In the Seventies I was a pupil at a boarding school in a quiet part of Kent. The headmaster of the school was probably in his forties, but to us teenagers he seemed older, a remote figure, invariably dressed in a 3-piece tweed suit with a gold watch-chain, highly polished brown brogues, and the tie of his Oxford College. He did not teach more than a couple of hours a week – a Classics class for the Upper Sixth – for which he would wear a mortar board and a gown heavily marked with chalk dust. He was tall and gaunt, and had an air about him that was rather forbidding, to pupils and other masters alike.

On Saturday mornings the boarders who were not actually playing would be expected to turn out to support the school teams. Afterwards there was lunch and then we were free to amuse ourselves for most of the weekend.

The main building was a huge early Victorian pile that featured a grand hall in which assembly took place on weekdays. There were a variety of masters’ studies, common rooms and a magnificent library that was strictly out-of-bounds to the boys. Rumours circulated amongst the boys that there was a concealed revolving bookcase in this library that gave access to a billiard room to which no boy had ever been admitted. The building was locked at the weekend and only masters with keys had access to it.

A couple of years before I left the school I discovered that a small window at ground level that gave access to a staff toilet was not kept locked, and so I was able to slip into the main building and explore some of the parts that a boy would not normally have access to. The library was normally kept locked, but one summer’s afternoon whilst most of the school was watching cricket, I found that the door had been left unlocked and so I was able to gain access to the hallowed sanctuary of the Master’s Library. The room was a model of Victorian Gothic splendour: a superb stone fireplace adorned with gargoyles and busts of classical scholars; beautiful reading desks, each adorned with brass lamps; and dark red and green leather settees and armchairs. The bookcases were stuffed with leather bound volumes and surrounded the room. The room itself was about 25 feet high, and there was a gallery that went the whole way round the room, with a second floor of books extending to the ceiling. An ornate cast-iron spiral staircase led up to the gallery, and I soon found my way up there, thrilled with being in this magnificent room that no boy was ever admitted to. As I made my way quietly around the gallery I kept an eye out for the concealed entrance to the billiard room. As it happened it wasn’t hard to find: the bookcase that was the revolving door was not quite flush with the case next to it, and I spotted it easily. I pushed it carefully and it swung open a foot or two revealing a narrow wooden staircase that led up to a door. I paused at the door. There was no sound inside, so I opened it and found to my amazement that I was in the billiard room. The room was in the eaves of the building, but contained a full sized table and all the fittings that you would expect in a nineteenth century gentleman’s billiard room. Green glass lamps were suspended above the table. There was a mahogany and brass scorer fixed to the wall. The table was already laid out for a game, and I would have loved to have played a shot or two, but was frightened that the noise would give me away to anyone else that might be around. I did however help myself to a swig of scotch from the rack of crystal decanters that sat on the heavy sideboard – and almost choked as the burning liquor hit my throat.

After admiring the room for a while I was thinking that it was time to go – and not to chance my luck for much longer. But then I noticed that high up on wall was a hatch, hinged on one side and closed with a bolt. I had to see what was inside, so I moved a chair over to that wall and by standing on the arms I was just able to reach the bolt and open the hatch. I pulled myself up and once my eyes had adjusted to the gloom I saw that there was a long space under the roof of the building and a slatted wooden platform that extended the length of it. As I peered down into this space I could see there was a beam of light shining up from somewhere about 20 or 30 feet along, presumably from an adjoining room. This just had to be explored, so I pulled myself up through the hatch and crept noiselessly along the platform. As I approached the source of the light I could see that it was coming up through a hole in the floor. I paused and stopped dead still – I could hear a voice or voices, indistinct but definitely from below. I moved up to the hole, looked down and found myself looking straight into the headmaster’s study. I didn’t have much time to take in the room, because immediately I saw there were two people in it: the headmaster and Philipson, a sixth-former who was senior prefect in my house. Philipson was then in the Upper-Sixth, one of the headmaster’s Classics students who was hoping to get a scholarship to Cambridge and continue his study of Greek and Latin there. He was a good-looking boy, now aged 18, good at athletics and swimming, but something of a bully and not much liked by the boys in his house.

He seemed to be having an earnest conversation with the headmaster – or rather the headmaster was gravely lecturing him on something. It was soon apparent that Philipson had disgraced himself in some way. I couldn’t imagine what this could be – it was hard to imagine Philipson doing anything wrong – he was the golden boy of the school. But the headmaster was plainly giving him a dressing down. I heard “should be setting an example” and “really not what I’d expect of a senior”. Philipson had his head down and was not saying a great deal. He did begin to mutter something, but the headmaster told him to be quiet. I could see Philipson’s ears were red with embarrassment. When I heard the words “disgusting behaviour” it all became clear! Poor old Philipson had obviously been caught either masturbating, or worse, and had been referred to the Head for a fatherly chat. At least I assumed that was what it was, and it seemed that it must be something pretty disgraceful as the headmaster was now telling him that the matter would have to be punished… severely punished. The headmaster explained to him that he intended to punish him here and now, and that would then be the end of the matter. Any repetition of the offence would result in him being asked to leave the school. The Head then asked Philipson whether he accepted the punishment; Philipson meekly nodded his assent.

