

The Squash Court

July 1998

LOUISE ACCEPTS A SPORTING WAGER.

A MISTAKE SHE WOULD COME TO REGRET!

"The trouble is that you don't understand the importance of tradition," said Stephen.

"Tradition!" scoffed Louise. "Who needs it!"

"This school, for one," Stephen answered seriously. "Founded in 1588, Ripley was. That's over four hundred years of ..."

"Crap!" snapped back Louise. "Four hundred years of crap! That's your tradition! Four hundred years of fagging, debugging and whacking!"

"Corporal punishment was part of it."

"It taught you to take it like a man,"

Louise sneered. "Stiff upper lip and all that."

"You could say that."

"And then they went and spoiled it all by letting us girls into the place," jeered Louise.

Stephen sighed: "It isn't that we object to girls, as such," he tried to explain, "it's just that we think that you should try to fit in better - respect the past - our traditions."

"Crap," said Louise.

It had been Dr. Fordyce, the new headmaster, who had set the changes in hand. Fagging and corporal punishment had been abolished. Girls had been allowed into the Sixth Form of the venerable boys' school. All this had been bad enough, but when the forward-looking head had insisted on

the school captaincy being shared between the sexes there had nearly been a riot. Louise had not been in the place a week before she was appointed joint head of school with Stephen who had attended for five years - and his father and grandfather before him!

Stephen referred to this fact now: "It's all very well for you to say 'crap' like that but take this business of you being made head girl: the chaps don't like it one little bit!"

"Well, the chaps can like it or lump it for all I care," Louise replied disdainfully. "One thing is for sure; they are going to have to live with it."

"Traditionally," said Stephen, "the head of school was also captain of the cricket eleven."

"Cricket!" derided Louise. "Crap!"

"You should excel at some sport, anyway," said Stephen.

"I do," snapped back Louise, suddenly stung into defending her position.

"Oh?"

"Squash," Louise declared. "I could beat any boy in this school at squash. No one could touch me at my other school - and that was a mixed school, too: so there!"

"That is quite a claim," Stephen said slowly. "Would you be prepared to take me on?"

"Sure, why not?" Louise said, thoroughly surprised by the challenge.

"All right," said Stephen. "But how about a little penalty for the loser?"

"What do you mean?" Louise demanded suspiciously.

"Well, it's just that you claim to be the equal of any boy in this school, but one thing I'll bet you've never had experience of is corporal punishment - one of our ancient traditions that you dismiss so cavalierly. Well, I've known it from both ends. I've been beaten and I've dished it out when I was a prefect

under the old regime. So, what I'm suggesting is that the loser in our little match is given a traditional school caning by the winner. What do you say?"

Louise hesitated. "I don't know. It seems a bit sick."

"Oh well," shrugged Stephen, unconcernedly, "if you're frightened ..."

"Frightened, nothing," snapped back Louise. "All right, I'm game!"

The match was arranged for that evening. Stephen arrived first. He changed and did a few loosening up exercises while he waited for Louise. She was late, so late that Stephen was just deciding that she had lost her nerve, when she arrived on court in shorts and shirt, ready for the game. Stephen saw that she had put a band over her shoulder length, honey - coloured hair to keep it out of her eyes. He felt a brief wave of tender-hearted guilt pass over him, but immediately hardened his heart: It was for the good of the school!

In fact, Louise had almost had second thoughts about the whole business, but her pride and self-confidence carried her through to honour her bargain and play the match. Christ! she thought to herself, these boys needed to be reminded that they were living at the dawn of the twenty-first century, not the sixteenth!

"Have a bit of a knock up first," offered Stephen.

"If you like," she agreed, offhandedly.

Yet despite her veneer of indifference, she did find the head boy attractive. He was a tall, rangy fellow, with a shock of dark tousled hair and a good-natured grin. It was such a pity that he had this thing about tradition. His challenge had taken her by surprise. Reluctantly she recognised that the quirkiness of the bet had

excited her. Why, she might almost ... NO!

"When are we going to start playing this game then?" Louise asked tensely.

"No rush," replied Stephen, lightly smacking a ball against the wall.

"Better to knock up a bit longer. Loosen up the muscles for the main event."

"Well, I'm ready and I'm not going to hang around waiting for you all evening. I have better things to do."

"Uh-huh," agreed Stephen, "so do I." "Let's get on with it then."

Stephen offered Louise the first service and she repressed her feminist instincts to accept this tiny advantage. But, in the event, she felt she needed no such aid as she won the first point quite easily. She had expected her male opponent to be a hard hitter, but she found his shots to be surprisingly soft.

