.

Emma only opened her eyes when, after a short while, Tommy reluctantly left the warm moistness between the girl's thighs and unfastened her skirt, dropping it briskly to the floor. Looking her in the eyes this time, he passed his hand between her legs once again, this time his fingers edging beneath the thin cotton covering to move along her slippery crevice while Emma gasped at the sensation. Having been thus touched so intimately by the stranger, Emma then stood still while the boy completed his task and carefully pulled her knickers down.

Tommy had no intention of stopping his play there though. Emma knew Richard was standing somewhere behind her as the boy who had just stripped her now slipped his left hand between her legs and lifted her right knee quickly up and sideways, pulling her closer as he did so. She Richard's view as, having so effectively opened her up, Tommy ran his free hand over her tits, down over her tummy and between her legs, entering her easily with two fingers. She wondered how he would react to the sight of her pussy being filled up with his friend's digits as she rocked and moaned gently under his insistent touch. Then, very suddenly, she felt her climax nearing and once more the ghost of her father haunted her, fingering her pussy tenderly as she lay bent over his knee and swiftly taking her to the peak of pleasure.

At the girl's coming, Tommy slowly withdrew his hand and lowered her lofted leg to the floor.

"Now, you had better go to Richard and accept your spanking," he told her. "Yes," she thought, having mentally seduced her own father. "I've taken my pleasure, but not without just consequence. Surely God can't hold that against me."

And when she turned, Richard was waiting for her, sitting on his favourite chair and patting his lap.

**EMMA AT SCHOOL 13**

Night Life

As Emma walked over to Richard, she realised that throughout her many punishments at a variety of hands in her short time at Katherine Parr, her chastisements from Deborah and Richard stood out. It wasn't that they were more or less painful than those delivered by anyone else (although they never, unsurprisingly, reached the agony imparted by Mr Lindon's cane), but that she didn't feel "frightened" when being prepared for their beatings. She tried to put words to the way she felt as she lay across Richard's knees and allowed him to move her gently into what he considered the most satisfactory position. Deborah and Richard alone, she decided, knew her intimately enough to be able to marry loving concern to corrective severity. Emma knew, when under the hand of either of them, that there was a contract between punisher and punished - the surrender of body and soul in return for the expurgation of guilt - and she waited now with a sure serenity for her most recent sin to be cleansed by Richard's attention. Richard used his hand at first, wiping the cause of the spanking from Emma's consciousness at once and then continuing to smack her bare bottom vigorously until her cries of pain had melded into a single wail of anguish and contrition. Only then, after thirty blows or so, did he beckon Tommy to fetch the two foot ruler - a specially purchased strip of solid maple - from his desk.

There was little pause as Richard moved from one to the other and Tommy watched on, dumbstruck, as his friend proceeded to beat the naked girl with the rule. Her buttocks were laced with red, blistering weals - and yet the girl had herself asked to be punished. When she had said, "very hard," had she meant this hard? As Emma writhed in her suffering, her legs splayed open every now and then to afford him another view of the warm and wet crevices that his fingers had only minutes before been exploring. These scenes were, he concluded as Richard delivered a final stripey salvo, of a world so far removed from the everyday as to be inexplicable to someone - like himself - not of that world.

Richard's generous attention served only temporarily to stop Emma's incestuous fantasising and, as the week wore on, he was asked by Emma herself to attend to her discipline on a number of occasions. He never asked her why she felt she needed to be flogged, but simply took her in hand with unvarying firmness.

This situation can only be partly blamed on Kaitlin's letter, although Emma re-read it often and always with erotic effect. Without reproducing the entire missive here, it may help the reader to understand why Emma was so influenced by it if I explain that, during that very first reading, Emma had yet to reach the half-way point when she found herself so agitated that she felt it necessary to seek absolution for her thoughts. The remainder of the letter described, in some detail, no less than five separate, subsequent occasions on which Emma's sister had been required to offer up her naked body to her father's jurisdiction. On reading them, Emma found herself conjuring up the scenes so vividly that at least once she felt the shivering heat of orgasm roll over her without her fingers approaching within six inches of her gluttonous clitoris. On other occasions, when she was sure of privacy, Emma would slip her knickers from her before reclining on the couch with Kaitlin's letter to read this or that favourite passage with her fingers embedded and slowly moving inside her pussy, or skimming lightly and teasingly over her slit.

Under this repeated study, the letter itself stimulated fantasies far greater in number than the events described. Emma would not only imagine herself present as, to take a single example, Mr Denby slashed at his daughter's ready buttocks with his razor strop, but would imagine on another occasion that it was her bent down over the piano stool with her bare bottom raised and her thighs immodesty spread, and her receiving the leather's cruel embrace. On another reading, Emma's father would be absent and she herself would turn to her sister and demand to know sternly why Kaitlin had engaged in some act of youthful naughtiness; and then, unsatisfied with the excuse, no matter how credibly related, she would shake her head and impassively lower her sister's knickers to her knees before taking up the strop herself.

On yet another perusal, Emma would let the pages spill from her hand as her mind diverged from the given narrative at even greater rate and, as she lifted her hips to meet the insistent pressure of her hand, her father's face would appear, ghost-like, above her sprawling body. Her breath deepening, she would close her eyes to see more clearly as his hands pushed her knees to either side and as he silently and gently caressed and touched and kissed and stroked and tasted her. And after smothering her scream with a pillow as the phantom lured from her a climax in the world of substance, on these occasions Emma would lock the letter carefully away and creep shame-faced into Richard's study to make payment for the weakness of her mind.

You will recall the author's assertion, however, that this letter only partially explains Emma's behavior. To understand fully her increasing fixation on this partly real, partly fanciful home life, you should remember that, on the day that Kaitlin's letter arrived, there were only five days left until half-term. You should understand that at half-term, Emma would be collected from school and driven home to be reunited with her family for the first time since being left in Mr Lindon's care. Thus, the various fantasies which Emma was now entertaining were no longer irrelevant to her in her new life at school, but pertinent indeed to the fact that Emma was about to return to a home where things - to be specific, where discipline - was no longer as it once was. And while some of the images thus conjured were, if we are to seek to adopt Emma's personal sense of morality, quite improper, her general fascination with punishment in a home where punishment had taken such a key role is not a discovery to surprise us.

What was to befall Emma on her reunion with her family will be related in all necessary detail; but first, one final event at Katherine Parr which occurred before the short holiday will be unfolded. No claim is made that exploration of this happening will bring the reader to a greater understanding of the characters or plot of our story, yet it is a part of the unravelling of Emma's new life, and thus deserves a mention. When Emma first arrived at Katherine Parr, she and Deborah shared not only a study but also a bedroom. You might recall that this bedroom was known as the "guest room", and you might have deduced, correctly, that this arrangement was a temporary one. Indeed, once Emma had, on her second attempt, passed her House Test, both she and Deborah had been accommodated in one of the house dormitories. Despite many calls to "modernise" this aspect of school life, the girls at this particular school still slept in dormitories containing as many as eighteen beds. The room to which Emma and Deborah were assigned, they shared with ten others, including the dorm captain, Angie, whose duty it was to ensure they behaved themselves at night.

To Emma and Deborah, who had become used to making love slowly and then falling asleep in each other's arms, this was something of a wrench. It was not, however, an impossible situation. In boys' boarding schools, despite stories which tell of such things in years gone by, it would not be possible for two boys to sleep in the same bed today. Girls however, are allowed a closeness ridiculed amongst boys and, without more than an occasional whispered suggestion, Emma was surprised to find that several of the girls in their dorm would sometimes sleep together. Although she watched and listened carefully, she never detected any signs or sounds which suggested that any of these pairs were actually having sex, but Angie seemed unworried and Emma and Deborah soon decided that it would be safe to try a little bed-hopping.

They had to learn one or two things of course: to wait until everyone else was asleep before hands started to slip between open thighs, to lie perfectly still even when two lover's fingers started to press up inside a moist vagina, to bite teeth together and hold in an orgasm's accompanying cry. But practise makes perfect; you would be hard pressed to find a quieter, stiller fuck.

There were two days only remaining before half-term when, at about ten-thirty, Mr Lindon made one of his rare tours of the dorms - usually it was a prefect who checked up that lights were out and young voices were hushed. The younger girls were asleep and didn't see him step quietly into the room, or beckon Angie to join him outside in the corridor. The headteacher didn't speak as he led the way down to the washroom, only turning to Angie once the door was firmly shut.

"I have to admit to being a little shocked to see girls sleeping together in your dormitory," he explained. "I wonder... do you think that their parents would approve?"

Angie bit her lip for a few seconds.

"Er... I guess not," she replied.

"No." Mr Lindon looked stern. "Neither do I. You will do what is necessary to stop the practice. Do you understand?" "Yes, sir," the girl replied.

"Good. And I think I might leave you a reminder, just to keep the matter at the front of your mind. Face the window and touch your toes please." Mr Lindon always carried his cane when he toured the house at night, ready to deal with smokers or other miscreants. Angie was naked beneath her nightdress and so lifting the hem was sufficient to expose the warm, dark skin of her bottom. Reminders were Mr Lindon's most common punishments of the most senior girls. They consisted of a single stroke across the bare buttocks and, although they were therefore fairly minor beatings, they were awarded for even the most minor oversights in the course of a prefect or dorm captain's duties. A sixth former who actually broke a school rule herself could expect a caning of much greater severity than the younger girls.

So it was that Angie returned to the dormitory with a solitary burning weal across her rump, and a very determined countenance. Briskly she strode over to each bed containing more than a single girl and pulled the duvet off in a single movement. There were three other pairs of girls sleeping together that night, but all were decently clothed. Emma and Deborah, by contrast, were both partially naked and were unable to move quickly enough to avoid the damning tableau: Emma with her pyjama bottoms around her ankles was lying on her back with her legs spread while Deborah's hand, her own nightie hoisted up round her waist, lay sleepily between her lover's thighs.

"I'll see you two at eight fifteen in here tomorrow morning," she hissed as each girl tried to cover herself. Then she raised her voice to address them all. "Every girl who is sharing a bed, get up and go to stand at the end of your own bed."

Eight girls, rubbing the sleep from their eyes, crawled out of bed and crept back to their usual places to stand before their furious dorm captain.

"Mr Lindon has been in here and asked me to instruct you that your are to sleep in your own beds from now on. I am giving you that instruction now..." Here Angie paused as she walked back to her own bedside to collect one of her slippers. "... and I intend to reinforce that instruction. Those of you wearing nightdresses will remove them, those of you wearing pyjamas may simply take off their pyjama bottoms." Emma had seen Angie use the slipper on two or three girls in the dorm, but always over by her own bed rather in this public way. Wondering whether Angie had herself been punished, Emma pulled her cotton trousers back down again and laid them on the bed behind her.

Of course, in a school such as this, nudity - that is, public nudity - was hardly unusual. Shared, open-plan changing rooms have always been a part of boarding school life (although many have succumbed over the years to demands for increased privacy) and all eight girls had been made to strip in front of the peers on at least one occasion to accept some punishment or other.

Emma recalled an incident from a few weeks previously when the coach of the house netball team in which Emma played, who was a sixth-form girl, had been so outraged at the team's lethargic performance in the opening round of the inter-house competition that she had determined to bring about a change in attitude. On returning to Austin House, she had herded the girls into the changing rooms and made them all strip. She forced each girl to take a cold shower and then lined them up along one of the wide benches that ran the length of the changing area. Each girl was made to kneel on the bench and lean forwards with her bottom in the air (and all this time other girls were obviously coming in and out - some stopping to watch, naturally) and then Sandra, the coach, had delivered a long lecture on team spirit and effort, all the time working her way along the row of tendered, tender bottoms and spanking randomly and rigorously with a gym shoe. Emma smiled as she remembered their massive 48-12 victory over their second round opponents.

"I'm going to give each of you six strokes with the slipper," Angie told them. "Turn to face your beds and bend down to grasp your bed end. Any girl who speaks or moves will have her punishment doubled up. Prepare yourselves, please."

With that, Angie began. As six strokes is the maximum a dorm prefect is permitted to administer, Emma knew that she did not need to prepared herself for a major dose of pain, but worried instead about what she and Deborah would do now about the nocturnal love-making. "Ouchh!" Emma had heard the whack of the slipper across two or three bottoms, but had failed to notice Angie stepping up behind her and the thud of the leather sole against her unprotected rear came as an unpleasant surprise. There was no second blow however, and Emma realised, as the sound of girls being punished echoed around the bare walls of the dormitory, that this did not indicate a short spanking but an elongated one, and Emma waited until the interval of seven hard whacks told her that it was her turn again.

Emma managed not to cry out after the second stroke and returned to her thoughts about Deborah. If all that they risked by continuing to sleep together was a slippering from Angie, that might be a price worth paying. However, Emma was confident that future infractions of the new rule would result in Mr Lindon's involvement and an almost certain caning. "Yeoow!" The third blow caught her unawares again - it didn't seem more than seconds since the last one. She decided to concentrate on her current predicament as the blows that landed when she wasn't expecting them felt harder. It took another three of four minutes for Angie to complete all the girls' beatings , Emma managing not to yelp to embarrassingly at the final three whacks and then crawling under the covers to nurse her throbbing bottom.

Spankings tended, puzzlingly, to bring sleep more quickly to Emma and almost her next sensation was the brief confusion as the sounds and shadows of the dream world sharpened into the song of birds outside the window and the streaming sunlight falling onto her bed. Nothing was said by any of the girls about the events of the previous night as they rose and dressed, and even Emma and Deborah conducted their conversation over breakfast in other areas. They both remembered Angie's instruction to be back in the dormitory at a quarter past eight, however, and were soon treading gingerly up the stairs.

Sixth formers were permitted to lie in each morning, unlike the younger girls who were inspected at half past seven. So when Emma and Deborah reached the dorm, Angie was still in bed, though not asleep. She lifted herself up onto one elbow and spoke quietly.

"Now, I can't decided what course of action to take with you two," she explained. "I suppose I ought to explain to Mr Lindon that I found you in flagrante delicto. You do realise, I suppose, that sexual activity is not allowed at school?"

The two girls nodded unhappily.

"And that the result of such a report would be a severe caning?"

Again the girls nodded their agreement. This had been what each of them had been imagining at breakfast as they discussed the worsening situation in the former Yugoslavia.

"I wonder. Would you be prepared, instead of such a report, to carry out my instructions for a short while?"

"What instructions?" Deborah asked. Angie merely shrugged in reply.

"Do you mean you're going to spank us again?" Emma asked.

"You just need to answer yes or no," Angie smiled. "Yes," the answer came from both girls together and, as both expected, Angie told them to remove their clothes. Once naked, however, the script departed from what either girl had privately predicted as Angie explained that she wished to watch them making love.

Deborah paused for only seconds before beginning to stroke Emma's back and Emma responded to her friend's lead by turning to face her and then running one hand down towards Deborah's pussy. As Deborah was having her period, Emma simply caressed her lover's clitoris as they did when in bed, not wanting to leave suspicious marks on the sheets. They, like many of the girls at Katherine Parr, used towels, rather than tampons, following Ms Hubert's talk on toxic shock syndrome, but had yet to discover any non-messy form of penetrative sex that was possible except when sharing a bath or a shower.

As the girls became more engrossed in each other's probing and stroking, they managed to forget Angie's presence until Deborah pushed Emma forwards over the dorm captain's bed (as if she were about to spank her) and then ducked between her legs to suck on her sweet pussy. This left Emma face to face with a wide-eyed Angie who watched the other girl's face as it contorted with the pleasure being delivered below. Impulsively, Emma reached out and untied the tiny bows at the shoulders of Angie's nightie and pulled away the flimsy material to bare the older girl's breasts. "What are you doing?" Angie squealed as Emma's mouth closed over her nipple. "Get off me!"

Yet, despite her protestations, Angie made no move to push Emma away as the younger girl used her fingers and tongue to explore Angie's dark brown breasts.

"You're beautiful," Emma whispered, her vagina full of Deborah's fingers as she formed the words and simultaneously pulled at more ties until she was able to sweep the nightdress away altogether and look upon Angie's full nakedness.

"Stop it!" Angie was whimpering. "I'll have you birched!"

"What?" Emma said, kissing Angie's shivering stomach and working her way down towards the dark V shape of tightly curled hair. "You won't spank me yourself?"

"Yes," Angie's heavy breathing almost obscured her words as, still meeting no more than a verbal resistance, Emma's mouth moved closer to Angie's secret place. "Yes... I will spank you..."

"How?" Emma smiled as the supine girl parted her thighs and began to lick at the inside of her muscled thighs, teasing with one finger which ran up and down along the outer edge of her cunt lips.

"Your... bare bottom... I'll spank you with... oh! OH!" She gave up her attempt at words finally as Emma's mouth reached her pussy, basking in this new sensation which she had only dreamed about until now. Emma, her bottom now high in the air as her girlfriend fucked her hard with her fingers, licked lovingly at the pink and wet cleft which split Angie's otherwise oak-coloured flesh.

The three remained in that same position for between twenty long minutes with only the tiniest movements as Angie and Emma delighted in having their pussies attended to and Deborah used her own hand to pleasure herself as she licked at her lover. The girls' climaxes lingered and warmed their thighs deliciously until, finally, Emma and Deborah fell, damp from sweat, onto Angie's bed, the three of them kissing and giggling. "Now, Emma," Angie murmured with a grin, "about that spanking...."

**EMMA AT SCHOOL 14**

Going Home

Emma and Deborah have found a new lover in Angie, but now it's Saturday morning and half-term has arrived. Emma hasn't seen her family for six weeks and is looking forward to her father's arrival with both excitement and apprehension....

"Daddy!"

Emma ran from the door as soon as the blue Escort drew up and the driver stepped nimbly out. Without checking her speed she threw herself into her father's open arms and held on as he swung her round. She kissed him twice and began to speak quickly:

"Oh, I've missed you all so much! Daddy, it's so good to see you again, it's seemed like such a long time!"

"Yes, it has for us too sweetheart," Mr Denning replied with a smile.

"Come on, get in. Let's get on."

As the car swung with a elongated crunch out of the gravel driveway, Emma's father spoke again.

"So. How's school?"

"It's OK... no, it's great dad. I'm really enjoying myself!"

"I'm glad to hear it. What are the attractions?"

"It's loads of things. There's lots of activities outside class... and not having so many boys makes such a difference!"

"Like what?"

"Well, at my old school, the teachers spent so much time dealing with boys mucking about, they hardly had any time for teaching." "I see. And what kind of... er, impact... has the change in discipline had on you?"

Emma didn't reply for a moment.

"Well, I think it's made me behave better."

"Just think?"

"No, it has."

"That's certainly what your housemaster says. And your work has apparently improved too? How do they manage to get your homework in on time?"

"Well, if you don't hand stuff in you get punished... right in front of the rest of the class."

"How?"

"You get the paddle."

"On the bare bottom?"

"No, through your knickers with your skirt up. Teachers aren't allowed to pull your knickers down in the classroom. But it still works." "I can imagine." Then his voice became more serious. "I also hear from your housemaster that he had cause to give you the cane." Emma was silent again.

"Well?"

"It wasn't really my fault... I was..."

"Your housemaster," Mr Denning intervened, "told me that you had accepted your guilt."

"Yes," Emma agreed quietly.

"So when you say it wasn't your fault, is that the truth? Or are you lying to me?"

"It wasn't a lie..."

"So it was the truth?"

"Er... no."

"It must be one or the other, mustn't it?"

"I suppose."

"So, which was it?"

"A lie."

"Is lying something that escapes punishment at school?" her father asked.

"No."

"Then it won't escape punishment at home either. I hope that's clear."

"Yes, daddy."

"I understand your caning was on the bare bottom?"

"Yes."

"How many?"

"Twelve."

"And I don't suppose you'll be queuing up for another of those?"

"No."

"Good."

There were no more words for a few minutes until Mr Denning turned the car off the road at an unmarked driveway.

"Where are we going?" Emma asked.

"I thought it might be nice to stop for some lunch. Your mum and Kaitlin aren't going to be home until later this afternoon." The car made its way along the driveway and past a gateway where Mr Denning showed a pass to a uniformed gate man.

"Is this a really posh place?" Emma asked, a little excited by the apparent exclusivity of the place.

"Not particularly posh. It's just a private club. I understand that they do an excellent vegetarian canneloni, though."

Emma smiled, pleased that her father had remembered her favourite dish. Having parked, father and daughter got out and made their way into the club which was almost empty with fewer than a dozen people eating or drinking. Whatever her father had said, it seemed posh to Emma, expensively decorated and staffed by uniformed waiters and waitresses. While they ate, Emma told her father about her first half term, steering clear of punishment details except when he asked about them, and naturally avoiding talk of Deborah and Richard. When Mr Denning actually asked about who she was fagging for, she prayed that her blush wasn't noticeable as she explained that she was serving a boy and that he had the right to spank her - although only through her knickers, of course.

"I'm not sure I approve of that," Mr Denning said with a frown. "I'm tempted to speak to your housemaster about having you changed so you're fagging for another girl."

"No, please don't. It would be really embarrassing. Richard is really nice. He'd never take advantage of me."

"Well," her father still looked unhappy. "Just make sure you tell me at once if he does."

"I will daddy, really."

"Very well. Now, about your lying to me. Go over to reception and ask if they can supply a strap for me to punish you with." "What?"

"You heard me. Now do as you're told or you will make things worse for yourself."

"Daddy, please!"

Mr Denning looked his daughter sternly in the eye and said slowly, "Now you have made things worse. I strongly suggest that you do as I've asked!" Tearfully, Emma rose from her seat and began to walk across to the club's reception desk. The reason for the club being private was now all too obvious and she was now extremely grateful that there were not more people around. The only question remaining in her mind was whether her father would take her to a private room to spank her, or whether it was permitted for him to punish her in the dining room.

"Yes, miss."

The attractive young woman behind the bar smiled at her and, as Emma took in her revealing outfit and short skirt, she suddenly realised what the penalty would be for making a mistake in her job and smiled back wanly. "My daddy wants to know if you can supply him with a strap," she explained with a shaky voice.

"Of course. Is it for you?" the receptionist inquired. Emma simply nodded and the young woman knelt down behind the desk for a few moments and then stood up again holding three leather straps.

"What's it for?" she asked kindly.

"Er... well... he's going..." Emma began to stammer before the woman cut her off with a gentle chuckle.

"No, I didn't mean that," she smiled. "I meant what's the punishment for?" "Oh!" Emma smiled back, relieved to have her confusion dispelled. "For lying."

The woman nodded and lad the straps out on the desk. "Choose one," she invited.

Emma picked up each one in turn. They were of similar, if not identical, weight, length, width and thickness and differed only in design. Each one was beautifully cut and decorated with patterns, flowers, or leaf designs. "They're beautiful," she murmured. "Are they really expensive?"

"I think so. They're hand made. Two hundred pounds each or something." The young woman lowered her voice. "But it doesn't make much difference when it's landing across your bum," she said, speaking from obvious experience.

Emma pointed to the flowery one.

"Fine," the receptionist said. "A waiter will bring it over."

"I can't just sneak back over with it?"

"No chance," the young woman smiled. Then, seeing Emma's troubled face, "Don't worry. You'll get used to it here."

Emma made her way back over to where her father was sitting and explained what had happened.

"That's OK," her father told her. "No. Don't sit down. Lift up the front of your skirt, please."

"Oh, God," Emma thought as, hearing the command, the familiar creeping wetness grew between her thighs. She couldn't count the number of times she had replayed the last spanking her father had given her, or rehearsed the next one she would get, as she lay in bed at night. However hard she tried, she always failed to keep her hand from moving to her clitoris when she thought of her father's hands stripping her and now, as she lifted her skirt to expose her knickers to him, her pussy flooded in the same way.

To her father's eyes, the sight was astonishing. Tights were forbidden at Katherine Parr as they hindered access to a girl's bottom and Emma was therefore wearing stockings and a suspender belt. And within the black silk frame provided by these, were her brief white knickers, surrounded by her pale and youthful flesh, and swelling alluringly. For a moment, Mr Denning saw not his fifteen year old daughter waiting to be disciplined for her naughtiness, but a seductive teenager bursting with sexuality. He struggled for a moment to resolve that contradiction but then, finding it impossible, he simply reached out to take hold of Emma's knickers and slowly drew them down. As Emma's feathery triangle of hair was exposed Mr Denning found he was holding his breath and he paused for a moment before continuing and lowering her knickers further to reveal the faint ruddy-pink hint of sex between her thighs. He couldn't draw his eyes away from this picture of womanhood as he pulled her knickers further down and only snapped his gaze away once they lay on the floor around her feet. His voice choked as he spoke again.

"Pick your knickers up, put them on the table and then listen to me." Dropping her skirt back in place, Emma picked up her knickers, blushing as she felt the dampness - her dampness - in the cotton, and placed them on the pristine pink tablecloth. She knew that every eye in the room was on her and saw the waiter approaching with a silver tray on which lay threateningly the strap she had picked out. She watched as her father lifted the strap from its place and then laid it down on top of her knickers before turning to her again.

"I told you that you'd made things worse by your disobedience, didn't I?"

"Yes, daddy," she confirmed.

"Very well. Your lying has earned you twelve strokes with the strap. But before I strap you, you will choose one of the members in this room and ask them, very politely, to take you across their knee and spank your bare bottom soundly."

Emma only got as far as opening her mouth to protest before her father pre-empted her:

"There will be no debate about this. You will learn to do as you're told." Tears streaming down her face now, Emma turned away from her father and began to walk, not even looking where she was going at first. She almost walked straight to the door and out, but pulled herself back before she did. She had brought the extra humiliation upon herself be being disobedient. It was true that when her housemaster told her to do something, she did it at once. She was going to have to learn to obey her father in the same way.

She looked around the room again. Sitting at a table near the window on her own was a red-haired woman in her mid-thirties with a sharp suit and a kind face. Emma walked over to her, drying her eyes on the back of her hand and lifting her head high. Out of sight, behind her, her father watched with a smile of satisfaction and approval. "Excuse me, madame," she articulated in a clear voice.

"Yes, young lady," came the reply. "What can I do for you?"

"I've been disobedient towards my father and I'm asking you if you would be prepared to discipline me for it."

"I see," the woman put down her book and looked up at the teenager standing by her table. "Do you not think that it would be more appropriate for your father to punish you for your disobedience?"

"Ordinarily, yes," Emma conceded. "However, I'm already to receive a strapping from him for lying. I didn't obey him when he told me to ask for a strap from reception so I think that's why he considers a... more public spanking appropriate."

"I understand. Are there any specific requirements?"

"Daddy just said a sound spanking on my bare bottom. Er... over your knee."

"Very well. My name is Ms Stanley, by the way. Come round here." The woman moved her chair back from the table and, as the other members looked on with interest, she patted her lap and took hold of Emma's hand, drawing her down over her knee.

As the red-haired woman lifted Emma's skirt up to bare her bottom, she looked over a the man from whose table Emma had come and nodded her head a fraction towards him. The man smiled and raised his glass to her and the woman couldn't help wondering what it would be like to give herself up to his strong arms in the same way that his daughter was now giving herself up to her.

She looked down. Exposed and expectant lay Emma's naked bottom, pale and unblemished, and waiting for her attention. She lifted her hand and began the spanking.

My most public spanking to date Emma thought as her first tears were drawn by Ms Stanley's professional slaps. Even the house public wasn't really public: it was completely predictable who would be there. Here though, any member of the club who happened to be in on that day would be able to watch her being spanked. And later on, of course, strapped too! She wondered whether her father would ever take the risk of spanking her in a truly public place like a library, or on a train, or in the street. She had, of course, fantasised about such events, yet the reality even of this semi-public spanking was intensely humiliating. She had seen several men get up and walk over to the window table to get a better look as Ms Stanley had put her over her knee. These men, who could be anyone, were now watching her bare bottom being spanked again and again by a woman whom Emma had never seen before in her life.

After a short while, Emma's thoughts were forced out of her mind by the sharp repeated pain of the woman's spanking of her. She was howling in the way she often did and kicking her feet fiercely under the force of the blows when the woman stopped and spoke to her:

"Young lady," she said in a stern voice. "If you not stop your kicking and twisting at once, I shall be forced to send for the strap myself. Or worse. Kindly keep still.

Emma kept still as the woman recommenced her solid spanking. "Or worse. What could that mean," Emma wondered. It could just be that they carry more severe implements than the straps; it was certain, she thought for example, that they must have canes here too. But somehow that wasn't what she had inferred from the woman's statement. It was not something worse than the strap, she felt sure, but something worse than sending for it. She knew that it was not a puzzle to which she wanted to know the answer. At least not yet. And, instead, Emma stopped kicking her legs and merely took the bare bottomed spanking which she knew she deserved for disobeying her father. "I'll try to do what I'm told, daddy. Honest," she whimpered as Ms Stanley finished off her preliminary spanking. Afterwards she stood before the woman and thanked her for her attention. "You are welcome," the red haired woman replied. Then she added, "And if I happen to see you being badly behaved while you're here, or especially if I see you being disobedient, shall call you over and your bare bottom shall feel my hand again. Is that understood?"

"Yes, Ms Stanley," Emma replied. So here too, as at school, the circle of people allowed to discipline me will swell with time, Emma thought. The woman who had caused the painful throbbing in her behind now sent Emma back over to where her father sat, the strap now curled, cat-like, in his lap. As she got closer, she began to notice other differences. The pale pink cloth which had covered the table during their meal had been cleared away with the plates and dishes leaving the table-top a naked and polished oak. The room was no longer almost empty; there were now a large number of people sitting down or milling around and talking. Among them, Emma spotted a few girls of about her age and one or two boys, and she noticed with increased disquiet that one or two of the other teenagers were dabbing with handkerchiefs at tearful eyes. Amongst the adults too, she realised as she got closer to her waiting father, were a few women (although no men that she could see) who's faces also betrayed the experience of recent pain. And the great majority of all these people seemed to be moving in to form an audience around Emma's father.

Emma tried to ignore them.

"Daddy," she said quietly. "I've had my spanking. I'm sorry I was disobedient."

"So am I," Mr Denning replied. "Although I imagine that you are sorrier. I hope I've made it clear that further refusals to carry out my instructions will lead to you being similarly sorry?"

"Yes, daddy."

"Good. Now come here."

Emma stood in front of her father, despite her best intentions fully aware of the many eyes turned upon her, and closed her eyes as his hands found the clasp of her skirt and quickly unfastened it, the garment falling easily to the floor in consequence around her feet. Everyone could see her, Emma couldn't help but appreciate. It might be her reddened bottom or her youthful pussy depending on their position, but she was on display now and any further attempt to disregard the presence of the interested observers was pointless. It took a considerable effort to avoid meeting their eyes.

Her father stood up and took her hand. He stood her on one side of the table and, for the first time, Emma noticed the velcro cuffs attached to the far side which had previously been obscured by the tablecloth. Emma's father dropped to his knee.

"Give me your foot, sweetheart," he told her. Emma looked down as her father guided her leg into place and found that each table leg was also fitted with a velcro cuff. As the table legs were almost three feet apart, Emma realised that this would have a very noticeable effect on the final view afforded to the onlookers if both were used. "And the other." She tried not to ponder on the sight from behind as she allowed herself to be thus opened up, but closed her eyes once more and tried in vain to imagine that she and her father were alone. "Please bend down over the table," he instructed her next. Emma did so, her wrists lying obediently beside the cuffs, and Mr Denning meticulously secured her hands in place. She had seen other girls in similar positions to this too many times to be unsure of her exposure. On that first day at Katherine Parr when she had seen Deborah bound to the punishment horse in Mr Lindon's office, she had been horrified as well as exhilarated by the way her posture spread her delicious pussy beneath her proffered buttocks. Here, she knew, her legs had been parted still further; and she could feel the coolness of the air as it gently caressed her open sex. Emma's face burned and she waited for the bite of the strap to drive her humiliation from her mind.

When it came, the leather wrested a piercing scream from her on its very first cut. Mr Denning had only spanked his oldest daughter once, and that was with his hand, and was thus unable accurately to assess her reaction to the strap. His younger daughter, Kaitlin, he was more used to punishing, but he was aware that in the public arena which he and Emma now occupied he was using substantially more force than he had ever done on Kaitlin. Her screech of pain cut through to his heart and he held the strap high and still for a few moments, listening to his daughter's weeping. Mr Denning struggled to take control of the situation. His daughter had been throwing her life away until she started at her new school. The harsh discipline code there had been a fundamental axis of her changed behavior and demeanour - Emma had admitted that herself - and it was up to him alone to ensure that his daughter's attitude to discipline at home replicated her improved attitude at school.

WHACK! "Nooooooohhh!"

Tears formed in Mr Denning's eyes as his daughter's anguished voice echoed around the small room. Could it be right to hurt her this much? "But what about school!" he told himself forcefully. She has been caned on the bare bottom once there already and the pain of that must have been greater than her current trauma.

THWACK! "Oooooooowwwwww!"

The fact was that Emma responded well to stern chastisement. The pain of the beating was not the issue, the issue was the consequent improvement in behavior. Gritting his teeth a little, he lifted the strap once again and cut a long arc through the still air which swished in anticipation of the subsequent crack of leather against bare skin - and the accompanying female yelp.

If her own father was not prepared to deal out the same level of punishment as her school housemaster, how could he expect to win her respect. CRACKK! "Yooooooeeeeooo!"

Spare the rod and spoil the child.

FWACK! "Arrrrgggh!"

Mr Denning found the beating easier as it progressed. He shouldn't be surprised at his anxiety at inflicting pain on his own daughter, but neither should he shrink from it when necessary. CRACK! Apart from the one previous hand-spanking he had delivered to her, this was her first punishment from her father. It must set the right tone. CRACK! If he failed to guide his daughter from her wayward path to the "straight and narrow", he would look back on his failure to discipline her properly as the cause. CRACK! And so might Emma. CRACK! He had met a number of young ladies of Emma's age who were subject to similar regimes and found them all polite and attentive to their parents and their lessons. CRACK! She might be in pain now, but this punishment would serve, in the long run, only to strengthen her. He lifted his arm for one final blow. THWACK! "Arrhhhhhhh! Daddddyyyyy!"

It was over. Dazed, Mr Denning unfastened his daughter's wrists and ankles and helped her to stand, still naked from the waist down but hardly noticing the fact. Emma was turned round to face the people who had watched over her thrashing and then felt her father leaving her side. A tall man in dark robes among those watching spoke to her in a deep growl of a voice.

"Young lady. I recognise that you are experiencing some pain, yet I have to ask you some questions. Please tell me when you feel ready." Emma dried her eyes on the back of her sleeve and tried to look unruffled.

"I am ready now," she told the man.

"Good. My name is Mr Stern - not my real name, you understand?" "Yes," Emma confirmed. She remembered reading the "Story of O" which Deborah had lent to her in bed at night and was reminded of the fictional Roissy.

"Has your master told you anything about the club?"

For a moment Emma couldn't decipher his words, until she realised that her father was, to this man, also her master.

"No," she answered.

"Good. It is important that you answer my questions without discussion with your master. Do you understand?"

"Yes," she agreed.

"The club's name is 'Bottom's Up' for reasons which I feel sure I do not need to explain to you. Your master is a full member of the club, and as such has the right to bring guests to the club once only. You may, therefore, not return here as the guest of your master. Do your follow me so far?"

"Yes."

"However, you may join the club yourself. You are unlikely to be able to afford the full membership fee, but you may become an associate member for free. This will give you the right to attend the club and use the facilities for free, including free meals and drinks. Among the facilities you have not seen is a swimming pool, sauna and massage room. You will be entitled to use any of these.

"You will also be entitled to bring guests, although you may only bring one guest each time you come and no guest may return as your guest on a second occasion. There are, of course, one or two differences between full and associate membership apart from the fees."

"Of course," Emma repeated quietly.

"Full members of the club may wish to punish you. This will usually take the form of a spanking upon your bare bottom in a private room. If a full member wishes to punish you more severely, or wishes to carry out that punishment in public, they will need to be able to prove misbehaviour of some sort on your part. If you agree that their punishment is justified, you may decided simply to accept the punishment stipulated. If not, you may appeal. In the event that you lose your appeal, the appeals panel will consent to the full member concerned punishing you in the manner they originally demanded. In addition, the panel will order that you be given fifteen strokes of the cane in public.

