

Uncle Yellow

April 1997

The Travels of Uncle Yellow

(NB: Uncle Yellow is the German nick name for a cane).

The hero of this story is an elegant yellow cane, beautifully polished and straight as a die. Many young recalcitrants will testify to its effectiveness in discouraging misdemeanours.

For many years, it gave faithful service at a leading British Public School for young ladies. Three rings near the crooked handle displayed the college colours, while just below was sanded flat. On it were inscribed the ominous words "Max: Six cuts."

THE CAST IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE

The House Master.

Angela, initially a sixth former.

Mandy, the "Scout" at Angela's Oxford College.

Richard, the fellow Oxford student.

Sheila, a Lady burglar.

Harry, the Pimp.

Sir Henry, the banker who employs Angela.

Act One 1972:

Angela could not believe her stupidity, not so much for cheating but for getting caught. She hated mock O Levels; termed ended next day, and she would be back home, chatting up Roy if nothing else. Now suddenly, she was waiting outside the head's study.

A nervous flick of the head sent the long blonde hair waving sliding over her shoulders. Her hands smoothed the regulation blue skirt over her firm bottom; she might be expelled but a sound caning was more likely. As she held her bottom, a shiver ran down her spine. She hadn't been caned for over a year. She could almost feel the weals even though they weren't there yet. Caning was due to be abolished at the end of term; it was just her luck to get her arse whipped at the last moment.

It was almost with relief that she bent over the two chairs back-to-back, her knees on one, her elbows resting on the other. At one point, she really felt that she was about to be expelled! Her relief was such that it overcame her surprise at being told to remove her knickers; normal practice was to be beaten over them.

In position, bottom in the air, she realised that the house master was in no hurry to carry out the thrashing. He took his time pushing her skirt back, so it was almost covering her head. She

was naked from waist to knees. She suddenly remembered that she was going to get a double sixer; in the relief of not being expelled the word had really not sunk in.

The eighteen-year-old began to realise that this thrashing was going to be different. Perhaps it was the last that the headmaster would deliver and he was going to make the most of it. She gripped the edge of the chair for all she was worth and pressed her chin of the coarse material. The first stroke was as bad as her worst fears.

The house master took his time, applying the cane with great expertise to the full, firm rump of the cheat bent over the chairs in his study. One by one, angry red lines appeared across the beautiful bottom. He was glad that the last thrashing he would administer was to a girl, particularly such a wonderful bottom. He savoured the electric swish and angry whack of each stroke on the firm flesh, then the suppressed yelps. She was a plucky lady.

As she stood up, her hair fell back, no longer smartly groomed, but dishevelled; her face was flushed while tears flowed down the smooth cheeks. She looked him in the eye, almost pleading for consolation. He took her in his arms; she hugged him with a strength that amazed and delighted him.

He did not know whether she kissed him, or he kissed her, but when their lips met it was electric. His hands raised her skirt and ran over the weals. Amazingly, she held him even tighter, her kiss more passionate. His hand moved to the front, his thumb moving between her legs, to discover a moist well of passion. As it ran over her clitoris, she had her first orgasm.

Then, as if by some signal, they both hungrily undressed each other. The naked bodies tumbled onto the sheep skin in front of the glowing fire, the spitting of the logs the only sound. For the first time in his life the house master made love to one of his students. His surprise that she was no virgin slowed him momentarily, but such was the heat of the passion that little checked their animal desires. The sharp little upward thrusts that she gave as her sore bottom pressed on the rug sent the lover into orbit.

It was only caution that persuaded the lovers each to return to their domains, but not before the house master promised Angela that she could have the cane as a present before she left for home; he would have little use for it in the future,

Act Two 1975

At Oxford, Angela's relationship with Richard was fraught. She knew that he regularly bedded other girls, but every time she tried to have it out with him those big

brown eyes were her downfall. Now a sophisticated student reading PPE, he was one of the few students that she did not find immature.

At the beginning of the Michaelmas term, she was stunned to discover that the scout for his staircase was a girl, Mandy, and a rather attractive one at that. She had been expecting trouble ever since, but she was caught by total surprise when she eventually walked in on them. Mandy, with the impish, freckled face, was naked; what surprised her was that she was over his knee receiving a thorough spanking.

