

The Whirlwind that was Claudia February 2023

It was April and the start of the tourist season. The South of England, an idyllic village, an artists' and photographic shop together give a reasonable, if not exciting, income. But I needed a second assistant. Mrs Meadows was getting on and talking about retiring, to concentrate on her art. I put an advert in the window about 10 am, and at 4pm a stunning beauty breezed through the door, pinging the door-bell loudly. "Are you the owner?" a broad, sexy American voice boomed out.

Assuming that she was a customer, I ask, "Yes, what can I do for you?"

"I'm Claudia and I need that job!" She obviously read the amazement on my face. "My husband has walked out on me with all our money. All I have is a bloody great house and no money. I'm a silhouette artist. Give me a pitch and I'll split my income with you. When I'm not working, which probably will be most of the time, I'll work in the shop. Deal?" What could I do but agree.

I let her use the rear area of the shop, which was free nowadays. The days when my stock occupied it were long gone. She promoted herself on her website, and, to my amazement, she was soon doing a couple of dozen silhouettes a day and my turnover soared with the increased footfall. The 35 year old, shapely brunette just charmed her customers, but not Mrs Meadows. I expected her to hand in her resignation any day, as Claudia's life became more chaotic. When she started, she had been punctual and tidy. As her confidence grew, both became frayed at the edge.

One day, her patience snapped. "I can't work with that yank anymore," she snapped at me. "She's lost the key to the till. Can I borrow yours?"

As I passed her mine, I said, "I'll have a word with her."

"You need more than a word with that man-hungry vamp. If she were my daughter, I'd take a switch to her rear end."

"That might be a very good idea."

That evening, after Mrs Meadows had gone home, I suggest to Claudia that we have a chat upstairs in the staff room. Claudia did not deny any of the problems that I outlined. I looked eye to eye at her, admiring the pretty freckles on her face. She pouted at me, "Well, I need discipline, I suppose."

"Mrs Meadows reckons you need a switch taken to your shapely rear-end."

She paused for thought. "She may be right. Are you man enough to do it?"

I could see the challenge in her eyes. I stood up, grabbed her by the arm, and

pulled her to the staff dining table. I rapidly turned two chairs around, sat on one and threw her across my knees so her chest was on the other chair. By then she had realised what was about to happen. I pulled up her blue dress so that most of the material was on her back. I admired her trim bottom and long slender legs. The pause gave her time to think. "Don't you dare take my panties down!" I smiled. Modesty was more important than the spanking. I pulled her white panties up so most of them disappeared into the crack between her cheeks. The result meant her bottom was, to all intents and purposes, bare.

The first smack landed on the left cheek, a red handprint quickly appearing. It was with great satisfaction that I rained the smacks onto her bottom while she pleaded for mercy. It did not take long for both cheeks to be deep red all over, as she continued to writhe under the smacks. I must say that I was enjoying myself immensely, but I decided that I had better stop. I turned her over and she winced when her hot bottom landed on my lap.

I hugged her and held her neck through her glorious brown hair. To my surprise, she hugged me even harder back, while she sobbed on my shoulder. "I suppose I deserved that," she whispered in my ear. "Perhaps I should say I really deserved it."

"So you are a reformed character?" I asked her, tongue in cheek.

"You owe me a dinner, and we can discuss it then." Dinner oozed with suggestion and sexuality, some of the most erotic banter that I had ever indulged in. She insisted that I went home with her afterwards, and we started on the well-stocked drinks cabinet. We snogged heartily. I removed her dress and bra, then worked her small, firm breasts, until she suddenly fell into a deep sleep. There was little I could do but carry her to the bedroom then sleep on the couch. I was in no fit state to drive home.

In the morning, she thanked me for being such a gentleman and we all went back to work as if nothing had happened. But her punctuality seemed to improve. Mrs Meadows suspected something had happened but neither of us would enlighten her. For the next few weeks, Claudia and I enjoyed a semi-platonic relationship. We enjoyed dinners together, snogged heavily but little more. I got to know her trim, sexy figure but only through her clothes. It was all very frustrating. Then came July, and she took her five weeks leave to tour continental Europe.

