

Inscrutable

A story about a Chinese lady who became acquainted with the cane

Time: Summer 1972, Place: Harold College, Sussex, England; reputedly founded in 1066.

One Saturday morning, Edward Westrop was acting house master, the latter having taken a well-earned week-end off. Being the senior sports master, his office was behind the gym. There was a sharp rap on the door. He called "Come in" without looking up from the large mahogany desk where he hauled the seemingly ever rising volume of paper work from his in-tray on the left to the out-tray on the right.

He was suddenly aware of a female form standing in front of him, dressed all in black. His eyes rose gently up the shapely figure, from the knees that he could just see over the desk, over the thrusting breasts to the pretty face of Susan Lee. She was one of the six formers who came from all round the Commonwealth to sixth forms at British Public Schools to sit A-levels, hoping to attend a British university.

For a Chinese, even from Singapore, she was tall, nearly 5' 9". She made a plain black outfit look stunning, certainly looking several years older than her eighteen years. The flared black trousers emphasized her long legs and clung tightly to her bottom which was remarkably full for a Chinese girl. The black polo neck sweater precisely silhouetted her figure, not least her breasts, while her shoulder length black hair fanned out to frame the delicately Chinese features of her face.

"Yes, Susan," he asked, the paperwork forgotten. Nervously, she handed him a folded piece of paper, which he unfolded as he looked up at her. The moment their eyes met, she bowed her head to look at the floor.

The "ticket" was brief, and signed by another master. "Seen in town at 4 pm Friday with no exeat".

Edward looked up. "Is this true?" he asked. She put her hands behind her back, emphasizing her breasts even more, and gave an imperceptible nod. "Why were you in town?"

"Sorly, Suh," she muttered. I may not say.

"I don't think you have any choice. I want to know immediately."

"Sorly, Suh," she muttered again, beginning to fidget.

"You realize you can be caned for this?" She nodded again. "And you still won't tell me?" Another nod. "We cannot have girls leaving the premises without permission. We are responsible for you at all times." This time there was no reaction. "If you won't tell me, I'm going to cane you. Six strokes for no exeat, and six strokes for not giving me a reason."

Tears welled in her eyes. "Sorly, Suh," she mumbled again. Edward, however, was no sorry. The handsome fit suntanned sports masters was not sorry. Beating the boys was no thrill, but a shapely female bottom was another matter.

He stood up, and walked across the rather tread bare carpet, to a door, which opened to a walk-in cupboard. A jumble of tennis rackets, cricket bats and a host of other paraphernalia faced him, but on the shelf above lay a yard of rattan with a curved handle. He closed the door and walked over to Susan. She eyed the cane as he approached.

"Right, I'm going to give your six on the trousers and six on the bare, unless you tell me why you were in the town."

"Sorly, Suh," she repeated, otherwise completely tongue tied. By the wall, opposite the window, were two rather basic tubular steel chairs, with slightly worn blue seat coverings. He pulled them out and placed them back to back. He tapped one seat with the cane. "Right, Susan, kneel on there and bend over."

She did as she was bid, bending over the back of the two chairs and placing her hands on the other chair. "Right down, put your elbows on the seat." She did as she was told, raising her superbly rounded bottom even higher, stretching the fabric

tight over her bottom. She gave a faint sob, but Edward was enjoying the breath taking sight that he was being offered. He was going to take his time over this. He caressed her bottom with the cane, and paused briefly to wonder what was so important to her that she would rather be caned than say where she was going.

As a squash player, he was an excellent canesman, giving every stroke that extra flick making it much more painful yet causing little physical damage. So he started. The cane landed with a resounding retort.

The sound echoed throughout the gym. The few people downstairs stopped what they were doing instantly, to listen to the caning, always an event of consequence. It was at least forty five seconds later before they were rewarded with the next crisp stroke.

Susan gripped the edge of the chair as hard as she could, her face rubbed the rough clothe, tears made it wet in places. But she was Chinese and they took their punishment stoically, so not a sound passed her lips.

She felt her bottom rise on the third stroke, her knees almost lifting off the chair, her knuckles, so white as she gripped ever harder. She could feel the line of fire across her bottom, as each stroke whipped across the crest of her bottom.

Downstairs, only whispers broke the silence. "Whose getting swished?" one asked intently.

"That Chinese snob," another replied earnestly. "Long overdue if you ask me."

"Wish it was me beating her," another chipped in. "Lovely bum."

The beating then settled to a rhythm as Edward applied the last three strokes each with slightly more flick. He could see the stripes in the black material, all lying neatly beside each other as he applied them. Then after the sixth he told her to stand up.

Downstairs there was speculation. "Is that all she's getting?"

"I'd love to see her stripes even if she's only got a sixer. Wow."

