**PATRICIAS PUNISHMENT**

I suppose this could be seen as a cautionary tale about the dangers of drinking

too much alcohol, but for me it's about the start of my life as it is today. Let

me introduce myself. I'm Chris, and presently I'm a doctor - one of those

overworked, overtired House Officers you read about from time to time. Actually,

it's not too bad - better than being a medical student anyway. And life's good

at the moment. I've just got engaged, to Patricia, who I've been seeing for the

past three years.

This tale is about us actually. Pat works in a firm of lawyers, but two years

ago we were both students, and very poor students at that. We never really had

enough money, but I was determined to treat Pat for the anniversary of our first

year as a couple. So I scrimped and saved, did loads of extra jobs, and

eventually had enough money to book Bed and Breakfast at a pub near Bath,

recommended in "The Good Pub Guide". I also had enough to buy us both dinner,

and drinks for the night. As you may imagine, I was somewhat pleased with

myself.

I kept the plans secret until the day, and the look on Patricia's face when I

told her, was worth the money on its own. We packed hurriedly and drove down in

the morning (I wasn't going to lectures on a day like this!), and spent the day

in Bath window shopping, which was all we could afford to do.

We arrived at the pub, The Black Swan, around teatime, and were shown to our

room by the landlord's wife. It was fantastic! We couldn't believe our luck -

there was a large double bed, an en-suite bathroom, tea and coffee making

facilities and a television. I won't bother you with the details, but we spent

the first half hour together in the shower!

When we'd freshened up, Pat turned to me with a grin and said "As you've gone to

all this trouble, it's about time I did something for you. Tell me what you want

me to wear and I'll wear it for you." Now Pat has a gorgeous body. She has a

34B-24-35 figure, which means nothing to me, but may be of some help to you.

However, like most females she has no confidence in her body, and wears trousers

far too often for my liking! So this was a real treat. I went over and looked in

her case - she'd brought just about everything that had ever turned me on, but I

knew exactly what I wanted. I picked out a blue flowery dress which went down to

just above her knees, black suede high heels and a pair of sheer blue tights.

Now I know most people find tights about as arousing as Nora Battys stockings,

but if you've ever seen a girl wearing sheer tights with no underwear, the silky

material covering her lovely bum cheeks..... well, you've no idea what it does

for me!

I gave the clothes to Pat who grinned and said "What knickers do you want?"

"None." I replied.

"What all night?" she asked, looking shocked.

"Yes." She'd worn them like that in the privacy of her own bedroom, but never

like this. Pat looked nervous.

"But someone might see." she ventured. I reassured her they wouldn't and

reminded her that a promise is a promise. She gave a shrug of resignation and

began to dress.

I should really describe Patricia to you, but remember, I'm biased because I

love her. She's stunning - 5'6" with a great figure - slim but not too thin. She

has glossy chestnut hair, thick and straight, down to the middle of her back. I

wish I could describe her face, it's so beautiful. I'll try. It's softly

angular, with large brown eyes so clear you feel you could swim in them. Her

lips are red and full, and just say kiss me every time I see them. As for the

rest of her body, Pat has nice breasts, medium sized, firm and uptilting. Her

waist is thin and stomach flat and her legs are wonderful! - slender and

muscular. She has a bum, which automatically means she hates it, but I love it.

It's firm and (I say with hindsight) perfectly smackable.

We had a fantastic meal that evening. The dining part of the pub was empty, so

as well as eating and downing a bottle of wine, we flirted outrageously with

each other. I couldn't keep my hands off her legs, reaching up as far as I could

go. From time to time Pat would "accidentally" drop her fork and reach under the

table to massage my bulging trousers, and as she got up to go to the toilet, she

bent over, lifting her skirt and giving me a quick flash of her nether regions.

We were both getting rather drunk.

When we had finished eating, we moved to the main bar. It was quite empty. A

group of around six middle aged men were playing dominoes at a table, and

showing off to a person wielding a camcorder. They all had party hats on so I

assumed it was someone's birthday. It was - the landlords. He swaggered out from

behind the bar carrying a tray of drinks, with which they all toasted him. There

were four other couples scattered around the bar. We were by far the youngest

people there.