She returned in September, a little plumper, her freckles more pronounced under her suntan, her brunette hair a little lighter from being bleached by the sun. Our relationship became more formal, neither interested in developing something that was going nowhere. But business picked up sharply as customers discovered she was back in town.

A couple of months later the shop's phone bills seemed to be rising substantially. In fact, they became so high that I asked for a printout of our calls. Entry after entry was a long call to Paris, on the evenings when she had stayed back to work. The next evening, we had a major row after Mrs Meadows had gone. She argued that she had brought in much to the business, and it was her perk. I pointed out that she had no overheads for her business. As my personal relationship with her had ended and she clearly now had another one, I told her she would have to take a caning as an expression of my displeasure. She looked at me incredulously. Then snapped, "If you must, you must." Then she spun round and fled off to her home.

She arrived next day wearing tight-fitting, fawn-coloured cotton trousers which emphasized ever contour of her round bottom. The atmosphere was electric all day. Even Mrs Meadows sensed the tension and kept out of everyone's way. She departed punctually at 5pm. "Right," Claudia asked, "What are you going to use on me?"

"The cane, of course," I said to her in measured tones.

"Six of the best?" she asked.

"Ten of the best," I suggested. "You are an adult and should use more common sense."

"That's not fair. I don't deserve it."

"No problem. Clear your desk."

She hesitated. "OK, where do you want me?"

"Wait in the staff room while I get the cane from my flat."

I went up two floors to where I lived and returned down to the staff room on the first floor, cane in hand. When I entered the staff room, she completely surprised me. She was kneeling on the carpet, knees and elbows on the floor, shapely bottom high in the air. Her head was resting on the floor, only her hands protecting it from the carpet. It was a very tempting position to cane her, but I suspected that she might start rolling on the floor. I applied one stroke at an angle across her trousered bottom and ordered, "Stand up. That's not the position that I want you in."

She yelp and stood up slowly, her hair dishevelled. I took two cushions off the dining chairs and put them on the table at the end. I brought the cane down on them and snapped, "That's where I want your tummy. Then grip the two sides of the table tightly. She did as she was told. I studied the trim round bottom, the legs wide apart. The view would have been delightful if she had been naked. But i really could not complain about the shape it pulled the tight trousers into. "Are you ready?" I asked but got little more than a grunt in reply.

I raised the cane, flicked it, and brought it down with a loud swish. She yelped and her hands shot back to grab her bottom. "Hands back in place." They slowly returned to the edges of the table, and I could see a faint but clear line in the material. After the second stroke, I could see the ridges across her bottom, just showing through the material. As the caning continued, Claudia clearly was making the beating a test of wills. If she became really under stress, I would have ended it. But she was showing a gritty determination not to give in me. Her bottom was on the firm side, so it did not dance that much on each stroke, but her yelps did increase in intensity. Her fingers were white as she held the table edges with grim determination. But as we went on, I noticed a change. Her body began to shake after each stroke, and there was a distinct damp patch between her legs by the tenth stroke. Once the caning was over I could hear some quiet sobbing. "Right, you can get up now."

She stood up stiffly, face flushed, hair adrift. I put my hand on her shoulders to comfort her. After some hesitation, she put her arms around my waist, her face on my shoulders, the tears making my shirt quite wet. A few minutes later, she pulled away, rubbed her eyes and announced firmly, "I must go home now." I wondered why. Was it to relieve herself?

The tension next morning was not as bad as the previous day. Claudia, I noticed, seldom sat down. Even when doing her silhouettes, she remained standing, to Mrs Meadow's puzzlement. I never took her out again. Our relationship became polite but distant. Two weeks later she resigned and announced that she was leaving for Paris. My business drifted back to what is was before she had arrived. My only regret was that I had failed to bed such a beauty.