

# Terms of Reference

*January 2002*

Julia Baxter re-stocked the printer and with a scowl marring her pretty features, she began to pound away at the keyboard. Crumpled up in the waste basket alongside her was the reference Mr Crawford had given her. If the rotten so and so of a boss could not give her a decent reference, and then she would produce her own. Her new job was conditional upon a satisfactory reference being supplied.

After all, it was not really her fault that she was late most mornings. Why should she have to leave home five minutes earlier just to make sure of getting into the office on time?

It had been most unfortunate that the petty cash had not balanced. She was sure she had repaid all she had borrowed. She made herself believe that the real reason why Mr Crawford had given her a lousy reference was because he was annoyed that his red-haired employee was joining a rival public relations firm. She then convinced herself that there was also another reason - her resistance to his advances on several occasions.

Mr Crawford was not actually a bad looking bloke. He was in his thirties, tall and good looking. Julia conveniently overlooked the fact that the reason she had refused to sleep with him was because he had told her fairly and squarely that it would lead to neither a salary increase nor a promotion. Such things had to be merited in the workplace and not in the bedroom.

Julia finished typing, read through what she had done and then ran off a copy. She smiled smugly to herself, almost believing what she had written about herself in the glowing reference. Her new

employer would be well pleased with it. The job was definitely hers.

She forged Mr Crawford's signature - something she was exceptionally good at, put the reference into an envelope and put it in the mail tray. Why should she pay her own postage?

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A couple of months later found the pretty redhead happily settled into the offices of French & Co, a small but well-regarded PR firm. The proprietor, Alex French, had promised to take her with him to a seminar to be held in Amsterdam. She was well aware of the fact that more than just her clerical and IT skills would be called into use on the trip; not that she minded that at all. She would be getting something out of it. Mr Crawford had expected sexual favours from her with nothing in return.

"The boss wants you, Julia," a colleague informed her as she was getting ready to leave.

"Damn!" she exclaimed, looking at her watch. "What on earth can he want at this time?" Petulantly, she got up and walked into Mr French's office.

Alex French was slightly younger than her previous boss. He was tall, with fair, short-cut hair and although rather conservative in dress, he managed to look stylish at the same time.

"Has everyone else gone now, Julia?" he asked her, sitting well back in his large, black-leather, executive chair. The redhead nodded. Was there to be a preview of what she would be expected to do in Amsterdam? She would not refuse - not with a free trip like that coming up!

"You've been late for work quite a lot, lately."

It was a bolt from the blue. Her tummy gave a little lurch. She had not expected anything like this!

"I'm sorry." she said, contritely, lowering her head. "It's the trains."

Alex French now leaned forward in his chair, opened the centre drawer of his desk, withdrew a couple of sheets of printed paper and laid it on the desktop. Julia's heart skipped a beat. It was the reference she had produced herself! She nervously flicked her tongue over her suddenly dry lips.

"According to this reference from your former employer," said her boss slowly. "You had an excellent record of punctuality."

Julia fluttered her long eyelashes, and she forced her green eyes to sparkle sensually. She pushed out her very shapely bosom. Alex French noted how her breasts swelled handsomely beneath her crisp, white blouse top.

"I'll have to start getting an earlier train" she offered, graciously.

"Good," murmured the young man, rather absently. He leaned back in his seat, his hands bracketing his nose for a while. "I had occasion to meet Peter Crawford this afternoon, he said slowly, his eyes boring into the girl's as he spoke.

"Really," Julia forced a smile. This was leading up to something. "He's ever such a nice man."

"Yes. He is," agreed Alex French, a slight edge evident in his voice. "He has a reputation for honesty, so I tackled him about your unpunctuality. It would appear that the reference you gave me is not the same one that he gave you!"

Julia's mouth dropped open. Now she was in the brown and smelly." I don't understand," she lied, defensively, squaring her shoulders.

"I think you do understand, Julia," he said, crisply. He was angry with the girl, yet at the same time he found himself attracted by her curvy frame and her undoubted sexiness. Her long, paprika coloured hair was a factor, too. "Your reference is a forgery, is it not?"

"I so much wanted to come and work for you. That's why I did it." Julia surprised herself at her honesty. "It was terribly unfair of Peter Crawford to write awful things about me."