It was well-known that the headmaster was a fond adherent to corporal punishment, but in recent years there had been only a handful of occasions when such punishment had been meted out. A boy who had been caught with some pornographic magazines in his locker had apparently been caned that term, but he had been forbidden to discuss the details – and certainly no inducement was sufficient to persuade him to breach that injunction.

It wasn’t clear whether Philipson knew the precise nature of his impending punishment, but he must have realised that it would involve a caning as he stood up and removed his cricket blazer. The headmaster went to the door and checked that it was locked, before telling Philipson to remove his trousers and pants and stand facing his polished leather-topped desk. The Head cleared some papers off the desk and moved his lamp and a picture frame to one side. As he did so Philipson was unbuttoning his flies and letting his trousers down to the floor. He hestitated a moment before removing his pants, but a stern look from the Headmaster soon caused him to slip his Y-fronts down too, leaving his buttocks covered only by the tails of his white shirt.

The Head went to a glass-fronted bookcase and opened it. From there he retrieved a leather riding crop – obviously his preferred implement for a caning. Then he told Philpson to lift his shirt up and bend over the desk. Philipson rolled the tails of his shirt up so that he was naked from the stomach down. The Headmaster was facing him across the desk, making no effort to avert his gaze from the boy’s groin. Then as Philipson lent over the desk, extending his arms on each side along the edge of the desk, the Headmaster came round behind him. In order to lean low over the desk Philipson had to shake his trousers off one leg and stand with his feet wide apart. As he bent forward his bottom was completely exposed, his buttocks slightly open – an absolute picture of homo-eroticism that was plainly not lost on the Headmaster. As I watched open-mouthed from my overhead vantage point I could feel my cock stiffening at the delicious sight.

The Headmaster took up a position behind his victim; he spent a few moments apparently examining the crop and its intended victim, and then struck the boy a firm swishing crack across his bottom. Philipson let out a gasp, but as the master followed up with a second and third blow he barely uttered a sound – just a slight “umph” as the cane struck his reddening buttocks. The Master continued until he had delivered six firm blows, leaving Philipson’s otherwise ivory white bottom streaked with pink. The boy remained bent over the desk, panting softly, while the master seemed to be admiring his handiwork – or admiring the sight of the handsome teenager’s bubble-cheeked arse.

Instead of telling the boy to get up and get dressed the Master told him to stay where he was. He replaced the crop in the cupboard and then produced a bottle of some kind of lotion from a drawer of his desk. He came round behind the boy and poured some of the lotion into one hand and began gently rubbing it over the boy’s sore bottom. Philipson winced at the Master’s first touch, but as the Master softly applied the soothing lotion, I distinctly heard the boy moan in what sounded more like pleasure than pain. The Master carried on, his slippery hand sliding between the boy’s buttocks to parts that had plainly not been affected by the caning! It was apparent that the Master was not now merely soothing the boy, he was openly making love to him! As the Master continued to run his hand up and down the boy’s crack, Philipson began to moan louder. Now he seemed to be encouraging the Master. After a while the boy lifted himself from the desk and turning to face the Master he revealed his startling erection. His penis was absolutely stiff and pointing straight out at a slight upward angle, the swollen head bright purple. The Master wasted no time in reaching out with his well-lubed hand and grasping the boy’s penis. He poured a drop or two more of the lotion onto the boy’s shaft and then began to wank him with firm strokes of his hand. Within seconds the boy was thrusting forward to meet him and then suddenly he let out a cry and erupted in the Master’s hand. His semen spurted out in three or four powerful jets which the Master did well to avoid getting on his suit. As the boy continued to orgasm his cream poured out over the Master’s hand and dribbled onto to the wooden floor.

The Master went to a closet on the other side of the room and wiped his hands on a wet cloth, leaving Philipson standing there dumbstruck and quivering slightly. His penis was now not as stiff as before, and was beginning to angle slightly downward, a glistening strand of cum hanging from the tip. The Master now came back to the boy holding a wad of tissues. He put his arm around the boy’s shoulders and then wiped his cock clean with the tissues. Philipson seemed quite overcome by the whole thing. His face was bright red and he seemed at a total loss for words.