We sat down at the bar and had a couple more drinks. Then I noticed the pool

table in the corner of the room. It was certainly strange, hexagonal in shape,

with pockets at each edge. We decided to go and have a game, basically out of

curiosity. At the time I was glad we had. We spent a good half hour playing (and

drinking), and every time Patricia had to lean over to make a shot, her skirt

rode up her legs, almost, but not quite up to her bum. The birthday group had

also noticed and were eyeing her appreciatively. I felt really proud that she

was the centre of attention.

However it was then that disaster struck. I suppose it was both of us showing

off as the young couple, playing to the crowd. I was teaching Patricia a trick

shot, but as she tried it out there was a loud tearing sound and a little squeal

of horror as she leapt back from the table as if bitten. She'd torn the baize of

the table! The pub was suddenly quiet and all attention turned to us. The

Landlord jumped to his feet and rushed over, staring in disbelief at the damage

done. Eventually he turned to me and said in a remarkably even voice "You'll be

paying for that I assume."

I gulped. "How much would it be?" I stammered.

"Oh I should say about two hundred pounds all in all." he replied.

Pat gasped. "But we don't have that sort of money." she blurted, "There must be

some way we can work this out."

"And how do you expect to do that? Are you going to work in the kitchens for the

next six weeks?" His sarcasm had us stumped. In two minutes we'd gone from

couple of the week to idiots of the year, but then another voice piped up. It

was the man holding the camcorder.

"I tell you what George, how would you like another birthday present?" This had

us all confused, but he pressed on. "I've got the money." He turned to us. "You

two have been totally irresponsible and your immaturity could cost George here a

lot of money. Now it's his birthday and he deserves to have a good night. I'm

going to make sure he does. George is into corporal punishment. Ever had

corporal punishment?" We both shook our heads. "It would have done both of you a

lot of good. That's by the by. Fortunately for you young lad we're not into

beating boys, so here's the deal. I pay for the damage and George here gets to

take it out on the backside of this delectable young lady. Your punishment is to

watch her pain and humiliation. Meanwhile, I'll record the present on my

camcorder for posterity."

Pat gasped and looked at me in horror. I must have looked at her with pretty

much the same expression. Aware that we were losing the initiative I asked "So

what exactly will this entail?"

"Well George here will take your girlfriend, bend her over the table, pull up

her dress, pull down her knickers and spank her bare bottom until his hand gives

up." He turned to the landlord. "What instruments do you have George?"

"Oh the traditional lot - martinet, tawse and cane." came the reply. Patricia

gasped in horror.

"Well then," said the man, "after he's finished with the hand, he'll thrash her

in various positions, with her in various states of undress for, well, shall we

say the whole thing will last for no more than an hour? When he's done you can

both be stripped naked and serve us drinks for the night."

As he finished, the room, which had been totally silent, became filled with

general murmurs of agreement. One old lady in the corner even clapped. However

the room was once again stilled as the gentleman turned to us and said "Well

it's either that or the courts."

We didn't have that sort of money, and neither did our parents. I turned to

Patricia. It wasn't my decision to make. She had gone as white as a sheet and

her legs were trembling slightly. She was already nearly in tears. I'm sure she,

like me, couldn't quite believe this was happening. Yet all credit to her, she

stepped forward and in a quiet voice said "It doesn't look as though we have

much choice does it?" The people in the room let out a collective breath. The

atmosphere had been electric.

I was motioned to stand in a corner, with a ringside view. George, the landlord

had disappeared to fetch his implements, so the camcorder was passed to a

friend, and the man who had organised this took Patricia by the arm and led her

to the table. She didn't even have the dignity of settling herself. A push to

the back bent her over the edge of the table, her dress riding up to mid thigh.

The drop from the edge to the baize meant that Patricia's bottom jutted up into

the air. Next her legs were spread until her feet were about half a metre apart.