"He thinks not!" snapped the young PR boss, his hands settling on a long, thin ruler on his desktop. "Do you realise, Miss Baxter, that forgery is a serious offence." Before the shocked girl could even begin to reply, he continued, "Furthermore, you are also guilty of deception."

Julia swallowed hard. Only her charm and her sex appeal could save her skin - and her job! She pressed her lips together and her body swayed from side to side like a penitent schoolgirl before the headmaster.

That was just what Alex French was reminded of as he looked at her gently swinging body. The ruler in his hands also reminded him of the same situation. A thought crossed his mind. It disappeared but returned and stayed there. He wondered if he dared to suggest it. Why not It was the sexy redhead who was in the wrong and not him.

He picked up the ruler with one hand and gently tapped it against the palm of the other. "Would you agree, Julia," he asked her softly, "that the problems caused by young people today can be put down to the absence of corporal punishment?"

"Oh, yes." Julia nodded in reply. She did not know what he was on about, but she was only too eager to agree with anything he said.

"I can't fault your work," he continued. "That remark caused Julia to brighten up considerably," and I don't see why you should not come to Amsterdam next month." The redhead gave him a beaming smile. She had got away with it. Phew!

"Thank you, Mr French," she said, gratefully. She would show her

gratitude in the hotel bedroom in Holland.

"It would, however, be quite wrong," he continued, "to let you go unpunished. You, yourself have just admitted that correction is necessary."

Had she? Julia frowned. "How could he possibly punish her now? He had just said he was still taking her to the seminar.

"I therefore propose," he announced to the startled girl, "to take down your knickers and wallop your bare behind with this ruler!"

"You can't do that!" protested Julia, "her green eyes popping.

"Granted I can't insist," smiled her boss grimly, "but if you do not agree to my summary punishment, then I shall dismiss you instantly. Furthermore, I shall report the matter of your deception to my legal team."

Julia's mouth opened and closed like a goldfish. She had not got away with the forged reference after all. Licking her lips, she stared at the ruler tap tapping against her employer's hand.

"It's your decision, Julia." Alex French sat back in his big chair.

"I don't know." confessed the bewildered redhead.

"Just say 'Yes' or 'No', suggested the young man, aware that his cool sounding voice belied the fact that his heart was pounding like a steam hammer.

Julia's thoughts raced. No one had ever caught her out before. She had always got away with her misdemeanours. She began to reason that her boss's offer might be worth accepting. She was quite willing to let him have sex with her in Amsterdam, so why not let him have a play around with that ruler on her behind? It might hurt a bit, though. Alex French held all the aces. It was blackmail really and that was a darned sight worse than forgery!

"Very much under protest, I'll agree to your proposal," she told him in an arrogant tone.

"I'm very glad to hear that, Julia," smiled Alex French.

He was delighted that he had got away with his quite outrageous proposal. On the other hand, a good hiding was no more than the girl deserved, anyway. He got to his feet, hoping that the beginnings of a bulge in his trousers did not show too much at least.

"Take your jeans off, Julia," he commanded her, sounding as if he was an expert in the art of punishing wayward females. "Then lean over the desktop.

His only CP experience thus far lay in the watching of a video!

The redhead closed her eyes and took a deep breath, causing her quite tightly encased breasts to rise provocatively. Then, she undid the zipper of her faded denim jeans and pushed them down her legs. Bending forward, she tugged them over her black, high-heeled shoes and white ankle socks.

Alex French licked his lips. The girl's legs were long and slender with nicely muscled thighs. Her briefs were of white cotton and were tightly stretched, especially over her love mound.

Scowling, Julia folded herself over the desk, the length of her legs ensuring that her bottom was perfectly poked up for what was to follow.

Alex placed the ruler on the desktop and then rolled up her blouse. His heart was thumping like mad and he had to take deep, carefully controlled breaths. His tongue flicked across his lips as his hands moved towards the girl's rear. He placed a thumb each side of the elasticised top. Then, with a quick flick of both wrists, he turned the briefs both down and inside out at the same time.

