

Bottom of the Class

March 2001

Joanne swam lazily across the pool, unaware of the eyes watching her. They noticed the trim figure, perhaps slightly plump, certainly voluptuous but with curves in all the right places. The black hair flowed behind her, the urchin like face grim as her arms drove her across the pool.

It had been one of the most exciting days of her life when she was invited to join DI19, otherwise known as one of the British Army's dirty tricks department. But the tough training and strict discipline were alien to the plucky, rebellious scouser (a Liverpudlian). Many times had the cane striped her bottom, yet time and again she chanced her it again.

So it was on a hot summer day that she had left the training camp, with its hot clinical, air conditioned rooms, for the luxury of a day by the pool in town. Her class had been given a task for the day; to plan a secret raid in a hostage situation to neutralise the kidnapers before the police arrived. Boy, what a disaster! She did not start the project until 10 p.m. instead of the six p.m. that she had planned. Tired, the library had been closed, the plan was a disaster. The next day, the instructor told her that it was rubbish, but to her surprise did not make much of an issue of it. She had expected a good beating after the class. She had steeled herself to the outcome.

But she was not really surprised to find a note in her pigeon hole after lunch asking her to attend the Controller of Studies office at 10 p.m., a time on week days that all the girls were

expected to be back in their rooms, getting ready for bed. Her mind was not really on her work during the afternoon. She nearly got a caning for lack of attention in front of the class, but just managed to escape that fate. The normally chirpy girl was distant, to such an extent that her friends noticed. They all sensed that her disastrous morning was behind her somber mood.

Back in her room after studies, she lay naked on her bed, face down, rubbing her bottom. It was firm and round, the tips of her fingers ran sensuously over the firm flesh. She knew that she would be rubbing stripes before the night was out. Her mind churned, wondering how many stokes she would get. She had been beaten frequently, but this was her first visit to the Controller's study. Somehow, the canings were part of her personality, what her colleagues expected of her, made her a type of heroine. The cheeky, clever scouser took her thrashings well, gained her the enduring respect of the other girls, and she savoured their admiration when she let their fingers run over the stripes across her bottom.

When an instructor beat her, the girls would wait outside to ask her if it hurt. They knew how many she had got; they would count them silently as they waited. But those canings were the end of the matter. They would never be held against her. This time it was different. How she wished that she had not gone for that swim. Now her career could be threatened. It was unlikely that she was going to be expelled; he

would have called her in during the day. She would not be surprised if she got twenty five strokes.

She skipped dinner; she wasn't hungry and couldn't face her colleagues. She had crossed a line and it didn't feel comfortable. Testing it made her a heroine; crossing it could make her a nobody. She cupped her bottom; she could almost feel the cane already. She turned over and slipped her hand between her legs. To her surprise she was dripping wet there. She imagined the cane across her bottom, hard and fast, until she suddenly orgasmed. She felt her nipples so hard as her body went rigid. Then she slipped into a fretful slumber. When she woke, it was nearly half past nine.

She showered quickly, applied her eau de cologne generously, and brushed her black hair, which was just long enough to brush her shoulders. She tied it back in a bun. Her bottom might be about to suffer but she need not let her standards fall. She would be caned naked, but still with her pride. Her spine trembled and she put on her dressing gown; nothing else was necessary. The passages were deserted as she shuffled bare foot along the carpet. She hoped that her friends would not hear her as she passed along; but they were all listening intently. They felt for her, their bottoms tingled in sympathy. The lift seemed to crawl up to the third floor where the staff suites were situated. As she walked along the corridor, she passed an instructor heading the other way. He gave her a knowing smile. She nearly sank into the floor. Suddenly, she was in front of a paneled door. She rapped on the door with a false confidence.

She had to wait some fifteen seconds before she heard the curt, "Enter." She

had not been in the Controller's office since she first arrived at the college. She ignored the desk and conference table on her right and faced left towards the large open fire, with its gas flames. She immediately noticed the cane hanging on the end of the mantelpiece. Then she saw the man sitting in a large leather armchair next to the fire, and walked slowly towards him over the plush pile. He puffed on his pipe and pointed at the space in the middle of the carpet; there was no offer of a seat. He looked down at the file on his lap, letting her suffer in silence. "You know why you are here?" he asked eventually.

"Yes, Sir," she muttered, looking him in the eyes, deep brown eyes. She admired the man. A lithesome fifty, he had a fearsome reputation with the cane. He played squash daily, which gave him a skill with the rattan that was famous throughout the college.

"What can you conceivably been thinking, putting your career at such jeopardy?" he observed, making it almost a statement.

"I've done nuttin' wrong, Sir," She observed almost dismissively in her chirpy Scouse accent, and immediately realised her mistake as his eyebrows shot up. "I've worked hard at it, Sir. It's just taking time to make it come together, Sir?"

"You call spending the day at the swimming pool working hard?" he asked, his eyes driving into hers, watching as her sank to the ground.