"Those are the membership rules in brief. Do you have any questions?" "No," Emma said, her pussy pulsing with unexpected heat. Did her father realise that this offer was going to be put to her? What would he think of her if she accepted? Or did he want her to accept? She recalled his nervousness that a boy at school was permitted to spank her through some clothing (even if the reality was somewhat different), yet if she accepted associate membership of Bottom's Up she would be consenting to bare bottomed spankings from any member.

"I must ask you to make up your mind within the next two minutes - or to leave at once," the man with the gravelly voice told her firmly. Emma knew that she didn't need two minutes.

"My answer," she said in a confident voice, "is yes. I wish to become an associate member of Bottom's Up."

Emma couldn't see her father, who was behind her, and wondered what the expression on his face would tell.

"Lena! Yaluda!" The growl-voiced man spoke sharply to two of the girls of Emma's age. "Strip her and bring her to the Members Hall!"

**EMMA AT SCHOOL 15**

Vows

Emma has been publicly spanked and strapped at "Bottom's Up", a club which her father has recently joined. Now Emma as consented to join the club as an associate member - which entails a heady mixture of rights and responsibilities - and is now being prepared for her initiation.... Lena and Yaluda, the two girls who were now pulling Emma's clothes from her, were girls of a similar age to Emma (she assumed they weren't their real names). However, her attempts to involve them in conversation were fruitless and she guessed that they were not permitted to speak to her. The rest of the room was now deserted, everyone (including Emma's father) having made their way to the Members' Hall. Once she was entirely naked, the two girls took a hand each and led Emma through the deserted dining room and past reception until they reached a large oaken double door. Lena raised her hand and knocked heavily three times, the door opening immediately and revealing a rather grand hall in which forty or fifty people were sitting.

The man who had opened the door, dressed in what looked like an old-fashioned footman's outfit, now took Emma from Lena and Yaluda and ushered her, without touching, down to aisle towards the stage upon which the gravel-voiced man was standing. Lena and Yaluda sat down in spare seats near the door and Emma found herself approaching the stage unclothed and alone, unable even to find her father's face in the crowd. The stage was bare except for a low, red velvet stool directly in front of the gravel-voiced man; there were also three other men and one woman, dressed in robes, standing nearby and each carrying a large wooden paddle. Emma reached the stage and the footman disappeared, leaving her alone. "Young lady, I understand you wish to be admitted to our club." "Yes... sir," Emma replied, unsure as to how to answer. The robed man half-smiled.

"Sir is quite acceptable. You should call all full members sir or madam unless asked not to. I am the Grand Master of the club and I preside over committee meetings, appeals, and so on. Please climb the steps and kneel on the stool before you."

Emma did as she was told and knelt, shivering a little from the cool breeze drifting through the room, but mainly with nervousness, and the Grand Master laid his hand upon her head.

"To begin your initiation into our club, you must accept your new name. This name will always be used when you are at the club or dealing with club members. Once you accept your new name, you may not terminate the initiation procedure."

The man paused and looked straight into Emma's eyes.

"Are you ready to accept your new name?"

"Yes," Emma whispered.

"Good. I name you... Delphine. You will now be asked to make the four vows of membership, secrecy, obedience and discipline." As he spoke, one of the three men on the stage passed the paddle he was carrying to the Grand Master who held it in both hands in front of Emma's eyes. There were words printed on its surface and two large holes punched into the wood in the shape of a hand.

"Please read the words on the paddle and then kiss it," the Grand Master told her. Emma read in a clear, ringing tone:

"I vow to live by the rules of the club. I vow to wear my membership band at all times and to make myself known to other members I may meet, whether within these walls or outside."

Having read the words, Emma leant her head forwards to kiss the thick wood simply.

"Place your hands on the floor, please," the Grand Master ordered her, Emma obeying to leave her bare bottom raised high up in the air and facing the audience.

She heard his footsteps as he moved behind her and then felt the coolness of the wood as he rested it for a few seconds upon her cheeks. "Delphine," he intoned in a loud voice. "As Grand Master I accept and seal your vow of membership."

And with that, the man swung the heavy paddle through the air and struck Emma firmly across both buttocks. Her bottom, still marked in red from the strap, flared with intense heat as the blow landed and Emma couldn't hold back a resonant screech of pain at the impact which drew a murmur of appreciation from the audience.

WHACK! "Noooohhh!" The second crack seemed harder still and the pain rattled through her horribly. It was, perhaps, less painful than a caning, but it was a difficult distinction to make as, instead of the cane's thin strand of exquisite suffering, the paddle set light to her whole bottom. And, she realised, that meant that each stroke would, unlike in a caning, be landing on the same spot. In fact, the Grand Master's aim was so accurate that the pale hand shapes left in a sea of red after the first stroke were perfectly matched, one on each cheek, on the second stroke. And the third. Again, Emma's scream swelled and pricked at every heart, the associate members each recalling their own initiation ceremony and the full members simply revelling in the sight of this young girl being so delightfully trounced Through her tears, Emma noticed the Grand Master's feet before her again and, as he placed a hand gently under her chin, drew herself back up to a kneeling position to face the second paddle.

"I vow," she read, "to safeguard the secrecy of the club and never to talk about its activities to anyone other than a fellow member. I vow to conduct myself in such a way as never to jeopardise the security of the club and its members."

Again Emma kissed the proffered paddle, this time marked with two crosses, and then again she bowed down low to accept the bite of the wood across her bared buttocks. Again her cries of anguish fell from her lips as the paddle cracked three times against her skin, this time leaving a cross superimposed upon the hand imprinted earlier. "I vow," she read again tearfully, as the third paddle was placed before her, "to obey, within these walls and outside, the instructions of all full members in line with the rules of the club. I vow to accept, without dissent, the direction of the committee and its officers." This time it was a large O shape which was embossed on Emma's rump as three more strokes were delivered. By now, after nine blows, Emma's cheeks were a blistered mixture of red and purple and the constant blaze she felt seemed to her now to have surpassed the torment even of Mr Lindon's cane. Slowly, she struggled to raise herself up to face the final paddle. For a short while, she found herself unable to focus on the inscription and a muttering began to circulate amongst the audience as people wondered whether the initiation would be completed. Finally, however, Emma's trembling voice recommenced.

"I vow..." She was swaying a little from side to side and the Grand Master put a hand on her shoulder to help steady her. "I vow..." she continued, "to accept the discipline of the club and its members in line with the rules of the club. I promise... to bare my bottom, whenever and wherever required to do so, to the hand of any full member of the club, and welcome such chastisement in contrition for my wrongs, real and imagined. I promise also to submit to any other punishment which is justly assessed in response to my imperfect behavior within these walls or outside."

When finished, Emma again dropped her hands to the floor and focused all her energy on retaining her position for the final paddling. Not only, she realised now, was she consenting to being spanked on demand here at the club, but elsewhere. The prospect of meeting a stranger in the cinema, or on the bus, or in the street and finding that they have the right to lower her knickers and turn her over their knee and spank her soundly, was both terrifying and exhilarating. Even as the Grand Master brought the paddle down flat across her scarlet cheeks, Emma felt her pussy moistening again and her mind flooded with the images prompted by the final vow. At each stroke, while the room filled with her crying and wailing, Emma saw a hundred different scenarios flash past her eyes, each involving her discipline, and realised with a strange insight - so this is like dying, then.

There was a hand upon her head, the Grand Master she realised, and she fought to hear his words above the raging in her soul:

"Accept Delphine into your midst. You have heard her vows of membership, of secrecy, of obedience, and of discipline. You have seen her kiss the wood and receive in turn its kiss. Be thoughtful of her vows, and yours; be respectful of her privacy; be insistent of her obedience; be exacting of her discipline. She is one of us."

Then his hand moved to her face and he lifted her head to look down kindly on her.

"Delphine, welcome. Remember your vows. Always have regard for the privacy of your fellow members; always strive to be obedient to their commands; always accept their just discipline with the good grace your have show us this day."

He turned and took something from the woman who was once again holding the "discipline" paddle; when he faced her once more, Emma saw that it was a bracelet of some kind. The Grand Master took her left hand and slipped the bracelet on, locking it securely in place. It was a beautiful black and gold design with a series of Bs round its edge in a hypnotic, interlocking pattern. It was obviously, now fitted, impossible to unfasten. "This is your mark of membership," the Grand Master was saying. "You must never attempt to cover it, or remove it; it must never leave your wrist." Now, for the first time, Emma saw that the Grand Master also wore a similar bracelet, although on his one the colours were reversed and the pattern, which looked little different at first, was actually made up of interwoven Us.

"It is the mark by which you will recognise your brothers and sisters; this design identifies a full member, that which you wear an associate member. Remember that you are obliged to make yourself known to a full member you encounter, whether or not they appear to notice you. Remember that your obligations are the same regardless of whether you meet here, or elsewhere in the world. Remember that full members have the right to require you to go with them to a private space and there to chastise you, with the sole restriction that they should use only their hand. It is not necessary for them to site any specific instance of misbehaviour on your part; such chastisement is to be considered as just punishment for the many wrongs of thought and deed about which only you can know. If a full member witnesses, or is informed of, or otherwise learns of a wrongful act for which you are responsible, remember that it is for that member to decide upon the penalty that you must pay. Such penalty may be exacted in private, or not. It may of course require the removal of some or all of your clothing. It may employ the hand, a paddle, a strap, a cane, or any other implement.

"It is for the full member dealing with your punishment to decide upon its severity: what implement, if any, to employ, and how many strokes to apply. It is for the same member alone to decide upon the location and other particulars of such punishment: whether it be public or private, who else may witness it, what clothing you remove, what position you adopt. It is for the same member alone in these circumstances to consider the question of secrecy and whether the secrecy of the club is put at risk by the chosen form of punishment.

"Over none of these decisions do you have any right to object. If you accept that you are guilty of the charge laid against you, you must accept the punishment stipulated. If, and only if, you deny the charge itself, have you a right to appeal. In such circumstances, you should inform your accuser that you deny the charge. Your accuser may accept your denial. If they do not, then the question will be put to appeal at the first convenient time. Such appeals are held here and are heard by myself and two other senior members. This is not a criminal court; the burden of proof is not on the accuser. It is for the accused to demonstrate their innocence.

"Any member making a purposefully false accusation will immediately forfeit their membership for life. Thus far in the history of the club, no members have been dismissed from the club for that reason and so, you will understand, a high premium is placed upon the word of the accused in such circumstances. We recognise, in contrast, the motivation to falsely deny accusations - especially where the stipulated punishment is particularly severe. It is for that reason that the action taken against members who falsely deny accusation is somewhat different. That is to say, that if the appeal upholds the original charge and punishment, the accused will then receive, in addition to the original punishment, fifteen strokes of the cane upon the bare buttocks delivered in this very room by a member of the appeals panel.

"In concluding my remarks, I should point out to you that in approximately four out of five cases, the appeal panel upholds the original charge and punishment!"

"Have you anything to say?"

"Yes," Emma replied, holding her head high. "I wish to affirm my honest commitment to my vows and to the club. I recognise the importance of discipline, and of honesty. I am... very pleased to have been accepted by you."

At that, there was a loud round of applause and the Grand Master whispered to Emma that she should stay in place until everyone had gone and that her master would return to collect her. She returned his smile and then, feeling full of contentment despite the throbbing of her well-beaten bottom, waited patiently for her father to collect her. "Sweetheart. I am proud of you."

Her father's words, whispered in her ear as she held her pose, finally broke her in a way the paddle hadn't done. Suddenly, as Mr Denning slipped his hands under her arms to lift her, Emma's tears began to flow in a ceaseless torrent and, as she soon as she had regained her feet, she threw herself into his comforting arms and buried her head in his chest. Her father's arms were strong and safe. As Emma let out all the pent up emotion, not just from that day's events but from the turmoil of the whole term, he held her naked body tightly to him. His large hands stroked his daughter's hair and arms and back, careful not to graze her injured bottom which was such a mess of wounded flesh that he too had cried as its markings were inflicted, and then lifted his daughter's face to look into her eyes.

There had been so many doubts and questions within them both up until that moment. A father, in the privacy of his own home, turning his wilful daughter across his knee to deliver with his hand a measured injunction to improve, is an event which few would consider worthy of remark. Where the girl has reached the age of fourteen or fifteen and has completed much of her transformation (in form at least) from child to woman, and where the father, in spite of this ripening, still insists that the punishment is given flesh to flesh - that is to say that, while no doubt the naughty girl protests and pleads and wails and begs her father, "No - please, daddy - don't!", he tugs at jeans or pulls at skirts and slips her flimsy knickers down (and does this while she stands before him still, so looking on her naked, juvenile and newly-woken sex) before he pulls her firmly into place to soundly spank her bottom till it glows with the red proof of pain - where this is the scene, some might prick up their ears and shake their heads and call such punishment "irregular". So where, and here we speak of Emma and her father, the chastisement of a young girl is taken in the directions that have been unfolded here, neither father nor daughter can be unaware that this is not a "normal" form of filial discipline, and so the many doubts and questions arise.

It is not necessary to enumerate them all here. Most of them are obvious and quite expected and, although they are in many ways related, they are different for father and daughter. For Emma, the very fact that corporal punishment and her recent sexual experiences and kindling were so strongly connected, the fact that when being prepared for punishment, or sometimes when receiving it, her pussy would moisten so gluttonously, the fact that she so often bid, in the darkness of her dreams, her father come to her, and open her, and savour her - these facts led to a hundred guilty accusations. For her father, the fact that he had turned her over to a school which bares the bottoms of its charges for chastisement with such unquestioning regularity, the fact that he had introduced her to a club where she would be expected to give herself to unknown adult men and women to be similarly disciplined, the fact that, when stripping Emma's knickers from her and thus baring to his eyes her innocent (or so he daily prayed) and lightly tufted pussy, a fire of sexual arousal would burst aflame within his own loins - these facts conjured a hundred imagined fingers pointing at his heart.

Yet in the course of these last short hours, and in the shared tears of their embrace, the greatest fear of each - that the other might guess at these weaknesses and in consequence hate them for the darkness in their soul - was fully banished. Mr Denning bent his head to kiss his daughter's delicate lips with a tender kiss of purest paternal love, and they each knew in that moment that the insuppressible surges of emotion and desire which inhabited them both, could never threaten the purity of the contract that had been made between them. Emma, despite her lustful fantasies, when she bared her bottom for her father's hand or belt knew that the punishment itself was given with the single object of her improvement. Mr Denning, despite the swelling that pressed against his trousers at the sight of his unclothed daughter, when he pulled her over his knee knew that the falling of his hand upon her waxen cheeks was accepted as the result of no other yearning than that his daughter should learn right from wrong and act upon that learning.

In the car as they drove home, Emma found it almost impossible to sit still. Her father even found it necessary to threaten stopping by the side of the road to spank her once again, and even then she didn't immobilise herself entirely. She attempted to distract herself by reading through the rules of the club, and there is one rule in particular that must be noted lest any reader should falsely understand Emma's membership. Both the injunction to obey full members, and the injunction to submit to their discipline, are tempered by the express instruction that their should be no sexual contact (defined in this case as touching of genitals or breasts) between full members and associate members under any circumstances. Full members found to have broken this rule, or attempted to break it, with or without the associate member's consent, were to be summarily ejected from the club. In its fourteen year history, there had so far been but two cases where such misconduct had been reported and both had resulted in the ejection of the full member concerned.

The drive home took about an hour and it was four-thirty by the time the car turned onto the asphalt driveway of the house. In that time, Emma and her father had talked about many things, but not one word had passed between them on the subject of their lunchtime stop-over. Emma assumed that it would similarly not be a matter for discussion at home. "Hello!" Mr Denning's voice echoed around the hallway as Emma followed him inside. "Hi, folks! Where is every..."

His voice trailed off as he pushed open the sitting room door and Emma, stepping into the room behind him, saw why. Emma's mother was sitting on the sofa, her face set stonily in anger, and Emma's sister was curled on the deep red recliner with tears trickling down her face. "What's wrong, Kitty?" Emma asked, kneeling by her sister and kissing her cheek.

"Eight words your sister has learned to be afraid of," their mother said sternly. "Just you wait until your father gets home!"

**EMMA AT SCHOOL 16**

Home At Last

Emma has just arrived at home for the half-term break to find her sister in big trouble....

"Why, what has she done?" Mr Denning enquired. "I was going through her school bag, throwing away all the rubbish she collects in it, when I came across this - stuffed in the bottom." Kaitlin's father looked threateningly over at his younger daughter as he took the proffered scrap of crumpled paper from his wife and read it aloud:

"Dear Mr & Mrs Denning. I am writing to you to ask once more for your help in tracing Kaitlin's maths homework book. I understand that you are busy, and assume that's why you have been unable to respond to my previous notes..."

At that point, Mr Denning stopped reading and barked at his weeping daughter:

"Do stop those snivelling crocodile tears. You can be sure of something to make you cry in a minute!"

Then, returning to the letter:

"This book is of the utmost importance as it represents a whole half term of home study. I do hope that, between you, you will manage to locate it. Yours, Mr Rimmon."

"I've been through it all already, Justin. You don't need to repeat it all," Mrs Denning spat. "Naturally, the book is not lost, but is in Kaitlin's room. There is not a single piece of homework in it, let alone seven weeks' worth. I have to say that I'm furious with the school for allowing this to go on for so long, but..."

Her husband cut her off. "Yes, yes - we'll deal with the school later," he said impatiently before turning to Kaitlin. "You, young lady I shall deal with now!" Then, to his wife, "Darling, do we have bridge tonight?" "Yes, Justin. Not until seven though."

"Good, I don't want to be late again. Kaitlin, you had better prepare yourself please."

"No, daddy, please. Not with Emma here...."

Mr Denning looked at her with displeasure. "I thought we'd talked about this kind of answering back," he said. "And yes, 'with Emma here'," and here he cast a more relaxed glance towards his older child. "After all, she will need to know what to expect if she misbehaves at home, won't she?" he asked rhetorically. After a short pause he concluded, "I am doubling your punishment for your cheekiness. I suggest you get a move on." Pushing her sister's comforting arm aside, Kaitlin jumped up from her chair purple faced and slammed out of the room. Mr Denning watched her go with a frown.

"There is no doubt that her behavior in general has got better, but she always seems to aggravate her misbehaviour with that kind of idiocy," he muttered. "Emma, try to talk some sense into her, will you?" "I'll try, daddy," Emma replied.

It was almost half an hour before the door opened once more, Emma's head turning instinctively and her mouth unintentionally hanging open. Kaitlin was standing naked in the doorway carrying her father's razor strop and her mother's hairbrush and looking extremely contrite. "Daddy, I'm really sorry for being rude before. I know I deserved to be punished for not bringing the letters home and I don't have an excuse. I..." And her voice, excuseless, trailed off.

Emma hardly heard her words, she was too busy just looking. She and her sister had gone through the usual obsession with privacy as they went through puberty and had never really shared the changes in their bodies. Emma had, of course, noticed her sister's bosom swelling, but now that she saw her naked her image of her 'baby sister' evaporated. Her breasts, almost as fully developed as Emma's, were beautifully rounded and hung as perfectly without support as they would inside a bra. Her nipples peaked from large, deep brown circles and seemed to signal the accomplishment of womanhood.

Emma allowed her gaze to fall, her eyes running over Kaitlin's perfectly flat tummy and then down (and she knew that the redness in her sister's face was due to her unashamed staring) to her exquisite triangle of fair, loose curled hair. Emma's examination was cut short by her father's voice. "Kaitlin," he said slowly. "I am pleased to hear you apologise and, on this occasion, I shan't increase your beating for your uncalled-for slamming the door. However, I am going to give you five strokes with the razor strop, doubled to ten. Please get ready." Slowly, but with no apparent remaining anger, the youngest member of the household placed the strop and hairbrush on top of the piano and then pulled the stool away into the centre of the room. Emma watched with her breathing coming increasingly heavily as Kaitlin then knelt on the floor before the stool with her back to her parents and sister. Emma knew that Kaitlin had done this many times before, but guessed too that her presence would increase her sister's embarrassment as she parted her legs and lifted her bottom sluggishly into the air to reveal the delectable pink secrets that nestled between the inverted V of her trembling thighs. She continued to reveal herself more and more explicitly until her hands lay flat upon the carpet and her fresh buttocks (which, Emma couldn't help but notice, still carried the faint remembrance of previous discipline) were presented in utter surrender to her father's will.

Mr Denning looked for a moment at his elder daughter's face, knowing that she must be imagining herself in the same vulnerable position, before walking to the piano and picking up the broad leather strop. He swished it through the air once or twice and then took it over to where Kaitlin lay over the piano stool, quietly awaiting the just consequence of her failure to fully correct her attitude towards her schoolwork. "You won't be skipping homework after a few weeks at your new school," Emma thought to herself as she watched her father take up a sturdy position beside Kaitlin's naked, prostrate form and lay the cold leather flat upon her cheeks. She found, as he raised his arm, that she didn't feel remotely sorry for her sister, and that the first heavy crack as Mr Denning flashed the strop through the air and began her spanking didn't change her attitude. Rather, Emma found herself in complete concord with her father and nodded to herself when he raised his hand again and drew a scream of pain from Kaitlin as her bottom took a second blow. Kaitlin had misbehaved and needed to be punished, Emma told herself simply as her sister's bottom danced under the demanding instruction of the strop, and if the punishment were not sufficiently severe what would be the deterrent effect? Kaitlin was screeching loudly now and Emma wondered how well her father managed to blank out his daughter's cries: he didn't seem to be going any more gently about his task, she concluded, as wide, red, interconnected stripes rose under the seventh, eighth and ninth strokes. Emma wished she could move closer and inspect her sister's pussy to find out whether she was dampening in the way that Emma had guessed (from the crossings out in her letter) Kaitlin habitually did when her father punished her. And then it struck her that her father was probably the only person who had spanked Kaitlin so far (apart from the teacher with the strap - Ms Blanchard, was it?) and she reflected on how strange that seemed to her - and how strange it would seem to others that she herself had bared her bottom (or, as in the case of the Bottom's Up club, agreed to bare her bottom) to such a large group of people of different ages and sex. Emma's father lifted his right arm slowly for the final stroke and she watched the muscles in his arm tensing as he prepared to complete her sister's thrashing. Kaitlin's wailing had fallen to a whimper now and the dancing of her bottom had stilled. She waited, motionless, for the leather to strike its final blow. That tenth cracking swat was the heaviest of the ten and it wrenched a full scream of agony from the fourteen year old's lips as her bared cheeks endured the fiery counsel of the strop, her bottom now as red as any well-strapped bum Emma had seen following a session with Amanda's tawse.

"Now, Kaitlin, off to bed without another word. We'll all see you at breakfast, and I hope I don't need to repeat this evening's unpleasantness again during half-term."

Kaitlin struggled to raise herself from the piano stool and Emma observed for the first time the sweat which had appeared between her shoulder blades and in the gully that divided her tender breasts. Her sister's eyes were bloodshot and her mascara had run in tiny streams down to her cheeks in the current of her tears. Silently, and with an expression, to her credit, more of remorse than of self-pity, she left the room and headed upstairs.

...

With her sister in bed and her parents out at bridge, the sound of a creaking door made Emma jump as she curled up in front of the telly. She looked at her watch. Ten fifteen - her parents never returned that early. Carefully she got to her feet and crept silently from the room and towards the back of the house from where the sound appeared to have come. Now it was her turn to feel the perspiration gather damply in the cotton of her bra as she approached the back door; it was standing ajar and outside, on the concrete patio, was a dark figure pulling indulgently on a cigarette. It was several seconds before Emma realised who she was looking at.

"Kaitlin?"

The dark figure turned towards her, Kaitlin's face severely lit by the red glow of the fag between her lips.

"Hi, sis!" She said, her voice cool and unhurried. "Want one?" "No, I don't want one," Emma retorted angrily. "Does daddy let you smoke now then?"

"Don't be ridiculous, what do..."

"And anyway, you're supposed to be in bed!"

"Yeah, alright. I won't be a minute!"

"Dead fucking right!" Emma asserted, closing the gap between them in a few purposeful strides and pulling the cigarette from her sister's lips. "And I hope you'll realise how stupid you've been when dad takes the strap to your bare backside again."

"You're not seriously suggesting that you'll tell him, are you?" Kaitlin asked, incredulity about equally balanced by a new nervousness in her voice. "You used to smoke at home all the time." "Maybe. I used to do a lot of things and they nearly fucked my life right up. I thought you'd begun to understand." She looked steadily at the slightly shorter girl for a long time and then sighed, "But I guess when you've had your hide tanned often enough, you'll begin to learn." Kaitlin's poise was beginning to crumble now and there was a pleading note in her next request:

"Emma, please don't tell him. Please!"

Emma looked at her sister and then frowned. "Alright, then," she said briskly, "come inside and I'll spank you myself." "Fuck off, you..." was all Kaitlin managed to say because, to her horror, as soon as she started to speak her sister simply turned round and walked calmly back into the house. She was already slumped back in front of the TV when Kaitlin appeared at the sitting room doorway. "What... what do you mean..." she asked in a near whisper. Emma allowed herself a hidden smile and then hit the off button on the remote. The room was eerily quiet and Emma's words filled the silence. "Exactly what I said," she explained. "No straps or hairbrushes, just a good, old-fashioned hand-spanking. And no discussions - just yes or no." "And then you won't tell daddy?"

"Not if you've already taken your punishment like a big girl. Now, come here!"

Back in the light now, Emma saw that her sister was still dressed in her pyjamas and had simply thrown a jacket around her shoulders. Beneath the harsh, grey wool, the girl's blooming figure was sweetly hinted at and, as Kaitlin walked towards her, Emma tried to work out where Kaitlin's lines might be drawn.

"Take off the jacket and your top!" she ordered straight away, forcing her sister into an early decision. If she went for this, what was to come would be easier. Emma's judgement was accurate; Kaitlin hesitated for a moment, but then shed the required items to stand bare-breasted in front of her new mistress.

"I noticed your rudeness to daddy when he quite rightly decided to beat you this afternoon," Emma said sternly. "If you attempt any such nonsense with me I will simply tell you to go to bed and let daddy deal with you. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Emma."

"Good. Now..." Emma licked her lips in delighted anticipation of what lay in store. Slowly, she reached out her hands to take hold of her sister's pyjama bottoms and, noticing but studiously ignoring Kaitlin's horrified expression, she pulled them, ever so slowly, down. That charming bundle of curls she had been forced to observe from a distance earlier now sprung to life before her very eyes and, as Emma dropped the now-useless cotton to the floor, she allowed her gaze to wander freely over the whole tempting region.

Taking her sister by the hand, Emma then pulled the girl towards her, guiding her knees to either side of her own until Kaitlin stood awkwardly astride her sister, her pussy (as Emma had planned it) pouting enticingly.

"I want you to answer my question, yes or no," Emma said. "Do you get wet between your legs when you are about to be spanked?" Kaitlin knew she was trapped. Despite her fear of the spanking she was about to receive, no matter that it was her own sister stripping her, Kaitlin, as she did when her father spanked her, had become aroused. A single finger would be all Emma would require to verify her suspicions... and that thought, although she knew the idea to be horrid in theory, only made her wetter.

"Yes, Emma," she replied at last.

"I thought so," the elder sibling replied, her hand moving with a nonchalant gesture, towards that very part of her that Kaitlin feared for most during her spankings. The rest of her body, justly, felt only pain as her father's hand or razor strop lashed at her bare bottom; only her pussy refused to be bound by pain alone but determined also to take pleasure in her suffering. This, Kaitlin had always felt sure, was unforgivable - yet now, as Emma's middle finger began to stroke ever so lightly along her most sensitive ridge of swollen flesh, it became apparent that the conflation of sex and punishment was one to which her sister, too, was prey. Kaitlin did no more cool, rational thinking. Emma's finger - no, two fingers by now, were inside her. Another hand was continuing to make love to her clitoris and Kaitlin, whose experience of sex was less advanced even than her sister's had been up until her introduction to Katherine Parr, could do nothing but close her eyes and - now loudly, now softly - moan. Emma, however much she enjoyed the conquest, had her priorities. Once she had seduced Kaitlin into parting her thighs, it was time to move onto the evening's main entertainment.

The loving, slowly rhythmical caress left Kaitlin suddenly and she felt the emotional equivalent of a chill breeze blowing across her naked thighs. Her sister was telling her to fall across her knees and obediently Kaitlin, trance-like, complied with Emma's request, lifting her tautly curved cheeks up to take what was due.

Emma began to spank and speak simultaneously, the soundness of the punishment closely matched by the sharpness of the scolding:

"You are a wilful and naughty little girl, Kaitlin," Emma began, accompanied from the first by a delicious cocktail of resounding wails and tinkling screeches as her hand fell heavily and repeatedly across her sister's bare behind. "Your behavior will get you into a great deal of trouble at your new school and I therefore consider it my sisterly duty to help to correct the worst excesses of your faulty conduct before you begin there."

She stopped spanking for a moment and allowed one hand to stray between Kaitlin's thighs, the younger girl parting them at once. As her fingers luxuriated in her sister's pink, silky marshland, she softened her voice and continued:

"Kaitlin, I am going to ask you a question. Before you answer, consider what I have said already. Consider, too, the likelihood that if you reach Katherine Parr without sufficiently adjusting your behavior, your bare bottom is likely to feel the weight of Mr Lindon's cane across it on several occasions. The question is this: will you submit to accepting punishment from me whenever I feel that it is necessary? You need answer only yes or no."

Kaitlin's mind struggled to weigh the consequences of accepting or refusing, the sweet waves of pleasure passing through her as a result of Emma's caress making thinking extremely difficult. She knew from Emma's letters that terrible punishment awaited her at Katherine Parr - but would she not simply be able to change her behavior when she got there? And yet, a voice within her chided her, hadn't she repeatedly brought extra chastisement upon herself these past few weeks by not accepting her daddy's hand with grace? Hadn't she answered back and tried to refuse to pull her knickers down and take up her position over his knees or the piano stool? Wasn't it clear, however much she recognized that her future happiness depended upon the injection of discipline into her young life now, that her natural reaction to punishment (unlike her sister's) was to resist? "Yes," she whispered finally.

At the word, Kaitlin's spanking recommenced with vigor. Emma smiled down at her sister's rosy cheeks and continued to reprimand her:

"I am glad you see the necessity of that," she said. "I shall be less tolerant of your tantrums than daddy. If you rebel against his just decision to spank you as you did this evening, you should expect not only an additional few strokes from him, but an extra beating from me too. For every cross word you utter, your bare bottom will be made to pay. You must learn. And I will teach you."

From that point, Emma concentrated on delivering as severe a punishment as was possible using only her hand. She half considered taking up her father's razor strop - but no, she had told her sister that this was to be a hand spanking. She would simply have to make it count. Almost half an hour had passed by the time Emma finally laid the last imprint upon Kaitlin's bruised and ruddy bottom. She had taken occasional breaks to recover her breath, and to rest her hand, but for most of the time Kaitlin had been weeping and yelping under her firm spanking. Looking down at the heaving body laying, with its limb immodestly splayed, across her thighs, Emma felt quite content.

"Darling Kaitlin," she whispered, her hand lightly stroking her sister's hair, "I will teach you..."

**EMMA AT SCHOOL 17**

Apres Bridge

On their parents' return from their bridge game, a little earlier than expected, both girls were sitting, talking animatedly, in the same room in which Emma's sister had already been spanked twice. Mr Denning didn't look very pleased.

"Kaitlin! I sent you to bed didn't I?"

"Yes, Daddy," Emma replied before her sister could speak. "I asked her to come down so I could talk to her about her behavior." "Well, I'm glad you take these things seriously - but I wish you had taken equally seriously the fact that I had given an instruction!" Mr Denning snapped. "And what about you, Kaitlin? Did you imagine I'd be happy about you being up?"

Kaitlin shook her head penitently.

"You're off to your friend tomorrow, aren't you, Emma?"

"Yes, Daddy," his elder daughter replied with a smile, looking forward with pleasure to seeing Deborah once more - and with a little trepidation to meeting the rest of this family about which she had been told so much. "Daddy?" Emma said again.

"Yes, sweetheart?"

"I'm sorry for asking Kitty to get up after you had told her to stay in bed. I know I shall have to be punished for it.

"Well, I think if my girls know when they've done wrong and are prepared to accept the consequences, I should be a happy man. Kitty?" Kaitlin's eyes were fixed on the floor. She knew that she could, by mentioning her smoking, get her sister off. She knew she should. Yet she couldn't, and a single tear trickled down over one cheek. "Yes, I deserve to be punished too," she confessed. "I agree," her father frowned. "Though your sister shall have to take the brunt of it as she invited you downstairs. I'll see you both in your room in four minutes!"

The two girls shot upstairs, Kaitlin watching for a fury in her sister's eyes which never arrived.

"Are you angry with me?" Kaitlin asked.

"No, not really," Emma told her. "I did ask you to stay downstairs and talk to me."

"Yes, but you hardly invited me down."

"Perhaps not," Emma agreed. Then a sly smile spread across her face. "Of course, if you feel that you need to request an additional punishment from me to make up for me covering for you, that would be very fair." The two girls had no time to progress the conversation further as, at that very moment, the door swung open and Mr Denning walked into the smallish room the two of them shared when Emma came home, followed by their mother. There was no preliminary lecture.

"You know what I am punishing you for - and it's late," he explained. "Both of you take off all your clothes and stand facing me with your hands upon your head.

Although both girls had undressed before their father within the last twelve hours, stripping now with each other present too brought a new embarrassment, enhanced neatly by their father's choice of punishment. Mr Denning did not attempt to steer his eyes away from the blooming breasts and lightly thatched pubic hair of his girls, despite his wife standing behind him: he was proud that they'd both turned out so beautifully. Emma, unsurprisingly, was the first to make herself ready, while her sister took a little longer.

"I'm going to spank you first, Kitty," he said, sitting on the side of her bed and holding out a hand to the fourteen year old which she took without fuss, determined to put on a good performance for her sister. Slowly he drew her to him and then laid her across his knees, keeping her head up and her legs out straight behind her.

"I'm going to give you twenty smacks," he told his daughter. "Then I'm going to put your big sister over my lap and give her thirty-five," he continued, Emma's gasp almost audible.

"Darling, could you possibly give my neck a rub. Thanks, dear," Mr Denning then asked his wife. Obediently (Emma couldn't help wondering whether the household's new regime extended to the spanking of her mother), Mrs Denning took up position behind him and began to massage his neck and shoulders. "Mmmmm. That's lovely!" he exclaimed. "Perhaps I'll forget about that last rubber after all," he concluded, feeding Emma's suspicions. Then, and Emma could only hear this as she was facing away from her sister with her hands still on her head, Kaitlin's bare bottom began to suffer her father's wrath.

It was a good solid spanking, Emma could tell - both by the cracking rapport of the blows - and by the loud screeches of Kaitlin. "Her squeals may," Emma considered, "be a little exaggerated - but this is good, solid, old-fashioned corporal punishment. And, at the thought that it would shortly be her making her way over her father's lap to have her bare bottom soundly spanked, the familiar heat began pulsing in her most secret places. Emma could feel herself moistening at the combination of her and her sisters' nakedness, Kaitlin's current predicament, and the discipline she had yet to receive.

SMACK!

"Seventeen," Emma counted to herself as her sister's loud squeal gave evidence of the punishment's effectiveness. Just three more and then it would be her own naked body laid over her father's thighs. She closed her eyes and counted off the remaining smacks and then waited for her father's command.

"Emma, turn around."

Obediently, the girl turned to face the rest of her family. Kaitlin was still sprawled over her dad's knee, her bottom bright red from her recent chastisement. Emma was suddenly aware of the tautness of her nipples and a flush spread quickly across her face and delicate neck in embarrassment. "Kaitlin, get up and put your hands on your head. Emma, I'll have you over my knee, please."

For only the second time in her life, Emma took up the traditional posture for the receipt of paternal punishment. Her experience at Bottom's Up she considered as totally different to this - the proper chastisement of a man's children by his own hand.

"Ouuuchh!"

Emma rewarded her father with a good, noisy yelp of pain at his very first smack and continued to wail loudly throughout the rest of her spanking as Mr Denning lifted and dropped his heavy hand over and over again, the ringing salvos of the rhythmic smacking blending with Emma's howling to make music for his ears.

When Emma's spanking was over, her father stood both girls in front of him to give them a brief post-punishment talk about obedience before putting them both, still naked, to bed, kissing their tear-stained faces and wishing them a good night.