Given the noise, they did not see her at first. She watched while his strong hand raised and fell with a resounding slap on the girl's full, creamy white buttocks several times, the noise echoing around the sixteenth century room. The girl tried to get up when she saw Angela, but strong hands held her firmly in place while Richard laughed at Angela's shocked expression before she fled in rage.

A week later, Richard was again making love to the partly mollified Angela. She hated her body for responding so totally to his love making. Her hands pinned by his above her head, her knees wrapped around the back of his, her body was slowly relaxing from a particularly strong orgasm, when Richard asked her where the cane was that the house master had given her.

She had bitterly regretted having told him about the incident almost immediately after she had done so. But it was now six months and he had never mentioned it to that moment. Prompted for a reason, he said he wanted to use it on Mandy. Furious, she tried to roll off the bed, but instead with his engorged member still deep inside her he started to thrust again.

He whispered in her ear how he was going to use it not only on Mandy's shapely bottom but also hers as his strong thrusts reached deep into her. She was furious at her body as it obeyed him not her mind; the whisperings in her ear sent her miles into orbit yet again.

To her fury, she started to fantasise about Richard caning her and Mandy. Something, some power took control over her. The next time she went home she brought the cane back with her, and, in no time, it had arrived in Richard's study.

It was the beginning of eighth week when Richard called Mandy in while they were in bed together. It was obviously pre-arranged because the scout lifted her dress to show Angela six worthy stripes across her bottom, probably applied the previous day.

He told Angela that was what she would be going home with at the end of term. When Richard told her that she would have to wait for him in her study, dressed in a French maid's outfit at ten o'clock.

She threw her clothes on and stormed out, to the accompaniment of howls of laughter from Richard and Mandy.

He did not see Richard again that week, yet there was driving urge deep within her. Lying in bed, her fingers between her legs, she took herself to repeated orgasm as she imagined what it would be like experiencing the cane again. The urge took her into the High; muttering about a fancy-dress party, she bought the sexiest French maid's outfit that she could find. It was so short it hardly covered her bottom.

The cut of the bra thrust her full breasts up, so that the nipple was half exposed. The tight waist emphasised every curve she had. The fishnet stockings completed the blatant eroticism; a whore would have been proud of it. So it was that she waited nervously on that Friday evening. Feelings of anticipation, excitement, apprehension, formed a melee in her mind. Those memories of waiting outside the house master's study three years ago fresh in her mind, yet somehow very distant. At first, she seemed to wind up have her bottom thrashed a couple of times a year. But as she moved into the lower sixth the frequency increased. Painful as they were the beatings were somehow reassuring. It proved the teachers were concerned with her welfare, that they cared. But best of all was what it did for her pride. In exchange for examining her

stripes, she could choose any boy in the school.

One term, just after her sixteenth birthday, she was scorned by a handsome lad, a year her senior. In a fit of fury, she hit the fire alarm. That cost her six hard cuts of the cane; the lad could not wait to examine her stripes, which he had to do deep in the copse.

At the beginning of her last year, she became infatuated with the Rugby team, especially one prop forward. They met in a shed behind the gym, she ready for squash, he for a match.

But the senior games master saw them. She had just lowered his shorts when the master entered the gloomy, dusty shed. Minutes later they were in the gym. They each got twelve strokes. She could not take her eyes off the muscular, hairy bottom as her would be lover took his twelve strokes bent over a small vaulting horse, the angry red stripes rapidly following each other. She got off no more lightly. Amazingly, they headed straight back to the shed afterwards, this time their consummated at great speed, her nails digging into the lacerated bottom, pulling the thrusts deep into her.

That final beating at the hands of her house masters was the most extraordinary, as it flashed back into her mind. Deep in her thoughts, she didn't hear Richard enter. It was the tapping of the

cane against his leg that alerted her. She looked up. For the first time that term, she saw him in a suit, and wearing his scholar's gown. He looked impressive, authoritative, a good proxy for the masters at school when they were about to beat her. She moved into the centre of the room, slipping into the role, her head bowed, her hands behind her back. There was little to say; they both knew what was going to happen.

He raised the cane to rest on his shoulder, and walked around the girl, appreciative of her efforts. He tapped her on the shoulder with the cane. She raised her eyes to him, and he pointed to the bedroom. She had guessed that he would use the elderly bed; it had a very convenient bed end, with a wooden bar across the bottom. She led towards the bedroom. Even in the gloomy light, Richard could see the micro dress ride up, almost certain that she wore no knickers.