"Are you going to tell what you were doing in town now?" asked Edward, as he pushed up her chin with the handle of the cane. But the girl was more concerned about holding and squeezing her bottom. She was flushed, her hair disheveled, tears running down her face, but her eyes were defiant when they met his. Honour was not going to allow her to divulge where she had been. She would pay the price of another six strokes.

"Right, then this time I want you stripped naked." She looked at him in horror, paused for a few seconds, defiance well up in her, and then just as quickly went. She began to undress. First the polo neck sweaters, to reveal thrusting young breasts; next off were the trousers to reveal her stripped bottom. She stood to face him, her arms crossed over her breast. "Stripped I said!" he snapped in mock anger. Moments later the black bra and black panties joined the other items in the untidy pile on the floor. She looked incongruous dressed only in black socks and sensible black shoes.

Her skin was silky smooth, a delicious olive colour. Edward found it difficult to resist stroking her. The nipples were hard, thrusting towards him; suddenly she made no attempt to hide them any more. She stroked her bottom, which had the effect of thrusting her breasts forward, firm and proud. His eyes drank in her body.

The black pubic hair was almost a sign post to pleasure. Her legs were long and only slightly muscular, in fact exquisite. With her tear covered face, she looked vulnerable. Yet inside she was strong. She was not going to allow her frail body to yield her inner secrets.

She bent over again without being bid. She would take what she had earned. Her destiny was set and she went to meet it. Let him whip her bottom; she deserved it for she should have never been caught. The first six had taught her what to expect; now she could cope better.

She had seen how he had enjoyed her body. Now she knew that she had power, but of the mind. He only had only power over her body.

Below activity had started again. Everyone assumed that Susan was on the receiving end of one of those lectures that so many masters and even mistresses enjoyed delivering after they had beaten someone. So the first stroke of the second six caught them by surprise. Hush resumed.

Edward also sensed things had changed. Her nervousness had gone. She had learnt from the first caning. By stripping her, he had revealed an exquisite body, which was a distraction from the punishment. He laid on the strokes even harder.

But now her mind controlled her body. She stilled writhed at each stroke, an exquisite dance performed by her bottom. The movement of her buttocks worked her clitoris; she became damp between her legs.

More and more tramlines were laid across those fabulous globes. The people down stairs counted the strokes. "She's getting a double sixer, I bet," one whispered urgently.

The strokes echoed like a pistol shot around the room, much deeper sound below. Edward's accuracy with the cane was renowned. A beating from him was a badge of honour for days afterwards.

After the sixth stroke, Susan stood up stiffly, holding her bottom, in the sure knowledge that her status at the college had just risen dramatically. Her nipples were hard, pointing at Edward. Her eyes were still damp, but inside contained a fire that Edward could only admire. For the first time, she now sensed the damp between her legs, a sense of pleasure that she had not expected.

"Have I taken my punishment well?" she enquired, still holding her bottom. "In China, the punisher must console the punished if the punishment is taken well." She closed the gap between them.

She put her arms around his waist and held him to her. Their lips naturally came together in a fluid movement. His hands floated down to her bottom and squeezed. Her body stiffened, almost as if in orgasm. They kissed hungrily before her fingers moved to his fly zip. He heard the sound of the zip being opened urgently.

He felt his ever hardening member burst free. She guided him between her legs, rubbing her clit with the tip. "Take me hard," she whispered in his ear.

"And what if you get pregnant," he queried, his senses always under control.

"No problem. I am protected," she replied, and moved towards the desk, leading him by his member. She draped herself face down over the desk, over his papers, guiding him into her. He decided to retake control.

He pulled her wrists behind her back. He admired the trim body even if he could not see her face for black hair. But what really excited him was the striped bottom right below him. The sight of it made his member rock hard. He edged forward, touched her clitoris with its tip, and then slipped deep inside her.

Her well-striped bottom slapped his legs at every thrust. His deep thrusts soon had the young lady writhing on the desk, his papers descending in chaos. But who cared at that moment. He used his grip of her wrists to keep her in position as she came, and to keep her in place as his thrusts became ever more intense. Then suddenly his seed was deep inside her and the magic moment broke.

Despite the wondering minds downstairs, they embraced intensely and made love again. He sat the pretty Chinese girl on the edge of the desk, her hot striped bottom on the cool polished wood, legs apart as he took her again. Her hard nipples rubbed his hairy chest as he held her tight, her body shuddering time and time again.

When she eventually arrived downstairs, a crowd assembled around her in moments, demanding to inspect her stripes. Who was she to refuse? Many a young man's fingers ran over the stripes across her bottom. Seldom did they have a chance to see a caned female bottom.

Of course it was not the end of the relationship between the handsome sports master and the stunning Chinese girl. A few engineered "tickets" gave them the chance to reenact their passions, each time more intense than the last. And he never found out why she had been in town on that day!