Julia's creamy-skinned, trembling bottom was starkly revealed. It was

certainly a sight for sore eyes. Beautifully sculpted and deep-clefted, it was just begging to be touched. Unable to resist the temptation, Alex ran his hands over the rounded surfaces. The redhead flinched at the sensation.

It was with some reluctance that he took his hands away. He then picked up the ruler and cleared his throat before speaking. "Right, Julia." he told her, "We shall begin.

The redhead prepared for what was to come by clenching and unclenching her buttocks in timid apprehension.

Alex raised the ruler up to shoulder height. There was a "whoosh" as he brought it down, followed by a sharp "slap" as the thin inch-wide wood made painful contact with the girl's tender flesh.

"Ouch!" responded Julia, squeezing her bum cheeks together.

The young man could not have got off to a better start. The first blow, a hard one, had landed across the crown of Julia's curvy bottom and had caused a broad red band to light up, almost instantly, on the pale flesh.

Satisfied with what he had done, Julia's employer again raised his eighteen-inch-long ruler. It swished down and thwacked into her nates, flattening them as it did so.

"Oooohhh!" wailed the girl, her bottom wagging from side to side.

There was no stopping Alex French now. His heart beats were now almost normal. He intended to make sure that the bar-arsed redhead paid over and over again in the months to come for what she had done. He would have to increase her salary at regular intervals though, otherwise she might leave. Still, it would be money well spent.

The ruler slaps rained down and Julia's bottom grew hotter, becoming scarlet all over. Her cries got shriller and shriller and her

behind began to cavort wildly. Eventually, her thighs opened, and Alex French was treated to the sight of her twinkling pussy and a few stray, russet curls.

Whizz! Smack"

"Yeeeeeoowwww!" screeched Julia, as the strip of wood now found the join of her thighs to her buttocks. Her knees sagged and her intimate display lewd and provocative.

Spurred on by the redhead's reaction, he raised the ruler once more. From now on, every time he looked at it, he would be reminded of this event. He again brought it scything down, to land in the same place.

"Yeeeeeeeeehhhh" screeched Julia. The anguish was awful. It was as if her bottom had been attacked by a flamethrower. The pain was now finding its way to every part of her body. She jerked back her head. Tears flowed down her face and dripped off the end of her nose. She was now having second thoughts about the evenings in Amsterdam.

Crack! "Ooohhhagggghhhh"

The implement paid another return visit to her fire drenched posterior.

Julia made blubbering pleas for mercy. Alex stared at her desperately churning, emblazoned bottom and knew that he could not reasonably carry on for very much longer.

Another couple of sharp blows had Julia stamping her feet on the office carpet and her balled-up fists pummelled the desktop.

"Right my girl," announced Alex. "I think you have learned your lesson. Do you agree?"

There was only one answer to give of course and through her sobs, Julia admitted the fact. She certainly had learned her lesson, in fact.

Alex French let her stay where she was for a little while, taking the opportunity to admire his handiwork and the girl's intimate entrance at the same time. The

forthcoming Amsterdam trip was going to be really something. His office ruler was certainly going to find a place in his luggage!

Eventually, he helped her upright. She stood crying and rubbing her bottom frantically to try and ease away the burning stings. Gallantly, her employer hoisted up her knickers and gently eased them over the stricken area.

"Thank you," she sniffed, politely.

Late one afternoon, a couple of weeks later, Julia was given a large envelope and asked to deliver it to the offices of her former employer, Peter Crawford. She pulled a face, not really wishing to go. Still, she would be able to have a chat with the girls she used to work with.

When she got there, however, the place was empty. Peter Crawford was waiting for her in his office.

"Where is everybody?" enquired Julia. "I've let them all go a bit earlier today," he told her.

Julia sniffed disdainfully. He had never let anyone go early when she had worked there.

He took the envelope from her and asked her to take a seat. "Let's have a look at what Mr French has sent to me, shall we?" He gave her a smile, as he slit open the envelope.

Julia paled visibly when she saw what Peter Crawford had pulled out of the envelope. It was a photocopy of the reference she had forged for herself! What was Mr French doing to her? She had paid for her wrongdoing by undergoing that terrible hiding with the ruler on her bare bottom. Her bum had been sore for ages afterwards.

"Hmmm. Oh dear!" Her previous employer read through the copy in front of him, whilst Julia squirmed in her seat.