They entered the inner sanctum, totally silent. She had placed a pillow in the middle of the bar and practiced her position several times earlier in the day. She gripped the bar at the ends, and bent forward, so her face rested on the duvet. To rest her tummy on the pillow, she had to shuffle her feet back, and to spread them out. The message was clear; this was a highly erotic act.

The dress rode halfway up her bottom, now a little fuller, more

mature that when it had last savoured the cane. Richard gently pushed it up baring her to her waist. Richard had been through this ritual many times before, but only with the rascals at school when he beat them in his capacity of a prefect. Never had he dreamt that one day a nubile, shapely blonde would await such treatment; thrashing Mandy's bottom never had this atmosphere.

He knew what this would lead to and he could feel a stirring in his groins already. He was going to give her twelve, slow, hard, expert cuts. He saw the merest of tremble in the white, so creamy white, bottom, now more mature, fuller, softer than at school. Then the daily exercise kept it tight and firm, easily able to absorb a thrashing with the cane.

Now it was softer, less practiced but, in her mind, she wished him not to spare the rod. She was back in the housemaster's study, ready for the merciless yard of rattan. She gripped the bar even tighter as she sensed the cane rise; only the swish of the warned of the wave of agony, and ecstasy, that was to engulf her. Her legs jerked rigid, a moment of total numbness then the wave of pain hit her. The memories flooded back as she fought to contain it, her frantic clenching of her buttocks almost immediately moistening the depths between her legs.

There was a long, savouring wait until she sensed the cane rose again. Richard pulled no punches; he was back at school caning the boys. There, the severity of the punishment was the number of strokes; each cut was always delivered with maximum effect. The yellow rattan whooped down time and again, accurately striping the shapely female bottom, again and again. The solid walls kept out the rest of the world; only the sound of the cane and the girls, quiet oohs, momentarily delayed broke the silence.

Her bottom was on fire as the last cut fell, the wrist expertly flicking the cane for maximum effect. She waited, gripping the bar as hard as ever, knowing exactly what was about to happen. He slid deep into her and the two raced each other to achieve their first orgasm.

For the rest of the academic year, Thursday nights became a ritual. She ignored him the rest of the week, dreaming instead of the theme, the outfits that she would wear. None of her fellow students imagined what the smart, hardworking, independent girl relished once a week. They honed their scenarios, and their love making to exceptional levels of ecstasy.

In their final year, they destroyed it all. They moved in together and the magic flooded out, like a tanker holed by an iceberg. The relationship sank, within weeks the girl, who had adored his touch

only months before, could no longer stand her fellow undergraduate. When she moved out, she forgot the cane.

Act Three 1979:

Soon Richard was something in the City. His instinct for a sharp deal rapidly marked him as a highflier. The Porsche, the mews house in Barnes overlooking the river, the expensive lifestyle followed in a small number of years. The pretty girls queued up; the double bed was well used. But it all lacked an edge, a special edge. Those nights with Angela remained the pinnacle of his sexual achievement.

The yellow cane rested under some blankets in a top cupboard in the bedroom, forgotten, unused. The occasional suggestion to the queue of nubile things that passed though that room reacted with horror at the prospect of their shapely posteriors being thoroughly warmed.

One night, when Richard was alone, he retired early. A sound, quiet but real, woke him, playing on his inner brain. A sense told him that he was not alone. Silently, he produced a cricket bat a cupboard and ventured forth, a touch nervous, yet excited for some curious reason. A black figure moved around the room, a pencil torch flickering around. Astute, as ever, he allowed the hooded figure to come closer and

closer. His breathing sounded to him like a hurricane, yet by keeping it shallow it was almost totally silent.

The figure must have sensed something as it became more nervous as it approached. "More another inch and I'll brain you," Richard suddenly snapped, sounding more confident that he really was. The pencil torch dropped to the floor as the figure froze. With a rapid action, he flicked on the lights, to be confronted by a tall person, even to wearing a black balaclava. He could see fear on the green eyes, as it saw the poised cricket bat.

A sharp push on the chest sent the figure spinning backwards. It was his time to be surprised as he felt full soft breasts under the black cloth. As she spun backwards, he grabbed the balaclava, releasing a cascade of blonde hair, and revealing a pretty face with sharp features.

"Well, well, well," Richard remarked inanely as the woman sprawled on the floor, cowering from the cricket bat which remained threateningly on the shoulder. "What have we here?"