Even when it was his turn to serve on the second point, Louise did not receive the sort of force she had reckoned on. She won that point quite easily and, on her own serve, the point which followed.

Louise, perversely, was almost disappointed at the ease with which she had built up her three-point lead. She had only to reach nine points to win outright: she had anticipated a harder fight than this from her foe!

Louise's thoughts were still occupied when Stephen unleashed a blistering serve which cracked against the wall and whistled past her ears. She blinked at the sudden change of pace and cursed herself for her inattention.

From then on it was all downhill for Louise. Her great match winning skill lay in her ability to read the court and

position herself to return the ball, but such was the power of Stephen's volleys that she was always overwhelmed.

She tried to make a fight of it, dancing around the court with a desperate agility and defiant spirit. But as the sweat coursed down her body and her breathless gasps became quicker and shorter, she knew that she was going to be beaten.

Beaten in every sense, she suddenly remembered!

"Hang on," she panted, when Stephen led four points to three, "I need - a quick break - to get - my breath back."

Stephen shrugged. "I thought you had better things to do," he said.

Louise could not answer back. She rested, with her hands on her knees, fighting to force air into her heaving chest.

Stephen thought that it was a pretty sight. Especially from the rear where the view was of brief shorts stretched tight across a neat round bottom, revealing the tiny triangular outline of panties between the two.

"Ready now?" he asked, after giving the girl a moment longer to recover her breath. "My serve, is it not?"

Louise nodded, and with a deceptively casual flick of the wrist Stephen cracked the ball against the wall in a stunning serve. There followed a deafening din as bat thwacked ball, ball walloped wall and two pairs of trainers slapped and squeaked against the floorboards as their owner's feet scabbled and leapt in desperate efforts to gain the advantage.

"Five - three," Stephen triumphantly announced in due course. "Your serve."

Louise knew now that Stephen had allowed her to win those first three points, and that even now he was playing with her. Not exerting himself to the full but giving her just an inch of hope with every extended rally; piling on the pressure until she cracked.

But now it was the ball which cracked as he returned her serve with lightning speed so that she had to stretch and strain to reach it.

Stephen had time to allow his eyes to flicker over the sweet, muscled mobility of her athletic rump as she danced to his tune. She got the ball back, but Stephen was ready, using the skilful combination of wrist, elbow and shoulder to send the ball back at a spanking speed.

Six - three.

Seven - three.

Stephen's advance towards victory was inexorable. The sound of the ball as it ricocheted around the high walls filled the enclosed court.

Eight - three. Try as she might, Louise could not win a point.

Stephen prepared to serve for the match. Louise waited anxiously, skipping lightly on her toes, knees bent, her buttocks jutting invitingly. Stephen used all his skill as he flicked his wrist in a perfectly controlled action which sent the ball spinning to smack smartly against the end wall, then to return past the ears of his opponent without her even seeing any chance of making a return.

"My match, I think," announced Stephen.

Louise wiped the sweat from her brow with the back of her hand. What now? Perhaps he would not insist on the penalty? Surely it was all a juvenile joke? Who was she kidding! No guy was going to miss the chance to beat a girl's bottom!

"I have a cane in my room," Stephen said conversationally, as though offering to lend her a book. "I'll just go and fetch it."

He left her alone. She thought of leaving too but knew that she wouldn't. A bet was a debt of honour. If she funk'd this one, she would never be able to maintain her position in the school. Anyway, it couldn't be that bad. Louise was an active girl: horse-riding, rock-climbing, canoeing - all these sports she had tried and had suffered her fair share of bumps and bruises. A caning could not be any worse, surely?

Stephen had said that it would be "traditional." What did that mean? On the bottom for a boy: on the hand for a girl? Stupid! It would be on her bum for sure! And she only had her shorts and panties to protect her! Louise began to shiver.

Stephen returned. He had discreetly wrapped the cane in a towel. Now he removed it with a flourish. "Ready?" "Yes." Her voice was hoarse. She cleared her throat. "Yes," she said bravely.

"Right, get one of those chairs and bring it into the centre of the court."

She did as she was told, feeling a fool for complying with her own fate, but not knowing how to avoid it.

"Take your shorts off."

"What!"

"Be quick about it."

Louise's sweaty fingers fumbled, but in a moment or two she was stepping out of her shorts. After all, she reasoned, her panties were quite decent. It was no worse than wearing a swimming costume.

"Now bend over the back of the chair and grip the edge of the seat with your hands." Louise obeyed, feeling very vulnerable and not a little stupid. She was aware of Stephen moving close behind her.

He pulled her panties down!

"Hey!" she yelled in outrage, clapping her hands to her seat to cover her shamefully bared buttocks.