Emma slept fitfully, her hand between her thighs as she dozed. Images of her, her sister and Deborah receiving spankings from a multitude of known and unknown hands chased each other across the canvass of her dreams. Emma was spanked on a bus by an inspector for not having a ticket - knickers down right in front of a busload of people who did nothing to stop this humiliating occurrence but simply quietly muttered their approval as her bottom was warmed. Deborah tied Kaitlin up with her legs spread and went on to fuck her with a huge assortment of sex toys and household objects. Deborah herself was subjected to a long hard caning over Emma's dad's knee before having her greedy pussy eaten by him and Kaitlin simultaneously. She woke up several times during the night in a sweat, shocked by the impure thoughts of her subconscious but at the same time gasping with lust as her fingers raced over her clitoris.

Somehow in the morning, Emma managed to get through breakfast as though nothing had changed in the house - although every wooden spoon or chopstick transformed itself in her mind's eye into an instrument of chastisement. She couldn't wait to get to Deborah's house where she could give herself up to her lover's hands.

Mr Denning dropped her off, reminding her sternly to behave herself, although Emma knew enough about Deborah's own father to realise that this was an absolute imperative.

Deborah was at home alone, her brother being out for the evening and her father and sister not expected back until the following day. The girls made full use of their solitude, abandoning themselves to mutual desire for a long, warm, wet couple of hours, and then, after a long bath together, plonked themselves, like teenagers across the globe, in front of the TV. "Hey," Deborah whispered conspiratorially. "Do you fancy a drink?"

"What? You mean a drink drink?" Emma replied with a nervous grin.

"Sure do."

Deborah pointed at the full drinks cabinet and nudged her girlfriend. "It's OK," she said. "Dad won't be here till tomorrow and Hugh will be out till really late."

"Would your dad be angry?" Emma asked.

"You do not want to get caught by my dad drunk," Deborah said meaningfully.

"What do you mean?" Emma asked.

Deborah looked at her friend for a moment and then picked up the scotch bottle and poured two large drinks.

"Get comfy, have a starter and then I'll tell you." The two girls snuggled down together on the soft blue sofa and began to drink, giggling loudly as they became more tipsy. Deborah wouldn't tell her story until they had reached the third, but by then she seemed to have gathered her confidence.

"Well, I had a boyfriend staying. No, that's not right. He was a friend of my brother - otherwise daddy would never have left us alone together...."

Emma interrupted. "When was this?"

"Oh - about a year ago. Anyway, me and Andy were in the house on our own and he persuaded me - honest it was his idea - to sneak a bottle of vodka or something out of the cabinet and up to my room. He was very persuasive - I mean it only took him another half hour or something to persuade me out of my knickers and... well, anyway, we're going at it like..." "You mean you were making love?"

"If that's what you want to call it - I was being well fucked, that's for sure..."

By now, the alcohol was fizzing in Emma's head and she lay her head on her friend's shoulder and listened to her unravelling the story, a gentle humming feeling beginning to grow between her thighs. She slipped a hand beneath her skirt and trickled her fingers over her mound through her knickers, knowing that Deborah would notice and hoping it would help her storytelling flow.

**EMMA AT SCHOOL 18**

Drinking Is Bad For Your Health

Deborah didn't pause, but kept right on:

"And the door opens and daddy storms in cos he's come back home to collect some papers and heard us upstairs.

"He's got this big strap in his hand and starts yelling and swinging the strap at Andy's bottom - luckily I wasn't on top - and keeps on whacking him while Andy picks up his clothes and just shoots out of there. Then he turns round to me and I'm curled up there on the bed without a stitch on and he walks over and starts sniffing.

"I'm waiting for him to roll me over and lay into me with the strap, but he doesn't. Instead he asks if I've been drinking. When I say yes, he sits on the side of the bed and starts lecturing me - well, no it wasn't really a lecture, just kind of talking to me - about drink and stuff. "Then he asks if Andy wore a condom. I say no and daddy starts going on about AIDS and pregnancy and all that - in fact, that was the last time I ever had unprotected sex - and then he asks, you know, why did I screw him without any protection or anything. I said that we didn't have anything and Andy said he'd pull out and that, you know, we were pissed, so... and that's when daddy interrupted and agreed, Yes - you were drunk. Would you still have had unprotected sex if you hadn't been drinking?' "I said, No' - a little sullenly I guess - and daddy took hold of my hands in his and said gently, That’s why I haven't just put you over my knee and given you a good tanning. I want you to recognise a few things about drinking. Especially about drinking and boys. Someone you haven't even met - maybe someone you don't even fancy - suddenly has an easy route into your knickers and you don't even seem to appreciate what's going on. "Let’sreak it down bit,' he goes. What kind of things might you let a boy do when you're drunk that you wouldn't when you're sober? Start right at the beginning. Maybe you're dancing at a party with this boy and you've had a few drinks. You never really fancied him, but he's OK to hang out with. What difference does the drink make?'

"Well,' I said, ÎI guess I might let him kiss me.'

"ÎOK, then what?'

"ÎI don't know, maybe he'll stroke my bottom or something.'

"And you'll let him?'

"What - we're at a party and I've been drinking a bit? I guess so.' "Anyway, I won't go through it all now, but daddy made me talk about this imaginary boy feeling my tits, touching me up under my skirt, taking off my clothes - all with me sitting naked on my bed with daddy holding my hands and talking really quietly about all this stuff."

Looking up, Deborah noticed her friend's closed eyes and her hand nestling between her thighs.

"Hey, are you getting hot?" she laughed.

"Just a bit," Emma replied with a hint of embarrassment. "I can't help it."

"Me too," Deborah told her, confessing: "I was even getting turned on then - with daddy talking to me about all this sexy stuff, sitting there naked and everything."

She leant over then and planted a deep kiss on Emma's mouth before taking a breath and sighing "Anyway.... Daddy said he wanted to talk to me about my drinking in his study in one hour and that we'd Work out' how to Help' me avoid getting into trouble with boys because of alcohol.

"Then he said that there were still a couple of other things which needed attention and which he was going to Discipline' me for. And he put his arm under my knees and pulled my legs right up and back so he could reach my bottom and still make me look at him. My legs were apart a bit as well, so my pussy was all open too - and what with screwing Andy earlier and all that stuff with daddy, I knew he'd be able to see how wet I was - embarrassing is not the word!"

Emma was tying to picture the scene, her face puzzled.

"He pulled your legs where?"

Deborah rolled over onto the floor.

"Look. Lie on your back. That's it. So he put his arm under me like this..."

As she spoke, Deborah slid her hand beneath her lover's thighs to lift her legs in the air and then push her knees right down near her ears. "See," Deborah commented, "neat spankable bum and naughty pussy cute and available." And to demonstrate the truth of her statement she ran a single finger along the length of Emma's slit before slapping her right cheek sharply.

"Of course, I had no knickers on," Deborah continued, briskly attending to this discrepancy and then taking on her father's role. "What you need to understand, young lady," she said sternly, alternating smacks to either side of Emma's now naked behind, "is that I don't like things going on behind my back. I know that it is not useful for me to tell you not to be sexually active, but their must be rules!" On Rules' Deborah spanked Emma twice, a little harder now - hard enough to win a yelp.

"If you are going steady with someone and you ask me if he can stay - once I've met him and decided that I consider him a fit boyfriend for you, I am prepared to allow you to sleep together - if you use proper protection. "But..." and this was accompanied by another hard smack. "If (smack) you plan (smack) to go behind my back (smack) and invite boys (smack) into your bed (smack) without discussing it with me (smack), then this (SMACK) will (SMACK) be (SMACK) the (SMACK) penalty (SMACK SMACK SMACK!)" Emma was yowling now as Deborah turned her cheeks red, but she managed to stay in role.

"Daddy! Stop please! I'm sorry daddy!"

"I intend for you to be sorry," came the reply. "And as for you not taking precautions. Have they talked to you about contraception and AIDS and stuff at school?"

"A bit."

"And how do they rate withdrawal then?"

"They... it isn't very good as contraception... and it doesn't stop AIDS." "Right. So the punishment you could end up with is getting pregnant... or getting AIDS. Do you think that's a reasonable risk you were taking?" "No, daddy. I'm sorry."

"Really. Compared to that, a spanking's a pretty easy option isn't it?"

"Yes, daddy."

"Yes, daddy," Deborah repeated sternly. Then she began to spank Emma again, this time her hand moving towards the other girl's pussy, her hand landing some of the time across both bottom, thighs and vulva and bringing a combination of screeches to Emma's lips. All the while she was spanking, Deborah continued to relate her father's monologue about the dangers of unprotected sex, a diatribe which continued long enough to cover the landing of twenty to thirty hard smacks.

Finished, Deborah let Emma's legs down and slipped her hand between her friend's thighs .

"Did your dad really spank you like that - you know on your pussy." "Yeah - I wasn't sure whether it was on purpose or not. But spanking you I've realised it must have been. I guess it was because it was about what I let inside my snatch. He didn't stop there either." "You're kidding?"

"Nope. He made me hold my own legs in the same position, although when you hold your own knees your legs spread wider, and then he gave me four stripes with the strap for going behind his back. That really hurts. And then there was still the punishment for drinking to come." "Was that worse?"

Deborah rolled her eyes. "Let me get you something." While her lover was upstairs, Emma replaced her knickers and then waited, stroking herself gently. When Deborah got back, she knelt between Emma's feet and took over from her friend's hand, teasing her clitoris through the thin cotton of her underwear.

"OK," Deborah began, "remember I told you about daddy making me go through all these things I might let a boy do after a few drinks that I might not have without?"

Emma hummed her agreement, Deborah's intimate touch making her too horny to speak.

"Well," Deborah carried on, passing Emma a piece of paper with a typed list on it. "When I got to daddy's study after an hour, he had this list ready."

Emma took the piece of paper. At the top was a date, then a heading: "The following is a list of things that Deborah might allow a boy to do to her after she has been drinking, even though she doesn't really want to.

"1. Kiss her.

"2. Touch her knee and bare thighs.

"3. Touch her buttocks through her clothing.

"4. Touch her breasts through her clothing.

"5. Remove her blouse and touch her breasts through her bra.

"6. Put his hands under her skirt to touch her buttocks.

"7. Kiss her breasts through her bra.

"8. Put his hands under her skirt to touch her vulva.

"9. Remove her skirt and touch her buttocks through her knickers.

"10. Kiss her bare inner thighs and vulva through her knickers.

"11. Put his hands inside her knickers to touch her buttocks.

"12. Remove her bra and touch her bare breasts.

"13. Kiss her bare breasts.

"14. Remove her knickers.

"15. Kiss her bare vulva.

"16. Touch her clitoris and penetrate her vagina with his fingers.

"17. Have her suck his penis.

"18. Have sexual intercourse with her."

As Emma's eyes ran down the list, she found herself imagining (often she needed only to remember) this unnamed boy violating her girlfriend... and it only made her wetter.

"So, anyway," Deborah began to speak again. Daddy told me that the next weekend, he would hold a party and that I would have to be there. He said that I had to have six drinks - double ones - and that after each one I would have to ask one of the men there to do one of the things on the list. Like the first man would kiss me, the second would touch my knee and thigh, and so on up to number six.

"Then, after my bra had been taken off and my tits and my bum fondled, daddy said he would have me brought up in front of all of them, bent down over a table and then given six of the best with a cane through my skirt. "Well, daddy had never caned me before, so that was bad. Then the fact that I'd have to do this stuff with my DAD'S FRIENDS! But of course, it only really got bad when..."

Emma interrupted. "When you worked out what would happen at the next two parties?"

"Right," Deborah confirmed. "Though daddy wouldn't talk about that. Just about the first one."

"And did he mean it?" Emma asked, her eyes wide. "Daddy always means what he says about punishment," Deborah whispered almost reverently.

"So?" Emma prompted.

"So daddy had this party. There must have been twenty or thirty people there - men and women - though I was only to ask the men to do... you know. They all knew what was going on before they came and I got a bunch of really weird looks from people on the way in. Like, some people looked sympathetic, some of the men - and a couple of women as well actually - just looked..." She searched for the word.

"Lecherous?" Emma suggested.

"Yeah - I guess. Anyway, that part of the room," Deborah indicated a raised section in the window bay. "That part was empty - I mean, people weren't allowed up there. There was a table - just a bare wooden table - and on top of that a long cane. I guess it's about the same as the one Mr Lindon uses for house publics. Maybe a bit longer. But it was there right from the start of the evening and everyone knew what it was for." Deborah stopped suddenly. "Hang on," she said. "It's here somewhere." She got up and began to rummage in the few cupboards in the room, finally emerging from the largest with a long crook-handled cane which she brought over to Emma.

"It's made from rosewood, not rattan," she explained, "so it's much more painful."

As Emma handled the instrument, she imagined Deborah bent down to receive it's cruel strokes, and her hand quickly returned to its warm, silken second home.

"So. What happened?"

"Well. The rules were all sent out in advance, so it just kind of started. I had to choose one man each time and ask him for a drink. He would get it and then, when I finished, he would do... whatever." "Did you know them?"

"Some of them. Like the first guy I chose? He's a friend of my dad's called Anthony and I've had a massive crush on him since I was a little girl. Well, I chose him first and asked for a whiskey (they all had to be doubles) and he looked - well - kind of embarrassed. But then he brought the drinks over and we toasted each other and he asked me about school and stuff. And about drinking and whether I thought I was going to get into it. I told him this evening was quickly putting me off the idea. "Anyway, we finished our drinks and put the glasses down and then he took me completely by surprise. Like, there was no warning or anything. He just pulled me into his arms, lifted my chin and kissed my hard on the mouth.

"I felt his tongue on my lips and opened my mouth and we kissed - you know, like French kissed - for, like, minutes. With a friend of my dad. And he was holding me really tightly and I could feel his prick pressing against me so I pushed into him, rubbing my pussy against his cock. It was just - delicious!

"Then it was over and I was just standing there hugging him, feeling his hard body against me with my arms round him and my face buried in his chest, and there was this big round of applause from all the other people. Like, it was some circus act or something. And Anthony was smiling at them all like it was some joke - which I guess it was to him. He bent down and kissed me once more - just on my forehead - and then he turned me around and then... and somehow this was the most embarrassing part... he patted my bottom, like to send me off on my way, and I had to walk past all these men who were just laughing at me."

Emma saw her friends eyes watering a little at the memory and reached out to put a hand gently on her shoulder.

"What happened next?"

Deborah collected herself and carried on.

"OK, the next thing was... hang on, I've forgotten something. You know the window bay, where the table was with the cane?" "Yeah."

"Well, there was something else there. A pile of big red cards. I forgot about this bit. Before I had the first drink with Anthony, daddy rang this little bell and the woman in the room who was closest to the cards had to go over and pick up the top one and read it out. It just said, like: If Deborah has been drinking, she might let a man kiss her when she doesn't really want to.' That's when I had to go and choose someone to get me a drink.

"So after the kiss with Anthony daddy left a gap of about fifteen minutes before ringing the bell again and the woman who was closest - I think it was my sister actually...."

"Your dad let your sister watch?" Emma whispered.

"Yes. Well, she's an adult. He didn't let Hugh watch. Thank God! Anyway, Diana picked up the card and read it out with a big grin: If Deborah has been drinking, she might let a man put his hand on her knee and touch her bare thigh.'

"So, I went over to this guy - I mean, I'd worked out who I was going to choose by now cos I wanted to have the nicest men - or at least the least creepy - for, you know, the most intimate bits. Anyhow, he was a bit creepy, but OK looking - I mean, there were plenty of men there who weren't like really old - you know, under 25 maybe?

"I asked him for a drink and he told me to sit down and wait for him. He brought the drink back and sat next to me while we drank it and chatted to me - he was quite nice really - and then, when we finished... hold on. Sit here, like this."

Deborah positioned herself and Emma on the sofa so that they were next to each other as at the party.

"Right. You're me, OK?" Deborah asserted.

"OK."

"So," Deborah carried on, "luckily not too many people had stopped to watch this or I would have screamed with embarrassment. But he starts out by putting his hand on my knee, like this."

Deborah rested her hand lightly on Emma's left knee, sending a thrill through her friend's charged body.

"He's still talking. Well, we both are - about school and stuff - but as we're talking, his hand starts to creep up my leg. I was wearing a miniskirt like daddy told me to, and his hand sneaks up to my hem..." As she spoke, Deborah leaned further in towards her lover, her hand faithfully following the story line and reaching Emma's skirt hem before slipping quietly beneath.

"I nearly did scream when he did that," Deborah explained, her fingers now roving lightly over Emma's upper thigh, "but I realised that I hadn't thought carefully enough about the words on the card. It just said he could touch my knee and my bare thigh, not that he could only touch the bits he could see."

Deborah could see the colour rising in Emma's cheeks as her hand go closer and closer to her knickers and felt her own arousal increasing in tandem. "He could easily have cheated and touched me up, you know, touched my pussy, but he just carried on rubbing my thighs like this." "Was it making you hot?" Emma asked with an audible shake in her voice. "A bit, I guess," Deborah replied. "Although you have to remember that there were loads of people just watching and this was not I guy I had any feelings for or anything."

"That doesn't usually prevent you opening your legs for boys." "Yeah... if I choose them," Deborah retorted a little defensively, but with her fingertips still gliding over the silky skin of her lover, a slight dampness now slowing their progress.

"What... what would have been cheating then?" Emma asked, her voice lower and rasping a little now.

"Well," Deborah smiled. "If he'd opened my legs a bit, I'm not sure whether that would have been OK."

As she spoke, Deborah exerted a trace of pressure on Emma's left inner thigh and felt it move eagerly to the side. Then she carried on her gently probing.

"I mean," Deborah explained. "It would have meant all the guests could have looked up under my skirt and seen my knickers - but the card didn't say that wasn't allowed. Of course," and here, Deborah leaned closer still so that her lips could brush Emma's ear as she spoke, "he might not have stopped when he reached my knickers...."

Again, Deborah's fingers followed the course of her (now imagined) narration, to the delight of her partner.

"Yes..." Emma whispered as two creepy-crawly fingers clambered onto the thin cotton veil of her knickers.

"He might have run his fingers along my slit...."

"No..." Emma breathed as her moist lips felt the sure touch of Deborah's caress.

"He might have sought out my clitoris and rubbed it slowly in little oval patterns...."

"Yes... yes..." Emma was sliding her hips forwards now, trying to speed up Deborah's leisurely progress, but being thwarted by her partner's rigidly teasing pace.

"He might..." and now Deborah's fingers moved up to Emma's tummy and then back down to her pantyline, running along the elastic waistband. "He might have slipped his fingers inside my knickers to find out how wet I was. How wet do you think I would have been?"

"Very wet," Emma gasped as the truth of her words covered Deborah's fingertips with a glistening slipperiness. "What then?" "I don't know," Deborah mused, her index finger making a repeated shallow flight along the length of Emma's swollen vulva.

"He might..." Emma was almost inaudible now. "He might have kissed you and pushed two fingers deep inside you."

"I suppose he might have done that," Deborah teased. "I'm not sure it would have been in character though."

Emma was pushing her whole body up at her friend's hand now, any attempt to maintain her composure long forgotten.

"Please...." she moaned. "Please..."

And then, with a broad smile, Deborah looked into her lover's pleading face and lowered her mouth, her fingers simultaneously and suddenly thrusting deep inside her as the story was, for the moment anyway, forgotten. Once both girls were sated, Deborah returned to her narrative, although now with her fingertips working Emma's clitoris more directly than before, aided by the absence of knickers or other obstacle. She explained how the remainder of the evening's groping had taken place on the dance floor, and how - now that the drink was flowing - she had felt less embarrassed by it and the audience had become more interested in their own flirting and seduction and less interested in what was happening to her.

She described dancing with strange men who, in front of everyone, chose to - no, indeed, had a duty to - stroke her pert bottom cheeks or her breasts . She told of how her next door neighbour had kissed her mouth while unbuttoning her blouse and then cupped her tits in his hands, tracing tiny circles around her hardening nipples.

"How come he was allowed to kiss you?" Emma asked. "Oh. They were allowed to do anything that had already appeared on an earlier card," she explained, her fingers explaining something unrelated down between her lover's thighs.

"Then the last guy put his hands under my skirt and rubbed my bottom. In fact, he lifted my skirt quite a way up so I'm sure everyone could see my knickers, and see his fingers running along the crack between my buns, just stopping before he reached my pussy."

"Like this," Emma inquired sweetly, sucking on one finger and then sliding it along the very same crack - although unhindered by knickers and thus able, on reaching the warm, wrinkled ring at the end of the journey, to slip with only a little friction up to her knuckle in Deborah's anus. "Oohh!" the skewered girl groaned. "That's gorgeous!"

"Have you ever been fucked up the arse?" Emma asked her. "Not yet," Deborah answered as the finger within her began to move slowly in and out. "I've been rimmed, though."

"What's that?"

"That's when someone licks and sucks your arsehole," Deborah informed her.

"Yuk!"

"Well, you think "yuk" if you want," Deborah said. "But I tell you, it is one of the most amazing sensual experiences that exists. I swear." Emma giggled. "But isn't it really smelly?"

"If you have a bath first, then you're clean. Why should it be smelly?" "If you have a bath," Emma repeated, removing her embedded finger and adding with a smile. "Like I've just had a bath?" "I guess," Deborah answered, returning her friend's grin. Emma looked uncertain for a moment and then rolled over and raised herself to her knees, her thighs spread.

"How do you know I'm not just going to spank you?" Deborah asked.

"I don't."

"No."

Deborah considered the offering, the target part neatly displayed between Emma's two cool globes.

"I'm just going to finish this part of the story off," she said, running her hand over her friend's bottom. "Do you promise not to move until I tell you?"

Emma was used to making promises like these.

"I promise."

"OK. Well, after my next door neighbour had had his feel of fourteen-year-old bum, the next time the bell rang it was for my caning. I walked up to the table and bent over - daddy had made me rehearse it during the afternoon.

"There were two straps for my wrists on the table top, and two for my ankles on its legs. It didn't make any odds on that first day, but I couldn't help noticing how far apart my thighs were spread. A bit like yours really," she concluded, moving her hand between Emma's legs to demonstrate the instant accessibility of her pussy. "Daddy picked up the cane and came to stand behind me. He didn't say a word, which was really weird because usually when I get spanked, it's right after the lecture that goes with it - but this time I'd already had the Talking to' and it was just the punishment to come. "I felt the cane resting on my bottom and then it was gone. There was a whooshing sound and then I felt it crack across my bum." Emma jolted as a hard hand smack landed on her right cheek. "It wasn't as painful as Mr Lindon's cane, but then it was being given through my skirt. And even then, six strokes was enough to have me in tears."

Deborah jumped up then and picked up the cane. Almost before Emma had worked out what was happening, the rod had flashed through the air and cracked loudly against the bare bottom of the prostrate girl. The scream, Deborah decided, was delicious. So far, Deborah had only witnessed her girlfriend being caned twice, and both times she had been taking a beating too and therefore not easily able to concentrate. " I must," she thought as she knelt back down behind Emma's quivering buttocks, watching the angry red line growing from the creamy skin, "find a way of getting to watch Emma being caned. I'm sure I'd come on the spot!" The arousing moans of pain from Emma's lips were still washing soothingly over Deborah's ears as she bent to kiss the welt her father's cane had just imprinted. Then she made her way slowly, her tongue slithering across her lovers' marking all the way, to the unscarred valley between her buttocks, the taste and smell of mingling sweat and sex driving her senses wild. Finally, her tongue found the tiny hole it sought and ran back and forth along the channel, her lips joining the exploration, her tongue pushing its way just inside the small ring. And all the while, as she kissed and sucked and licked her girlfriend's bottom, Emma's crying blended with the sounds of her growing heat until they merged into a noisy, wailing orgasm. When Deborah bean the next part of the story, Emma had her knickers back on again. She told Deborah that she felt odd sitting half naked in someone else's sitting room - which was true - but she also felt that now that Deborah had started swinging that cane about, the more protection she could keep about her, the better.

**EMMA AT SCHOOL 19**

Going back for more

"It was exactly a week later, the second party."

"Were the same people there?"

"Mainly. Just one or two changes."

"And did you have to choose completely different people?"

"Not completely," Deborah explained. "I was allowed to choose three people twice during the whole three weeks and everyone else only once. And I decided to save up the doubles for the last few numbers." "So the second week was all new people?" Emma inferred. "Yes. Although there was actually one person there who I had got off with when I was twelve and he was sixteen. We'd been at this party and... surprise, surprise... I'd been drinking and... well you now how it is." "Hardly," Emma retorted. "I'd hardly kissed a boy when I was twelve!" "Hmmph! Little Miss Prim and Proper!" Deborah sneered. "Anyway, I didn't fuck him."

Emma didn't like the tone of the conversation and knew that she had started it.

"When... when did you... you know?" she asked.

"What? Lose my virginity?" Deborah smiled. "Er... it was Valentine's day, about three months after my thirteenth birthday. And it was someone special. I really loved him. We lasted about eighteen months altogether. He was a good lay too, considering he was a virgin too."

"I'd like that," Emma mused.

"What?"

"To lose my virginity... if I ever went with a boy, I mean... to someone who was a virgin too."

Deborah laughed. "That's gonna be pretty difficult, unless you want to go for fourteen-year olds or real dogs!"

Emma joined her laughter and the two kissed, tenderly.

"So... with this boy when you were twelve?" Emma inquired. "Oh, yeah. Well, we just kissed and stuff. I think maybe I let him feel me up a bit."

"Meaning?"

"You know... finger my pussy a bit maybe. We were in a crowded room after all."

"You were in a..." Emma began. Deborah interrupted her.

"The lights were out!" she cried defensively.

Emma put her arms round her girlfriend's neck and laughed. "I can't believe that at age twelve you thought that kissing a boy and letting him finger-fuck you were in the same league. Were all your friends like that?"

"I've never really thought about it," Deborah answered. "I guess we were pretty wild. Oh wow!"

"What?"

"I've just remembered something else."

"What?"

"Well," Deborah lay back against the soft curve of her friend. "That party was the first time I saw someone get spanked... like when it wasn't just a punishment."

"What do you mean, Not just a punishment'?" Emma asked. "There was this girl who dropped a glass of beer over a boy and - I don't know who started it - but suddenly there was this shout of, like, Spank her... spank her...' round the room."

"And did you join in?" Emma felt sure she knew the answer to that question without having to be told, but asked anyway.

"Mmmm. I think so..." she giggled, getting a playful (though uncommon) slap across her bare thigh from Emma.

"Ow!" she yelped, still smiling. "You'll pay for that!"

"I know," Emma replied wryly. "So..."

"Oh, I didn't think you'd want to know," Deborah said. "I thought it was just too disgusting!"

"I'll tell you if I don't want to know," Emma replied. In fact, she was often disturbed by her lover's stories - but they still made her feverish with arousal.

"Oh, OK," Deborah agreed. "Well, someone switched on the lights and two boys held onto the girl."

"Did they know her?" Emma asked.

"I don't know. Lots of people knew each other there."

"But why didn't anyone stop it?"

Deborah cocked her head to one side, still trying to fathom out this beautiful creature who had fallen so completely in love with her. "I don't know. Maybe they do know each other. Maybe people were scared of getting beaten up. Maybe they were just too turned on to do anything but watch. I don't know.

"But, anyway. The boy who got the hair full of drink starts to undo her jeans. The girl starts crying out really loudly - shouting and swearing at him - and another boy gets a hanky and ties it around her mouth to shut her up. Eventually - cos she's really wriggling about - he gets her jeans open and yanks them down to her knees. Then he goes back for her knickers. "Everyone is just watching, open mouthed. The girl has stopped struggling, and there's a tear running down each of her cheeks while the boy down in a chair and pointed first to the girl and then to his lap. Then - and this really got to me - the girl shook off the two guys holding her and placed herself over his knee for him to spank her. It was awesome. I remember noticing at the time that, even though her legs were pressed tightly together, you could see her pussy between her thighs. "And then he spanked her. I don't remember how long it went on for. I just remember the noise: this guy's hand smacking down hard on her bare bottom, the girl's muffled screaming through her gag... and the cheering of the crowd while she took it."

"How did you feel?" Emma asked, scared by the thought of what her reaction might be in similar circumstances.

"Me. I nearly came in my pants. It turned me on more than I had ever imagined was possible. I tell you, Emma." she only ever used Emma's name when she was really emphasising a point. "If that boy had come up to me straight afterwards and told me I was next, I'd have pulled my knickers off myself. I'd have done anything for him."

"Anything?" Emma asked. "Fucked him?"

Deborah looked her in the eyes seriously and thought for a moment.

"Yes. I guess I would have," she said.

"But he didn't?"

"No."

"And you weren't sufficiently enthralled to suggest to him that your bottom might profit from similar treatment?"

"No. Well, not sufficiently brave, anyway," Deborah sighed. "No, I just went back to canoodling with Rob. I have a feeling I was so turned on that I lost my knickers entirely that night - and that can be quite tricky when you're wearing a mini-skirt."

Emma was becoming slowly desensitised to her friend's tales and didn't even comment on this revelation, although she did wonder what Deborah's father would have done if he had spotted the loss of her most intimate garment. "So," Deborah was continuing, "I saw Rob at the party and figured - well, he was still fanciable and he had not been able to get a good look at my tits last time, so I decided to let him have number 12 - that just left five others to sort out.

"I won't go into loads of detail... there's still the third party to come, after all. It was much more embarrassing than the first party though. Having my tits kissed through my bra was no big deal, but letting a strange man put his hand up my skirt and touch my pussy was pretty weird - in front of loads of people, I mean."

"Sounds par for the course to me," Emma commented quietly. "Who was he?" "Some guy daddy works with," Deborah told her. "I don't remember very well. The next one was a work colleague as well." "That's the one who took your skirt off?"

"Yeah - he made quite a meal of it, doing it from behind to give everyone a good view and then making me bend down for him to rub my bum. But it was the next one that was the first really tricky one. "I chose this neighbour, someone daddy plays golf with who's quite a lot younger than him. Late twenties, maybe. Pretty handsome actually. Anyway, he made me lie on my back and spread my legs wide - I suppose he had to do that really - and then spent ages between my thighs! One of the hardest things was that he was really good. His tongue would sneak in from my thighs just as I began to get really hot and he would lick gently along the inner edge of my knickers, first on one side and then the other. As he carried on, the cotton slowly got more and more bunched up over my pussy until his tongue was actually running along the outside of my cunny lips. He could easily have just slipped under and inside - I was kind of wishing him to - but he didn't. He was very proper and did what was on the sheet and no more.

"Ooh - do that some more!"

This last instruction was to Emma, who had buried her head now between her lover's thighs and was being neighbourly and causing a temporary halt to the storytelling.

When Deborah resumed, she quickly disposed of the final two episodes of the middle party and went on to the caning that went with it. "And that time you got six strokes just through your knickers?"

"That's right. Six, horrible, painful strokes. And all the time thinking that next time it would be naked!"

"So go on, tell me about the next time. First you got your knickers taken off?"

"No. First some guy sucked my tits. Then I had my knickers taken off - by this guy my dad works with...."

"What? Anthony again?"

"No. I saved him for the next part. Going down on me. I thought it might make up for the way he treated me before."

"And did it?"

"Not really. I mean, it was brilliant. Fucking brilliant. I came so quickly, it was like some kind of machine. But he was still being such a cold bastard about it. Afterwards, he just walked away." "Poor darling," Emma comforted her, exaggeratedly. "but you enjoyed it?" "Oh yes! By the time I got to the next one - you know, being fingered - I was so horny, I could... well, accept anything really. I chose this man who lives round the corner. I guess he's twenty something. His wife was there and I could tell she wasn't happy about any of it, so a cruel streak in me said, 'it's him!"

"Anyway," she continued. "He was pretty good too, I had another two or three orgasms and that helped me to do what I'd planned next." She looked mischievously at her friend. "I don't know if I dare tell you."

"You cow. You can't not tell me!"

Deborah looked at her lover reproachfully and wagged a finger at her. "You don't expect to get away with that do you?"

Emma averted her eyes and shook her head.

"I'm pleased to hear it." She got up and strode across the room. "Then, after I've punished your rudeness, I may consider telling you the next bit. If you're good."

"Thank you," the other girl whispered, watching carefully as Deborah pulled open a drawer sharply and withdrew the bare table tennis bat from within. "Stand up and come here!" the older girl barked, dragging a chair to the centre of the room and sitting down heavily and authoritatively. Emma got up slowly and walked across the room, feeling in some ways as she did when she was about to be punished at school - and partly as if the two of them were playing a game. She knew, however, that her bottom would find it hard to accept the latter version.

"Well?" Deborah spoke brusquely, and expectantly. "I... I'm sorry for being rude to you," Emma muttered, "and... and I deserved to have my bare bottom smacked."

"Indeed you do. Pants down, skirt up!"

Emma always felt a wave of embarrassment carrying out this order, even though the two girls were lovers. Something about the absence of choice, she guessed as she bared her bottom and pussy before, at Deborah's instruction, bending over her friend's knee to atone for her rudeness. When, several minutes later, Emma's bottom had been sufficiently well warmed to meet with Deborah's satisfaction - and when her sobs had reached a pleasing insistence - Deborah slipped her friend's knickers off completely.

"I'm going to leave you here for a bit," she said quietly. "In case you need more... but also so I don't have to look at you while I tell the next part of the story."

"I don't need any more..." Emma began to blurt out, but was silenced by three stinging cracks of the bat to her right cheek indicating Deborah's disagreement.

"I had already decided who to choose," Deborah continued, as if there had been no interruption of the tale. "I went up to him and said...." Emma knew better than to break into the pause and simply waited.

"I said," there's only one person in this whole room, probably in the whole world right now, "whom I love enough to perform oral sex on." And then I undid his jeans while he just stood there still. "Your... your dad?" Deborah might have nodded, Emma couldn't see. But she needed no affirmative to confirm her suspicion.

"He didn't say anything," Deborah continued in a monotone, "but he was hard when I pulled his cock away from his pants. He looked beautiful. Somehow, it wasn't like sucking a boyfriend's cock, it was like giving my dad a hug in the morning. My lips seemed to fit perfectly round him. "I'm not sure how everyone else there reacted, but no one said anything at all to me afterwards.

"When I felt his climax building up after a few minutes, I stopped for a moment. 'Lie down on your back,' I told him.

"Again, no dissent. He lay back and allowed me to slip his jeans down, and then to continue where I left off.

"I don't normally swallow boy's cum, but I knew I would swallow my dad's. Then, when he had cum, I dressed him again and kissed him on the mouth before turning to walk away to the other side of the room."

Deborah pushed Emma to the floor then and fell on top of her, searching out her clitoris once again.

"Then it was time for my "seeing to" she said loudly, changing the subject forcibly. "Two seeing tos," she corrected herself. "A public fucking and a public beating."

"Who did you choose for the first honour?" Emma asked, trying not to think about Deborah and her father.

"You know, "he friend answered with a smile. "To this day, I don't know his name. I wanted to avoid any questions of favouritism or attempts at repeat attempts, so I selected someone I'd never seen before. "I just walked up to him and said, 'I'm all yours.'" "He hardly batted an eyelid. He just pulled me close and slipped a hand between my legs. I think he was checking that I wasn't a virgin and he wasn't 'spoiling' me.

"Then, suddenly, he was inside me. I hadn't even noticed him opening his flies, and yet there was this thick cock pounding up inside my cunt. "It was gorgeous too. Not one of these skinny little things the boys at school have - but you wouldn't know about that would you? A lovely fat prick that really fills you up.

"He used his fingers too to bring me to orgasm, and then called one of the girls over to pull his trousers off. Once she'd done that, he slid down to the floor with me still on top of him, sliding up and down slowly on his lovely totem pole of a willy. I felt as if I'd had one good cum and there'd be time for more. I wanted to make sure he enjoyed it too. "After I came again he changed position again. And he'd obviously had good advice from women because he found ways of making me really excited like most boys don't at all.

"He was kneeling now, with my thighs in the air so he could push slowly into me and press against my G-spot (if I've got one). "And all the other people were cheering him on - which they hadn't at all before. And the more they shouted the hornier I got, until I came for the... I don't know which... time.

"Only then did he push my legs back towards my ears and just fuck me hard and long, coming inside me (I didn't know that he was wearing a condom until that a moment) just as I felt another wave of pleasure go through me."

"And then you got the cane again?" Emma asked. "Yeah. I could hardly stand up, I'd been so well-fucked. But somehow I made it up to the platform where daddy was standing. "I don't remember much then. I mean, I don't remember getting into position or anything. I just remember the eyes of all those people burning into my flesh, my bare skin, my pussy, and then the terrible flash of pain as the cane bit into my skin over and over again. "Mr Lindon's cane is just not comparable. Not at all." Emma noticed Deborah rubbing her bottom as though she could still feel the pain. Then the girl looked up at her and smiled.