Fear welled in her eyes.
"Don...Don't hurt me."

"What are we going to do with you?" A puzzled look came onto her face. "The police are only one option."

For the first time, their eyes met. "Oh, no, not that!" she exclaimed, panic rising in her voice.

He smiled as he looked down on her. "I don't think you've got it quite right. I was thinking of rather more rapid retribution."

"Like what," she snarled at him, then glancing round for possible ways out.

"A dose of the cane might increase your respect for other people's property." He saw her gulp. "Then I might just let you go, you know, save public money and all that."

"Oh, fuck off. Call the police or let me go," she sneered at him.

"And spoil my fun? No way. Take your clothes off."

She started rolling over on the floor, scrabbling away from him. He walked to towards, menacingly waving the cricket bat. She froze as he grabbed an ankle and began to tug her towards the bedroom. Ignoring her yelps, she was ignominiously hauled, feet first onto the bed, and spun over to lie face down. A resounding slap on the shapely, black clothed bottom, brought a yelp then silence; she froze.

He sat astride her and proceeded to push the black jersey up her body and over her head. But as soon as it cleared her arms, he grabbed his handy pyjama cord,

and tied it up, leaving her encased in an instant bag. She struggled and yelled to no avail; he wondered what shape the garment would end up.

As she struggled, he slipped her black pumps off her feet and proceeded to roll down her tights, to reveal a breath-taking figure and highly spankable rump, firm and round. Her skin was olive tanned; this one sunbathed naked.

He placed one hand in the small of her back, pressing her down, and stroked her bottom with the other. He was going to enjoy striping such a lovely bottom. Her muffled expletives became even more resonant. In her struggles, her legs parted and closed; at an opportune moment, he slipped a hand between them. She froze and a finger sank through a cushion of fur; she was very wet. He smiled.

He moved up her body, his hands gently sailing over the smooth flesh; he tried to guess her age; perhaps twenty-six? With an experienced gesture, he snapped her bra open, and two full breasts tumbled out. She was now naked from shoulders to toes. Richard stretched across to the pillows and pulled both of them towards him. His strong arm lifted her tummy while he pushed them in turn underneath. Now she was in an ideal position, bottom raised invitingly.

He stood up and fetched the cane from its resting place. He caressed it and bent it gently as he positioned himself. He was going to pay this minx for daring to break into his flat. Again, she froze, as he gently stroked her bottom with the tip of the cane. A muffled question came from the other end, something like you're not really going to go through with this.

The answer was simple; the cane rose high and with a sharp flick came whooping down onto the proffered rump. The cane whipped across the unprotected rump, right across its crest; the pain hit her entire body a short moment later. He looked in satisfaction as the first of the six stripes due to be placed across the bottom appeared.

As her writhing stopped, the next stroke hit her, even stronger than the first. But to the girl's surprise, the pain of the whipping spread through her body so fast, it rapidly led onto other sensations, of warmth and excitement. Somehow it all seemed to be just. Her bottom was paying for all the crimes that she had committed, the suffering that she had caused. She wanted her arse thrashed, ugly weals placed across it.

She raised her bottom slightly, somehow inviting Richard to place the next cut across her backside. Sheila's feelings had become distinctly mixed, for that was the anonymous burglar's name. He was happy to oblige and did so

with enthusiasm. So, a pattern was established; a few minutes later the last stripe appeared. By the end, Sheila almost seemed to be begging for the next cut.

Richard threw down the cane and studied the girl. He suddenly realised that her writhing was as much in ecstasy as in agony. He knelt on the bed and gently ran his fingers over her bottom; to his surprise, her whole body shuddered as repeated orgasms radiated through her body. His hand continued to stroke the hot, reddened, wealed flesh. Abruptly, he raised his hand and brought it down sharply on the left buttock. Her moan was a combination of pain and sheer ecstasy.

"For God's sake, take me," he heard her muffled plea through the jersey. She pulled her knees up the sheet, pushing her bottom higher into the air, parting her knees widely. Her most intimate parts were blatantly offered to him. Her legs were so far apart he could see her labia clearly, framed by some very wet pubic hair. Richard was not one to refuse a lady. He knelt behind her, gripped her hips, and slid his engorged members deep inside her. Moments later his hot fluids sealed their bond.

A little later, he released her from her hood. Their eyes met, then their lips, with a savage intensity. She lay back, he slipped on top of her, they joined together, to make

love gently, lengthily. Sated they slept. That was his first mistake.