The dress moved even higher, up towards the edge of her bottom, her thighs

encased in the sheer material of the tights. Patricia whimpered with shame, and

I suddenly realised what made the situation worse for her - she wasn't wearing

any knickers! The man ordered Patricia to put her arms out to the side, holding

the edges of the table, and we all watched as my girlfriend bent, bum raised,

legs spread, in the perfect position for the spanking she was about to receive.

An audience had built up into a semi-circle around the table. People laughed and

made lewd comments. I could see that Patricia, head facing as instructed to one

side, had begun to cry silently. I felt angry, helpless, ashamed, and yet at the

same time aroused! The power they had over her, over us. And she looked so sexy.

There was no way I could stop it. I had an erection.

The landlords return was greeted with loud applause. He sauntered over to

Patricia, laid his instruments on the table, and with a curt "Keep still lassie"

slowly, teasingly hoisted her dress over her bum. There was a gasp from those

watching - no knickers! Tights! Patricia gave a sob. Oh my God, what a sight;

those two fantastic cheeks encased in nylon, the drop of her thighs, and in

between the spread legs, for everyone to see, Patricia's gaping vagina. How

could I be aroused at a time like this? How could I not?

Someone said "Bloody hell, look at that!" Patricia went bright red as every eye

in the room focused on her exposed body. The landlord surveyed her, and then

turned to us.

"I don't normally hold with tights," he said "but these I like. We'll keep them

up for the moment." There was generalised agreement. He looked at me and winked

conspiratorially. Others too looked round and grinned. I blushed beetroot red

and hoped that they couldn't see my erection.

The landlord returned to Patricia and placed his hand between her thighs, over

her vagina, his fingers slowly probing. She gave a whimper of embarrassment and

wriggled slightly as he continued.

"Keep still." he ordered and gave her a sharp spank to the right buttock. "Right

lassie, brace yourself." With that he began to spank her, at first hard and fast

all over, drawing gasps and the occasional yelp. Soon he reached his rhythm and

alternated hard spanks left then right, then left. Patricia's breathing became

ragged and her sobs louder. She kept her arms where they were - as she'd been

ordered on pain of extra punishment, but her legs began kicking and she writhed

uncontrollably. There were occasional yells of encouragement from the watchers

and shouts of "Good shot!" when a particularly good smack landed. Patricia's

bottom was quickly becoming crimson through the tights. Now she was yelling and

crying continually, begging him to stop. She'd never been spanked before, and

this was some baptism.

This continued for a good ten minutes, by which time tears were streaming down

Patricia's face. Then he moved to her thighs, spanking each one thoroughly until

they too glowed crimson, drawing louder yelps and more vigorous writhing.

Finally a few more to the bottom, and phase one was over. The landlord ordered

Patricia to stay where she was, respread her legs, and settled back to enjoy his

handiwork.

I felt strange, as I had done throughout. This was my girlfriend, my love being

beaten, being humiliated. Part of me, most of me even, hated it. I hated the

fact that everyone was taking pleasure out of this, hated them for the pain and

degradation being heaped on Patricia, hated them for exposing her body. But part

of me wanted to do this to her, to have that power. Worst of all, part of me

wanted this man to thrash her as hard as he could, to humiliate her further!

Why? I loved her, and yet somewhere deep inside me, however guilty I felt about

it, I was thrilled.

The landlord examined her for about five minutes, fondling her legs, her bum

cheeks and her vagina. This time, though still sobbing freely, Patricia was as

still as a statue. She didn't want to make things even worse for herself.

Eventually the landlord asked for a large, wide stool to be brought from behind

the bar. It was placed on the floor and Patricia was ordered to stand up and

face the audience. Her face was red and tear-streaked. She gave me a quick

glance of misery and then looked down at the floor. She couldn't face our

stares.