"And that's the end of the story really! Another drink?"

**EMMA AT SCHOOL 20**

His sister's keeper

Deborah was just moving towards the cabinet when the door opened with a silent swing and then cracked sharply against the wall, making both girls jump.

"Hugh - you scared me," Deborah stammered nervously. "Er... Emma, this is my brother, Hugh."

"Pleased to meet you," the boy said, turning to his sister's guest. He took her hand and shook it warmly. And then, almost imperceptibly, he sniffed the air. Once. Twice. Then he walked over to Deborah and inhaled once again.

"I can smell whisky on your breath, can't I?" Hugh asked his sister with a faint smile.

"We... we just wanted a taste," Deborah replied.

"So you don't think you should be punished?" Hugh demanded.

"I... I don't know."

Emma's legs were shaking as she watched her friend quaking before her slightly older sibling. Between her thighs, a familiar warmth was gathering which unsteadily her still further as Hugh stood silent for a moment as if giving the matter grave thought. "Well," he said, "I think I'd be quite remiss if I were to allow you to avoid being punished, don't you agree?"

Deborah nodded faintly.

"Good," Hugh said. "Take off your knickers please. And your skirt too, I think. Then sit down."

He turned and began to walk over to where Emma was standing, trembling. As he reached her, he turned and added in a throw-away tone, "Oh, and keep your legs open so I can see that cute little pussy of yours!" "You're blushing," he grinned, looking at Emma now. "Do you think it quite improper of me to find my sister's pussy cute?" Emma's face was indeed burning. Behind Hugh she could see her lover obeying her brother's instructions and parting her naked thighs to display herself and that only made her heart beat faster. "Well, it's just that... you know, you're her brother..." she stammered.

"I see. Is it OK if I find her face cute?"

"I guess so."

"What about her bottom. Is a brother allowed to say his sister's got a cute bum?"

"I... I don't know..."

Emma's own sex was blazing as much as her cheeks and she felt sure Hugh could sense her arousal. Mercifully he changed the line of his interrogation and asked instead:

"And you... have you been at daddy's whisky too."

"Yes," Emma whispered.

"I see. And do you expect to be punished for it?"

"I suppose..." Emma began, but then dried up and just nodded passively.

"And what punishment are you expecting?"

"I... I think... I guess you're going to spank me." Hugh's patient gaze told her that she hadn't said enough and she murmured the familiar coda, "On... on my bare bottom."

"I think that's how it must be," Hugh said as if reluctant to impose such a penalty. And..."

As he spoke again a confident grin spread over his face slowly as he moved one hand beneath Emma's skirt and upwards. "And do you have a cute pussy too?"

"I.. I don't know," she mumbled, feeling incapable of physically or verbally rebuffing his fingers which, even as she spoke, had reached her knickers and were gently squeezing and stroking her mound through the delicate cotton.

"How modest you are," Hugh smiled, giving her clitoris a final caress before withdrawing his hand. "Very fetching. Now, before I spank you, I need you help."

He looked around the room and then continued. "I want you to select a position for Deborah to assume for her punishment. Obviously I will want a clear attack line to her bottom, but I also want you to arrange it so that her pussy stays nicely exhibited all though her beating. Is that clear?" "Yes," Emma answered under her breath.

"Good. When you have decided I would like you to demonstrate the position for me."

With that, Hugh sat down in a soft armchair and watched. "Delightful," he thought as Emma moved around the room, sizing up the possibilities. Every so often she would bend over some item of furniture, shifting her legs about to try to find a pose that matched Hugh's requirements and then moving on.

Finally, when she reached the large blue leather sofa, she seemed to decide at once. Hugh looked on with sparkling eyes as she clambered up onto it and moved along to the far end, kneeling with one knee on the seat while she lifted the other up to rest on the sofa's back. Once balanced, she shuffled slowly forwards until she was able to lean forwards right over the end and place her hands flat on the floor so that her hair fell down on top of them. She then held her provocative position without moving at all. "That looks perfect," Hugh commended her. "Just hold still." Emma waited motionless as Hugh got up and walked over to her. She wasn't remotely surprised when he lifted her short skirt up to her waist; rather she was surprised to find her knickers left in place. He did, however, touch her once more, his fingers moving straight to her bulging pussy this time and smiling at the dampness his fingertips discovered there. "Very good," he praised her once again, rubbing her clitoris very gently as he spoke. "A beautiful shot of bottom and plenty of pretty pussy. Would you mind helping Deborah up into that same position please?" "Not at all," Emma thought to herself. Watching her lover being punished was a fairly rare treat for her and one she relished. The whole bizarre situation had turned her on massively and she could think of nothing better than to fix up the desired exhibition of Deborah's "pretty pussy".

Deborah co-operated completely. She allowed Emma to guide her into position without speaking and Emma managed to do so without succumbing to the near overwhelming temptation to slip her hand between her friend's naked thighs and there luxuriate in the slippery wetness so apparent between her parted legs.

Hugh was sitting back in his original place while Emma prepared his sister for her beating. When the girl was in position, he called Emma back to him.

"Now, as for your punishment, I am inclined to go a little easier on you seeing as you are our guest." As he spoke, his hands disappeared beneath her skirt for a third time, but on this occasion touched her only briefly before grasping her knickers and drawing them slowly down her legs until they rested slightly above her knees.

"I'd like you to bend over my knee please."

Obediently Emma reacted to the traditional phrase with her usual quiet compliance and Hugh smiled with pleasure at her obviously sound training. It wasn't that he didn't enjoy punishing a struggling girl: far from it, a struggle gave good reason for a more severe punishment and was often a sexually charged experience in itself. Yet there was something very welcome in dealing with a girl who, like his sister, understood the value of corporal punishment and accepted the need for it to be used, from time to time, upon her.

He lifted Emma's skirt gingerly. The first time he looked down upon any girl's bare bottom was a special moment - to be neither forgotten nor repeated. The first exploration with his eyes of the rise and fall of her naked buttocks, the cleft between them running seductively down between her thighs towards her sex - these brief few seconds were to be savoured. And Hugh always savoured them.

Slowly, unhurriedly, he raised his right hand high above his head. He realised from what had gone before that she was accustomed to receiving punishment of this kind. The simple fact of her attendance at Katherine Parr would be sufficient information on which to base that assumption. Yet he wondered now whether he had been mistaken in his decision to use his hand upon her. He knew that it was vital he if was to win her respect that his punishment of her was sufficiently rigorous that he overcame all resistance in delivering it - that he must leave her weeping in genuine repentance and submission by the time he released her. And just for a moment, he doubted his resolve to take her to that point without the aid of strap or cane or hairbrush.

But it was too late to change his mind. To ask her to get up so that he could fetch some implement would be to admit to his weakness and so, instead, he gritted his teeth and began, with a total focusing of strength and willpower, to spank her.

Hugh had judged his charge's experience well enough, although Deborah could have told him how easily Emma submitted to discipline. She could have explained that Emma's acceptance of the need for her to be punished was so complete, that she gave herself up to her master or mistress almost at once - her whole self, both mind and body. But he could not, of course, ask Deborah and so, in consequence, he had the girl draped easily across his knee in floods of penitent tears almost with the first blow. Emma never counted the blows she was dealt when being punished unless specifically asked to. She even considered that to do so would be rude. So she was aware, as the thirtieth hard palm stroke landed on her reddened rump, only of the pain of the spanking. And of her contrition towards the young man who's hand was so severely chastising her. And of her gratitude that he should care enough to take so much trouble and to expend so much energy in seeking to correct her behavior.

SMACK!! SMACK!! SMACK!!

Hugh, unaware of his subject's faultless attitude towards her punishment, believed at first that it was a stream of crocodile tears that his hand was drawing as he landed it in noisy flatness across her rump and even, in his annoyance at this perceived deception, attempted to hit her harder still. But after some considerable time had passed, and after a considerable purply-redness had been cultivated beneath his hand, and after the flow of tears and sounds of crying had begun to subside from such complete exhaustion until the young body over his knee lay almost limp and lifeless beneath his furious hand, he realised his miscalculation and paused. The girl lay still, so Hugh spoke to her, gently: "Six more smacks. Tell me when you're ready."

He knew by now that he had conquered Emma completely. He wasn't worried that he might have hurt her too much; he realised that she drew the pain inside her and turned it to her good - that she used the pain of punishment to balance the more hurtful pain of guilt. And so he waited for her voice to ask him to continue.

"I'm ready," she said at last. Emma imagined that she wouldn't feel the remaining smacks; that her bare bottom was now so very sore that her flesh would simply turn away any new attack. Yet she was wrong, of course. The tiny pause in her beating had heightened her awareness of the punishment and when Hugh's hand landed once more - this time landing squarely and heavily on her left cheek - she even screamed with the sudden additional pain. And Hugh left more gaps then, a gap after each smack long enough to allow Emma to prepare herself for the next blow, a gap long enough to ensure that when the next smack was landed, it was landed to the exquisite accompaniment of her girlish shrieks.

Once finished, Hugh undressed her where she was, still draped across his knee. He didn't tell her why he was stripping all her clothes from her, and naturally she didn't ask; she didn't want to be thought rude. She waited in her upside down position until the last of her garments was removed. And then she let Hugh lift her gently to her feet. Standing naked in front of Deborah's brother, Emma feelings were curiously mixed. She had, by now, a good deal of experience of being made to strip in front of, and of being stripped by, boys she didn't know. Apart from when she was with Richard, this was always on Deborah's direct or indirect command and if she felt turned on it was mainly because of Deborah's controlling role in the situation. With Richard, she did admit to herself feeling some arousal - but then it was different from the arousal she felt when girls undressed her - as if it was more about submission than about sex.

Yet here, things were turned on their head. This time Deborah, although present, had no control over the situation. This time it was her lover's brother who was calling the shots - who had spanked and stripped her and who was preparing to spank his sister. He had not gained Deborah's permission to touch her, yet Emma had allowed him to fondle her beneath her skirt without protest and knew that if, now she was naked, his hand moved between her thighs once more, she would do nothing to hinder his entering her. No - that was still inaccurate. Emma wanted him to touch her, to move his fingers over her swollen clitoris, to bury them inside her wetness. And this was a new feeling for her. It was entirely unlike that older feeling, from before her days at Katherine Parr: days when she would park up by the lakeside with Steven and part her legs to admit his fumbling digits. There was pleasure in that, yes; but chiefly that opening up of her sex was an act of contract. A boy expected a feel in return for the cost of cinema tickets or whatever. Emma had never really begrudged Steven that feel - after all, she liked the sensation of another person up inside her - but she couldn't remember ever wanting it the way she always wanted Deborah's hand between her thighs - and the way that, just then, she wanted Hugh's fingers to slide between her moist, pink lips and press their way to her deepest parts.

But such is the way of things, of course, that Hugh did not choose at that moment to fulfil Emma's desire. Or to full-fill her greedy vagina. He turned his attention (with what seemed to Emma to be rather thoughtless haste) from the still-crying girl before him to his sister's ready placed form.

"Emma," he spoke to her again.

"Yes." She tried not to sound to enthusiastic and her voice choked quaintly on her tears.

"Another favour. Please look around the room - or any other rooms if you like - and find me a set of punishment implements from which I can choose to spank your friend. Take your time - but don't keep poor Debs waiting in that delicious but rather indelicate pose for too long." "Yes, Hugh," she replied and turned to begin her task. Hugh leant back and marvelled at the deep colour he had brought to her larger pair of cheeks. He couldn't recall ever giving any girl - not even his sister - so hard a hand-spanking and it had rather revived his confidence in the effectiveness of this antique form of family discipline. Again he watched her with studied her as she moved about the room, her youthful tits swinging provocatively and her bottom flashing redly when she turned.

Hugh watched Emma pick up a few objects in the sitting room and then exit to scour the rest of the house, returning within five minutes to make her offering. He looked through the collection: two hairbrushes, a table-tennis bat, a wooden spoon, three or four of his father's paddles (the ones he left hanging from the walls), a wooden ruler, a wooden cutting board, and one or two odder objects - a vacuum cleaner attachment, an old aerial discarded from a transistor radio and the back scrubber from the bathroom.

"Thank you," Hugh said with an honest smile. "Now, I wonder. I know you've already had your punishment, but I need to decide which of these to use on Deborah...."

Emma's face fell as she realised what was now being asked of her. No, not asked - she knew she wasn't being offered a choice and didn't fall into the trap of thinking that she was.

"What would you like me to do?" she asked simply. "Just to bend over the end of the sofa here. I'll give you one ordinary-strength whack with each thing and I want you to choose the most effective. It needn't be the most painful as I can tailor the number of strokes to the final choice. But I do want something which will bring tears and pleas for forgiveness quickly - and I'm sure you know how difficult those are to wrench from Deborah." Emma nodded and the took up the required position, her sore behind now proffered to receive yet more chastisement. Before each stroke, Hugh gave her a number (though he didn't tell her which object he was using). As he only spanked her once with each item, and even then not at full strength, it was bearable - just. But it still meant taking an additional dozen or so strokes and Emma couldn't avoid the escape of a few more tears as her bottom was assaulted once more.

"Well?" Hugh asked her when he had finished and Emma stood facing him once more.

"Number three and number seven were both... you know, good'," she told him. "And number nine too."

Hugh sought out the chosen three. "Well, Emma's used to this paddle," he said, discarding number nine, "but I think the table-tennis bat and this wooden spoon are both rarities. Let's choose between those." Hugh had used the bat on his own girlfriend several times - but never on his sister, and although one of the wooden spoons in the selection was his father's choice of meal- time spankers, it wasn't the one Emma had picked out.

"How are you going to chose?" Emma asked as he weighed the two possibilities in his hands.

"I don't know," he answered. "Toss a coin?"

"Why don't you..." Emma's head was bowed and she was looking at the floor as if embarrassed. "Why don't you give me six more with each of them and I'll try to give you some more information about how they feel?" Hugh looked down on the naked girl in front of him with a rising affection. He lifted her chin up and kissed her gently on the mouth and then, when she responded, a little more fiercely, his right hand moving to her breast as he pulled her close with the other. When the embrace finally ended, Emma spoke softly once more:

"Will you do these over your knee again. Please?"

In reply, Hugh took her hand and walked backwards to the chair on which he had sat when he spanked her the first time, lowering himself and pulling Emma over his lap in a single movement. As Emma leant forwards across the boy's knee this time, she did so with her legs parted to offer up not just her unprotected bottom but also her pussy to Hugh's attention. However, to Emma's disappointment, Hugh failed once more to take advantage of this aspect of her nakedness but instead proceeded with the stated task, shifting Emma's posture slightly before picking up the wooden spoon. Emma tried not to feel slighted, although her clitoris was now throbbing with sexually charged energy, and attempted to focus on evaluating the coming spanking. The first stroke drew a sharp breath from her, cracking fiercely across both buttocks and followed then by the next blow with a gap of only a second or two. By the time the third had snapped against her bare skin the pain of the first two had blended and coursed through her body, a disjointed moaning trickling from her lips. Number four produced the first yelp of anguish, Emma's already well-punished rump reaching critical level even more quickly than usual.

THWACK!! Hugh brought the spoon down a fifth time, putting just a little extra muscle into the stroke this time and being rewarded a split second after making contact by a rousing scream from the girl across his knee. CRACK!! The final stroke too brought a screech from her, this one too delivered at full strength and completing a set of vivid red lines streaking across the duller pink-ness of Emma's bare bottom. "Don't say anything yet," Hugh told her. "Wait till you've had both. Take a break now and tell me when you think you're ready to give the bat a fair test."

Emma just managed to take in his words through her whimpering, the redoubled pain of her behind balanced only by the knowledge that offering herself up to the extra punishment had won her added respect from Hugh. The heat from the beating with the spoon also eclipsed for a while the other warmth between her thighs. Hugh, meanwhile, was now taking the opportunity of the short rest period to examine that very part of her, perusing the glistening furrow between her pouting lips and the protruding knob of flesh nestling just above his own thigh. He could smell the scent of arousal rising from her sex and that, like the exquisite tableau, drew him in. Yet he continued to resist. There would be time, he thought with a smile. Emma's carnal yearning was obvious, and he smiled at the signs that Emma doubted his desire for her. "Later," he whispered, too quietly for Emma to hear, and lifted the bat.

Again, as Hugh swung the bat in a tight arc to touch down heavily and flatly on Emma's ruddy cheeks, it was on the fourth stroke that her muffled gasps were finally converted into full- throated cries of pain, music to the ears of a committed disciplinarian such as Hugh. He finished her off, as before, with two slightly more powerful strokes which brought enhanced vocal repercussions and then paused to get his breath back and to allow Emma's sobbing to abate.

After a minute or two, Hugh helped the girl up to stand before him again as he held out the two implements for her comment. "Well," she began, "I think that maybe the spoon is slightly harder - you know, just a little..."

"But?" Hugh prompted.

"But, well, the bat is more... I don't know... intimate? Maybe cos it's more like a hand? It's hard to explain, but it's like at school, when you get the cane..."

Hugh broke in, "How many times have you been caned?"

"Just once... well, sort of twice," she told him.

"Sort of twice?"

"Yeah. It was all for the same thing - but the punishment was, like, in two halves. First we got six in Mr Lindon's office and then..." "We?"

"Yeah, me and Deborah."

"Oh, I see. Yeah, go on... first you got six in the housemaster's office, and then?"

Emma hesitated. She looked away from him and said quietly, "Then we got six more... like... in front of the whole house...." Her voice trailed off and she tried hard not to look at Hugh.

"In front of everyone? And... and was that on the bare bottom?" "Yeah," Emma was almost whispering now, but she felt unable to leave out any detail. "And... and totally naked."

Hugh's cock felt as though it was ready to burst and he wanted desperately to pull Emma down to the ground with him and kiss and touch that seemingly innocent body all over - but he managed to resist - just. "I wish dad had sent me there..." was all he said, musing wistfully on what he was missing. "But you were saying something - before I interrupted?" "Yes," Emma tried to gather her thoughts again. Standing naked in front of this boy and talking about what it was like to be spanked felt so... intimate. She wished he would kiss her again. "Well, what I was saying was that when you get the cane, it's the most painful punishment there is - like by miles. But it's just that, a punishment. But when someone puts you over their knee and spanks you with their hand, although it doesn't hurt as much, you feel all of your naughtiness being washed away, like it's some kind of... communion or something. Does that sound really stupid?" "No," Hugh said gently.

"So that's what I'm saying about the bat. Because it's more like being spanked that way, only harder, it's more affecting. It gets to your heart as well as your... your bottom. DO you see what I mean?" Hugh stood up and kissed the tip of Emma's nose. "Yes," he laughed. "The bat then!"

He took her by the hand and led her over to where Deborah was still waiting to be beaten. She'd heard everything, or nearly everything, that had happened and was feeling the usual combination of sexual excitement and jealousy that she experienced whenever a boy spanked Emma in her presence. She was also, naturally, feeling apprehensive about her forthcoming beating.

Hugh whispered something in Emma's ear and then left her kneeling by Deborah's head. She lifted her lover's chin to look into her eyes and stroked her hair absent-mindedly while she waited for Hugh to get into position himself. Then she saw him lift the bat high into the air and deliver the first stroke of his sister's punishment. As always, Deborah refused to give herself up to her punishment. It wasn't that she didn't believe in corporal punishment; she did - although most strongly when it was applied to others. But when it was her turn to take a thrashing, she didn't have Emma's natural penitence; her reaction to the pain as her naked flesh was assaulted was to grit her teeth and fight back - not to allow herself to be broken.

As Hugh landed blow after blow, Emma watched the battle going on inside her friend's head, her changing expression acting as a window on her soul. She closed her eyes tightly and pressed her lips firmly together so that no more that an occasional gasp slipped out loudly enough to be heard. Hugh continued to spank her soundly, finding a steady rhythm of one whack every two or three seconds, while Emma watched her face carefully to follow the effect of the blows inside her head.

The spanking had been going on for three or four minutes, Hugh showing no sign of tiring but maintaining his steady rhythm, Deborah still resisting the punishment and Emma watching. The change was sudden. Emma lifted her hand in a prearranged signal and Hugh immediately began to spank hard and fast, the bat landing twice or three times each second with maximum ferocity. Emma had judged the moment perfectly, picking up the faintest sign of weakness in the face she knew so well and passing that information straight on. Deborah's reaction to the unforeseen onslaught was instantaneous. By the time five strokes had been applied with the new vigor, her mouth had opened and a long, pent-up scream of utter anguish had erupted from her.

"Nooooo! Please, no....stop it! Pleaseee! Hugh! I can't... OUCHH! I can't take any mo... ARGGHH! Emma, help meee!" Having reached Deborah's breaking point, Hugh knew that it was unnecessary to continue for very much longer, yet her resistance always built up an indignation in him which he preferred to expunge before finishing and his sister had, therefore, to endure a full minute more of harsh beating before Hugh finally put the bat down.

He beckoned Emma to join him in surveying his handiwork while Deborah continued to weep copiously onto the carpet. The whole region from her mid thighs to the top of her buttocks was a blistering red and Emma was amazed that the girl had lasted so long without as much as a tear. "Beautiful," she exhaled in wonder.

"Isn't it? And... come a bit closer... don't you agree about... you know?"

"What?" Emma asked.

"About her cute pussy!" he giggled.

Emma joined his laughter, but didn't answer him.

"Well?" he pressed her.

"Well..." she said, her eyes fixed now on the familiar folds, decorated as they were now with feminine juices. "I mean... I don't know how..." Hugh interrupted her. "God, how stupid of me. Of course!"

"Of course what?" Emma responded nervously.

"You already know her pussy perfectly well, don't you?"

"What... what do you mean?"

Hugh turned her face towards him and looked into her darting eyes. "I mean you know the taste and feel of my sister's cunt already, don't you?" "Yes," she answered levelly.

Hugh thought for a minute and then his mouth curled up at the edges.

"Great, we'll have a race!"

"What kind of a race?"

"A coming race! You lick Deborah's pussy and I lick yours. First one of you to come gets six extra whacks with... the spoon!" "Hugh, I..."

"Come on. Into position, just like Deborah!"

Emma knew it was pointless to argue. And in any case, her own sex was crying out too loudly for attention for its demands to be resisted. Slowly she lifted one knee onto the sofa back and moved her face close to Deborah's. Behind her she could feel Hugh's warm breath drifting over her own open lips.

"GO!" he yelled, and suddenly Emma's body exploded. After the long wait, the sensation of his warm tongue sliding artfully over her clitoris and along her slit brought a glorious cloudburst of sensation which washed over her entire body. His hands were running hungrily over her bare flesh, finding her sore buttocks, her tingling breasts and her hair while his mouth sucked greedily at her pussy.

She hadn't even touched her lips to Deborah's pouting vulva, whereas usually she buried her head between her lover's thighs at every opportunity. Indeed, it was only the vague recollection of a threat of further punishment which finally stirred her to begin to make love to the girl before her.

Emma and Deborah were well practised at bringing each other swiftly to climax. The routines at school meant that the ability to grab a "quickie" was a vital skill for all lovers. However, her late start coupled with the long build up of her own desperate craving and Hugh's own personal skill meant that, within a minute of the first touch of his tongue, it was Emma who threw back her head and, with a long ecstatic cry, gave victory to Hugh.

So it was that Deborah was left half satisfied while Hugh pulled Emma, her body still reeling from the orgasm which had flooded through her, back across the room and back across his knee.

She hardly even noticed the punishment begin. By the time she had realised fully that the screeching noises she could hear were coming from her own mouth, and that the pain she was feeling was the result of yet another offensive aimed at her neatly presented posterior, a well-aimed hairbrush was already landing for the sixth time.

Having finished delivering his fifth spanking of her, Hugh lowered her body to the floor so she was lying on her back with her legs pointing towards Deborah.

"Now, open your legs wide," he said firmly.

Emma, her inhibitions seeming pointless now, obeyed, parting her sex once more for her friend's brother. He smiled at her and then turned towards Deborah, striding over to the couch and pulling her roughly down from her perch and to the floor so that her legs sat up on the seat of the sofa.

Emma knew what was coming, yet she still watched with amazement as Hugh pulled his own trousers and boxers off before pulling Deborah's feet back towards her ears and thus opening her up. He looked over his shoulder at Emma.

"I know she likes a bit of pussy," he said. "But, as I'm sure you know, she's a cock fan too. Mind you, you don't mind a man's tongue in your box do you?"

He walked back over to her, standing between her open legs. "Go on," he said quietly. "Just for me, just once. Pretend that you're turned on by me."

Emma would have obliged anyway, for it wasn't hard in the circumstances - unlike Hugh's cock which had swollen to a monstrous size. She closed her eyes and moved her hands over her tits, hearing Hugh moan above her as he stroked his prick slowly. The whole scenario was sexually electric and Emma found her fingers almost of their own will sliding down to her clitoris where they could more easily quell the rising heat in her loins. Then, as Emma's gasps began to come more frequently, Hugh turned away from her and back to his sister. He waited for Emma to come and open her eyes and then, poised above her already, he plunged his hardness deep into Deborah's cunt, watching his sister's girlfriend's reaction and pleased to find her only redoubling the speed of her fingers flashing over her own sex.

To Emma, the fact that she was now deriving pleasure from watching incest did not escape her - it was simply that she had been taken so far along the road of sexual gratification, that she could not turn back. In empathy with the mounting cries of her mounted friend, the young girl pushed two fingers inside her own pussy and finger-fucked herself hard and fast, their voices rising in pitch in an almost musical unison as Hugh's thrusting cock and Emma's fingers did their work. Finally, amid a tumultuous wailing, Hugh buried his seed deep inside his sister as the two girls screamed their joint orgasm.

Emma began the night alone, brother and sister seeking to further their reunion in the more conventional setting of a large, comfy bed. However, after a short time during which she had to endure the groaning and thumping from the next room, Emma knocked and Hugh's door and offered to take a hard spanking if she could only join them. Hugh, of course, being a polite sort of boy, was pleased to welcome his new playmate in and, although he couldn't help being a little upset at not being allowed to fuck her virgin pussy, he did gratefully turn her over his knee to spank. And he did enjoy the extra variety that another sweetly smelling, female body brought to their games.

**EMMA AT SCHOOL 21**

The rest of the family

In the morning, Hugh went out early and left the two girls to meet Deborah's elder sister, Margaret. Deborah was visibly nervous about this meeting and explained to Emma that, while her sister had been away at college, Deborah had borrowed her favourite party dress. She had planned to clean it and put it back without her sister ever knowing; however, she had suffered an 'accident' which, without going into detail, had left the dress in shreds and covered in mud. Her dad had insisted on her phoning Maggie to tell her what had happened and the hour of reckoning was now near.

"So... does Maggie spank you too?" Emma asked her. "Is Ian Paisley a protestant?" her lover replied. "Daddy always let Maggie punish Hugh and me - ever since she was about sixteen. She's very well practised."

When the wheels finally roared on the gravel drive, Deborah gave her girlfriend a tender kiss and then followed her outside. "Hi, Maggie," Deborah chirped, skipping gaily up to the new arrival and hugging her warmly. "D'you have a good trip?" "I did," Margaret replied with a deep, knowing look into her sister's eyes. "But I see you haven't got out of this childish habit of trying to escape your just punishment have you. I see I shall simply have to treat you as a child. Sam!"

Here, Margaret was calling to the driver who had collected her from the station.

"Sam, put my little sister over the bonnet please." "No, Maggie, please. I wasn't trying to escape anything, honest!" Deborah shrieked, backing away from the well-built young man. "Please, I know I must be punished. Only take me upstairs at least where it's private!" But Margaret had turned to continue to unpack the car and Debbie was left facing Sam.

"Please, Sam. I'm much too old for this, aren't I. I'm not a little kid any more!"

"No, that you're not, young Debbie. But it's your sister as I've to answer to and it's for her to judge when you're too old for a turn over the bonnet. Now. Will you come quiet like a good girl, or spit and scratch like the naughty little girl you say you ain't no more?" But Deborah failed to see the hidden entreaty in this short speech and tried to run from Sam's clutches as, Emma guessed, she had when younger. She also guessed that, as he did now, Sam had generally caught the fleeing minx within his strong arms without a great deal of difficulty (though not without receiving a couple of sharp kicks in the shins) and made short work of the harder task of getting the girl's jeans and knickers down around her knees.

"No! Sam! Stop it, please! I'm sorry!" Deborah wailed loudly, but Emma could see that the time for apologies was well passed. "Miss Margaret," Sam asked as he held on to her half-naked sister, her pussy on brazen display in the open air, "do I have your permission to deliver a few sharp'ens of me own for the trouble the cheeky wench has put me too?"

"No, Margaret. Don't let him - please!"

But Margaret had clearly banished any pity from her mind and replied casually, "Certainly, Sam. I'll be a minute or two with my bags. You give her bottom a good warming in advance of what she's still to take from me." So, as Emma watched on, marvelling at this family to which she'd come, the driver pulled the crying girl over the car bonnet to prepare her naked cheeks and then lifted his rough hand to begin a short, but very loud and painful spanking which Deborah bore with no grace at all, kicking her legs and screeching all the while.

Finally, the heavy splattering sound of male hand on female rump ended and Deborah was left in place to mull over her choice of behavior. In the meantime, Margaret came up to Emma and asked her name. "Oh yes, of course. I've heard a lot about you." She glanced back towards her sister and then added, "And you'll know all about Debbie's difficulty with taking punishment. I hope you are not troubled by the same?"

"No, not at all," Emma replied shyly. "I recognise when I need to pay for my misdemeanours."

"Good girl," Margaret petted her, before turning again to the weeping girl bent over the car. "Sam! Pull her off the car and strip her. I intend to teach the scamp a good lesson."

"Right you are, Miss Margaret," the man answered, and in a moment had begun his new task, Deborah continuing to plead, but no longer offering any real resistance to her humiliation.

"Emma, please throw this on the ground for me would you?" Margaret asked, passing a blue checked blanket to the onlooker. While Emma carried out this instruction, she noticed Margaret scanning her luggage until she brought out a long, whippy cane, the sight of which made Deborah dissolve into tears once again.

"It's not right for you to have me undressed in front of Sam," the younger of the sisters was fretting now. "I'm too grown up!" "Oh for goodness sake," her elder retorted. "Sam's seen both of us nude on many an occasion when daddy's had cause to tend to either of us, and not long since either. Nor has the sun been as warm upon us as it is today. Look here, you hussy!"

With that last comment, Margaret, to Emma's astonishment, began to remove her own clothing. It was true, she reflected, that it was quite warm enough under the bright summer sun to do so in comfort and, she supposed, if Sam had seen them unclothed many times as they were growing up, it might not seem as shameful as Deborah was making out. Yet to strip voluntarily in this way? The family was full of puzzles for Emma. "See!" Margaret announced once she'd dropped her knickers upon the neat pile of clothes already discarded. "I don't mind about Sam seeing me, so why should you. Sam, bring her here to the blanket and hold her for me. I mean to thrash her very severely for her naughtiness." And then, as both sisters had been brought up to do, she went on to keep her word. Deborah was placed on the blanket on her hands and knees so that the twin roundness of her behind was neatly positioned for punishment, and then Emma watched for the second time in two days as her lover's bare bottom was soundly beaten, the marks left by Hugh's recent attention still in evidence, although the more vivid red cuts of Margaret's cane were clearly going to last rather longer.

Deborah wailed and cried quite as much as she always did under correction as her sister applied the cane to her bare bottom, Sam holding her steady by the shoulders as the criss-crosses on the young girl's rump were built up. The sound of her shrieks, together with the crack of the cane upon her skin, was quite as beautiful as any symphony to Emma's ears, the abstract pattern of the welts as alluring as any Picasso. Emma stood, transfixed, as the wonderful, naked girl wielding the cane continued her work, her breasts swinging delightfully with each stroke; Sam too, Emma could tell, was not immune (how could one expect him to be) to the eroticism of the scene. Margaret's body seemed to Emma, as a young girl still coming to terms with the changes in her own, to be as close to perfect as was imaginable: long, slender legs capped by a carefully shaped triangle of light hair, the same hair that streamed in a satiny current down the back of her flawless back almost to her waist. One might, of course, argue well enough that such measures of beauty should be consigned to the history books; the simple fact is, however, that to Emma, a girl of her time, brought up on a diet of teen-magazines from whose pages glanced smoulderingly the eyes of supermodels, the image of beauty in which she had been persuaded to believe was now revealed to her in the naked form of her lover's sister.

A short time only had passed. Ten loud, angry strokes had been sharply delivered, cutting through the gentle glow produced by Sam's efforts with bright red trails - yet to Emma it had felt like an age. Probably it had seemed so also to Deborah.

Her work finished, Margaret got to her feet, dressing once more unhurriedly while Deborah held her position on the blanket. Only when she had finished and had picked up the last of her bags to bring into the house did she turn back to her sister's battered body.

"You may dress now, little sister," she whispered tenderly, stroking the girl's hair. "And you must learn to accept the punishment due to you, or I shall despair of you entirely."

Somehow, this undetailed threat had a powerful effect on Deborah and, without moving, she replied, "Yes, Margaret. I shall try. But it is no fearfully difficult. Please forgive me."

"Of course," the older girl smiled, kissing her sister's face two or three times with real tenderness. "Until next time." Although the incident was over much too quickly for Emma, she had an idea that she might yet get another chance to watch Margaret in action. In fact, this was to come sooner than she had imagined, though not in quite the same situation.

It was at dinner that Emma first met Mr Sharpe, Deborah's, Hugh's and Margaret's father. He was a biggish man with a kind face and soft voice, and extraordinary gentle, but huge, hands. They were about half-way through the meal when he began to ask Margaret about her studies at university. Margaret seemed a little reticent to discuss her work, but did so under her father's patient questioning. The reason for her hesitancy came out after a short while though, when he asked about her results in the end of year exams.

"I... I didn't do as well as I expected," was her only answer at first. "I'm sorry to hear that," Mr Sharpe replied. "By how much did you not do as well?"

"By... I got 2:2s in everything... everything except statistics." Mr Sharpe's face told Emma that this made disappointing news for him; that it made uncomfortable telling for Margaret was blatantly clear. "And in statistics?"

"I got... I got a third."

"A third?" Mr Sharpe's rhetorical question was said with eyes downcast. He looked up. "You've always been a straight-A student, if one allows for one or two hiccoughs. What has been going on this year?" "I guess I've been too wrapped up in societies and my new friends and stuff," she explained lamely. "I promise I'm going to go back next term and really get down to work."

Emma figured that if she could break up for the summer in early June she'd have no trouble in working harder. She was anxious for Mr Sharpe's reply, however.

"You will have to won't you, if you're not to waste your entire time at college. I must confess to being extremely disappointed in you. And..." At this, Margaret's father paused for a moment and looked across the table at Emma for a few moments before returning his gaze to his eldest child. "... and I cannot help but wonder whether it might help you to focus better on your studies were you to spend a little time beneath my cane." Margaret's face registered not surprise, nor shock, but solely entreaty. "Really, daddy," she said quietly. "I'm sure it isn't necessary. I really will work harder next year."

"I'm not sure that I am." Emma blushed deep red as Mr Sharpe turned his gaze on her now. "What do you think, Emma?" "Me?" she stammered. "I don't know. I... I know that being punished by a spanking or strapping does help to keep me properly at my work and... and that I should do less well at school if I were never to have to bend down to be beaten."

She met Deborah's eyes, full of love and desire and felt encouraged for a moment, before Margaret's glare found her and diminished her resolve. "But I am only fifteen. I'm not sure I would still need to be dealt with in that way once I was at university."

"Yet it rather looks as though my daughter does require exactly that, does it not?" Mr Sharpe asked then, waiting for several embarrassing seconds before continuing.

"It certainly looks that way to me. Deborah, fetch the cane from its drawer for me please. Margaret, you may begin by removing your knickers, just to have something to remind you of what's to come. Thank you." This last was spoken to Deborah as she brought the cane which Emma had felt the previous night over to her father almost reverentially. He took it up wistfully, as if he wished very much not to have been forced into using it, and laid it on the table before him while Margaret dutifully stood up and slipped her knickers off, leaving the tiny white, now-shapeless garment on the table before her, an indication to Emma that the instruction was not unfamiliar.