Her heart missed a beat. How did he know, she asked herself? Suddenly, it was even more serious than she realised. Her bottom clenched involuntarily. Her hands moved round the back of her and stroked her bottom through the blue toweling of the garment. "You know you are going to be beaten, don't you?" She didn't

answer. "Take your dressing gown off. Put it on the chair." He pointed to the armchair opposite him with his pipe. She returned to her place on the carpet. Her arms failed to cover her front. She shivered as she looked down at her hard nipples. His eyes scanned her for the first time. "Hands behind your back, Girl"

She was certainly pretty, yet stark and steely. He admired the black hair pulled back hard, tied in a neat bun at the back of her head. The creamy white skin was inviting to the touch. Her breasts, full and thrusting, sported hard red, nipples; he wondered what feelings coursed through her veins. She stared at the floor as he admired her, making her even more nervous.

Suddenly his brown shoes came into view. He had stood up; she could see the end of the cane tapping his trouser legs. She still looked down. He was tall and she was short. Five foot of Scouse pulchritude trembled in front of six lithe feet of authority. She knew the moment of reckoning was rushing towards her like an express train. He gripped her arm and led her to the elliptical conference table, now clear of the dozen people it would normally seat. He turned the chair at the end round. "Kneel on the chair, and lie with your body on the table. Stretch your arms out and grip the edges."

She grabbed her breath as her breasts touched the cold glass that made up most of the centre of the table. She looked down at the plush carpet she could see under the table for a moment, then turned her head and rested her flushed cheek on the cool glass. She shut her eyes and waited.

His loins stirred. The controller had beaten Joanne several times before. But those had been quick, short

thrashings, perhaps six or ten strokes. She took those canings philosophically, part of her "street cred" amongst her colleagues. This time it was different, she had overstepped the mark, she had a lesson to learn.

Her bottom was cool to the touch of his fingers, creamy white, fairly firm, exquisitely rounded, faint stripes from earlier canings just about visible. "How many strokes, Sir," she asked her voice trembling. His hand felt it flinch as she asked, his hands still savouring the touch.

"I think thirty strokes," he observed contemplatively. He felt her body tremble, although she said nothing. Did he hear her teeth grating together? He took his hand away from her bottom reluctantly, and picked up the cane again. He stepped away, and caressed her bottom with the cane, so creamy white, soon to radiate so many red stripes.

He was going to take his time, to make each stroke count, to let her savour each stroke, to wait for her bottom to stop dancing before the next stroke, to let the red lines grow before another cut laid on the next one.

He placed himself precisely so that the strokes would land right across her bottom, without wrapping around her side. He had one final look at the delightful, white round bottom, and applied a red a red stripes across it with all his skill. Her body seems to rise up as her bottom started to dance. Maximum flick of the crook handled cane maximized its effectiveness while maintaining a very high degree of accuracy.

There was a deadly hush in the room, broken only the loud crack of the cane,

a couple of times a minute. Sometimes these were followed by a grunt or a yelp. He was determined to administer a caning that would change the course of her career, to sharpen up her ways, to create the brilliant army saboteur that he knew she could become. If he had to stripe thoroughly such a lovely bottom in the process, who was he to complain.

As the cuts fell, Joanne began to tame them. They bit into her bottom with savagery, yet in time she took the measure of them. Deep side, she knew that she really deserved them, but in no way did it stop her bottom dancing to the tune of the cane. Yet the process gained a rhythm that she was to master.

She had had no idea that the final stroke had landed. All she could do was to control her throbbing bottom. Then out of nowhere she felt the tips of fingers running over her stripes. She knew the ordeal was over and could no longer hold back the gush of tears. She sobbed right there on the table, as all the tension flooded out of her.

As the trembling of her body subsided, she was suddenly aware of a new sensation. The tip of a finger massaged the tip of her clitoris, oh, so gently. New exquisite sensations began to flood through her. Even her angrily striped bottom developed new feelings; ones that made her body now tremble with what could only be described as pleasure.

He felt the juices run down his fingers, amazed at just how wet she had been at the end of the caning. He had been astonished how the caning had evolved. Her writhing, initially of pure pain, had become increasingly sensuous. She had begun to raise her bottom slightly to meet the cane. The

movements had become slower, more measured. Her knees had moved apart, allowing more frequent glimpses between her legs. He could see the sparkle of juices welling up in the heart of her treasures.

He kept up the gentle circle that his finger traced around the ever wetter clitoris. This time she gave a loud groan, no longer able to control her emotions. Her whole body writhed, her knuckles white as she worked to control her body. A torrent of juice enveloped the Controller's hand, as the final release took place.

Then the man did something that he had never done before, that all regulations forbade. He took her hips and pulled her nearer him. He undid his zip and his bulging member escaped. It sank deep inside Joanne, sending her back into orbit. Holding her love handles firmly, the two of them worked as one, in an ever more heated frenzy, until their juices were as one.

Little more than half an hour after she had started on her fateful journey, Joanne retraced her steps. A few doors were fractionally ajar as she silently floated back to her room. Where there had been dejection in her step on the outward journey, there was a spring in her step on the return. Moments after she had closed her door, there were light taps on it.

Soon her friends crowded around her bed, admiring her well striped rump as she lay face down. Fingers explored her ridges. "Wow, what a shellacking," came from someone. "You won't sit down for a week," another chimed in. But no one noticed how wet she still was between her legs. That was a treasured secret of hers; she wondered when the next secret would be stored?