"You agreed to a traditional caning, my girl, and that is just what you are going to get," declared Stephen. "In this school it was the custom to thrash pupils without any protection from the cane. As you yourself observed earlier, debagging is all part of the rich pattern of public school life. Now, get your hands back on the chair's seat."

With a nervous moan Louise reluctantly obeyed. She had never felt so embarrassed: bent over a chair with her bare bottom stuck out waiting for some leering lout she hardly knew to hit her with a stick! It was hardly a reasonable position for a girl who hoped to go to Oxford to be in. She would have to make sure that she kept her legs together. At least both sexes had a bottom, but if he saw - - It was unthinkable!

Louise felt the cane touch the middle part of her bottom. It rested there for a moment - and then tapped twice. The cane left her for two long seconds, before she heard the whistle of its descent, but the sharp crack as it struck her was blanked from her brain by the searing pain across her rump.

Her bottom felt as if it had been struck by a hundred angry hornets. Not that Louise had ever been stung by even one hornet, angry or otherwise, but this was what she was sure it would feel like.

"Keep still!" snapped Stephen. "And stop that row."

Louise realised that she was yelling and stamping her feet and wriggling her rear in a most uninhibited way. So much for preserving her dignity! She forced herself to settle down, gripped the seat hard, held her breath and awaited the next stroke.

It was not long in coming. And it hurt even more than the first. Despite her best intentions she yelped loudly and her whole body jerked as her bum jumped and her long legs kicked. But she fought to recover her composure, not wanting to let down that half of humanity she represented. However, no amount of concentration could really make her ready for that sudden sound and striking pain as the third stroke cracked against her all too tender flesh.

"Yeeow!" she yelled, her feet drumming against the boarded floor.

Stephen watched this uninhibited exhibition with some interest. He had hardly dared to believe that the loftily superior head girl would really allow him to beat her bare bottom. Yet there it was, bent before him, decorated with a triple row of red weals. And that was only half the allotted punishment! Stephen flexed the whippy cane between strong fingers. Louise's contortions were amusing, but he was eager for them to cease. He wanted to thrash her some more!

Louise's twitching rear finally came to rest. Stephen eyed it appreciatively. He laid the firm yet flexible rod across

the plump roundness that was the target area. He carefully measured the stroke, keeping his eye firmly on the spot he was aiming at. He drew back his arm only a little because, as with squash, the wrist action provided the power. He swung the stick, making it whistle as if in appreciation of his skill, then cracked it heartily against the meat of the girl's upturned rump.

Louise screamed! Her long legs danced a jig in mid-air but, surprisingly, her hands still gripped the seat of the chair. She was a tough nut and no mistake! As her hips pivoted across the chair back, as she twisted and turned, she seemed to be quite oblivious of the interesting spectacle these wild movements provided for Stephen. He wondered if the pain had made her cease to care?

It took a while longer for the jumping bum to lie still, but when it did Stephen let fly with yet another stinger across the head girl's naked nates. This time she cried, but still her hands gripped the seat. It took a little longer for her sobs and struggles to subside, but finally Stephen was able to make ready for the final stroke.

For this he crossed to the right-hand side of Louise's buttocks. So far the weight of the blows had fallen across the right cheek. Now though, Stephen deployed his backhand stroke, as effective here as when he used it playing squash. Again, the strong yet supple wrist action swept the stick down in a flashing arc to crack smartly against the quaking girl's waiting rear.

Louise yelped in agony and once more her twitching cheeks gyrated madly. Yet somehow, she managed to remain in position until Stephen voiced his permission for her to rise. Then she rose, grimaced, wiped away a stray

tear and began to rub her bare butt.

"Turn around," ordered Stephen. And then just in case she was thinking of hiding what he wished to see, "Hands on head."

Louise's hands went up as she turned. She faced her colleague. There was no doubt where his attention was focused.

"Turn back," he instructed. She obeyed, and Stephen began to examine his handiwork. Her bottom twitched as he touched a weal, his fingers tracing the vivid line.

"OK, get dressed." Louise pulled on her panties, careful of her inflamed flesh.

"Tell me one thing, please," she said, as she picked up her shorts and gingerly stepped into them. "Why did you let me win the first three points?"

"I wanted to give you six of the best," Stephen explained with a grin, "it is traditional!"

A week later Mr. Fordyce, the headmaster, was looking out of his study window. All his reforms seemed to be going splendidly! He was particularly pleased with the idea of joint school captains. He had wondered whether Stephen would accept the new girl, but already they seemed to be the best of friends. He watched them as they walked together to the squash court - they seemed to play a lot of that - and as usual Stephen was carrying an exceptionally large towel.