The rest of the meal was eaten with little talk, Margaret trying hard not to allow a tear to escape her eye. Before the pudding, Mr Sharpe introduced a new issue.

"Now, while we're dispensing discipline, perhaps someone can tell me what has happened to the vase which usually lives on the landing." Emma felt the blood rush suddenly to her face, leading all eyes to her.

"Emma. Can you help?"

"Yes. I'm... I'm sorry, I knocked it off the shelf and it broke. It... it's in my room. I haven't told you yet because I was frightened I'd be in trouble."

"More trouble than you'd be in if I had to find out about your error by chance?"

Emma shook her head.

"Let me tell you that if my children lie to me or withhold information, they can expect to be soundly beaten. Seeing as how you've been here but a day, I don't feel it would be right to take the cane or strap to you." Emma managed to murmur a thank you, but Mr Sharpe continued.

"However, you shall be punished girl. Come here!"

Obediently, Emma rose to her feet and approached her fierce-looking host. In a way, she felt as though her impending punishment would bind her a little more closely to Deborah, and make her more a part of the household. She did, however, fear a deal of pain might soon be hers. "I spank all my children upon the bare bottom and consider it the only really effective site. Do you consent to a proper spanking in this manner."

"Yes, Mr Sharpe," the nervous girl answered.

"Very well. Lift your dress to your waist please." Emma's hands fell to the hem of her best black dress and raised it as required, exposing her plain white knickers to Deborah's father who, with businesslike efficiency, pulled her remaining modesty quickly to her thighs.

Thus unclothed, Emma stood before her prosecutor while he told her of her punishment.

"You have been not only careless, but careless and deceitful. For the former, you will receive twenty five smacks with my hand. Your deceitfulness, I will deal with later. You will come to my room at bedtime for a taste of the hairbrush. Understood?"

"Yes, Mr Sharpe."

"Good. Now, over my knee with you."

In her obedient way, Emma kept a hold of her dress while leaning down across her host's lap, he repositioning her just a little to bring her bottom up a little higher. Then he punished her. "Oooh, no! Please! It hurts! Oh!" Emma cried, kicking her legs as blow after heavy blow pounded her bared cheeks, Mr Sharpe deaf entirely to her cries. Indeed, in as much as he noticed her words at all, it is very possible that her genuine pain may have spurred him on. "Oh, no! No more, please! I'm very sorry, really I am!"

As this last utterance left her lips, Mr Sharpe's final smack landed upon her poor, red bottom and he then allowed Emma to get up, rearrange her clothing and return to her seat where, not surprisingly, she found sitting still rather difficult. Her bottom was stinging like mad and it took a good deal of mental energy to avoid the thought of her later appointment with Mr Sharpe's hairbrush.

Once the pudding had been eaten and the coffee gulped down, the four diners moved to the sitting room, Mr Sharpe taking the cane through with him. Emma found herself moistening every time she thought on what was to come, assuming, after her spanking, that Margaret's punishment would similarly be public. So it turned out.

"Are you ready, Margaret?" her father asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. I know that you are twenty now and I recognise that you are therefore an adult. However, under my roof, you go by my rules. I pay for your university and I think I have a right to expect you to work hard in return."

"You are right, daddy," Margaret said. "I have wasted a lot of time this year and I do deserve the cane. I'm really sorry for letting you down." At that, Mr Sharpe walked over to his daughter and kissed her. Then he told her to go to the centre of the room and grasp her ankles. Margaret did as she was told and Emma watched with delight as Mr Sharpe lifted her skirt to expose her beautifully proportioned bottom. She struggled to keep herself from slipping a hand between her legs as he picked up the cane and shuffled unconsciously in her seat as he raised it high in the air.

CRACKK!

"Yeooow!" Despite her twenty years and long acquaintance with corporal punishment, a caning from her father was always a punishment through which Margaret had to struggle to stop herself from running away from the terrible pain.

With ten or fifteen second intervals between strokes, Mr Sharpe continued to flog his daughter in view of her brother, sister and guest while she, oblivious now to all but the exploding agony of her bottom, screamed with pain and anguish.

"Six," Emma counted under her breath. "Seven."

"Oooow! Nooooooo! Please - no more, I can't take.... Noooooooo!" For an twelfth time, Mr Sharpe raised the cane high above the half-naked girl before him before delivering one final devastating blow. Margaret kept her position while Mr Sharpe went over to a cabinet to pour himself a drink. Emma could see the clear welts where each stroke had cut across her fair skin, the markings much more severe than those that she had recently applied to her sister's behind. Now that Mr Sharpe's back was turned, one hand stole between her thighs to stroke her enrage clitoris for a few seconds, Emma snatching her fingers away when the man turned back towards them.

"When you feel you have recovered, Margaret," he said, I am going to give you four more strokes which you will receive naked. You may undress whenever you feel ready."

This time, there was no meek protest from Margaret, in fact there was no response at all for a few minutes during which time Mr Sharpe came over to talk to the younger children. Finally, though, Margaret did rouse herself and begin to prepare for the coming final part of her ordeal. In front of them all, she pulled each piece of clothing off, brazenly facing them throughout, including when she finally removed her skirt to leave her stark naked before them all. Once that was completed Mr Sharpe left her to stand that way for a few minutes more before taking her arm and guiding her over to the room's large sofa, the very one over which Deborah had been spanked by Hugh the night before.

This time, however, the offender was to receive no mere spanking. Mr Sharpe pushed his daughter right over the back of the piece of furniture before returning to collect his cane. Emma sensed that, although there were only four more strokes to come, this would be the worst part of the punishment. The welts across Margaret's bottom were now looking extremely fierce and Emma felt guilty about her previous sexual arousal. Yet as Mr Sharpe lifted the cane above his head to complete his daughter's correction, Emma felt the juices flowing between her thighs once more. The cane whistled through the air towards its target where the gun-shot sound of its impact was met with a true scream of pain from its victim. Four times this was repeated. Four times the cane flashed hotly through the air. Four times its fierce velocity was subdued by the round curves of Margaret's bum. Four times, her throaty screeches of pain echoed around the small room.

Finally, her ordeal was over. Mr Sharpe ordered her to remain in place so that she could "properly reflect on how she came to be in that uncomfortable position" and Margaret duly spent most of the next hour bent over the sofa, rubbing her caned bottom and weeping, allowed to get up only to go to the loo and to make the other four a cup of tea. Only when the clock struck ten did Margaret finally get her release. "Bedtime," said Mr Sharpe loudly, at which word Emma's drifting thoughts suddenly came down to earth with a bang. "Emma, get ready for bed and then come to my room!"

The girl did as she was told, speaking to no one as she brushed her teeth and washed carefully before donning her nightie and walking along the corridor to Mr Sharpe's room.

"Come!" came the male voice from within when she knocked on the door. Emma pushed the door open and walked in. There was a big double bed in the centre of the room, on which, Emma noticed as soon as she entered, sat a large wooden hairbrush. The room itself was warm and pleasant - only the purpose of her visit left Emma shaky and apprehensive. "Right," Mr Sharpe said with his back to her as he sat at a large mahogany desk. "Nightie off and lay on the bed please." Again, as Emma stripped to her knickers, she felt a surge of heat to her secret places, a moistening of lips and dampening of knickers. As she lay on the bed she imagined Mr Sharpe bending down to lick her clit and... "Wake up!"

Emma opened her eyes to find Mr Sharpe standing over her in a blue terry robe. She didn't move.

"Let's have those knickers off too then shall we?"

Her body visibly shivering now, Emma moved her fingers slowly down to the waistband of her knickers and then, with steady determination, eased them down her thighs, whereupon Mr Sharpe took hold of them and slipped them right off leaving her naked on his bed.

"Now, roll over, that's it. This way. Put your feet through here." Gradually, Mr Sharpe guided Emma into place, her bottom raised up just a little by the turn of a quilt and her feet trapped through the bars at the end of the bed.

"I'm giving you sixteen," he said. "The same number as Maggie got with the cane, and you can consider yourself lucky to have escaped that. Deceit is something of which I take a very dim view. You'll count aloud please." With those last words, Mr Sharpe picked up the hairbrush and went to work. Down the corridor, Debbie listened with a mixture of sympathy, lust and revenge as the howls rang out through the house, each one presaged by the thud of the hairbrush against skin.

"Five!" yelled Emma as the hairbrush burned her bottom again. Although she knew that the cane would be worse, at that particular moment, she couldn't understand how.

"Nooooooo!" she screeched, almost forgetting the number afterwards, as Margaret listened from next door with a sense of justice, given the young girl's comments at the dinner table.

Her bottom was still extremely sore from her caning, and she was laying on her bed face down and naked to stop the pain growing. Concentrating on the noises from next door helped.

"Fifteen! Ooooooooo!"

"Yeowwwwhh! Sixteen!"

As he had with his own daughter, Mr Sharpe left Emma there on the bed for a few minutes, telling her that, when she felt ready, she might put her nightie back on, but not her knickers. She thought of telling him that putting her knickers back on was not at the top of her list of priorities. However, she did not at that point realise why Mr Sharpe made her leave them off.

When she was standing before his, ready to leave, he reached up to take her hand and pull her over his knee once more. Then Emma, who never resisted any punishment, found her skirt raised and her bottom bared once more. "I realise that I implied that your time under the hairbrush would be the end of your punishment tonight," Mr Sharpe said, his large hand falling sharply on Emma's already tender rump six times in quick succession. "However, I want you to recognise that I am in charge in this house and be sure that you are prepared to take the mark of it if I consider it necessary."

As he spoke, he spanked - not quite as hard as earlier in the evening, yet hard enough to ensure a steady stream of tears from Emma. "And if that means that I ask you to present your bare bottom to me to receive a spanking, or slippering, or strapping or even a caning, you will do so immediately and without question."

There had been about twenty or thirty smacks by now, and Mr Sharpe helped the girl to her feet.

"Is that perfectly clear, Emma?"

"Yes, Mr Sharpe. I know I'm sometimes naughty and deserve to be punished. And if I am naughty, I realise that I must expect the same punishment as Margaret or Debbie, even if... even if that means the cane." "You're a good girl, Emma," Mr Sharpe said gently, stroking her hair.

"Have a good night's sleep."

Emma did sleep well. In the morning, she could not remember her dreams; dreams of being made to kneel on Mr Sharpe's bed with her knickers round her thighs and holding the cane behind her for an hour while he told her off, and then being placed on all fours by his gentle hands while he lined the cane up across her bared bottom, Mr Sharpe telling her how naughty she was between strokes, and then afterwards, "what a good girl". She remembered nothing of her dark, damp visions of what followed: Emma slowly undressing first her punisher and then herself and then lying back with her legs back almost to her ears while Mr Sharpe plunged his hardness into her. She remembered none of this. But she did wake to find her hand between her legs and a warm glow surrounding her. And she did think of her girlfriend's father and, for no reason she could understand, smile.

**EMMA AT SCHOOL 22**

Maggie's new deal

The next morning, the household were all up bright and early and there was no mention of any of yesterday's punishments. Mr Sharpe did, however, continue to ask his eldest daughter about her work; had she been given any assignments for the holidays, and other such questions. On discovering that the did not have any work to do during the summer, Mr Sharpe looked a little irritated and then asked, "Do you think your tutor would agree to give you some extra work if we asked him?" "I... I suppose so."

"What's his name?"

"Er... it's Eric."

"Just Eric?" her father repeated distastefully. "Does he not have a surname?"

"Oh, yes," Margaret told him. "It's Mr Dinwell." "No wonder there's no work going on. You young people seem to have no respect for your elders any more. I suggest you call him Mr Dinwell from now on."

Mr Sharpe looked thoughtful for a moment and then added, "Come to my study after breakfast, I would like you to compose a letter for Mr Dinwell." The teenagers saw little of the eldest Miss Sharpe until lunchtime and spent the day rambling round the grounds of the Sharpes' big house. Naturally, with Hugh and Debbie for company, Emma did not get through the morning without having to bare her bottom for punishment; and even though the grounds for these were rather flimsy, Emma, being such a good girl, dropped her knickers on the command of either of her playmates. From Debbie, Emma received a sound bare bottom spanking over her lover's lap for being "cheeky".

Then, later on when they were exploring a secret hideaway, Hugh claimed that Emma had kicked him. Deborah agreed with the boy that this was a horrible thing to do and must warrant a strapping, so Emma was held down by the other girl over a table while Hugh unbuckled his belt. Without haste, the boy wrapped the leather strip about his hand and then, giving the prostrate girl no warning, snapped it down across her naked cheeks for the first of thirty hard whacks.

The three, and this will be no surprise, also took the opportunity of their being unsupervised, to indulge their sexual appetites, Emma and Deborah giving Hugh a joint blow-job just before they came into lunch. Emma, despite the warmth in her rear end, decided that she had enjoyed herself immensely.

At lunch, the three youngest members of the party discovered what had kept Margaret away from the for so long as Mr Sharpe, despite his daughters protestations, required her to read the product of her morning's work for them She did so in a quiet voice, but the contents could not help but have an impact.

"Dear Mr Dinwell," she read.

"Since arriving home I have had the opportunity to discuss this past year with my father and you may not be surprised to hear that he was rather disappointed in me. I recall you saying something similar before we broke up for the holiday and I am writing to assure you that I mean to work much, much harder next year at my studies and to give my work, and you, the respect deserved.

"I feel it would not be appropriate for me to continue without apologising for some events which have taken place recently. I cannot give any explanation as to why I behaved towards you in the manner I did and hope that you will be able to forgive the hurtful things I said to you. I can faithfully promise that there will be no repetition of this behavior. "I realise that it might well be difficult for you to accept this apology and promise so easily given in this way, especially compared to my brazen misdeeds last term. I hope, however, to convince you of my sincerity and my intentions by explaining something of a personal nature. I feel that you have a right to this information and I give it therefore without conditions. I ask only that you treat it with the sensitivity warranted by the nature of the following revelations and requests. "My father felt, on hearing about my poor year, that some additional and external input would be necessary to help me change my ways and, although I protested at the time, I now agree with him fully. The first part of that input was given in the way that has been traditional in my family since I was a little girl, and that is through the use of corporal punishment. You may feel that such a measure is inappropriate in dealing with a girl of my age. I hope in that case you will agree, however, that the punishment administered to me by my father was quite in keeping with my childish behavior.

"My punishment for my poor performance last year was sixteen hard strokes of my father's cane on my bare bottom. Later, when I told him of my rudeness to you at the end of term he disciplined me for that also. For that I received a further forty strokes, also on the bare bottom, from his leather strap. I deeply believe that I deserved both these punishments and hope that my acceptance of them will help you to forgive me. "Having discussed my further studies with my father, I have agreed that continued vigilance will be helpful in ensuring that I keep to my new goals. My father wishes to check my progress termly so that he can use his cane again if necessary, which I hope it will not be, to encourage my studies.

"A term, however, is a long time and a lot can happen in the space of that many weeks. My father therefore wished me to consider ways of maintaining my level of work and behavior between visits home. Most obvious solutions, such as the withdrawal of finance, or loss of privileges seem impossible to oversee. I have therefore come to the conclusion that, as difficult as this is, I would like to ask for your assistance in this matter.

"I would, in conclusion, be very grateful if you would seriously consider taking on the role of my father while I am at college. I do not wish to burden you with extra work, but hope that an arrangement can be made whereby, perhaps as part of my tutorial time, you could question me about, and give your opinion on, my progress. In the event of your deciding that my behavior or work was of an insufficient standard, I would then submit, without question, to whatever punishment you considered reasonable. "While it would not be for me or my father to dictate to you what form such punishment would take, I feel I must ensure that I have made myself absolutely clear.

"If, having decided to punish me, you feel that corporal punishment is appropriate, you must feel at liberty to employ whatever method you consider best. You may require me to remove some or all of my clothing. You may require me to bend across your knee or take up whatever other position you wish. You may employ your hand, slipper, ruler, paddle, strap, cane, or any other implement in seeking to deliver adequate chastisement. r, as my father does, that in requiring me to accept even the mildest spanking, the baring of my bottom is necessary. In any event, should you agree to take on this role, it will be my duty to submit to you. Any reticence or resistance I exhibit, I will expect to result in further chastisement.

"I hope this letter has not shocked you, and that you feel able to take on this role. I feel sure that, if I know my conduct is under constant supervision, and especially if I recognise that any misbehaviour is going to result in my knickers being pulled down and my bare bottom being spanked, strapped or caned, I will be able to live up to the high expectations of you and my father.

"Yours sincerely, Margaret Sharpe."

Having concluded her reading, cheeks flushing bright red, Margaret sat back heavily in her chair, the open mouths of her siblings and Emma the only response. At length, Mr Sharpe spoke.

"It is a very good letter, I think," he congratulated her. "Now, it is hardly the kind of letter one posts, so I reckon it would be fitting if you were to travel back up to university and give it to him in person. He will still be there, I take it?"

"I... I think so," Margaret responded, her eyes wide with disbelief. "Good. I'll get Sam to drive you to the station, there is a train at three o'clock." Then, having delivered this bombshell, the patriarch turned to the youngsters. "Now, what about a game of croquet?" This narrative, having already spent sufficient time away from St. Katherine Parr School for Girls to raise questions as to the relevance of our title, must not, of course, be allowed to stray away too from its principle protagonist. Fortunately however, Margaret, whether from habit or for some more specific reasons, kept a diary over the course of the next few days and the reader might allow a little flexibility in the story-line and indulge the reprinting of a few pages here.

Such is the nature of diaries, that what is written is not always what strikes the reader as important; many things which might have been of great interest find no mention here, similarly there are themes and events to be found in the densely written pages which do not concern the further history of Margaret's letter to her tutor.

Yet what is here is sufficient to give us a good insight into Margaret's future as a student, and to assure us that it (though not it alone) looks now quite rosy.

No further editorial comment is needed, the extracts begin on the day of the lunch-time reading just related.

Wednesday 2nd June - 4pm

So. I'm sitting on a train on my way back to uni to give Eric a letter which asks - OK, not in so many words - but anyway asks him to check up on my progress regularly and, whenever "necessary" to spank me - or punish me more severely.

It's true, of course, that I had a crap year this year. Well, as far as work went anyway. Beer and boys, yes - great success there. But work - whassat? It's true, also, that being away from daddy and his cane does suggest to a twenty year old girl that it's time to have some fun. But wasn't daddy's caning enough. I mean, isn't the threat of another caning at the end of each term going to be enough to get my head down? I guess that's the trouble - I can't honestly say I know the answer to that question. I'd love it to be yes, but maybe.... Oh, God! How did I get into this.

What's he going to say anyway? Will he think it's a joke? Blackmail? Daddy said he'd fax him to assure him about the letter being genuine, without giving the contents away. But still - I mean, it's not a very everyday request is it?

What if he's gay? I mean, I know he's not married. Although I guess that would be better for me.... better? Who am I kidding? It's just awful any way you look at it.

And then again - oh, diary, please let me never lose you - the things in here!! - I have a confession to make. When I was in the train loo just a minute ago, I was thinking about Eric and imagining him stripping me and spanking me and I just couldn't resist... my hand was suddenly down between my legs and I was sitting on the loo, eyes shut tight and picturing the scene whilst wanking myself all the way to orgasm. Classic or what? I'm either perverted or insane. I wonder which is better?

Wednesday 2nd June - 10pm

OK. I've been able to get a room in the halls for an extra £10 a night which daddy's paying for, and the first hurdle is behind me: Eric - Mr Dinwell is still working in college and I have an appointment to see him at 10 tomorrow morning. You know, one funny thing is that there are so many girls in Mr Dinwell's classes with crushes on him. I wonder if daddy would have been so keen on this letter idea if he'd known how young Eric - oh, shit - Mr Dinwell is. That's not to say I want to be spanked by him, but, you know....

Thursday 3rd June - 9am

OK diary, wish me luck. Not that I know what that means. Do I want him to accept or reject the proposal? I guess the answer is yes - either of those would be better than the alternatives - I don't even want to think of what happens if he just thinks my family is severely fucked-up! Later!

Thursday 3rd June - 1pm

Well, here we go. I've seen Mr Dinwell and I'm now... no, hang on... I need to do this from the beginning.

I walked into his office at 10 this morning and there was a student there! It hadn't occurred to me that I might not be able to speak to him in private, but luckily the student did leave when I said it was personal. Still, I was worried about a witness even to my presence there - and the fact that I wanted to talk to Mr Dinwell alone. Once he was gone, Mr Dinwell began speaking. He said daddy had phoned him and told him that I would be bringing him a letter of some sensitivity and he promised to take whatever I had to say seriously and treat it in total confidence. I don't know what he was expecting it to be about, but I felt a little more secure after this gesture. He did also, of course, try asking about the subject matter, but I said I would find it easier if he would just read the letter.

So, I gave it to him. I can still hardly believe that I did - but I did. I refused the offer of a seat (to be honest, four hours sitting on a bumpy train was plenty for someone in my position!) and stood opposite him while he opened the envelope, smoothed out the pages and read. His face was entirely impassive as he took in each line, finally folding the letter, putting it back into the envelope and passing the whole thing back to me. "I think you may feel more comfortable if you were able to keep this," he said, giving away nothing in his tone of voice or in the expression in his face.

I nodded and took the paper parcel gratefully, waiting then for what seemed like an age while he sat still, full of thought, before finally speaking in carefully chosen words.

"I'm sorry, Margaret," he said, "But I must ask you a couple of things."

Again, I nodded.

"I have to know whether the contents of this letter represents your own wishes or whether your father, or anyone else, has compelled you to write to me in this way. You can trust me not to repeat anything you say to anyone else."

I found it very hard to answer this question, not because I was unclear of my answer, but because it meant addressing the letter's contents for the first time.

"Daddy did suggest that I write to you, and we did discuss how much... er, support, I'd need to have to enable me to really change next year. But the actual request to you in there is..."

I trailed off. It was such an admission to make.

"What is the matter, Margaret?"

"I... I'm worried that you'll think there's something wrong with me."

Mr Dinwell allowed himself a smile.

"I promise I shall never think badly of you because of anything in that letter," he said steadily. "Now, please continue what you were saying." I did. "The request in the letter is my own idea. It seemed like the right thing to do. I mean, it seemed like the thing that might help me to do as well as everyone wants me to."

"Everyone?" he asked.

"You know," I explained. "Daddy. You. Well, and me too I guess." want."

I know this is going to sound really daft, but I really hadn't considered it. The answer seemed to come from deep within me. "I want to achieve something I can be proud of. To do one hundred percent as well as I am capable of doing. I do want to change," I ended. "And you think that I can help by agreeing to your request?"

"I... I think so."

"I see."

He sat still in his chair for a moment, as if pondering the whole question. Then, with a sudden decisiveness sat up straight and fixed me with his piecing blue eyes.

"Let me ask you a question," he said. "Your letter says you don't want to dictate to me. I'm pleased about that. However, I do require your opinion before I make any decision. Tell me how you think I should deal with any lapses in your work or conduct if I decide to take on this task." Wow! I thought. Here it is then.

"I do believe in corporal punishment," I said. "I will use it on my children and... and I'm already used to spanking my younger sister. I don't know whether spanking a girl of my age is generally an appropriate mode of discipline, but when someone behaves like a naughty little brat, it seems reasonable that they should be treated like one." I was in my stride now and found myself talking to this near-stranger about some of the most intimate details of my past. "When I was at school, physical punishment was used a good deal and I received plenty of it. As a consequence, I worked hard at my lessons and did very well."

"So I see, "Mr Dinwell interjected. "Straight As in your A-levels. I must say, I was extremely disappointed in your work this year and a little at a loss as to what to do about it. But carry on, please." "Well," I said, "I think that, even though I'm technically an adult, if I'm going to begin to behave like one, I need to be treated as a naughty child until I sort myself out. And to me that means..." I looked down nervously at the floor.

"Yes, that means? And do please look at me." I did as he told me, looking him right in the eyes, and continued, "To me that means skirt up, knickers down and a good dose of old-fashioned discipline."

"So, in effect, though you do, in theory, accept my judgement, your advice is that I should direct all discipline to your bare buttocks?" "I... yes, I suppose so."

"Thank you for being clear. Please kneel on the armchair, elbows on the back. I wish to have a better look at you."

Well, it was clear Mr Dinwell did not disapprove entirely of the suggestion, I thought as I took up the position required. I could only sense him moving as he got up from his desk and walked behind me and then I got a tingling sensation all over as he took hold of my skirt and lifted it up over my waist.

I had been in similar positions for my daddy many times, as well as for prefects and teachers at school. But this was somehow different I thought as his kind hands reached for my knickers and drew them slowly down to my thighs.

There was silence for a few moments and I prayed he wouldn't smell the arousal growing between my thighs.

"Very nice," he said, his fingers lightly following the length of each glowing stripe. You may dress."

"Thank you," I said, pulling my knickers back up. "You will address my as Sir when we are alone together and Mr Dinwell when others are present. You will take the student room I let from my house so that I am able to follow your progress day by day. You will be subject to whatever rules I lay down, and you will accept punishment in whatever way or circumstances I decide. Those are my terms." "I... I accept," I stammered.

"Good. Pack up your things and bring them to my house at 2pm. I want you to spend a few days here before you return home, I should also warn you to expect today to receive my punishment for your record last year. I would love to put you over my knee now, but the room is not soundproofed, so it must wait. I intend to honour your request with all appropriate vigor." And that was that. Now I must leave. I guess I'll write tonight.

Thursday 3 June - 11 pm

Ouch!

Ouch, ouch, ouch, ouch, ouch, ouch, OUCH!!

That was some afternoon. Something tells me next year is going to rather different to last, rather more painful too.

I phoned daddy to tell him that Mr Dinwell had accepted my proposal, half hoping he'd tell me I had to come straight home. No such luck. So, at 2 pm sharp (I didn't feel it was a good idea to turn up late) I arrived at my new landlord's front door with my bags. He let me in and showed me my room (which, I must admit, is really beautiful) and told me to unpack. I was to "make myself at home" and then meet him downstairs in the sitting room in one hour. I tell you, that was the longest hour ever. But eventually the big grandfather clock in the hallway struck three and I made my way down to where Mr Dinwell was waiting for me.

"Good afternoon, Margaret," he said, rather formally.

"Er... good afternoon... sir," I replied.

That seemed to please him. He was sitting in a big, black chair in the middle of the room - no arms. I knew what that was for. He told me to come and stand in front of him, which I did, and then he began to speak. Somehow, I was surprised by his voice. I'd expected him to be rough and severe, but he wasn't at all. His tone was soothing and kind. He began to explain that he'd accepted my proposal because he saw the opportunity to help me become a first class student. He wanted me to do well, and not look back in two years time and blame him for my failure. He said he respected my "guts" in writing the letter and was sure we'd be able to work well together.

"Now, about the central question of discipline," he continued. "I do mean to be strict with you. And I do mean very, very strict. Every minor infringement of the rules will result in punishment - and," he added, unnecessarily I though, "as you suggested, that will mean bare bottom punishment."

"What are the rules?" I asked, nervously.

And I think this was the moment when I began to really feel that, despite the discomfort involved, this was going to work. It was what he said next. He said, "Well, Margaret. That is going to be the difference between the regime here and that you were used to at school, and maybe at home. You see, I thought very carefully about your situation and I decided that your upbringing, guided as it has been by strap and cane, may partly explain your difficulties here.

"Please don't imagine that I am criticising your father, or your school for that matter. They clearly were very successful in getting the best out of you during your education up until this point. However, I wonder whether you were so used to being surrounded by a tight mesh of rule and punishment, that your ability, or need rather, to develop the 'self-discipline' necessary to success in higher education, was - shall we say - stunted.

"Has that occurred to you?"

I told him that it had, but that I didn't know how to move from living under imposed discipline to self-discipline. And anyway, hadn't he agreed to continue the former?

"Well, yes and no," he answered cautiously. "I hope to steer you towards the development of self-discipline, but in doing so I'm happy to use the more familiar penalties for failure in doing so. "So, let's look to the rules. First of all, yes there will be rules, lots of rules. But, unlike those at school, I intend these rules to be ones that you yourself have written. I would like you to consult with me in drawing them up, but I will exercise no veto. You will need to consider sensible getting up and going to bed times, work schedules, leisure activities and so on and so forth. I also want you to set out, while leaving some flexibility for my judgement, what punishments should result from the breaking of each of these rules.

"I wish you to really spend some time thinking about what is necessary for success here at university. I want you to feel that the structure you're working under is one which you recognise is appropriate to your needs. You will need to take into account the catching up you need to do after last year's disastrous results. You may wish to build into your time a the housekeeping tasks around the house. All of these things I want to come from you.

"When you're satisfied with the rules, we'll type them up and send a copy to your father, and then those rules shall be the sole means by which I shall measure your conduct. In effect, if you then find yourself being punished, it shall be you yourself demanding that punishment. We'll have a talk about how you might go about organising this first task in a short while. Do you have any questions?"

It was right. I could tell at once. I knew, just to take an example, that if he set a rule saying I had to be in bed at ten every night, I'd feel it was all completely unreasonable and it would do nothing to help me develop my own proper sleeping pattern. But now, I had to work out when bed time was - and be spanked if I failed to observe it. My head began to fill with rules for everything from cleaning my room to the number of spelling mistakes in an essay.

"No, sir. No questions, but..."

"Yes, Margaret?"

"Thank you. Thank you for helping me."

"It will be my pleasure," he answered. "Especially when I see the new Margaret Sharpe going up to collect her first from the Chancellor in two years' time."

He reached out and took my hand.

"But now, I want to talk to you about punishments. As I've said, I want you to determine what level of punishment you should receive for each offence, but I will set out the various specific methods for you to choose from.

"Firstly, I'm going to split punishments into two groups. Punishments relating to your studies will be given with you bent over a piece of furniture or touching your toes, with your skirt raised and your knickers lowered; punishments for misbehaviour or breaking house rules we will come to in a little while.

"As for implements, well I think these can be demonstrated rather than me simply listing them. This demonstration will act as your punishment from me for your general poor work last year. We will start with my hand. Turn around and touch your toes, please."

So I was wrong about the chair, then. Well, for now anyway. I did what he told me and turned away from him and bent down to begin my new career under his guidance. Already, I felt as if I trusted him completely and I felt a tingle all over as his footsteps, muffled by the thick blue carpet, traced him movement from his seat until he stood by my side. "Before I begin," he said lifting my skirt so that only my frail white knickers covered my bottom, "I would like you, now that you've heard my intentions, to decide, firstly whether you still wish to submit to my guidance - in which case you will be bound to that decision for at least twelve months, and secondly whether you are certain that you wish to hand over to me the decision about your clothing during punishments." It was hard to speak from that position, not so much physically, but psychologically. I told him that I was completely sure about handing the power to discipline me over to him for the coming year, and that I considered that it would be wrong for be to retain any veto over the methods of punishment employed. I, rather bravely, also suggested that any loss of modesty should serve to remind me of my previous childishness. And that was the end of the conversation. Mr Dinwell took hold of my knickers with one hand and slipped them to my thighs and the began to spank me with the other.

Now, you know, diary, that my bare bottom has been spanked many, many times. This was not the hardest, or the longest. It didn't make me cry more or less than any other. Yet it was different. Maybe it was the long period leading up to it. Maybe it was the fact that I had requested this punishment - and all the others to follow. Maybe it was because I felt that this spanking was the beginning of the road to learning something new about myself. Whatever. All I know is that, as Mr Dinwell's hand landed on my upturned cheeks over and over, I felt my failures of the previous year being, if not wiped away, then at least paid for - in part. I say in part because that spanking was not the end of things today. Not by a long, long way. Mr Dinwell had a programme ready for me. In between each spanking I was allowed to replace my clothing, thus sparing my blushes a little, although it did mean that I had to repeat the traditional baring of my bottom each time. In some ways it was a little bit like being back at school.

After that first spanking, Mr Dinwell introduced me to his paddle, a mean looking piece of wood which looked rather like a half-sized, flat cricket bat. And it was mean!

This time, Mr Dinwell made me stand near the wall and pull my own knickers down to my thighs. Then he told me to lift my skirt to my waist and lean forwards against the wall. Well, it's just as well I wasn't just touching my toes because I'm not at all sure that I would have been able to remain on my feet, such was the force of the blow. From the very first blow across my poor bottom, I knew that this was going to prove to be a very effective form of punishment. True, it might lack the sharp sting of the cane, but it still sent shock waves through my whole body. Twenty five hard whacks I got with the paddle, delivered in quick succession so that, while there was none of the horrid waiting some people make you suffer, the agony built up and built up until I was shrieking with the pain. And, I guess, with the certain knowledge that there was plenty more still to come.

"Now, Emma, there are a few implements I might use to spank you with in place of the paddle, depending on my mood and where we are in the house. For example, I have a nice long, wooden ruler in my study. Please follow me."

I followed him. Up the bare, wooden stairs and into the cramped, sparsely decorated front room which he uses as a study. There was no furniture except for a wooden desk and chair, and Mr Dinwell bade me bend over the latter.

Again he lifted my skirt and slipped my knickers down to my thighs himself, and somehow it felt right when he prepared me with his own hands, and I simply held on tight to the seat of the chair, the plain back cutting dully into my tummy, and waited for the ruler.

My bottom was still stinging from the first two spankings, and as we were clearly working up to the worst, I knew that I had to keep my determination steeled if I was to get through the ordeal without collapsing. WHACK!! I still remember the sound of the ruler, fizzing through the air and then thwacking noisily across my neatly presented cheeks. I admit I did cry out loudly for him to stop after that first stroke - funnily enough I don't think it really hurt that much, I think I was just terrified by the sound of it. In any case, I'm sure that Mr Dinwell increased the force of his blows after my pleading, maybe just to make sure I didn't get the idea that I could plead my way out of just chastisement. Well, I think that this was a bit of a barrier for me because the tears which I had managed to keep inside up until then suddenly began to flow and, as the ruler fell in its horrid rhythm, I bawled and kicked under its burning cracks.

Mr Dinwell made this spanking last much longer than the others, and somehow I know why. I mean, it seemed as though my body was finally making the apology my mind had made in my letter. That sounds silly doesn't it. But that's the only way I can explain.

He just kept on spanking and spanking while I screeched like a wildcat until, after God knows how many, I finally just gave in to the terrible, red-hot pain in my bottom and just lay there, and took it, and wept. That was when he stopped. Well, after a little bit. And then, when he put his hand on my shoulder to help me up I just buried my face in his chest and felt his strong arms holding me tight, his hand stroking my hair and felt looked after for the first time since leaving school. After a short while, still snuffling, I reached down to pull my knickers back up and looked up at Mr Dinwell with eyes which would, I hoped, say, "OK, I'm ready to go on. What next?"

"Now, let's go to your bedroom," he said. "Do you have a wooden hairbrush?" d, still a little tearful. "It's the one daddy uses to spank me sometimes."

"Fetch it please and place it on the dressing table. Then I want you up on the bed, knickers down round your ankles this time, kneeling with your hands on the bedhead.

The hairbrush was still in my bag and I rummaged around hopelessly for ages before I found it, this sturdy friend and enemy which had accompanied me on so many trips across daddy's knee at home.

Dutifully, I placed it as requested and made my way over to the bed, climbing on and kneeling at the pillow end and then slipping my knickers right down.

"Good girl," Mr Dinwell praised me, lifting my skirt once more and then placing his hands on my poor bottom to move me into the desired position. This was the first time he had touched me except to spank me and I admit that a small thrill shot through me, yes - that part of me too, at the touch of his fingers so close to my pussy. They did not linger, however, but were gone in seconds and I tried to prepare myself mentally for the coming, familiar pain.

"Ohhhhh! Arrggghh!" (or words to that effect) I screamed as Mr Dinwell's arm swept round in a wide arc to land the first stroke, followed, unbowed by the great noise emanating from my mouth, by another fifteen strokes, Daddy hadn't used the brush on me for ages (on the few occasions he had felt it necessary to beat me in recent years, I had got the cane) but it still had the same powerful effect on me as in the past and my screaming was, if anything, louder than last time.

When he'd finished, we went back downstairs again and Mr Dinwell stood next to the small chair in the middle of the room.

"Do you wish to take a break?" he asked.

"No," I said emphatically. "I want it over with." "Very well," he agreed, and from his briefcase he took a long, thick strap cut into fingers for the last few inches of its length. Then he pointed to the chair.

"Kneel on there," he told me, exposing my bottom in readiness once I had done as he asked.

"Right down over it," he encouraged me. "Hands grasping the feet of the chair. Yes, just like that."