On the other hand the Master seemed quite comfortable with the fact that he had just seduced a pupil, albeit a senior one. His normally formal and awkward manner had given way to something that was almost tender and conciliatory. He continued to hold the boy and was consoling him with soft words that I couldn’t hear. As he talked to the boy, he reached down and gently took the boy’s now flaccid penis in his hand. Even soft, Philipson had a great penis. It didn’t take long for the touch of the Master’s hand to bring it back to life. As the Master fondled him his penis began to slowly fill out until it was almost fully erect. Again the Master said something that I couldn’t hear, but now Philipson responded. He released himself from the Master’s grasp and turned to face him. Then he tentatively reached out and pressed his hand against the bulge in the Master’s trousers. The Master offered no protest at all. In fact quite the reverse; he told Philipson to “take it out” and without another word Philipson began fumbling with the buttons on the Master’s fly. When he had got them all open he released the clasp on the Master’s trousers, which remained held up by his braces, and reached inside. Philipson found the opening to the Headmaster’s boxer-shorts and pulled his penis into view.

The Master’s cock was already almost fully erect. Even sticking out of his shorts it was evident that his cock was longer than most. Philipson jerked it softly at first and then harder, until it was completely stiff. Then there was another hushed exchange of words, the import of which soon became clear. The Master wanted Philipson’s ass – and Philipson was prepared to let him have it!

Philipson resumed his position at the desk, this time bent over, not to receive a caning, but to receive the Master’s penis. The Master took the bottle of lotion and applied a generous amount to the boy’s anus. Then he extracted his cock fully from his pants, leaving them rucked up under his balls, and with his trousers still on, he stood behind Philipson, carefully lubing his cock with the lotion. When his cock was well-oiled he stood close behind the boy and gently parted his buttocks, taking care not to apply too much pressure to the sore parts. He moved in closer until his engorged cock head was resting against the boy’s hole. Philipson gasped as the Master pressed into him. Although the Master took it slowly, he was relentless. Once his cock head was inside, he simply pushed forward until the whole length of his shaft was buried inside the boy. The boy’s groans were loud, but not too anguished. He seemed able to accept the intrusion that was now filling his rectum. The Master slowly pulled back and then thrust all the way back in, his long slender cock thrilling Philipson as it glided past his anus. The soreness from the caning seemed to melt away; the pain of having his anus stretched by this manly cock was forgotten; the boy was just enjoying the sensation of being fucked by a very stiff cock.

The Master continued to thrust in and out for a minute or two. As he did so his thrusts became heavier and more urgent. It was evident that he was rapidly bringing himself to orgasm. He took the boy by his hips and with two or three powerful thrusts he pushed right forward so that every inch of his cock was buried deep in the boy – and then he came, in a shuddering orgasm, his cock pulsing heavily as he emptied himself in the boy’s rectum. For quite a while he remained with his cock pressed inside the boy, and then without withdrawing his cock, he applied a few more drops of the lotion to the boy’s pink cheeks and gently massaged him. Philipson seemed to be in seventh heaven. I could hear him moaning and groaning as the Master first fucked him and then tended to his bottom. After a while the Master, still with his cock inside the boy, pulled him slightly back from the desk, no doubt relieving the pressure on the boy’s erection that must have been crushed against the desk top. The Master reached round and felt for the boy’s cock and then began to play with it, stroking it with long languorous strokes. It wasn’t long before the boy’s groans rose to a higher level. He seemed to be pleading with the Master to wank him harder. The Master’s hand continued to slide up and down the boy’s glistening cock until all of a sudden the boy pushed back against the Master, his body quivered and for the second time in fifteen minutes he orgasmed, sending several shots of semen spattering onto the dark red leather of the Master’s desk top.

There was silence in the room – silence except for the heavy breathing of the two love-makers. The Master held the boy steady for a while, and then carefully extracted his cock from the boy’s anus. As he did so I distinctly saw the Master’s creamy cum oozing from the boy’s hole. The Master fetched some tissues and a wet cloth and wiped the boy clean, before going to the closet and washing his own cock.

Philipson meanwhile was gingerly pulling his pants and trousers back on. He tucked his shirt into his trousers and put his blazer back on, and stood stiffly waiting for the Master. The Head came over to him and said something of the effect of let this be a lesson to you. Philipson said, “Yes, Sir!” and the Master then offered his hand and they shook hands, before Philipson turned and unlocking the door, left the room.

After the Master had also left I quickly unzipped my flies and took out my aching cock. It only took a few strokes for me to release myself, my cock shooting into the darkness. My mind was overflowing with what I had just witnessed. I had seen other boys masturbating in the dormitories, but never in my wildest dreams could I have imagined that I would see the Headmaster fucking a prefect. For months to come the scene stayed vividly in my mind and I only had to recollect it to get instantly hard. I even thought about getting myself into some sort of trouble so that I to might be summoned to the Master’s study.