"Right," said George "I want you to kneel on the stool." When Patricia had done

this he ordered her to spread her legs until each knee was at the edge of the

stool. Then she was ordered to bend forward with her elbows on the floor. In

this position, with her back arched, the dress rode up to expose her vagina. It

was quickly lifted to show the whole of her blushing bottom, raised to the sky,

and George took the opportunity to have another fondle. Then he took the

martinet, circled Patricia, raised the implement and.....CRACK! The individual

thongs danced over her backside and she yelped with the pain. This was something

new - stinging pain. Again the arm rose and them fell. The result was the same.

Patricia jerked and cried out "Please, I don't think I can take any more of

this!"

"Of course you can young lady." came the reply, and another shot sizzled down

onto the meat of her bottom. He continued with the strokes, hard wristy shots,

greeted each time by a cry of agony. I doubt that Patricia cared any more that

people could see her body. She must have taken thirty to fifty shots, the yells

getting louder, the moans deeper and the writhings more pronounced. I could see

strange snakelike patterns of red appearing across her cheeks, mingling with the

lighter hues of her spanking. Her bottom was livid.

Eventually however, this part of the punishment was also over and Patricia was

ordered to stand. Thankfully she was now given a short break, and I was allowed

to comfort her. We didn't talk, just held each other as she sobbed deeply. I

prayed she would have the strength for the next stages.

Then of course she was pulled away from me. I moved back to my original

position, and Patricia was forced centre stage once more.

"I think we'll have that dress off now." said the landlord, and this was greeted

by a cheer from those watching. Patricia looked as though she wished she could

die. She slowly unzipped her dress, then, looking away from us, she let it slip

to the floor. Another cheer broke out.

"Place your hands on the back of your head and look to the front girl." ordered

George. Patricia complied, and the action jutted her breasts towards us. The

landlord smoothed her hair back from over her face and then cupped one of her

breasts with his hand.

"These are fantastic" he said, and there was a murmur of agreement. They

certainly were - large, but not large enough to be saggy; firm and uptilting.

Her nipples stiffened with the cold.

"Here she must like this" laughed George. Patricia gave a groan of pure misery.

To all extents and purposes she was now fully naked, wearing only the thin

tights and high heels. Her black pubes were clearly visible to the watching

crowd. "Turn around." he ordered, and as she did so we all looked at the damage

done. The backs of her thighs were still red and her backside was a mosaic of

pattern. The high heels set her legs off magnificently.

"Right young lady, I think twenty strokes of the tawse for you." said George. He

pulled up a chair and instructed Patricia to kneel on it, bending down to touch

the floor on the other side. She was slightly side on to us, so we could see her

breasts dangling towards the ground. Of course, once again her legs were spread.

There was no messing about now. The tawse was raised, then THWACK, it sizzled

down onto Patricia's bum. She shrieked and jerked convulsively, and a hand came

back forlornly to try and protect herself.

"Put that back!" shouted George, "And I think you can count out each stroke and

say thank you sir. Get it wrong and we start again. There was a pause and then

Patricia's voice sobbed "One, thank you sir." She really took a thrashing then.

It's impossible to describe properly. Each shot was followed by a scream, then a

number, and finally by a "Thank you sir". Her voice became ever more desperate,

her shrieks louder and she trembled continuously, whimpering between shots,

apologising and pleading for mercy. I was just thankful she didn't lose count.

After every stroke her breasts dangled helplessly and another bright line

appeared on her bum or thighs. To think I'd thought they'd been red before!

Finally came the cry of "Twenty, thank you sir." It was over but the sobs

continued. There was still the cane to come.

Patricia was left in that position, crying uncontrollably, for some time.

Eventually she was pulled to her feet and ordered to resume her previous pose.

Tears streamed down her face, falling over her breasts and down her abdomen to

her tights. I looked at her dark bush, neatly trimmed, pushing against the

material, each side separated by the lining of the tights. This was a sight that

previously had aroused me only in the privacy of our bedroom.

There were to be more poses now. Patricia was told to clamber up onto the pool

table and sit facing us. She was then instructed to lean back and spread her

legs as far as they could go. It didn't take me two seconds to recognise that

this was a pose right out of a pornographic magazine. Patricia began to cry

again. She was fully exposed, presenting herself to us. Well I thought she was

fully exposed. The landlord returned with a pair of scissors and cut around the

gusset of the tights. Patricia's vagina sprung free. He told her to place her

hand down her tights and part her labia with her fingers. Now she was fully

exposed and George took advantage to probe right inside her pussy with his

fingers, playing with her clitoris. "She's all wet down here." he chuckled.