This was the most revealing posture so far as I was sure that, bending right down in the way, my pussy must have been at least partly visible to him. And to make that thought worse, I need to explain that I was very warm and wet by now, and I did not want Mr Dinwell to know about that. The first hard stripe from the strap stopped my daydreams pretty quick though. These were the serious punishments now and Mr Dinwell clearly wanted to ensure that I saw them as such. Although my bottom was already on fire and I had thought it couldn't possibly get worse, of course it did. The strap was much, much worse. I'm amazed I'm still here to tell the story; stroke after stroke of absolute agony lashing my already crimson behind while I, and I am ashamed admitting this, even in my diary, screamed the place down. It was hell - and I didn't manage to count the strokes either. It seemed to be over quite quickly though, so I guess it wasn't really as terrible as it seemed. But it did seem like all the skin had been flailed off my entire backside.

"You now have just the cane to taste," Mr Dinwell said now. "But I think it would be best to wait a few minutes before that. Leave your knickers where they are so I can view my handiwork and stand up where you are, keeping your skirt up around you waist."

I got up carefully, my bared bottom to Mr Dinwell all the time, until I was standing as he had required, like some teachers at school would make girls stand in the corner after they had been punished. Except my punishment wasn't over.

"Just one more," I kept saying to myself as Mr Dinwell went to a cupboard to fetch ( I assumed, correctly as it happened) his cane. He walked right round in front of me with it to show me. "This cane was owned by a teacher I had at school who used it a great deal, especially on me, I always thought. It always seemed excruciatingly painful when I was made to bend over for it, so I hope that it will have the same profound impact on you." I looked at the thing. It was about three feet long and made of rattan, not as powerful as daddy's rosewood version then, although it seemed to be a bit thicker. I guessed it would probably hurt about the same as one of the school canes used in house publics at St. Katherine Parr - certainly not something one would want to taste on a daily, or even weekly basis. "OK, Margaret. When you feel you're ready, bend down over the chair. This is your real beating for last year's laziness. I want you to remember it, so I'm going to cane you severely. Thirty hard strokes on the bare bottom."

"Thirty," I exclaimed loudly. "I'll never take that many... OWW!" Mr Dinwell had reacted briskly to my outburst by cracking the cane sharply across my rear and had silenced me with that single stroke. He spoke firmly.

"When you consider your rules, you will want to consider the penalty for that kind of rudeness, won't you?"

"Yes, sir. I'm sorry," I managed through my steadily increasing tears.

"Thirty just seems so many for a caning."

"And you don't think you deserve a punishment of that strictness?" I thought about last year, all my trips to the pub when I had assignments to complete and hung my head.

"Yes, sir. I do deserve it. Please forgive me." "I shall, on this occasion," he conceded. "If you cannot take any more at some point, say 'STOP!' loudly and I will stop for fifteen minutes. You will have to remain in position for that whole time though, after which I will continue your thrashing. Now, bend over and show me that bottom!" I bent down to grab the chair legs again and, almost immediately, the caning began. Mr Dinwell cut me three times in a row with hardly a break, lifting his arm high in the air for each stroke, and then, after each group of three, resting the cane upon my poor, badly marked cheeks.

WHACK! WHACK! THWACK!

Each loud trio of blows set my lungs going again and we spent the next fifteen minutes engaged in this long-established ritual: me offering up my naked bottom for the cane and crying and squealing noisily under its stern regime, Mr Dinwell ignoring my cries and flogging the naughty girl under his tutelage with all the ferocity she so clearly deserved. I was so proud of myself. I didn't yell stop, I got through the whole thirty strokes in one go, though it was almost unbearable. I don't remember ever having gone through that much pain before, though I guess really hard punishments always make you think that. Anyway, after my caning, I was thinking it was all over, until Mr Dinwell asked me what else was due to happen. It suddenly came back to me, accompanied by almost uncontrollable sobs. It wasn't over yet! "You... you still have to explain to me about punishments for misbehaviour and breaking house rules," I snivelled. "And... and I have to be punished for being rude to you."

Mr Dinwell smiled. "I'm glad you have remembered. Take your knickers right off and put them on the table."

I did what I was told and then returned, nervously, to stand before him, not knowing what to expect yet.

"Now, Margaret, this is what I have decided. For your work punishments, I feel as if I'm taking very much a tutor's or teacher's role. That's why those punishments were so formal. On the other hand, I want you to think of punishments for misbehaviour as something more... intimate, something between the two of us. I intend these punishments to be more like paternal discipline, and I want them to involve a degree of embarrassment on your part, as you need to feel not only that you've been disciplined for your misbehaviour, but I want you to feel ashamed too. "So, whenever I punish you for these misdemeanours, I'm going to put you across my knee to do it, or ask you to remove all of your clothing before taking your punishment, or both. Understood?" I just nodded. I had been carefully tying to avoid Mr Dinwell seeing my private parts, and now he was telling me that I'd been wasting my time. Tears began to run down my face again.

"Good," he said. "I'd like you to strip, please. And then I want you to decide upon what your punishment for last term's rudeness should be." I was determined to obey every instruction and slowly began to undress, baring my breasts finally to leave just my skirt. At that point, racked by indecision, I was put out of my misery by Mr Dinwell pulling me to him and undoing the final garment which fell to the floor. I quickly and instinctively covered myself up, but Mr Dinwell chided me gently, "Margaret, when you entered into our agreement, you lost your right to any modesty in this house. Indeed, I feel inclined to undermine it. Hands by your sides please."

Now, I obeyed, leaving my pussy uncovered in Mr Dinwell's presence for the first time. And he didn't even look! I mean, I guess I didn't want him to, but when he didn't... I don't know. Anyway, then I had to decide on my punishment for all those things I called Mr Dinwell last term. At last, I spoke.

"Sir, I feel that my behavior towards you last term warrants a very serious punishment, but I don't feel that now is the best time as it should be separate from other spankings. So, if you agree, I propose to accept as punishment four bare-bottom canings, in the nude, during tomorrow, at three hour intervals, each caning to consist of twenty strokes. I want to say sorry, and I just hope you consider that sufficient. "I also, however, want to be made to reflect on that behavior and the consequent punishment. Therefore I want you to put me over your knee here and now and spank me for a full five minutes and then send me upstairs to bed without any supper. Then, in a few hours, I want you to come upstairs and spank me again, this time with the hairbrush, for another five minutes over your knee.

"I hope you consider that just punishment for my offences." "More than just," Mr Dinwell said, smiling. "I think you have been more severe than perhaps I would have been, and, on condition that you do accept this discipline, I completely forgive you last term's conduct towards me, and won't mention it again. Now, turn yourself over my knee, please." The five minute hand spanking, given what had gone before, was not too painful, although it did aggravate my raw marks from the cane and in that way make me cry. It was still only mid-afternoon when I went to bed and fell straight to sleep.

I awoke to find myself in a strange house with a burning in my bottom, and to see a large figure at the foot of the bed holding a hairbrush. My mind didn't clear for a moment, but when it did I got out of bed and walked round towards him.

Neither of us spoke. Mr Dinwell sat on the edge of the bed and I stood in front of him and lifted my nightie right up to my tummy. Then, as I held it in place, Mr Dinwell, reached out his hands to take hold of my knickers and lower them to my knees.

Holding my nightie up then, I moved to his right and leant down over his knee to offer my bare bottom up for the hairbrush, almost impatient for the next stage on the path to forgiveness. I desperately wanted to feel forgiven for my naughtiness and, in my sleepy state, I knew only that this had to mean desperately wanting my bare bottom very soundly spanked. And, tomorrow, four times, caned.

Five minutes might not seem a very long time, dear diary, but when your bottom is aflame from being strapped and caned already, and when your punisher raises and drops the brush at the greatest possible rate and with the greatest possible force... Well, you'll have to believe me, it was an agonising spanking. About half way through, Mr Dinwell stopped for a breath and pulled my nightie right off so that my only remaining clothing was a tiny pair of knickers which had, by now, fallen almost to my ankles. Nearly naked, lying across the knee of my college tutor at twenty years old, my bottom sore and still being chastised... I felt totally at home.

**EMMA AT SCHOOL 23**

End of the interlude

This tale has spent too long, much too long, away from the seventeenth century towers of Katherine Parr School for Girls. We shall now make our way back there, pausing to make only a few observations which will surprise no one, but may satisfy those who like to feel that nothing has been omitted in the telling of a story.

Margaret, firmly chastened on that first day, went on to spend the next ten days under Mr Dinwell's supervision. Undoubtedly, as anyone glancing at the next section of her diary would be able to tell, this short period would supply ample material for a substantial for a documentary account of its own, or perhaps a short film. Needless to say, the tutor's generous spirit in wishing to satisfy his student's desire for guidance remained undimmed and, had he found the task of punishing Margaret onerous and unpleasant, he would no doubt have continued to ensure that misbehaviour or slackness on her part was challenged in an appropriate way, appropriate ways unwaveringly involving the baring of Margaret's behind, and the very vigorous application thereupon of hand, paddle, ruler, hairbrush, strap or cane.

It must be confessed, however, that Mr Dinwell did not find it so. In fact, from that first afternoon, he found considerable pleasure to be inherent in the execution of his duties. In particular, the feel between his fingers of the soft cotton of the girl's knickers as he slid them to her ankles, and the sight revealed by this action, whether that be her pale, rounded bottom cheeks or her downy pubic area, he found delightful. So much so, in fact, that Mr Dinwell did his utmost to prolong and elevate these sections of his dealing with Margaret. He insisted, for example, on Margaret being fully dressed at all times (except when she was actually being punished) even though he had virtually no visitors, simply so that each punishment would include a full undressing. He also, within a few days, began to require Margaret to take up positions which involved her displaying her sex to him. He would order her to sit with her legs spread wide apart for ages, or to cuddle him when she was nude. He would stroke her bottom after spankings and his fingers would gradually move closer and closer to her pussy, yet he never yielded to the temptation to allow his touch to become more explicitly sexual. It was Margaret who brought herself to orgasm after most spankings as soon as she was alone. In this way, the central bond of giver and receiver of punishment, of bare-bottom spankings and canings, never lost its primary place in their intimacy. To close this brief examination in the life of the eldest Sharpe child, the reader will find reprinted here a letter received a week after Margaret's first spanking from Mr Dinwell by the girl's best friend - a fellow student whose tutor, however, was not Mr Dinwell but who did take lectures with him - and the friend's reply. The events that followed you will have to imagine.

"Dear Samantha,

I hope this letter doesn't mark the end of our friendship. It's the second weird letter I've had to write in a week - as you will hear in a moment. Before I begin, I want to remind you of an event that you may have tried to forget about. However, I was a good deal more sober than you when it happened and I hope you will trust my memory and understand why I chose to write this letter to you rather than to anyone else. It was right back in the first term when we first met. There was a party - I'm sure you must remember, but I'll remind you anyway. It was in David's room in hall and it was really packed - and you got incredibly drunk. I remember you saying you weren't allowed to drink at home, so I guess it wasn't surprising. Anyhow, the upshot of it was that at three in the morning I had to drag you away (literally - as you couldn't really stand on your own) and back to your room. Thank God we all lived in the same hall! If you recall, having got all the way to your room, you couldn't find your key and had no idea where you'd put it, so then I had to half carry you all the way back to my room so you could sleep there. Are you remembering now? Do you remember me scolding you for getting drunk - warning you of the kind of things that happen to girls in halls of residence who lose control. Of boys, their wandering hands and dodgy morals?

Do you remember me asking how your dad used to prevent you from drinking? 'What would he have done,' I demanded, 'if he had found you in the state you're in now?'

'I don't know,' you slurred back. 'I'd probably have been grounded for a week.'

'Huh!,' I exclaimed dismissively. 'Is that all? No wonder you have no self-control!'

'Why?' You looked up at me with your blue eyes, all big and round - looking like a five year old and asked what my 'daddy' would have done to me. You used that word - 'daddy'. I remember thinking that I hadn't ever used it outside my home, and realising how naive you were. I remember moving my face right up to yours and asking, 'Do you really want to know?'

You whispered 'yes' back. There was an electric charge in the air. Did you feel it too?

'I will tell you,' I said, 'and then I think you should agree to accept the same punishment from me.'

You must have known what was coming... didn't you. But you said yes anyway.

'Promise?' I pushed you.

'I promise,' you declared firmly.

'Well,' I told you, 'he would take me up to his room - or possibly into the sitting room - and stand me in front of him while he lectured me about drinking. Then he would ask me if I should be punished. I would say I should and he would tell me to lift up my skirt or dress to my waist. Then he would pull my knickers down - right down to my ankles - and tell me to bend over his knee.'

I could see that you were breathing more quickly now and whispered in your ear, 'Can you guess what happened next?'

'Did...' you stammered. 'Did your daddy spank... your bare bottom.' I just nodded and watched you eyes widen still further. Then I said, 'He would spank me over and over with his hand until I begged him to stop. Then he would spank me some more until I was in too much pain to scream and I was just crying my eyes out. Only then would he stop. And then he'd make me stand in the corner with my skirt up and my knickers down for about ten minutes.'

I thought I saw a tear in your eye as you said quietly, 'I don't think I can stand in the corner.'

'I'm prepared to make some concession in that area,' I said quietly. 'I do want you to stand in front of me now though.'

I helped you to your feet. You were wobbly, but you had a determined expression on your face and when I told you to lift your dress, you did as you were told with a kind of pride.

'Have you ever been spanked before?' I asked, gazing at the rather beautiful silk knickers you were wearing.

You shook your head. 'Mummy and daddy didn't believe in it,' you said. 'Sometimes I wished they had - my friends who got spanked didn't have to miss days out and stuff like I did.'

I reached out then for your knickers and it was then that you dropped your skirt. You know, it was what you said next that - how can I explain? Your next comment almost meant completely the opposite to what it appeared to. 'Margaret, this is too embarrassing. Please, can't you spank me with my knickers on?'

'Certainly not!' I snapped with a stern face. 'And I'm going to give you an additional punishment for your disobedience. Now, lift up that skirt!' A little more slowly this time you exposed your pretty knickers to me and this time you didn't move a muscle as my hands (shaking a little, I admit) moved towards you and then took hold of the flimsy covering. I guess you must know that I've spanked other people - but I've never pulled anyone's knickers down that slowly. I remember watching as each individual hair sprung free from its prison - and I remember (I wonder if you'll accept this), I remember the faint feeling and smell of dampness in your knickers as I eased them down your thighs and finally let them drop to your ankles.

I left you standing there half-naked in front of me for quite a while, didn't I? Before telling you to bend over my knee for your spanking. You performed that last act with such poise - and contrition even. Were you actually ashamed of yourself for being drunk. Did you really see your spanking as a punishment and not just as a game? I had to put a hanky in your mouth - remember that? You screeched loudly at the very first slap - and that wasn't even hard! But once I'd gagged you, it was OK. I gave you a good sound spanking too, didn't I? I guess if you've never been spanked you don't know, but my bed was certainly wet with tears.

You know, that isn't really how my dad would have punished me. If my dad had ever found me drunk (which, thank God, he didn't) I would have had to take off all my clothes and I'd have got the cane in front of the whole family. I guess I didn't think you'd go for that - plus I didn't have a cane at college.

The spanking seemed to do the trick though. By the end you were just a heap of tears - and you dissolved even more when I reminded you about your extra punishment for disobedience.

I was dying to strip you completely and spank that pretty bottom of yours with a ruler or something, but something made me relent. 'I'll give you that punishment first thing in the morning,' I said sternly. 'I think it's time we both went to bed now.'

I have to admit this - even if it makes it less likely for you to agree to what I'm going to ask you later - but lying there in bed with you afterwards, both of us covered only by a T-shirt and you crying into my chest over your sore behind, I felt so turned on. Spanking you really had got me hot and, though I do like boys, I really had to hold myself back from sliding my hand between your legs.

You were asleep in seconds, of course. Not me - I spent ages thinking about what your punishment in the morning should be. And then, of course, when the morning came there was no punishment. We woke up sober (and a little hungover) and both acted as if nothing had happened. I wasn't sure whether you remembered it at all - or maybe thought it was a dream - you seemed so... normal. And we've never discussed it since, have we? We've had all those intimate discussions about boys and what we do (or would like to do) with them, but we've never, ever talked about that night.

Until now. You see, I'm in a very strange situation and I wanted... well let me explain - briefly.

I got terrible results last term and daddy (I'm using it now!) was really upset. Now this is kind of embarrassing, but just because I'm an adult doesn't mean I don't get punished any more. I got a really hard caning - right on my bare bottom in front of my brother AND sister AND my sister's friend, Emma. But that wasn't the end of it. Daddy made me write to Mr Dinwell (he's my tutor remember) and apologise and.... It's now nearly half an hour since I wrote the last sentence because I can't work out how to write this down. I've already written it in my diary - but to write to another person.... Please, Sam, remember what good friends we are - please keep all this private!

I wrote to Mr Dinwell asking him to punish me next term if I wasn't working hard enough. And yes, you're right, we're talking about spanking - or a hairbrush, or paddle, or cane or whatever... and on the bare bum too. Daddy made me come all the way back to college to give it to him. Can you imagine what it was like standing in front of him while he read that letter? And can you guess the result?

Well, let me give you a clue. I'm now lying face down on Mr Dinwell's bed (I'm not allowed to call him Eric any more) with my knickers round my ankles and my skirt up round my waist and my bottom bright red (and stinging like hell!) and my own hairbrush sitting next to me. In the week that I've been here I've been spanked with his hand (many, many times), a ruler, a table tennis bat, my hairbrush, a wooden spoon, several slippers and a variety of paddles. I've been strapped with Mr Dinwell's belt and a genuine Scottish tawse. And, no fewer than four times, I've had my bottom bared for the cane. In fact, right here on Mr Dinwell's bedside table is a photograph of him caning me - so that I'm reminded of my position whenever I'm in here. There's a similar photo in my bedroom. Now, originally I was only going to stay for a short while, but Mr Dinwell and my dad have decided that I should spend the whole holiday here to catch up on my work and get settled into the new regime. And... Mr Dinwell has told me that I should invite a friend to come and stay. It's really beautiful here - near the beach with lovely countryside - and you wouldn't be expected to do any more work than you do at home. You'd be free to do as you wished when I'm working and the rest of the time we can go out together. Mr Dinwell wants whoever comes to act as a companion AND a sort of watchdog, reporting to him if I'm breaking any of the rules.

There are loads of rules for me, which I wrote and agreed with Mr Dinwell. Every time I break one, I get punished according to this agreement. You, of course, wouldn't have to stick to these rules because they're all to do with my work and everything.

BUT... Mr Dinwell said you'd still have to decide with him what rules would apply to you and agree what the punishments would be for breaking them. And, as if you haven't already guessed, the punishments will be spankings.

All on the bare bottom.

Now do you see why I decided to write to you. I know we've both talked about how fanciable Mr Dinwell is, but that's not the reason. In some ways (though not in all) being spanked by someone you fancy is just extra humiliating. No, it's because of that night at the start of the year. I don't mean that you'll want to be spanked - I just mean that I feel that maybe I can explain the situation to you whereas I couldn't to anyone else. If you feel disgusted by the whole thing, just tear this letter up. But I hope you do accept that the night I talked about really did happen. Please write anyway, whatever you decide. And please still be my friend.

All my love,

Margaret

xxx

ps I'm just looking at that photo - the one of my caning - and it reminds me of something. If you want to make a good impression, let me give you an underwear tip. Mr Dinwell really likes white lace lingerie: in the photo I'm wearing a basque and suspenders, and stockings with a gorgeous flowery pattern. It's hard to tell which knickers I'm wearing as they're gathered in a bunch just above my stocking tops. You can just see the cane approaching my bare bottom and there are three red stripes across my cheeks already. My tears are big enough to see too: Mr Dinwell is serious about discipline!"

"Dearest Margaret,

I can't think of anything that would stop me being your friend. I really do love you and I hope our friendship will last through whatever hurdles life throws up.

This is my third attempt to reply to your letter - I've really found it very hard to get anything down on paper - and I guess that explains why I've never said anything about 'that night' - although I'm not so sure why you haven't!

I know I was drunk and that probably explains why my memory of events is murky - although I know that what you say happened, did happen. Reading through your account (and I'm glad I now do have some details - even if they're second hand) I'm pretty amazed that I took part in such an event, even though I was drunk. Inviting someone to spank you (which I apparently almost did) doesn't sound like the kind of thing I would usually do. But, of course, I was with you and at the time I was besotted with you. I don't mean sexually (although... no, later), but I did think you were wonderful: exciting, extrovert, sexual, open... all the things I wasn't. Somehow your spanking story fitted in with that (although you're right - if you'd described a caning instead I probably would have reacted differently). It seemed kind of exotic and, yes, erotic too and when I found myself agreeing (only implicitly of course) to be spanked I felt so... alive! (What a cliché - but that is the right word!) Of course, if you'd stopped when I dropped my skirt - or agreed to spank me through my knickers - that would have spoilt it. But your firmness was so gripping, I had to just put myself in your hands. God, when you pulled my knickers down I thought I would explode. I was certainly wet later so I guess I might have been then - I just remember feeling like I was discovering a darker side to sexuality that I'd never really dreamt of. Being over your knee - that total handover of control - I kind of wish I'd been sober, except that of course I'd never have gone through with it. Luckily for me, I guess, I don't really remember the pain - although I remember that I was in pain. Maybe that's typical. There is one thing I do remember though - very well.

I remember waking up (with my hand between my legs by the way) and seeing you standing by the bed, and waiting for you to command me to prepare in some way for my 'additional punishment'. I'm not at all sure how I would have reacted. After all I was sober now. I guess you would have had to be quite insistent to get me to obey, and I can see why you didn't try it... but Mags, how I wanted you to! I wanted to taste the thrill of hearing those words when I was sober: 'lift up your skirt', or 'pull down your knickers' or 'bend over my knee'. But you never said any of them and of course I couldn't say anything about it. The same as I couldn't all this time since, until now.

Margaret, listen. Ever since that night, nearly every fantasy I have has been about being spanked. By boys, by tutors (including, of course, Mr Dinwell) and - often, Mags, very often by you. I've never told anyone about this until now. I'd never have dreamt of suggesting it to a boyfriend, even though I think one was probably into it. I always thought it was just going to remain a fantasy forever....

Until I got your letter. I'm going to come. I can't believe it, but I am. I've told mum that Mr Dinwell's doing a kind of summer school (so please tell your dad that) and that's it - too late to go back 'cos I AM posting this letter today.

Phone me and tell me what to bring. I'm so excited, nervous, terrified... and guilty too. I can't imagine what it's like to be spanked by a man - or to be caned! Do you think Mr Dinwell will cane me too? I don't know if I can take it! Does he pull your knickers to your knees? Or you ankles? Or right off? Sometimes in bed I imagine him stripping us both and spanking us together with our legs open as we kneel on his bed with our faces pressed into the mattress. Will he put me over his knee? Or make me touch my toes? Or both?

Oh God, Margaret, phone me soon so I don't change my mind. Don't let me change my mind.

Oh yes, and I guess I'll have to expect that 'additional punishment' you owe me when I arrive.

Love (physically shaking)

Samantha

xxxxx (are these kisses or smacks)"

Back at the Sharpes' house, life went on pretty much as usual. That is to say that Emma and Deborah, sometimes hanging out with Hugh, sometimes on their own, had a wonderful time together in the beautiful countryside and old town.

Of course here, as in Mr Dinwell's residence, there was plentiful discipline. Much of that received by Emma came from her lover, who we know loved to spank her, some too was provided by the brother - neither of these two being overly concerned with having any justifiable reason for demanding her submission. Mr Sharpe too had cause to chastise Emma further to her introduction to his hand and hairbrush on her first full day at the house. On one occasion, the three children each received a sound slippering, in front of the others, in the front room. Considerably more embarrassing (and painful) for our heroine, was the strapping that she had to take on the final evening of the girls' holiday.

The misdemeanour which led to this chastisement was a particularly public one as Mr Sharpe was entertaining that evening and there were a dozen or so people there in addition to herself and the family, none of whom Emma knew. Emma was not, it must be added, intending to get into trouble for any reason. Nor was she tricked or induced to it by Deborah or Hugh. In fact, the first they knew of Emma's downfall was when she was led into the sitting room by the ear, Mr Sharpe speaking sternly to her about "consequences".

"I'm very sorry, ladies and gentlemen," he said in his calm voice, "But I have had a nasty shock!"

Still holding a tearful Emma by the ear, he emptied the contents of a cardboard box he was carrying onto the floor. It was obvious to Hugh and Deborah what the magazines were, though less easy to guess from where Emma had managed to procure such a stock of pornographic material. There were mutterings of disapproval from the collected guests. "Of course, I'll have to inform your father of this incident," Mr Sharpe warned sternly. "And insist that he comes to pick me up straight away." Deborah thought that, if Emma had been able to move more freely, she might have thrown herself at Mr Sharpe's feet. Her captor's "ear-hold" however made that impossible.

"No!" she screeched. "Please don't tell my dad, please!" Mr Sharpe reacted with the speed of someone used to dealing with the misbehaviour of children, and one with an understanding of their ways. "Very well, you may be dealt with here if you wish," Mr Sharpe said aloud, watching Emma's mouth begin to turn towards a smile. "But I shall deal with you severely. And in public."

"Please...." Emma began, but her appeal met with deaf ears.

"I am still happy to ring your parents," Mr Sharpe reminded her. "No! Please...." Mr Sharpe decided to accept this as consent for her punishment and sent Deborah to fetch the strap. In the meantime, he pulled a chair into the middle of the room and then guided Emma towards it. For the first time now, looking around the room, Emma noticed that not all the guests were adults and that, among the younger members of her audience, were no less than three teenage boys who were clearly enjoying the scene immensely. Emma made the mistake of pointing them out to Mr Sharpe and asking for their removal.

"Certainly not!" he retorted. "You're prepared to shame me by bringing this filth into my house; well, I'm prepared to shame you by strapping your bare bottom in front of a few boys."

There. It had been said. Of course there had never been any real doubt in her mind, she had never seen Deborah's father give out a spanking without first requiring knickers to come down, but she had thought... maybe... in front of all these people....

"In fact," Mr Sharpe's warning tone cut into her thoughts, "Billy, why don't you come here?"

Billy was a seventeen year old boy, well-built and attractive. In other circumstances Emma would have been pleased to meet him, but not in these. "Now Emma, let me warn you that any further resistance from you is going to result in a doubling of your beating. Billy is a friend of Deborah's and has often seen her take a strapping. Please, Billy, prepare Emma for me will you?"

Though mortified, Emma held her tongue and, having followed the boy's instruction to kneel on the chair. She allowed him to push her head gently down until he was able to guide her hands to the very bottom of the chair legs which he told her to grasp.

Emma heard a whisper in her ear, "Poor little Emma," the voice was not exactly menacing, but it did betray an obvious satisfaction in her predicament. "Your cute little bottom is going to feel the sting of the strap in a minute. Ouch!"

Emma felt the boy's hands moving up to take hold of her dress and lift it up and over her back to expose her knickers, then his mouth was at her ear again.

"Deborah's told me so much about you," he continued, "especially when I've got her over my knee. She's even promised me a taste of your virgin pussy if I come to school to see her, so I shouldn't get too flustered about today."

As he finished, his lips brushed her ear lobe ever so gently and the kiss sent a frisson though her whole body, not failing to increase the sensation in her already warm pussy as she imagined his tongue invading her. The daydream was partly banished then by the simultaneous arrival of Deborah with her father's strap, and pulling of her knickers, by Billy, down to her thighs. It was fully expunged soon afterwards.

The guests were crowded around her now, and Mr Sharpe indulged in no further preliminaries. He raised the strap high. CRACK! "Yeooww!"

This was the most severe punishment Emma had suffered at her host's hands and, she discovered, that his many years of practice had made Mr Sharpe a formidable employer of the leather strap. He flogged her again. THWACK! "Noooooo! Please, it hurts too much!" Emma yelled, knowing that this in no way added to her chances of release, but able to keep the pitiful words inside her.

Over and over again, Emma's bare cheeks danced to the strap's insistent beat, Mr Sharpe changing the target area on each stroke to work down from the flesh of her bottom to her thighs and back up again, determined to leave an impression, on both senses of the word, upon his daughter's best friend.

She was, he thought as her continued his work, a delightful child: pretty, kind, generally helpful and extremely lively (this last feature leading her often into the kind of scrapes after which he had found it necessary to discipline her). He knew nothing of Emma's school experience previous to Katherine Parr, but guessed rightly, that her upbringing had until then been devoid of the strict regime which her parents had sensibly introduced of late, and which he was very content to supplement. Yet he also recognized (Emma had ceased her struggling and pleading now and was merely weeping copiously and occasionally crying out in pain as Mr Sharpe moved towards the end of the second dozen strokes) that the girl's good character had been developed precisely through the kind of stern discipline he had always used upon his daughters, and in a very short space of time. She would grow up to be a lovely young woman, he thought. Having reached the twenty fifth stroke, Mr Sharpe slowed the pace of Emma's strapping to ensure that the lesson was properly learned, delivering no more than one stroke every half minute and, as intended, causing Emma's mind to leap to the hope of an ending each time before the heavy leather denied her release with another fearful explosion across her naked rump. Thirty four, thirty five, Mr Sharpe counted in his head, leaving over a minute then before raising the strap one last time, higher than ever. CRRRACKK!! "Arrrrghhhh!"

Emma dissolved into a pathetic and constant moaning which Mr Sharpe only silenced with the threat of a further blow. She continued to snuffle but, realising that her ordeal was at an end, managed to stop bawling. "You can stay there for the rest of the party," Mr Sharpe told her, "as a reminder. I'd also like to see you in my room briefly at bedtime." Emma was pleased about that. Although she knew that, in all likelihood that would mean a further spanking, at least she would be able to apologise properly to this man whose kind face and strong spanking arm she had grown to love and respect.

"Did you think this evening's punishment uncalled for?" he asked the girl when they were alone together.

"No, I deserved my punishment, although it was terribly embarrassing being strapped on the bare bottom with all those people there." "Good," he laughed. "I wanted it to be embarrassing. Aren't you usually embarrassed when you're spanked on the bare, anyway?" "Well, not so much if it's daddy..." she began.

"What about me?"

"Well, a bit I suppose. But...."

Mr Sharpe could feel the pressure of his growing erection and knew that it would be ethical to close the interview, but he could not. "But what?" he asked gently, placing a hand on the girl's shoulder. "Well, it's like... when someone punishes you, you feel very, kind of, loved. Like they care about you and... and if they punish you in ways that are embarrassing..."

"For example?"

Emma blushed. "You know, pulling down your knickers, or making you take off your clothes.... well, it sort of makes that feeling even stronger." Emma couldn't explain to this man that such punishments raised a turbulent fire between her legs, as well as her behind. She couldn't tell him about the wetness now growing in her pussy, even though she longed to slip her hands between her thighs and relieve the mounting tension. "Well," Mr Sharpe said only subconsciously registering Emma's tongue running over her lips and moistening them seductively, an action which Emma too could claim ignorance of. "I think you know why I asked you to come and see me?"

"I hope," Emma said, "that you wanted to give me a chance to apologise properly for bringing those dirty magazines into your house. I guess that... I guess that you're also going to spank me again." "Yes, yes it's true that I think another final spanking would do you good," Mr Sharpe admitted. "And an apology would be welcome." "I'm sorry. Really, I am. I know you had to punish me severely and... and I agree that I should be spanked some more now." "Good." Mr Sharpe looked at the fifteen year old in front of him, her young breasts swelling hotly with her shortening breath through her night shirt. "This will be your last spanking from me. On this visit anyway. I'd like you to tell me what I should do to make those mixed feelings of embarrassment and being cared for as strong as possible. How should I start?"

"Well," Emma began after a few moments' pause. "You should take my clothes off. I mean... all my clothes. And it..."

"Yes...."

"Well, sometimes your hands touch me by mistake when you're doing that and... well, that makes the feelings stronger."

"Touch you where?"

"Er...," Emma felt the blood rushing to her face, but she couldn't stop. "Well, anywhere... like, sometimes when you... when you pull down my knickers...."

Emma stopped, knowing that she'd said enough, and closed her eyes as Mr Sharpe's hands approached her. His hands moved over her nightie, brushing her breasts briefly and making her gasp, before taking hold of the hem of it and slowly lifting it up over her body and off.

"Shut you eyes," Mr Sharpe told her.

When she'd done that, he moved his face close to her exposed nipples and breathed warm, wet air over each one. Emma shuddered, feeling her teats hardening under the attention, and then allowing herself to be pushed back down onto the back while Mr Sharpe's breathing moved over her tummy and then onwards, blowing ripples across the silky surface of her light blue knickers.

"Keep your eyes closed while I take your knickers off," Emma was told, glad to be able to do so as it enabled her to react less guiltily to the erotic feelings that this process always produced in her. "Ooooh!" Emma gasped as two fingers traced a path up the inside of each thigh, the girl spreading her legs wide apart as the two exploring hands moved towards her knickers.

Mr Sharpe didn't then pull her knickers straight down though. Emma felt his gentle fingers moving across her sex, only a fine layer of silk between his finger tips and her moist pussy lips.

Only when Emma's deep breathing had grown considerably more intense did Mr Sharpe finally begin to pull gently at the girls final remaining piece of clothing. His cock was now stiff as a starched steel rod within his trousers and he licked his lips as Emma's sweet young cunt slowly came into view, her slightly parted lips glistening enticingly. Down and down came the knickers, all the way to her ankles and off, Mr Sharpe's eyes holding still on the pink gash between Emma's thighs, and Emma's thoughts on very much the same place.

Suddenly, Emma felt herself being hoisted up into the air and turned over. Almost before she knew where she was, her mouth opened to frame a loud shriek of pain as Mr Sharpe's hand began to fall on her bare bottom. She was back in the old, comforting position - over a man's knee. Twenty four hours later, Emma and Deborah were back at school, tucked up in bed (separately). Emma had slept fitfully that last night at her friend's house, plagued by fantasies of Mr Sharpe. He had sent her straight to bed after spanking her soundly, despite the knowledge that he could have gone a lot further with her had he chosen to.

**EMMA AT SCHOOL 24**

Back At School

The next day, Emma and Deborah sat next to each other in the assembly which always began the new half-term. The headmaster, Mr Critchley , ran through the usual boring stuff but the two girls, like the other pupils, began to listen intently when he started to talk about classroom discipline. "Over the past year or so, I have had a number of complaints from parents, and a few from pupils too, about a small number of young people who severely disrupt lessons on a regular basis."

Several heads swung round to look meaningfully at Deborah who grinned smugly. No one was in any doubt that if the head had a list, she was on it.

"Something that is brought to my attention repeatedly is the severe limitations on the punishment that teachers are allowed to use in the classroom. Several people, again pupils among them, have suggested that there are those of you who consider a paddling over your knickers an insufficient deterrent. It has also been pointed out that it is difficult to give a maximum spanking of forty strokes and maintain the flow of the lesson."

There were murmurs around the hall. It was beginning to become clear what was coming.

"I am therefore minded to consider two measures," the head continued. "The first is to relax the restrictions upon class teachers and to allow them to dispense bare-bottom punishment and/or to permit the use of the tawse, and possibly even the cane in the classroom."

This time there was more than a murmur as girls, and the few boys present, reflected on the effect that the proposed change would have. Deborah, looking rather subdued now, had little doubt that the amendments would affect her. At least one teacher, Mr Rooney who taught biology, had told her in front of her classmates that he wished he were allowed to pull down her knickers and cane her bare bottom. At the time, Deborah had laughed at him and managed to take twenty strokes with his wooden paddle without crying out once.

Now Deborah found herself closing her eyes involuntarily and picturing herself standing before Mr Rooney's blackboard with her knickers around her thighs and her skirt held up by a classmate while the teacher (and in her imagination HE was now laughing) swung a vicious looking cane at her unprotected bottom.

"The second measure which might be thought appropriate would be to raise the absolute limit of the punishment available to classteachers from the present level of 40Pp (for those readers who have forgotten - that means 40 strokes of the paddle through the offender's knickers) to, say, 8Cb and that of house tutors to 10Cb. This would bring the maximums for all teachers above the present level for house captains who are, after all, pupils themselves.

"I am reluctant to take this decision lightly. After all, we generally try to allow pupils to maintain some dignity when being punished. This is clearly difficult if a teenage girl is receiving a caning with her knickers round her knees in front of her friends. If the measures are introduced, teachers will be advised to use such punishments after the rest of the class has left the room, unless they consider immediate chastisement necessary to maintain good order, and no pupils shall receive the new punishments unless they have already received at least three paddlings in the normal way from the teacher concerned in the course of that academic year.