"I think you are a very lucky girl," remarked Peter Crawford, putting down the copy of the fake and staring at the dejected redhead. "Mr French has chosen not to take any

legal action against you. Neither shall I!"

"Thank you," Julia heaved a sigh of relief and her face clearly brightened. "I'm very sorry about it."

"No doubt you are," he carried on. "I think you fail to understand that I am the most aggrieved party in this matter. This reference purports to have been written with my authority. Indeed, it carries what seems to be my signature. You deserve a very severe punishment."

"I've already been . . ." she blurted out, stopping herself before she admitted to the smacking of her naked rear.

"I know all about it." Peter Crawford smiled smugly. "Alex French bent you over his desk, pulled down your knickers and gave your bare bottom a very much deserved hiding."

Julia's mouth dropped open. She had believed that what had taken place had been a secret. She felt thoroughly ashamed.

"I intend to do the very same!"

Peter Crawford's announcement was like a bombshell. Indeed, Julia looked as though she was suffering from shellshock. It was no good protesting. She watched despondently as her ex-boss opened the drawer of his desk. She fully expected him to produce a ruler. Instead, she uttered a shocked "Ooh!" as Peter Crawford brought out a thick, leather belt. Julia was mesmerised by it.

"No, please," Her protest was half hearted, but she felt she had to make one.

"Mr French is taking you with him to the seminar in Amsterdam, I believe," the man continued, grimly. Julia nodded and conceded defeat. That Amsterdam trip meant a lot to her. She had bragged about it to all her mates, who were dead envious of her. The price she was having to pay for it, however, was turning out to be a very painful one.

**"Okay," she sighed. "You win."**

**"It isn't a matter of winning, Julia," he informed her. "It's a matter of obtaining a draw."**

**Peter Crawford stood up, the length of the belt dangling menacingly from his right hand. The redhead gulped nervously, imagining the ravages it would inflict upon her poor bottom. "Across the desk, I think," he smiled. "It's a position which will be familiar to you."**

**Wearily, Julia got to her feet. She had a good idea that this would not be the last thrashing she was going to get. The two PR men had her entirely at their not so tender mercy. As long as that forged reference was in existence, they could hold it over her head like the sword of Damocles.**

**She stretched herself across the desktop. It was not as wide as Alex French's and she was able to grip the opposite edge. She gripped it very tightly indeed. She was wearing a dress for a change and Peter Crawford lost no time at all in raising it up above her trim waist. Unseen by her, he fairly drooled as he surveyed the young girl's hindquarters. Her skin-tight, black briefs clung to the contours of her lush bum cheeks. He snatched at them and they were quickly reduced to a mere twist of cotton around her ankles.**

**Just as her previous chastiser had done, Peter Crawford ran his hands over her up thrust, naked buttocks. Julia tensed them as she waited for the first lash.**

**It soon came. The scything leather "swooshed" through the air and wrapped itself around the girl's nates.**

**"Yeeeoowwww!" Her squeal was an instant response. So, too, was the swinging of her well-rounded derriere from side to side.**

**Smiling broadly, the PR man wasted no time in bringing down the hide strap for a second time.**

**"Yowwwwww!" roared the redhead, as her bum cheeks rapidly began to overheat.**

**Whoosh! Slapp!**

**The sturdy leather belt bit its way further into her wriggling rear. She stamped her feet in a tattoo on the carpet to try and alleviate the awful sting in her glowing, bare bottom. The ruler had been bad enough, but the belt was infinitely worse.**

**Peter once more raised the thick leather. It had been very good of his business rival to confide in him about the forged reference and the beating he had handed out to the pretty twenty-two-year-old. He had even suggested that he do the same himself!**

**Again, and again, he landed the belt on the redhead's equally red buttocks. Julia flailed around like a landed fish. She wailed forlornly, not caring that her thighs had long since parted revealingly. That was the least of her worries. In fact, the viewing of her pussy might just lessen the ferocity of his blows.**

**Peter Crawford paused in his efforts and gazed at the girl's dewy secrets. The redhead was, he knew, looking forward to the forthcoming trip to Amsterdam. So, too, were Alex French and himself. The seminar could not come quickly enough!**