Patricia groaned, the humiliation unbearable.

Then he picked up his cane. He made Patricia lay back and pull her knees up to

her chest, tightly together. He then pulled her shoes off, and that nearly did

for me. Feet covered by stockings or tights is another of my little fetishes.

Patricia had begun to whimper with fear again.. She was quite right to do so.

The cane swished down in an arc and connected with the firm flesh of her

backside, burying itself deep. Patricia shrieked in agony and a bright red line

imprinted itself on her backside. Again the cane rose and fell. CRACK! this time

into the crease between her bum and thighs. "Aaarghh!" Patricia's legs kicked

out uncontrollably, just as the next stroke cracked into the middle of her

thighs.

"Get those legs back into position!" George yelled or I'll add extra strokes."

Patricia obeyed, sobbing. Three more times the cane fell. Each time her hands

moved to protect herself, each time she was ordered to remove them. Six angry

lines were left.

Then George told Patricia to spread her legs and grab her ankles. She looked up

through her spread legs, over her gaping pussy, exposed for us all to see, and

the cane arced down again and again and again, six more times in total. Each

time she lost the position, kicking in agony, each time she had to retake it. I

don't think she really knew where she was any more. All she knew was the sting

of the cane.

After those strokes I thought her ordeal was over, but she was pulled to the

floor in a very undignified manner and told to put her shoes back on. George

made her cross her legs and touch her toes, the traditional caning position. Her

tights were finally lowered to her ankles and Patricia endures another six cuts,

half to her legs, the rest to her naked rump. The dances she did after every

stroke lewdly exposed herself, and were accompanied by catcalls from those

watching. The thrashing was now over.

Patricia pulled up her tights as told. What was going to happen now? I soon

found out. Pints of beer were brought out and poured all over her, over her

hair, breasts, bottom, and down her tights to her vagina. She was then stripped

out of the wet tights, her shoes put back on, and then it was my turn. I was

stripped fully, my erection now very obvious. Some of the women called out, the

men laughed and the landlord said pointedly "He was as turned on as the rest of

us." Patricia looked at me, shocked. I also had beer poured over me.

The rest of the night we served pints and endured comments, gropings and

slappings. As the evening drew to an end, the punters left and we cleared up

silently under the watchful eye of the landlord. Before we went to bed he said

quietly "Best birthday present I've ever had." We didn't say a word as we

showered, climbed into bed and fell asleep in each others arms, both crying our

hearts out.

Now you may think, as I did, that that would be the end of our relationship. I

was equally to blame, but she'd endured most of the punishment. I had got off

lightly. And so it seemed as we drove back to university in silence. However, we

endured. We didn't mention it for a while, except when she would say "The marks

are fading now." and I would agree.

However here's the funny thing. I'll never understand women fully. About a month

later Patricia began talking to me about it, telling me what it was like, the

pain and humiliation. We both became quite aroused - not so surprising in my

case, I'd become somewhat obsessed by the whole business ever since, but in

hers? I shot her a questioning look. She explained that while she could never

endure the pain, the idea of being under someone's power, the humiliation of

being exposed to all those people, and the appreciative comments she'd got, were

now playing on her mind. We fucked like crazy that night.

As I said at the start, this was the beginning of life as it is today. Spanking

is very much part of our sexual foreplay, as are the fantasies we make up. We'll

never graduate to the really painful stuff, but maybe one day the cane will be

gently used. We eventually even wrote off to the pub, asking for a copy of the

tape of the ordeal, and they sent us one. With it was a letter saying how much

they'd enjoyed watching it and inviting us to stay for free. We've never taken

them up on the offer, but often watch the video. Why it turns Patricia on I'll

never know, but it does. And as our engagement proves, our relationship has

never been stronger.

THE END