"My intention is to conduct advisory ballots among staff, parents and pupils on these measures and to make my decision after reviewing the results. You parents will be sent a ballot form today. Pupils will be able to vote at evening call tomorrow. That is all." With his familiar sign off, the assembly was over and the headmaster walked quickly down the steps and out of the hall, leaving the other teachers on duty to calm the buzzing now growing in the hall. "It's outrageous," Deborah was fuming to those around her. "They can't introduce a rule like that. Think of what that bastard, Mr Denby would do with it."

Georgina, one of Emma and Deborah's classmates looked thoughtful. "Well you would be worried Debs," she smiled. "It's not as if it's going to affect most of us, is it?"

"You don't mean you're going to vote for this thing do you?" "Some of us get pretty pissed off at you and your cronies when lessons get obliterated, actually," another girl, Melanie, interjected. "I'm going to vote for it!"

The group separated quickly as the hall cleared. "God, Emma," Deborah said anxiously as she and her friend left the hall arm in arm. "We have GOT to stop this thing!"

Deborah guessed that it was the parents' ballot which would carry the most weight with the head and she made her plans accordingly. The following week, at the special assembly called to announce the head's decision, she was quietly confident. Being picked as a volunteer ballot scrutineer had been a wise move, she congratulated herself.

"Good morning," the headmaster began. "I do not plan to drag this assembly out. We all have lessons to get to. The ballot results were as follows:

Teachers: 95% in favour of change, 3% against, 2% don't know." There were muted cheers distinctly audible from the gallery where most of the teachers sat.

"Pupils...." the head paused for a moment. "Pupils: 54% in favour of change, 42% against, 4% don't know."

This time the noise came from the pupils as much as the teachers. Talk about turkeys voting for Christmas, Deborah thought to herself. Oh well, there was still the parents' ballot result.

"And finally," the head intoned, "parents: 86% in favour of change, 7% against and 7% don't know."

"No!" Deborah spluttered, pleased to find her tactless outburst covered by the noise which greeted the announcement.

"I therefore..." the head continued, motioning for silence. "I therefore have decided that the rules shall be changed as moved in the ballot with immediate effect. That is all."

He began to march down the steps and then suddenly stopped. "Ah yes," he said, the hint of a gleam in his eye. "I should like to see all parental ballot scrutineers in my office at 6pm sharp. Good morning." With that he was gone and Deborah felt a growing sickness in the pit of her stomach. As the sensation grew, she bolted for the door and just made it to the bushes outside before emptying her breakfast over the greenery. "What went wrong?" she asked herself. She had used her position in the scrutineers' team to get to the ballot papers before they were counted. Painstakingly she had substituted most of the "yes" votes with "no" votes using the spare pupils' ballot forms which looked identical. She couldn't understand the result - unless the head had just made it up? She'd have to wait until six.

All through the day, Deborah could sense a feeling of intense satisfaction among the teachers whose lessons she most often disrupted. She knew that many of them would use the new rule against her given any opportunity (there were only, perhaps, two of her regular teachers who had not, as the new rule required, given her three paddlings during the year) and she carefully ensured that she gave them no excuse, even swatting up during lunchtime for her maths test.

Only one girl in any of Deborah's classes fell foul of the new regulations, a quiet girl called Sue. Mme Jospin, who had always (as Deborah knew well) felt the school over-lenient in the area of classroom punishments, had decided in advance that any pupil who failed to recite the poem they had been set to learn would pay the new higher penalty and she told the class so at the outset of the lesson.

She was rather sad that it was Sue who made the only major hash of her recitation rather than, for example, Deborah, but Sue had chalked up the necessary three paddlings (she was, although a pleasant child, very poor at organising her homework) and Mme Jospin could therefore hardly make an exception.

"Leave your skirt on your desk and come here, girl!" the teacher demanded. Tears already beginning to flow, the fifteen-year old did as she was told, walking up to the front of the class in only her blouse and knickers, aware of the eyes (four of them male) following her progress with a mixture of sympathy and relief that it was her and not them facing a humiliating spanking.

"This is what you should expect in my class in future if your work is unsatisfactory," the teacher explained, removing a heavy leather tawse from her desk and cracking it against her hand, sending a shudder through the watching children and causing an increase in Sue's weeping. "Stop snivelling, girl," Mme Jospin demanded with irritation. "There will be plenty to cry about shortly. Lie over this stool, legs straight out behind you and your hands holding the rung there." Slowly, the girl took up the precarious position required by the teacher and lay there helpless as the woman's hands took hold of her navy blue knickers and slipped them in a businesslike way down to her thighs. Then she took up the tawse in her right hand, bent Sue's right arm behind her back with her left and told the class that six hard strokes would be the normal punishment for shoddy work.

"You will count them, please Sue."

WHACKKK! "One!" the girl screeched, a bright red stripe immediately appearing where the leather had struck.

Deborah could think of only three girls, besides her and Emma, who had been subjected to house publics. One or two pupils, she knew, had been beaten by their house captains or by housemasters or housemistresses in a semi-public way - bullies, for example, were usually caned before their victims. Yet here was a generally well-behaved girl being subjected to a humiliating and extremely painful bare-bottom strapping in front of a whole class for poor homework! There would certainly soon be a great increase in the number of pupils whose bare bottoms had been displayed to her (or his) fellow students. Displayed and well-reddened!"

Sue was not made to keep her bare bottom on display after her beating which meant that her ordeal was less awful than it might have been. She could not, however, stem the flow of her tears - of embarrassment rather than simply pain - before the end of the lesson as she sat at her desk next to Deborah.

At six o'clock, Deborah, along with her fellow scrutineers, were summoned into the headmaster's office. He looked extremely stern and all five girls, and the one boy, were understandably nervous. "I imagine you were all rather surprised at the result of this ballot, were you?" he asked.

The youngsters nodded in unison.

"Why?"

"Well," Nigel explained in a trembling voice, "the results we got were... different."

"Yes," the head agreed. "Fortunately, I discovered by chance that the papers had been tampered with." He stopped. "You look surprised, Deborah?"

"Of course." She felt herself reddening. "Who would do that. I mean, how?"

"Let's begin with how, shall we?" the head suggested. "I was rather shocked by the percentages you gave me, so I had a look through the papers. I noticed that some papers were a different size to others and a little investigation persuaded me that some of the papers purporting to be parents' votes were, in fact, marked on the ballot papers which the pupils used. What happened to the real papers, I can only guess at. I was easily able to remail the ballot explaining that there had been an administrative hitch. I then took the precaution of counting the votes myself. "As to who? Well, I am certain of one thing only. One or more of you six must have been responsible as you were the only people who had access to the papers. I assume that you agree with that conclusion?" The six looked at each other in alarm, but none could refute the head's reasoning.

"In that case," the tall man facing them explained, "I would like the person or persons concerned to own up now. You have one minute." With that the headmaster left his study and heard with satisfaction the row which broke out behind him.

"What if it's not one of us?" Deborah asked. "What if someone else got into the room?"

Nigel eyed her suspiciously. "You know it was one of us. Mr Critchley knows it. All we need is for whoever it was to own up cos I'm not taking the rap for them."

A minute later, when Mr Critchley returned, the argument was still raging. "Enough!" he boomed. "You will return at the same time tomorrow. We will discuss the matter no further tonight. Each of you strip, please." "But... everything?" Juliette stammered.

"Everything."

"Sir," Nigel began. "I have an idea..."

"Not now," the head shot back. Tomorrow you can all discuss it. For now, I want your clothes off."

The six knew better than to argue with the headmaster. As Deborah watched, Louise slipped her hands beneath her skirt and slid her knickers right down to her ankles, stepping out of them and then unbuttoning her blouse. As she herself began to undress, Deborah wondered whether it was worse for Nigel or for the girls. As he flushed red and pulled off his boxer shorts, however, she found her answer. Surrounded by five nubile, naked girls, physiology had got the better of him and the boy stood trying hard to hide his erection with his hands.

"Hands on your heads," Mr Critchley ordered, each of the six abandoning their attempted modesty.

"I am going to give each of you a simple spanking this evening," he explained. "Tomorrow's punishment will be more severe and we will continue on a daily basis until I get a confession. Louise, bend down and touch your toes!"

As Deborah looked on, her neighbour bent right down, her pussy (Louise knew) perfectly displayed for Nigel, and her bottom awaiting the headteacher's hand.

Thirty times he smacked her, the girl's cries a mixture of embarrassment and sharp pain, before sending her to stand in one corner of the room. "Now you, Deborah."

Deborah adopted the familiar position, grasping her ankles and trying to relax her bottom.

SMACKK! The headteacher's practised aim was perfect and his power formidable. He often handspanked pupils rather than taking up his cane and girls and boys who had been spanked by him knew they had been spanked. As the blows landed, Deborah gave in to the growing heat and began to shriek at each smack until the final blow was landed. "Right, in that corner," Mr Critchley told her, pointing to another corner of the room.

"Nigel. On my desk please on all fours."

Deborah guessed that the head had chosen this position on purpose to ensure his embarrassment matched that of the girls, his hard cock protruding from his well-developed body. Deborah risked turning her head to watch as the head (who had his back to her) raised his hand to punish the boy with the same thirty spanks. She rarely got to see boys having their bottoms smacked (apart from her brother) and didn't want to miss this opportunity. Nigel made delightful squeals of pain as his bare bottom was soundly spanked and Deborah noticed that his erection was, if anything, still growing. She turned back to the wall as the head reached twenty-five and only heard the boy being ordered to stand against the wall near her. As Mr Critchley focused on his next assignment, Deborah and Nigel exchanged glances, Deborah smiling at the boy's cock standing up against the cold wall. To the sound of Jill getting her bottom smacked, she closed her eyes and slipped a hand between her thighs, pushing her tits into the wall and making it clear to Nigel what she was doing. Despite their predicament, and her sore bottom, the whole scene was sexually charged for her and she knew that Nigel would be ready for a good fuck afterwards. She maintained her show during Christina's spanking and came quietly as the thirtieth smack approached, opening her eyes to find an extremely appreciative Nigel looking on and stroking his hardness. "Juliette, I'll have you over my knee, I think," Mr Critchley said next. "Surprise, surprise," Deborah thought. Juliette was undoubtedly one of the most beautiful girls in the school and Deborah figured she'd make the same decision in the head's position. He sat with his back to her once again so Deborah was able to watch the naked girl approach him and allow him to guide her over his lap, her perfectly proportioned behind seeming to Deborah to find its most divine position as Juliette consented to be punished for a crime she knew she did not commit. In fact, Juliette had never received a bare bottom spanking for anything she had done in the school. She was an extremely well mannered girl whose beauty was, in this respect, her downfall. She had the kind of body people, male and female, wanted to undress and the kind of bottom people wanted desperately to spank. And many people, despite the girl's good behavior, nevertheless found reasons to undress and spank her. On this occasion, Juliette at least recognized that she was being spanked as fairly as most of her fellow scrutineers, although she couldn't help reflect, as the headteacher's hard hand began to fall heavily on her firm buttocks, that this chastisement had resulted from her genuine desire to help the school by volunteering for the duty which one of those present had clearly abused.

"Ohhh! Nooohh! Pleasssse!" she cried as her bottom seared with the spanking's heat, wondering if she should admit to the fraud just to avoid the promised series of punishments.

Once he had finished spanking Juliette (and, if the truth be told, looking forward to the chance of spanking her again in twenty-four hours) the head called the other five around, leaving the weeping girl over his knee. During her punishment she had kicked her slim legs around and they now lay deliciously parted, pink pussy lips pouting at Nigel and Deborah, both of whose greedy eyes hungrily devoured the sight.

"Tomorrow, six pm," Mr Critchley said simply. "Let's hope we have a solution by then. You may get changed."

"Admit it - I'm not going through that again!" Nigel panted breathlessly into Deborah's ear thirty minutes later as he drove his aching cock deep into her behind the school chapel, leaning up against the wall with her legs wrapped tightly around him.

"And get a birching?" she answered, her climax nearing. "Look, we all know it was you - you told us!" he spat, pushing himself in as far as possible in the final thrusts as their breathing quickened. "And that makes you as guilty as me, doesn't it?" Deborah moaned, sure she could sense the warm splashing of cum inside the condom as they clung onto each other in this moment of intense pleasure.

"Why don't you let Mr Critchley decide that," he asked her. "Think about owning up. It's not fair on the rest of us," he continued as they pulled their clothing back into place."

"You knew what I was doing and you did nothing about it," Deborah replied, squeezing the boy's cock affectionately through his trousers. "We're in it together!"

She kissed his mouth once more and then was gone, Nigel following after a discrete couple of minutes.

The next evening, the six again made their separate ways to the headmaster's house and rang the bell, each of them understandably nervous about the fate that awaited them. Instead of ushering them into his study this time, Mr Critchley took them into the sitting room and explained that he would see them individually this time... unless any of them had anything to tell him?

"Sir," Juliette said, her voice shaking and her eyes full of tears. "It wasn't me, sir. Really."

"Well, I'm afraid that if that is true then because of someone else's failure to tell the truth, you are going to finish the day with a very sore backside. Why don't you come in first."

With that, he took Juliette's hand and led her into his study, closing the door behind him.

"Come on, Deborah," Christina began as soon as the latch had clicked into place. "Own up or we all get it!"

"Why me?" Deborah demanded hotly.

"Because you're the one who did it!" Louise snapped. "Yes, I know we were there and didn't say anything. And I'm prepared to admit that and take what's coming to me. But you can't expect us to go through this every day."

The conversation was stopped by the sound of a spanking next door - or to be more accurate, by the sound of a bare bottom being repeatedly whacked with a solid object and a pitiful voice begging for mercy in between cries of anguish.

As soon as Mr Critchley had closed the door, Juliette had started begging him not to make her take all her clothes off. He had not, in fact, planned to strip the six, but her pleas had the opposite effect to that intended. "Very well," he said, "just strip to your underwear for now. You may keep your shoes on."

Juliette's face registered the despair in her heart at the words and she began to argue.

"No arguments. Now do as you're told girl before I increase your punishment!"

Obediently, the youngster removed her blouse and skirt, neatly laying them out on the desk as Mr Critchley indicated while he walked out into the middle of the room, pulled up a chair and sat down. "You have rather a lot to learn about discipline, young lady," he began, leaning back in his chair thoughtfully and looking over the lovely sight of the fourteen year-old in knickers and a vest, her young breasts not yet large enough to require a bra (although she usually wore one, of course!) "Are you spanked at home?" the head asked.

"No. Well, just once."

"I see. Well you are going to be spanked very soundly now." He reached out next and took hold of Juliette's knickers, pulling the waistband away from her tummy and tugging them down. Juliette was mortified at having her knickers removed in this way by the headmaster, flushing as he exposed her young pussy and finally dropped the now useless garment to the floor.

"Fetch me the table tennis bat from the desk please." Stepping out of her knickers, Juliette walked over to the table to retrieve the bat, trying to take small steps to avoid an even more explicit display. When she returned, Mr Critchley took the bat from her and stood the half naked girl in front of him, enjoying the deep red flush in her cheeks. Then, without warning, he wrapped his arms around her knees and lifted her into the air, resting her knees on his own lap so that her chest lay on his shoulder.

In this awkward, but intimate, position, he began to paddle the girl with the table tennis bat, whacking her naked rump over and over again and delighting in the sound of her cries as she squirmed exquisitely in his lap. The more Juliette squealed and wriggled, of course, the harder the headmaster spanked her - this time not ceasing until he had delivered fifty strokes with the bat.

When he had finished, Mr Critchley stood the still sobbing young girl in front of him once again.

"Next time I call you for punishment, I don't want to hear pleas to not do this or that - is that understood?"

"Yes, Sir," the girl snivelled.

"Good. Dress quickly and send in Deborah for me please." Outside, the others had counted the fifty smacks with falling hearts, and of course Deborah didn't even have an opportunity to ask about the implement used. Not that it would have been valuable information, as it turned out.

"Good evening, Deborah."

"Good evening, sir."

"I think we'll have everything off from the waist down please."

"Yes, sir."

Deborah made short work of undressing, wanting to get things over with, but Mr Critchley was in no hurry. He stood her before him in the centre of the room, aware of her embarrassment at standing naked before him and quite happy to enhance it.

Finally, the headmaster dragged a dining chair into the middle of the room and picked up a leather-bottomed slipper from the mantelpiece. "I'm going to give you a taste of my slipper today, Deborah," he told her.

"I'd like you to come and lay over this chair, sideways... that's right.

Yes. Good girl. You're going to get fifty strokes. Are you ready?"

"I guess so," Deborah replied and was rewarded at once by the first blow. The only slipperings Deborah had had in the past had been from dormitory monitors and had never been particularly painful. This was different though.

Mr Critchley's slipper was heavy and hard. It fell upon Deborah's bare cheeks with as much of a thud as a crack and, before long, her bottom was bright red and the others could hear her screams from the next room. "Serves her right!" Christina said.

"Yeah," Juliette agreed. "I'm not going through that again tomorrow night, I tell you. If she doesn't own up, I'll tell Mr Critchley" Another twenty four hours passed, yet for all six the time between seemed to contract into nothing and they found themselves back once more facing their headmaster across his study desk. None of them failed to notice the long, thick cane lying on his desk in front of him. "Does anyone have anything to say before I begin?" he asked. Mr Critchley already had a good idea as to the main culprit and this was confirmed by the sly but noticeable glances shot at Deborah by the others. Still, they remained silent.

"Very well. I am going to cane each of you. You will receive six strokes today, seven tomorrow and so on until I find out who is responsible for the crime. Christina, you can go first today. The rest of you stand where you are and watch."

Christina gave Deborah a last evil stare and then stepped forwards. She reached down to her skirt on Mr Critchley's instruction and unzipped, letting the garment fall to the floor. She then allowed the headmaster to walk her over to the wicker chair in the corner of the room by the packed bookshelves and bend her over it.

Finally, the man took hold of the girl's cotton knickers and drew them down to her thighs, placing one hand on her back and raising the cane high in the air.

"No! Stop!"

Mr Critchley froze, his arm still poised to strike. It was Deborah.

"Yes?"

The girl was weeping profusely but managed to collect herself.

"It was me... I did it."

"I see. Alone?"

"Yes."

"And the rest of you knew nothing about this."

There was an awkward silence for a moment. The headmaster stood Christina up and told her to face Deborah, the girl flushed with the conflicting emotions of the moment, and with her pussy on display. "Did you know about what Deborah was doing, Christina?"

"Yes, sir."

"And why did you not report it?"

"I didn't... I mean, you just don't tell on people."

"Did you think what she was doing was wrong?"

"Well, like I knew it was wrong - but I kind of wanted her to do it."

"Does that describe the situation for the rest of you?" he demanded.

Louise, Nigel and Jill nodded.

"Juliette?"

"I didn't want her to," she whispered.

"But you didn't tell?"

Juliette shook her head.

"I see. Does anyone think that they have been unfairly punished so far?"

No one spoke.

"Does anyone think they've been sufficiently punished?"

"That's not... it's not over?" Juliette stuttered. "Juliette, you knew what was happening and did nothing to stop it. That makes you an accessory. Deborah herself is going to receive an extremely severe punishment. The rest of you are still going to get a very good taste of my cane. Is there anyone who thinks I'm being too harsh?" This time Juliette kept quiet. Deborah's eyes had filled with tears at the first mention of what was going to happen to her. He hadn't said so yet, but she felt sure she was headed for the birching tower. "Good. The five of you who were not directly involved need not return tomorrow. However, you will each receive a full ten strokes on the bare bottom this evening. Christina, get back in position please." Deborah watched as Christina presented her upturned behind once more and as this time, the headmaster's raised arm completed the first stroke, the cane whistling through the air and cracking loudly against her cheeks. The waiting pupils had to stand still and listen to her screams of anguish, knowing they would soon take her place, their bottoms to be crudely striped in the same way that Christina's was becoming now. Again, Mr Critchley left Juliette till last, Deborah not being punished with the others this time.

"I think, Juliette," the teacher began, "it is necessary to pursue you punishment in a slightly different way, isn't it?" "Yes, sir," the girl answered tearfully but determined to do the right thing. I'm sorry about not taking my punishment properly before and..." "Yes?"

"And I think I should receive my caning in the nude." "Good girl," Mr Critchley agreed, watching then with the same fascination as her fellow pupils as the delightful teenager slowly disrobed. Soon her perfectly proportioned breasts were freed and then she was slipping her tiny knickers down to leave herself completely naked. "Stand there for a moment now while I talk to Deborah about her punishment."

Juliette's familiar blush returned instantly as she realised that the headteacher intended to leave her standing in the nude in front of the others and not to cane her immediately. She tried to concentrate on what the man was saying.

"Deborah, I'm not going to expel you or suspend you for a number of reasons: principally because I'm not convinced that there would be any useful purpose served by doing so, and also because I think that such things are better dealt with through corporal punishment. Do you know what punishment you are to receive?"

Tears flooding down her cheeks now, Deborah nodded.

"Well?"

"You're... you're going to birch me," she said in a hoarse voice. "That's correct. You will receive the same ten strokes as your colleagues, but with the birch. You may nominate a friend to be with you. Do you know who that will be?"

"Emma Denning," Deborah replied.

"Very well, I will send for her. You will sleep in the tower tonight and receive your punishment at 9am tomorrow. Do you have any questions?" "No," Deborah answered. At least she would have Emma there to comfort her, if comfort in such circumstances was possible. She closed her eyes. People talked about birching as if it was the death penalty. At that moment, it felt like it.

"Now Juliette, I'd like you to bend over this sofa arm for your beating please. That's right, just here."

Mr Critchley manoeuvred the girl gently into exactly the posture in which he wanted her, and then lined up the cane across her raised flanks. "One," he said, and brought the cane through the air with a swish to explode in a line of excruciating pain across the girl's right cheek. "Ouuuuuwww!" she screamed, thinking she would die before ten of those had been delivered.

"Two!"

Again the cane flashed through the air and again a thin red line rose up on her naked flesh, this time both buttocks sharing the rod's wrath. "Three!"

"Nooooooooo!!" Juliette cried. This was the most awful thing that had ever happened to her. How could a school still use this kind of torture? "Four!"

CRACKK!

"Please stop!!" she yelled. "Please, I can't take any more!" "Very well," Mr Critchley said gently. "I will stop there and you may return at the same time tomorrow to receive the final six." "Oh, no! Please, I can't take more tomorrow, I....OW!!" The last sound resulted from a sharp slap of the headteacher's hand across the naked girl's tender rump.

"Do not argue with me girl. You will be back here at six tomorrow and you can expect an additional measure for your rudeness. Understood?" "Yes, sir," Juliette answered, rubbing her throbbing bottom and feeling very silly for having got herself into even more trouble. "Right, get up and dress. Deborah, you may make a list of what you need for an overnight stay, then you will accompany me to the tower."

# EMMA AT SCHOOL 25

After the birching (which is still to come....)

The birching tower was one of the oldest parts of the school, built of stone and no longer used for any regular purpose. Its sole function now was to house those girls (or boys - though none had been birched yet) who had been sentenced to receive the ultimate punishment.

It was rarely used now and perhaps saw on average one person per year. This year, the one person would be Deborah.

However, let us leave Deborah in the comforting arms of her lover in the sparsely decorated tower bedroom and skip ahead to the following evening and Juliette's return visit to the headmaster's house. We will come back to the events of the morning, have no fear, but it is sometimes best to tidy up one episode before commencing another, no matter what the chronology.

When Juliette arrived, of course, Mr Critchley was still feeling a sense of satisfaction at finally giving Deborah what many voices in the staffroom claimed had been coming to her for a long time and he was almost tempted to let her go. However, that wouldn't have been fair to the others... and of course dealing with the lovely youngster would not be without its pleasures.

"Come in, Juliette," he said. "I'm glad to see you so prompt."

"Yes, sir. Sir?" she added, nervously and fighting back tears.

"Yes, Juliette?"

"Sir, I'm really sorry about my behaviour yesterday. I didn't mean to argue, I just couldn't seem to help myself. I will try to take my punishment properly today."

"I'm glad to hear it. Otherwise we'll have to make this a regular visit won't we?"

Juliette couldn't tell if he was being serious or not and looked even more nervous than before, Mr Critchley noticing the change in her expression and wallowing for a moment in the delicious but quite unjustifiable proposal before continuing.

"To start with, I'm going to spank you soundly for your rudeness. You then have six of the best still due from my cane do you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well, strip to your underwear for me please."

She was becoming more pliable and obedient, the teacher observed as a pile of neatly folded clothes grew on his desk.

Slowly he rose from his chair and walked round to where the shaking girl stood and, taking her hand, led her to the sofa over which she had received the first dose of the cane the previous day.

"Now, let's see if we can do something about this wilfulness of yours," Mr Critchley said kindly. "You tell me what to do rather than the other way around today."

Juliette's look of alarm flitted across her face once more before she bit her lip and steeled herself.

"Sir, I was very rude to you yesterday and I need to be punished for it. Please..."

"Yes," the teacher encouraged her.

"Please sit down."

Mr Critchley sat on the sofa and waited, not unaware of the slight scent from the dampening mound in her knickers.

"I... I deserve to have my bare bottom smacked hard," she quavered. "Please pull my knickers down and put me over you knee. Then... then give me... give me sixty smacks with your hand."

The headmaster recognised that this was the position Juliette found hardest to bear and congratulated her with approving eyes. His gaze moved down then to her powder blue knickers and he allowed his hands to brush her thighs as he reached for them, pulling them down just enough to expose her sex and her bottom and then, very gently, laying her over his knee.

It was a ferocious spanking, the headmaster's tough hand falling over and over again upon the girl's bare cheeks, moving down to bring a deep red glow to both thighs as well as her bottom. Through the scarlet haze, the purple-blue welts of the cane were still visible and Juliette cried out twice as loudly every time her teacher's hand landed across one of these.

SMACK! CRACK! WHACK!

"Oww! Ohh, sir! Please, no! Ohh, it hurts! Yeoww!"

Mr Critchley ignored the girl's constant stream of pleas and wails as he worked his way through to the magic number, the delicious feel of the warm fleshy buttocks beneath his hand spurring him on towards the finish.

"Three more," he said at last. "One!"

With maximum force, he crashed his palm into Juliette's well-spanked bum, a hideous screech of pain meeting the blow.

"Two!"

"Noooooooooooooooh!" Again he smacked her bottom with all his might, raising his hand high for the last.

"Three!"

SMACK!!

"Arrrghhhhh!

Stay there for a moment if you wish," Mr Critchley said pleasantly, stroking Juliette's hair. "Then tell me what to do next."

The girl didn't move for a few minutes, amazed to find when she opened her eyes a pool of water on the floor from her crying. The headmaster was gently stroking her bottom now and she lay there under his soothing touch for a count of ten before climbing unsteadily to her feet.

"If you have any work to do, sir," she said at last. "I think it would be good for me to stand in the corner with my bottom on display for half an hour or so before you cane me."

"A very good idea," the headmaster concurred. "I do also have a few visitors. Please stand in that corner. I must say you've done very well so far."

Tears still running down her face, Juliette waddled, knickers still around her thighs, to the indicated spot and faced the wall, pleased to have taken the first part of her punishment and to have satisfied Mr Critchley with her demeanour.

The visitors were hard. Each time the door opened, her heart leaped into her mouth. A number of teachers and pupils came to see the head for various reasons and all of them saw her bright red bottom and knew that she had been a naughty girl. Even worse, two of the visitors, both male, were from outside the school and both commented on her status.

"It's good to see some schools still prepared to use a little discipline," one said. "She looks as though she's been very thoroughly spanked."

It was almost an hour before Mr Critchley told his secretary to hold calls for a short while and walked over to Juliette once more, turning her to face him.

"Do you still want me to tell you what to do?" she asked.

"Yes, I think so."

"Well sir. I still need to be caned for my part in the ballot fraud. I have six strokes to come and I think you should give me the first three here, leaning against the wall."

She turned back to the wall and reached out, leaning heavily against the cool plaster while the headmaster retrieved the cane and lined it up against her bottom.

"I think I should ask for the strokes," Juliette said quietly, looking over her shoulder. Please give me the first stroke."

She watched as the teacher raised the cane high and then shut her eyes just before he whistled it through the air to crack across her bottom, a scream rising from her lips as the pain shot through her body like electricity.

"Please give me the second stroke, sir," she asked in a tear-stained voice.

Again, Mr Critchley caned her hard, the girl squealing in anguish.

"Please give me the third stroke, sir."

The headteacher obliged once more, harder still this time so that the weal left behind was fiercer than ever and the girl's shrieking shriller.

He gave her time to recover again and then, on her instruction, knelt down before her while she turned around so he could remove her knickers.

His face only inches from the girl's quim, he could see her glistening labia and the small knot of flesh between. I wonder what would happen if I just reached out and stroked her clitoris, he couldn't help wondering mischievously, his delegation of procedure to his charge helping to bring such thoughts to his mind.

He looked up instead and saw a look on the girl's face of determined serenity and felt that she was about to do something extraordinary. However, it appeared he was wrong as she merely took up a place on all fours on the sofa and asked the headteacher, very nicely, to bring the cane.

Mr Critchley took up his cane again and placed a restraining hand on the girl's back, preparing to strike and waiting for her command.

"Please give me three more hard strokes on my bare bottom," she commanded him.

Who was he to argue with a direction like that.

Her position gave him plenty of swing and he gave her the three remaining cuts in quick succession, not compromising on the power of course, and reducing the girl to a snivelling heap as she collapsed onto the sofa.

"Well done, Juliette," he said honestly, sitting beside her and putting his arms around her. "You have quite made up for your earlier reticence."

"No, I haven't," she said firmly, though her tears. "Not completely."

"What do you mean?" Mr Critchley asked, intrigued.

"The second time you spanked me, with the table tennis bat, I made a fuss about undressing."

"Yes..."

"Well, I think I should be punished for that as well. I think that showed a lack of humility and trust and a tendency towards the wilful insulting of authority and should be harshly dealt with."

"I agree that you did not conduct yourself perfectly at that time," Mr Critchley told her. "Please tell me what punishment you expect for it."

"I have to dress first," Juliette explained, struggling to get up. "Otherwise there's no point."

She looked at the teacher. "Do you have time for this?" she asked.

"Of course," he answered. "Any time a girl wishes assistance in improving her behaviour, it's my duty to find time."

And I wouldn't miss this, he told himself.

"If I tell you what I think should happen, then you can just do what you think," the girl said. The next words came out in a rush as if they had been carefully prepared. "I think I should go outside and come back in and you should tell me that I show too much false modesty and that a dose of the cane will help sort me out. Then you take all my clothes off and make me lie on my back with my legs in the air so that I'm not just naked but all on display... and then you cane me."

"How many strokes?"

"Er.. three?"

Mr Critchley looked thoughtful for a moment.

"No," he said. "Let's do this properly. Nine hard strokes."

Juliette gasped loudly but said nothing. Mr Critchley smiled. Even if this had begun as a girl's sexual fantasy, he would ensure that there was a real element of pain. And he would, for once, really allow himself to enjoy this.

"Come in."

The door opened, and a fully dressed Juliette walked in.

"Young lady, I am afraid that I am not satisfied with some aspects of your conduct in the school."

"Wh... what do you mean, sir?"

"We choose to punish you girls in the way we do for a reason, yet you seem far too ready to question the instructions of your teachers and elder students when they decide you should be chastised."

"Yes, sir. I'm sorry sir."

"Well, I'm going to teach you a lesson today, young lady. Let's see if I can explain things to you."

"The problem seems to be with your attitude to your body, especially your private parts. Let me be clear, when you are to be punished, there are no private parts. Your rights to the usual dignities are lost when you misbehave. However humiliating or embarrassing it may be, you WILL do exactly as you're told, without question. Is that clear?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good. Remove your blouse and bra, please."

Slowly, Juliette followed the unexpected instruction, her young breasts pouting firmly and her nipples hard.

"Come here!"

Juliette walked over to where the headmaster was standing in front of his desk and was amazed when he reached out to take a breast in each hand.

"I see your nipples are hard," he observed. "Why is that?"

"Er...," she girl stammered. "It... it's cold."

Mr Critchley continued to stroke the girl's tits, her nipples stiffening still further and her breathing becoming shallow.

"That's the only reason?"

"Yes."

"I see. So if I were to reach my hand between your legs, I wouldn't find you wet down there would I?"

"But... n... no!" the girl moaned, feeling very uncomfortable suddenly.

"Take off your knickers and hand them to me!" he said suddenly.

Obediently, Juliette did as she was told, watching to her horror as the headmaster carefully examined them, noting the warm dampness and then held them to his nose.

"Shall I ask you again?"

"No... I mean, I am a little bit... I mean..."

Mr Critchley's hands snaked out now to find the buttons on her skirt, within seconds dropping it to the floor and then lifting her up to sit on his desk, Juliette's attention focused on the heat between her legs.

One at a time, the headmaster lifted the girl's feet into the air to remove her shoes and socks, replacing them well apart on the edge of the desk and opening up her pussy to his gaze.

"Put your right hand between your legs," he instructed her. "Now slide your index finger as far as it will go inside you. Come on, do as you're told."

Her face bright red, Juliette performed the familiar action in the most unfamiliar circumstance and then lifted her hand to the headmaster's nose.

"Not wet!" he cried. "Not wet!?"

With no further warning, the headmaster plunged his hand between Juliette's open thighs and found her clitoris with his finger and thumb, the girl almost screaming with the release of the pent up sexual tension as he manipulated her button.

"You're soaking wet, aren't you?" he demanded

"Yes, sir," she gasped.

"Did you masturbate when you were thinking up this "extra" punishment?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you still feel that you deserve to be caned?"

"Yes, sir... oohh , yes... OOOH!"

"And do you think three strokes would be sufficient?"

"No, sir. Sir... SIR!"

Mr Critchley had timed her pretty orgasm perfectly he thought as he walked to his desk to fetch his cane, returning moments later to lift Juliette's legs high in the air and to push them towards her ears, opening up her sopping cunt and exposing her bottom to the cane. Smiling broadly, he lifted it up.

# EMMA AT SCHOOL 26

What’s coming to her

The birching tower at St Katherine Parr was, in many ways, a time capsule harking back to the days when discipline at the school - although it would have be hard for it to have been more frequently exercised than in the present - was even more severe than now. The birch, in those days, was used regularly in boys' schools and by the courts. Even during the Victorian period, and despite the exaggerated concerns for modesty of the day, Katherine Parr's founder and its later headteachers held one central tenet as self-evident: if beating the bare bottoms of boys with a bundle of birch twigs until they screamed their contrition was an acceptable and effective form of chastisement, then so it must be also for young girls. One might even suggest (though it is doubtful as to whether the school's pupils would agree) that Katherine Parr's attitude to discipline presaged the demands for sex equality of the Suffragettes. One might, on the other hand, steer clear of political questions and take note, instead, of the evidence afforded by the school's practice to the thesis that there was (and remains) a significant correlation between naked and deeply striped girls' posteriors and good behaviour.

In these days of movements against corporal punishment at school and in the home, not to mention the provisions of the Children Act, schools such as Katherine Parr have had to make changes. Many have discontinued the use of corporal punishment altogether. Others proscribe the use of certain instruments, or prescribe the retention of knickers during punishment. Katherine Parr, in so recently re-introducing the routine use of bare bottom spanking in the classroom, and this with the overwhelming support of parents, is therefore unusual. Not even Katherine Parr, however, continues to use the birch as an instrument of chastisement on a regular basis.

On an irregular basis, and this again with the support of parents, use of the birch is retained in the school. It is used only in the case of the most extreme offences, cases in which pupils in other schools would face instant expulsion. This is the situation which resulted in Deborah being led by her headteacher to "the tower" on a cool summer evening.

Inside the tower, only two main rooms are still used. The birching room is an austere, stone-clad square room dominated by the central position of an antique version of the punishment horses still in use in the housemasters and housemistresses studies. Instead of velcro straps, old leather restraints which dig into the flesh hang limply from the oak frame awaiting the next victim with almost eternal patience. The room has no other furniture, except for a copper bin, half filled with salt water, in which the tightly bound birch bundles are left to soak in between strokes.

Adjacent, and with no door in the dividing doorway to allow potential birchees to shut out their immediate and painful future, is the overnight room: the quarters in which pupils facing the birch always spend the preceding night. Again, this room is sparsely furnished, three single beds and two leather armchairs the only items breaking up the monotony of grey stone walls and echoing, knotted floorboards. The quarters have no kitchen, meals being brought in on a tray, and only a very basic bathroom with a loo and an old cast iron tub.

It was in this "bedroom" that Deborah and Emma, as her friend, were told to strip and then follow Mr Critchley into the birching room to view the method of Deborah's punishment. Pupils facing the birch always spent their overnight stay in the nude, again to heighten their anticipation of what was to come, the horror of what was coming being a very large part of the punishment. It worked. At least, it certainly worked on Deborah.

The headteacher knew Deborah's reputation as someone who treated all punishment with an attitude approaching scorn. He was therefore pleased to see from her face that, whatever other feelings were generated by the sight of the horse and the birch bin, and the headteacher strapping her naked body in place on the horse to "get the feel of it", she certainly felt an adequate amount of "respect" for the place.

While the three were still in the birching room, while Deborah was still, in fact, firmly joined to the birching horse, there was a knock on the door and Emma was sent by the headteacher to open it. This she did with no little embarrassment due to her state of undress and Mr Critchley took advantage of this time alone with the bound and naked Deborah to encourage her fear just a little more.

"You know," he whispered quietly into her ear, his hand stroking the girl's unprotected and upturned bottom, "they tell me the screams of a girl being birched can be heard even in the old block. Is that true?"

The old block was the first of the teaching blocks built in addition to the main school house. It was a quarter of a mile away from the tower, yet Deborah knew - as every pupil in the school knew - that what the headteacher claimed was true. No one had been birched for over a year, but Deborah well remembered the shrill cries of Tammy Rogers the previous March as they echoed eerily around the school buildings. Teachers were told to ensure that the day's first lesson (which began at 8.55) commenced with a period of silence on birching days, precisely to ensure that the victim's screams were heard. Mr Critchley would also, even on winter's days and despite the unclothed situation of the girl bound for punishment, throw open the single window in the birching room immediately before picking up the birch. It was all, he told himself, in a humane attempt to persuade the remainder of the school that they did not want, really did not want, to commit any offence that would land them in a similar situation.

"Yes," Deborah murmured her answer through welcome tears - welcome, at least, to the man standing next to her. Mr Critchley allowed himself the rather unethical liberty of walking around behind the girl to where her neatly spread thighs framed her young pussy, pouting involuntarily in this undignified pose, and bending down to look a little more closely at her girlish secrets. Detecting the familiar scent of unintentional arousal, he moved closer still to allow his breath to break heavily across Deborah's bared sex and buttocks, a shudder greeting this whispered exploration.

Again, now, Mr Critchley's fingers moved across the pale cheeks displayed so perfectly the hints of previous punishment (particularly her sister's recent caning of her) fading into faint, rose coloured lattices.

"I will see you again at 8.30 in the morning," he told the whimpering girl, "and then we will see if a taste of the birch can have an effect on your behaviour which more lenient forms of discipline have failed to bring about."

As he spoke, the headteacher guided his fingers deliberately close to Deborah's visibly moistening pussy, never quite touching the girl's slightly swollen labia but causing her breath to come in short, embarrassed gasps.

"Tomorrow's beating, I can guarantee you," he said finally, his hand now running up the young girl's naked back until he reached the nape of her neck, stopping then to caress her kindly, "will be one you will remember for the rest of your life. And one which, I think, you know well how much you deserve."

"Sir?" Deborah called, as the man turned to leave her.

"Yes," Mr Critchley replied, returning to hear her.

She had intended to plead with him. To beg him to use the cane upon her instead, to promise to behave well for ever if only, if only he would spare her this terrible fate. Yet she knew that such pleas would fall on unhearing ears. And her pride, too, served to prevent such an outburst. Instead she said only:

"I know that what I did was wrong, Sir. And I know that the birch is the only punishment I could have expected. I'm sorry, Sir."

"I'm glad to hear your apology," the headteacher said in a gentle voice. "I dare say I will hear evidence of your sorrow in the morning. Ah, Amanda!"

These last words were spoken to Emma and Deborah's house captain who had just appeared in the doorway with Emma. It was a traditional duty for the house captain of a girl facing the birch to act as supervisor. There were a number of traditions associated with the birching tower.

"Amanda," the headmaster said now, never departing from his cool, practised demeanour. "You are aware, I imagine, that tradition dictates that no girl remains clothed overnight in the tower?"

"Yes, Sir," the pretty eighteen-year old answered, immediately (and with an impressive display of pretended indifference) beginning to disrobe. Yet if she had hoped that her unquestioning compliance would induce the teacher to leave the room while she undressed, she was quite wrong. She was far to pretty for that.

Only when Amanda stood naked, awkwardly keeping her hands intentionally away from her sex (she knew how many teachers react to a girl's attempt to cover herself by forcing her to adopt far more embarrassing poses than standing in the nude with her hands by her side) did the headmaster finally take his leave.

"Be sure that all three of you are showered and ready before I get here in the morning," he said, handing Amanda an alarm clock. "And make sure these two behave themselves. You will get a good hiding yourself if you let me down."

"I know, Sir," the girl replied, quite sure that he meant these last words, and equally sure that she would not require such treatment.

The headmaster nodded and then opened a narrow cupboard on the wall that none of the girls had previously noticed. From it, it took a thin and whippy cane of medium length. Emma felt her eyes widen as Amanda reached out to take it from him.

"Remember that you may only use the cane on Emma," he advised the house captain, "should you need to discipline the girls. If you punish Deborah, it must be with your hand."

The man turned to Emma.

"Did you know about this tradition?" he smiled.

"No Sir," Emma answered.

"Good. We tend to keep it a bit of a secret, in case girls becoming unwilling to do this important job."

He paused, and looked at Amanda, and then back at Emma.

"Despite the fact that this is the only occasion on which a girl is permitted to use a cane, she must be able to justify herself if she does beat you. Behave yourself and you'll be quite safe."

Emma swallowed hard. The smile on Amanda's face would not stay hidden as its owner wished.

"How about we just get it out of the way now?" Amanda said, caressing the cane and still grinning, once Mr Critchley had slammed the door at the base of the spiral staircase which led to the tower.

"Er... what?" Emma murmured, kneeling on one of the three beds.

As Deborah looked on, Amanda moved onto the bed and took Emma's face in her hands, kissing her hard and deep on the mouth, her right hand slipping easily between the younger girl's legs and exploring her moist folds.

"What do you think?" Amanda asked.

On the basis that three in a bed sex wasn't the kind of thing you "got out of the way", Emma concluded that wasn't the correct answer.

"The... the cane?" she whispered, as her housecaptain (she had never imagined Amanda doing anything like this!) pushed her down onto her back and spread her legs wide.

"Well, put it this way," Amanda cooed, two fingers burying themselves deeply inside Emma while her thumb played over her budding clitoris. "I can spend all evening looking for an excuse to give you six of the best, or you can agree to take two or three now, and we can all relax until bedtime." She giggled, like a much younger girl. "Or at least, until we go to sleep."

Emma tried to concentrate, something she always found difficult when knowledgeable fingers were working her.

"Just two?" she said, sensing the mistake of the question mark in her tone.

"Three," Amanda purred. "And no more, I promise."

It seemed to Emma that the deal had been struck, and she gave herself up to the pleasure which would precede the pain. She didn't suppose it would be long.

"Deborah first!" Amanda said suddenly, pushing Emma back down and turning to the third girl.

"But... but Mr Critchley said..." Deborah began, only to be greeted by Amanda's wide grin.

"No, not the cane," she said. "But I think you were very naughty not to protest at me telling Emma I was going to cane her for nothing. So you're going over my knee!"

This was a side of Amanda Emma had never seen before, and she was a little surprised to find how much she liked it. She allowed her own hand to take over from Amanda's now absent touch as the housecaptain pulled Deborah to her and hoisted her over her lap. She watched the older girl's breasts bounce gently as she began to bring her hand down sharply on Deborah's bottom - Deborah's bottom which was going to face a far sterner ordeal in a few hours time.

Deborah shrieked and kicked, as she always did - crying, Emma suspected, because this fairly mild spanking reminded her of what was to come... but then, Deborah always shrieked and cried. Perhaps she was a "naughty little girl", just as Amanda kept on repeating.

"But Deborah's not the only naughty little girl, is she?" Amanda intoned once Emma's friend lay still and sobbing over her knee, that day's punishment over at least.

"No," Emma answered when the long silence told her that a response was necessary. "I... I've been naughty too."

"Yes, you have," Amanda agreed, rolling Deborah to one side where she could moan quietly... and watch, of course.

She stood, drawing herself to her full five foot ten inches, long auburn hair falling from her shoulders like a waterfall, and reached for the cane. Then she frowned and shook her head.

"Yes, you have," Amanda repeated. "Very naughty."

The house captain pointed with the tip of the cane at the one unoccupied bed and looked Emma in the eyes.

"Bend over the side of the bed," she said sternly. "I'm going to give you the cane on your bare bottom."

Only now removing her hand from between her thighs, but still feeling the near electric glow of arousal coursing through her, Emma pushed herself up from where she sat and walked slowly but steadily to the prescribed bed. She stepped away suddenly then, and Amanda was about to condemn her to a few extra strokes when she realised what Emma was doing. She had gathered the six pillows in the room and was quickly back at the bed, piling them up at one side so that, when she did now kneel at the side and then lean forwards, her naked cheeks see-sawed up in the air to present the most delicious target to her prosecutor.

"Good girl," Amanda said ironically (though not intentionally ironically) as she tapped the cane against the neatly presented flesh. "I'm going to give you three hard strokes."

It was only then, as Amanda lifted the cane high in the air to deliver the first stroke, that Deborah noticed the tram-lines on Amanda's own bottom. She had taken enough canings, seen enough flogged backsides to know the cause of the lines, but was somehow surprised to see them on Amanda. She had never heard of her breaking any school rules, and, despite the fact that Deborah's own father employed corporal punishment well past his daughters' adolescence, she felt sure Amanda's father didn't still beat her - if he ever had.

WHACK! The cane flew through the air and lashed Emma's bare rump with a frightening crack. Amanda may be a beginner with the cane, Deborah thought, distracted for a moment, but she learned quickly.

Perhaps it was a boyfriend... or girlfriend? Deborah had always assumed Amanda to be a straight as a die, but that was obviously wrong..... Yes, she remembered seeing a boy picking her up from school the previous weekend - and he looked as if he was strictly vanilla.

CRACK! Emma screeched this time as the thin cane made its repeated acquaintance with the yielding flesh of her behind, leaving behind a brief ripple and, at the point of contact, a second red line.

THWACK! Even harder, Deborah thought. She's really putting some effort into this. Deborah wondered how fresh the welts on Amanda's bottom were. Perhaps this was a form of retaliation - and Emma was unlucky to be the first available scapegoat.

There was a gentle sob from the bed, and Deborah wasn't at all sure that it was Emma from whom it emanated, Amanda looking drawn and dropping the cane to the floor almost as if it had burned her. She bend down to whisper in Emma's ear, "I'm sorry", and then began to kiss the girl she had just beaten, her face hot and salty against Emma's cheek.

"Are you going to join us?" Amanda threw across the room at Deborah once she and Emma had collapsed back onto the bed, fingers and tongues probing feminine hollows and curves, the last five minutes (apparently) forgotten.

"On condition you tell us a story," Deborah smiled.

Amanda looked up from her comfortable spot between Emma's open thighs.

"What story?" she asked.

"Well, Emma and I aren't the only naughty girls in here are we?"

"Oh," Amanda frowned. "Is it still pretty obvious?"

Deborah walked over to the others and slowly crawled on top of Amanda, heading straight for the sweet scent of her parted sex.

"They don't look more than a few days old," she said. Then she added, "The last lot anyway."

"What are you two talking about," Emma asked, attempting to decipher the private conversation being conducted above her naked body.

In answer, Amanda rolled onto her side, Emma gasping at the sight of her recently thrashed bottom and the tracing the marks with her fingers.

"But who...?" she began.

"Mr Lindon, of course" Amanda sighed.

"But... but I've never seen you in trouble with him... and you're the house captain. I mean he treats you more like another teacher!" Deborah exclaimed.

"Most of the time, yes," Amanda agreed.

She paused.

"Do you know how many times I've been caned since you two had your house public? Four! In less than two months!"

"I don't understand," Emma murmured.

Amanda sighed.

"All right," she said, "I'll tell you about it. I'm not supposed to, so not a word. OK?"

The other two agreed readily.

"It goes right back to the end of last year, when Mr Lindon said he wanted me to be house captain. He told me about all the privileges and stuff and then, right at the end, he said he wanted to talk to me about my behaviour....

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"But, I'm hardly ever in trouble," I said. "I thought that was why you were making me house captain."

"Yes, it is," he told me. "But as house captain it is vital that you set the right example to the other girls and don't allow the rights accorded to you by the position to cloud your judgement."

He sat next to me on the sofa and carried on.

"You will be calling me by my first name, taking important decisions about the life of the house, disciplining other pupils. It is easy for such power to go to one's head - even a head as level as yours," he explained.

"I'll try not to let it," I promised.

"Good," he said. Then he got up and lifted his cane from its hook on the wall and handed it to me.

"I've never beaten you, have I?" he asked gently.

I was beginning to feel nervous now.

"No," I agreed.

"Why not?"

"Because... well I've never done anything naughty enough to deserve it," I told him.

"But you have been punished here?"

"Yes," I admitted. "I've been spanked and slippered a few times. I think pretty much all the girls have here."

"Indeed," Mr Lindon nodded. "And I think I may even have had to put you across my knee once or twice."

"Yes, sir," I looked down at my hands, grateful that he hadn't mentioned the fact that my knickers would have been down round my knees on each occasion.

"Well, as house captain, the usual school rules won't apply to you, of course. You may come and go as you please, you may visit the village, you will have no designated bedtime, and so on. On the other hand, as my representative, there is one special rule which applies to you and only to you."

"What is it?" I asked anxiously.

"You mustn't let me down," Mr Lindon explained. "You have to maintain the very highest standards at all times. If I'm going to treat you with the respect due to your position, the way I would any other teacher for example, I have to feel that you are conducting yourself in a way deserving of that respect. As I said, you are allowed into the village, but if I get a report that you've been seen behaving in any way unbecoming to your status - or simply untidily dressed - I will consider that you have let me down. You have no designated bedtime, but if you disturb the rest of the house by making too much noise in the middle of the night - I will consider that you have let me down. Do you understand what I'm saying?"

"Yes, sir," I answered.

This was a tough standard to live up to, I realised. And the penalty for failing was yet to be explicitly stated.

"You don't need to call me ‘sir' either," he smiled. "'Mr Lindon' in public, or ‘James' in private... except...."

He paused then and I felt my right leg beginning to shake.

"Except what?"

"Except if and when you do let me down. On those occasions, until we resolve them, you will address me as ‘Sir'."

"Yes Sir... er, James." That felt very odd, but he just smiled. "What do you mean, ‘until we resolve them'?"

"Well, if I think you've failed to live up to the standards demanded by your office, I'll call you in here and offer you a straightforward choice. Give up your position, or be punished for your shortcomings."

"Punished?" I asked in a hoarse voice.

"Soundly punished," he emphasised. "There's no sliding scale here, one offence, one punishment."

"What is it?" I asked, feeling a little stupid seeing as how I had the cane on my lap still.

"Come with me," he said, holding out his hand.

I took it and followed him out of his study and through his rooms to the staircase. As we climbed, he explained:

"This part of my rooms is furthest from the rest of the house. I don't suppose you want the other girls to hear you being punished?"

"No, not really," I agreed as he led me into what I assumed was his bedroom.

"We'll start in here," he told me. "This will be the first half of your punishment, an old fashioned spanking over my knee - just like when you were in the first year - knickers down, skirt up. Remember?"

He was smiling slyly and I felt the blood rush to my face.

"Better than I'd like to," I admitted.

"I'm sure. That's to remind you that if you do let me down, you're undermining your status as a responsible adult - and as a consequence you will be treated like a little girl until its all over."

"You said that would be the first half...?"

"That's right." He took the cane from me which I was still holding. "I'm sure it's no surprise to you to hear that the second half is a caning?"

"No, sir," I answered.

"You will take your clothes off in here. All of them," he said, my blush returning. "Then we'll go to the bathroom."

He turned and left the room, my feet reluctantly following him to the large yellow painted bathroom where he was waiting with the cane. The room was warm, with a slight dampness in the air.

"It's very noisy in here," he told me, "but because there aren't any windows, hardly anything can be heard outside. And there's still room for a good swing!"

"How many strokes would I get?"

"Six the first time, seven the second, and so on. You've probably realised that I'm extremely fussy about my house captain's behaviour and it's fair to say that making ten or more trips up here wouldn't be that unusual."

I did the sums more quickly than I usually did in maths. That would be fifteen strokes on the tenth occasion. Could anyone take that many? I realised that I had no idea what the cane even felt like.

"Sir," I said slowly, amazing myself with what I realised I was about to ask, "I've never been caned and I don't know what... I mean, could you give me just one stroke - I mean, now - just so I know what to expect?"

Mr Lindon smiled warmly.

"I almost suggested it myself," he told me. "Well done for being brave. It will have to be on your bare bottom, of course," he added.

"Of course," I mumbled.

Quickly, Mr Lindon had a stool pulled up in the middle of the room.

"You can keep the rest of your clothes on... this time," he said. "Pull your knickers down and bend over the stool."

I did as he said, arguing furiously myself about why I was asking for the cane for the first time in my life because I was so good that I was being made house captain.

Mr Lindon's hands were on my skirt then, lifting it up clear of my bottom. Then he stood to the side of me and laid the cane on my cheeks.

"It's going to be as hard as if I were punishing you for real," he warned me.

"I know," I told him. "I'm ready."

I'm not even sure now why I didn't tell him to forget about the job after that one stroke. It burned so badly... but then you two have a pretty good idea about how much the cane hurts, don't you. Anyway, he had me stand in the corner of his bedroom with my bottom on display, showing off its single red stripe, while I made my mind up about whether to accept the job. And somehow I decided I would, and most of the time I'm pretty glad about it. Most of the time....

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"So, when did he first cane you properly," Emma asked, her sex warming up the way it always did when spanking was the subject of the conversation.

"You won't believe this," Amanda told them. "It was on the first day of term - the first day in the job!"

"You're joking?!" Deborah spluttered. "But I remember going to see you and one of the prefects said you were having supper with Mr Lindon."

"Yes," Amanda agreed. "That's what James... Mr Lindon uses to explain my absence from house for a couple of hours."

She frowned.

"Of course I didn't know that when he came to my study and asked, in front of my friends, if I would come and have supper with him so we could talk about the term. And of course, I smiled and went off feeling all superior. I know better now."

"What was it for," Emma wanted to know.

"Well, we got to his study and he just held up this big key. I knew what it was because it's my job to look after it. It's the big safe all the girls are allowed to keep their money and valuables in."

"The one in the second year common room?" Deborah asked.

"That's right," Amanda confirmed. "Anyway, I asked where he'd found it and he said I'd left it in the lock. Anyone could have come along and nicked the lot."

"I guess that is fairly serious," Emma suggested.

"I suppose so," Amanda owned. "Anyway, he said I had ‘let him down', which is probably the most frightening sentence in the world for me these days, and at the same time I saw him reach for his cane."

The house captain took a deep breath and Deborah put a reassuring hand on her bare thigh, gently stroking the other girl's warm flesh.

"Stupidly, as he came towards me, I began to back away and he got pretty angry then. I said something like, ‘Please, James," and he said it was ‘Please, sir' and that it wouldn't do any good anyway. He grabbed me my the ear and marched me out into the hall and up the stairs, not letting go until I was standing in a corner of his bedroom, facing the wall.

"He told me to lift up my skirt, and then he pulled my knickers down to my thighs so that I could feel the cold air on my bare bottom. And then he went out again telling me to stand like that until he returned.

"You know, I think I cried more then than I ever did when I was threatened with a spanking when I was younger. I felt really bad about failing so early on in the job. I said that when he came back after ten minutes or so and he was suddenly really nice and gave me a cuddle and said I'd get better at it, and he wouldn't have chosen me if he hadn't been sure I was up to it and I could resign if I wanted to (and then I would be able to go without being punished) - but he wanted me to carry on.

"I told him I did want to carry on and I was sorry for being a naughty girl and I knew I should be punished."

She smiled, pausing in the middle of her flow.

"Honestly, I felt like I was about twelve years old. Anyway, the ice seemed to be broken then, and when he pulled me over to the chair he'd put by the bed and took be over his lap it felt... I don't know... safe I suppose. Like it took away some of the weight of responsibility knowing that I could still be a child."

Emma's hand crept to Amanda's other thigh, the two friends exchanging glances as they began to home in on their superior's pussy.

"Did it hurt?" she asked.

"Oh yes, it always hurts," Amanda almost laughed. "There's no limit to how many smacks he can give me, so he spanks me - and this is what he said -until his hand's too sore to carry on... so you can imagine what my bum feels like!"

"And then he caned you, too," Deborah anticipated.

"Yep," Amanda nodded. "First he made me face him and undress - and that was pretty embarrassing, taking all my clothes off in front of my house master -and then he took me to the bathroom, whipping the cane noisily through the air all the time."

Amanda looked at the other two girls, their faces alive with desire, just as their roaming fingers met up at her own wet pussy. She could hardly call them perverted, in the circumstances, but she wondered whether such a strong sexual interest in spanking was quite normal. She pondered for a moment whether she should talk to Mr Lindon about it, but then realised their was nothing he could do unless he wanted to abandon corporal punishment with the pair - and, in Deborah's case at least, that would be exceedingly difficult.

And anyway, her resolve was being melted by the presence of two of Emma's fingers inside her and Deborah's own hands showing off their owner's considerable knowledge of female sexual anatomy ("What Makes the Clitoris Tick" would be her first published work after leaving university, but that's beyond the scope of this story).

"You've both been caned, so you kind of know what it's like," she told them. "Though last time I got fifteen strokes because it was my tenth visit. It was just six that first time - but it hurt like fuck

"I remember waiting for the first stroke more than the caning itself. Bent down naked in my house master's bathroom.... just think what the Sun would make of it!

"What I made from it was simple: Behave like a young lady, and Mr Lindon will treat you like one; behave like a naughty brat and he'll cane your bare bottom. And you don't want that. Believe me, I do everything I can not to let Mr Lindon down."

"And he's still caned you ten times this year," Emma said. "You must really like the job."

"Oh I do, I do," Amanda agreed. "And I really like him too - even after everything. He's always so kind and loving... even, in a way, when he's punishing me. I'd never resign, not even if he threatened me with the birch.... Oh, Debs, I'm sorry!"

"That's OK, I'm trying to get used it. In fact, I was wondering whether we could get to bed - I want to be wide awake tomorrow morning."

"Of course, Amanda agreed. If we push the beds together we can curl up with each other."

And, after a long and rather excited bath together, that's exactly what they did.

# EMMA AT SCHOOL 27

Woke up this morning....

The alarm woke the three girls up at eight o'clock on the fateful morning. It was a beautiful day, in terms of weather, a large orange sun rising drowsily over the school playing fields. But the girls were paying scant attention to the outside world.

They were to have breakfast after Deborah's beating, so there was nothing to do but bathe and prepare. The former they did together once again (it was, after all, one of the few places in school they were unlikely to get caught), Emma and Amanda making a point of giving their colleague as much pleasure as possible now, in advance of her pain.

Then with more than five minutes still to go, Deborah hoisted herself up onto the punishment horse and allowed the others to secure her firmly in place. It was an absolute requirement that the girl to be birched be prepared before the headmaster arrived, and none of the girls was going to be responsible for failing to fulfil that responsibility.

Emma stroked her lover's naked body lovingly, surprised by the extent of her arousal at having Deborah nude and opened for her, but held there by leather straps rather than by choice. Then, as eight thirty neared, Amanda and Emma left Deborah and took their places at the end of the room furthest from the door, facing their companion.

Mr Critchley unlocked and pushed open the door at precisely half past eight, all three girls shuddering as the key scraped its way around inside the lock.

Deborah shuddering most. She heard the shared gasp of the other two as she sensed the man enter the room directly behind her and guessed, correctly, that this was a response to their first ever glimpse of a birch. Yet the headmaster was not planning on depriving her of the same level of anticipation.

He walked around to stand in front of her, betraying no shame as his eyes drunk in the young, naked femininity that filled the room. The birch hung from his right hand, a collection of some twenty or thirty long, slender twigs, bound together in leather at one end, yet free to move individually at the other. None of the girls thought they had ever seen anything so terrifying.

"This is a birch," Mr Critchley explained, dropping it in the copper bin to allow the salt to seep into the wood and harden it a little. "And it is what I use to punish those girls whose misbehaviour has become intolerable... like yours, Deborah."

"No! I will be good - I promise," she shouted, her fear dominating all other emotions now.

"Yes, I certainly hope that you will," he agreed. "And I hope that what happens here this morning helps you in that quest."

There was no more from Deborah, except the start of a gentle sobbing which would continue until the first stroke.

"Emma," Mr Critchley said quietly. "Open the window, and then come and hold her."

While there was no need for restraint, the old straps performing this role more than adequately, it was traditional that the girl being birched had a friend at her side, literally, during the punishment. Emma shivered a little as the cool morning air handled her naked body roughly, and then moved over to stand by Deborah's right shoulder, where she would not disrupt the headmaster's swing, holding her trembling hand.

After what seemed like an age of waiting, Deborah heard the dripping sound of droplets from the birch twigs falling back into the bin as Mr Critchley lifted the bundle from the water, and then felt the cold, stringy wetness of them upon her flesh. It would all begin soon, which meant, she told herself, it would soon be over.

There are, of course, some things in life that one cannot prepare for. Or, at least, that one cannot choose to prepare for. After that morning, Emma and Amanda would have been fairly well prepared had they ever had to face the birch themselves - although (and we cannot discount the influence of that preparation) neither ever did.

Deborah, however, had no way to prepare, which was possibly just as well. If someone had been able to explain to her how horrid the first stroke would be as each twig engraved its identity on her young skin, she would probably have tried to escape, leaving Emma and Amanda to get her onto the horse by force, a much worse scenario for all involved.

Yet now, with no possible escape available, as the white heat of pain sped through her naked body, Deborah was ready to give almost anything to avoid the nine to follow - yet she knew arguing with Mr Critchley to be pointless and, beyond the long scream which she just could not hold in, she said nothing.

Emma's face was white, the headmaster noted with pleasure as he prepared for the second stroke. James Lindon had told him about the girl - how she was easily led and could do with a timely reminder that there were good reasons for behaving oneself - this would help, he thought.

CRACK!

Deborah's bare bottom was already a mess of lines after the first two strokes and the third brought an exceptionally powerful cry from Deborah as it crossed those pre-existing marks.

Amanda thought back to the two or three occasions when James had threatened to birch her, but had "let her off" with a severe bare bottom caning. She wondered whether he would be more or less likely to use the ultimate punishment on her after this morning.

"Noooooooo!" Deborah screeched as number four landed, almost surprised to still be conscious, so great was the pain. She imagined rivulets of blood running down over her thighs, though the external results of the birch were not really much more severe than those of the cane - some headmasters still consider a caning a more serious punishment than the birch, especially when applied to the bare bottom, but Mr Critchley was not one of them.

There can be no real doubt as to which way Deborah would have voted if asked to pick the worse of the two. By the time the fifth stroke had landed, thus marking the half-way point of the beating, she was beginning to wonder whether she should beg for expulsion even now with fifty percent of the damage done.

Yet, as Mr Critchley replaced the birch in the copper bin to rest his arm, the only sounds which came from Deborah were the sounds of the tears of a naughty girl part way through being very soundly punished.

Away from the birching tower, as dictated by tradition, the school had paused to ensure each young lady, and the few young men, of the establishment joined with Deborah in learning this particular lesson. Pupils and teachers alike stood still, listening as the whistle and thud of the birch, and the screams of girl receiving it, echoed around the main quadrangle and reached out into the furthest corners of the grounds.

Nor did anyone begin to talk or move when the sounds ceased for a little over two minutes. Everyone knew how many strokes were to be delivered, and that the tableau should not broken before then.

In School House, adjoining the tower itself, the sounds of Deborah's beating seemed particularly fierce to a fifteen year old girl named Stacey Lemington. Without doubt her current position, draped as she was over Stuart Clarkeson's knee with her skirt pulled up and her knickers around her thighs, acted to amplify the terrifying noise, as perhaps did the prefect's hand as it moved gently over her reddened buttocks.

As one of only two male school prefects, Stuart possessed the enviable right to spank the girls in School House upon their bare bottoms legally (as has been noted already in this history, girls who fagged for boys also often had to pull their knickers down for punishment) and he was well practised in the art of making his punishments count.

The table tennis bat with which he had already delivered seven sharp, stinging whacks to Stacey's firm behind lay discarded on the sofa beside him now; the remainder of her punishment would be given with his hand - after the girl had been able to picture herself in Deborah's situation, and thus created a few more tears.

He liked to finish up a girl's spanking with bare hand on bare bottom, it seemed to give that "personal touch" so revered in the modern service oriented society. And, surely, he was providing a service, making sure that naughty girls were justly punished for their misbehaviour - a service he was more than happy to provide. He felt the teenager tense under his hand as Deborah's shrieks began to ring through the study hall once again, and smiled to himself.

Across the main lacrosse pitch, in Elliott House, two sixth formers heard the anguished cries with similar empathy to that of Stacey. They had unwisely been caught smoking the previous evening by their housemaster, Peter Dunstable, for the third time in two weeks and his words to them had chilled their bones.

"I must admit that if the head wasn't tied up tomorrow morning, I'd have been tempted to ask him to birch the two of you," he had told the awe-struck eighteen year olds. "I expect better of sixth-formers, and to have caught you smoking again after what I said last time... well, I don't know quite how to explain how angry I am."

He had then lifted a long, thick cane from an umbrella stand behind his desk and looked sternly at the two girls, saying quietly, "To be honest, one of the reasons you're not getting the birch is because I'm so cross with you I want at least to have the satisfaction of punishing you myself."

He had swished the cane through the air menacingly, causing the more timid of the two girls, Tamsin, to gasp loudly. His next words had caused her to start crying properly.

"I'm going to cane you both, on the bare bottom," he had said. "You will receive ten strokes each, in my office tomorrow morning. Be here at eight twenty sharp - or else!"

Now, as they listened to the final strokes of Deborah's birching being sternly applied by the headmaster, they waited for the remainder of their own punishments.

Both girls were naked from the waist down, skirts and knickers discarded on the floor. As Mr Elliott had only one punishment horse and he wished to conduct both beatings simultaneously, he had asked the girls simply to stand next to each other and bend over, threatening extra strokes should they break from their position without being told to.

There had been time for only the first two strokes before eight-thirty came, and the teacher surveyed the two bottoms with satisfaction. He had managed to raise a pair of good strong marks on each of them, and knew that the stinging pain would still be very much present as he counted the final stroke of Deborah's birching and picked up the cane once again.

Back in the birching tower then, as the punishments of Tamsin, her accomplice and Stacey resumed after the short respite, all was finally quiet, save for the droning sobs of the beaten girl.

The headmaster, having dispensed justice, had no desire to prolong Deborah's suffering and so retired from the room, leaving Amanda and Emma to release their house-mate from her bondage, careful not to touch the scores of thin, irregular and painful-looking testimonies to her suffering which covered her nether cheeks.

Deborah had been advised by the headmaster beforehand to bring a loose fitting dressing gown to the tower and she stood wrapped in it, shivering but grateful for its gentleness, while the other two girls dressed, each somehow more aware of their nakedness now than at any time in the preceding hours. Finally, Emma walked her friend back to Bronte House, Deborah leaning heavily on her arm.

Both girls were excused lessons for the day, and Emma put her friend to bed tenderly, dressing her face and neck with tender kisses and cradling her lovingly in her arms. It was an experience she would have avoided for anything in the world, yet in a strange way she suspected it would make the bond between them even closer.

# EMMA AT SCHOOL - EPILOGUE

Full Circle

Three months to the day after Deborah's birching, if we sneak a look inside the study of Mr Lindon, her housemaster, we will find him talking sternly to her young friend, Emma. His words are the more frightening because, for once, she finds herself unable to give her usual, honest response.

"Emma," he begins. "You know why you are here, of course."

"No," she shakes her pretty head, her hair flapping its agreement. "I mean ..."

She breaks off because, although she is not aware of any recent wrongdoing which could have led to her predicament, the presence of the punishment horse in the centre of the room, and the cane hanging easily from its side, leaves little doubt as to the teacher's intention.

"I mean," she continues, "I haven't done anything wrong!"

"Haven't you indeed?" Mr Lindon says calmly, stepping closer to the girl and lifting her face for a moment.

"Well perhaps a few strokes of my cane across your young bottom will jog your memory?"

Emma feels the tear on her cheek. She knows her protest will meet with refusal, but to be caned for nothing....

"Sir, no please," she stammers. "I haven't... ouch!"

"Silence, girl!" the teacher's words follow a sharp, stinging smack to the back of Emma's right leg. "You know better than to argue with me do you not?"

"Yes sir," the girl sobs, rubbing the sore spot, and thinking of how much more the cane will hurt than a single smack.

"I'm sorry sir."

"Good," Mr Lindon nods. "Now remove your skirt and knickers, please. You may leave them on my desk."

After all this time, Emma still dreads this command. Mr Lindon, like most teachers, generally pulls down a girl's knickers once she has bent over. However, like most male prefects (for reasons which need little explanation), he occasionally requires a girl to unclothe herself before her punishments; most canings, for example, are given in this way. Though Emma knows it is unusual for the teacher to have girls take off their skirt beforehand.

"It's not as if it makes any real difference", Emma tells herself as she obediently unbuttons her skirt and folds it neatly on the housemaster's desk. "When I'm tied to that... thing, with my legs pulled wide apart, he'll see all of me there is to see anyway".

"Knickers too," Mr Lindon's interrupt her attempt to calm herself. "Or I'll pull them down myself!"

"And what would that be like?" Emma asks silently, as she turns to face him. What does happen if a girl refuses to undress? She imagines Amanda being asked to hold her still while Mr Lindon yanks her knickers down. How undignified!

Instead Emma's hands move, not too quickly, down to the waistband of her plain navy blue knickers and tug them down her legs, all the time trying to maintain her dignity by looking into her teacher's face, trying perhaps to get a glimpse of the reason why she was being punished.

Then, half naked, Mr Lindon leads her to the horse, helps her into place, and straps her down securely, her bottom raised high with her thighs spread even wider than she remembered. A tear splashes silently onto the carpet. She bites gratefully on the offered gag. There will be no escape now.

Emma hears the teacher lift the cane from the side of the horse and feels him tap it against her flesh. Her heart beats loudly and quickly inside her breast.

"Six of the best," he intones slowly.

The girl closes her eyes and waits.

The teacher raises the cane and strikes.

The cane snaps through the air and bites.

And the girl screams.

As they do. As Mr Lindon is accustomed to hearing, though the sound is almost totally deadened by the gag. Not in his mind though. In his mind he hears their screams in all their full blooded glory.

A second and third stroke follow inevitably after the first. Emma has forgotten her protests of innocence now. She must have been bad - if she hadn't been bad, her housemaster wouldn't be caning her bare bottom; it wouldn't hurt so much.

"I'm sorry!" she attempts to screech after the fourth, though she still doesn't know what she's sorry for. She just wants the caning to end. Though she knows it cannot.

CRACK! The can rips into her a fifth time, and she screams a fifth time. The carpet is wet with her salty tears And then there is silence.

Emma hears the cane being placed upon the teacher's oak desk. She has miscounted, the ordeal is over.

But no.

"Emma, I will return shortly," he says. Then he smiles. "Don't go away."

The door slams behind him and Emma closes her eyes and wishes she could free her hand and rub her sore bottom. She can well imagine the five nasty red weals cutting across her fair skin. After all, she has seen....

The door opens again. Emma has no idea how long it has been. A minute. An hour.

And then she hears it. A gasp of fright, or surprise. The sound of a teenage girl who has been confronted, without any warning, with the horrific scene presented.

And the teacher speaks.

"How many more, Emma?"

"One," she answers, remembering.

"Good," he says, his voice kindly. "I'll be back to finish you off after I've said goodbye to Stephanie's parents. No talking please, either of you."

# THE END