Soon after six, his hand stretched across the bed, to touch her, looking to renew his passion. It was empty, cold. A shiver ran down his spine. Instantly awake, he shot out of bed to search the house. His worst fears were soon confirmed. She was gone, all the valuables she had collected up earlier were gone, his wallet was gone, and humiliatingly the cane was gone.

Act Four 1980:

Harry was not amused when Sheila returned. He did not fancy having his girlfriend's arse being soundly whipped by another man. Contemptuously, he consigned the cane into a messy cupboard in his rather untidy flat, located in an attic two floors above a sex shop.

A year later, Sir Henry Baker was visiting Harry. Now Sir Henry was one of Harry's best and most loyal clients. Sheila was one of his favourites. The fifty-year-old merchant banker had lost little of his virility. Having given her a good rogering, he was sharing a drink with Harry in his rather dubious bar.

"Great filly that," Sir Henry enthused.

"Certainly, Sir Henry, I hope you won't leave it too long before you see her again," Harry, greasily agreed.

Henry lent over to whisper to Harry. "Love to whip that girl's rear end, sometime, Old Man. Absolutely made for the cane!

Make it worth your while."

Now money spoke to Harry. "Certainly, Sir Henry. Absolutely no problem."

But it was a problem. He and Sheila promptly had a massive row. After the shellacking she had received from Richard, she rather looked forward to the prospect, but she wasn't going to let on to Harry. Anyway, she agreed rather than risk Harry taking his belt to her backside; his wild and inaccurate thrashing did little for her.

Just before Sir Henry arrived, a frantic search was mounted; no one could remember where the cane had gone. But fifteen minutes before he was due, all was in place; a school desk was in the centre of the room, the cane laid neatly across it, and Sheila dressed in a school uniform that made her look like a girl straight out of a St. Trinian's film. The girl's rich curves made the outfit blatantly erotic; her full round bottom, the material tight over most of it, almost invited punishment; but the soft, silky material implied a level of affluence that most schoolgirls did not enjoy. Only twenty-five-year-old call girls had that privilege.

The girl waited nervously, excitedly, expectantly. She felt wet between the legs, remembering what had happened when Richard had caned her. Would she react in the same way, or would it just be agony this time? She squeezed her legs together, to contain her nerves, but it just turned her on more. The anticipation increased as the time came and went; Sir Henry was late.

She picked up the cane and rubbed it between her thumb and forefinger. She shivered slightly, trying to remember how it had felt the last time. Was the pleasure real or had her memory played a trick on her? Would he beat her harder than Richard? Was that even possible? She shook her head nervously, the swathe of golden blonde hair swaying to and fro. She studied the cane. The three coloured rings puzzled her. She ran her finger over the words; would he stick to the six cuts or would he give her more.

"Getting in the mood?" Sir Henry's words startled her.

She dropped the cane on the desk, turning nervously.

"Yes...yes, Sir," she stuttered, her eyes dropping to the ground.

"You know what badly behaved girls get?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Tell me, girl," the man commanded.

"They get the cane."

"That's right! They get beaten,

across their bottoms."

"Sir."

"And that's what is going to happen to you know."

Her heart thumped inside her, she felt like a teenager. Shivers ran down her body, her breasts felt large and heavy. Her bottom clenched, it felt exposed and fragile. Sir Henry said some more words, which completely escaped her, but she realised that she was bending over the desk. In no time her hands gripped the front legs of the desk, her legs spread apart and squeezed tightly on the outsides of the back legs.

The mixed feelings, of excitement and fear, coursed through her. She sensed her skirt being raised, expecting it, yet panic set in, somewhat irrationally, as the panties slide over her firm curves and down the shapely legs. She knew it would come yet it always sent additional terror through her. It was only at her calves that they stopped, where her legs were too far apart.

Sir Henry stood back, took satisfaction in the view, the firm round bottom, smooth slightly olive skinned, ready for the thorough application of the cane. He picked up the cane that had started its useful life at Angela's college, bent it slightly as he held it in his two hands, and mused briefly over the colours at its top, plus the almost worn away words,

Max: Six Cuts. Well, that was a rule that was about to be broken; he decided to give her ten strokes.

"Right, girl. Ten strokes." He gave the voluptuous schoolgirl in front a final look; she was exquisite. He could not resist raising the cane and laying on a stroke worthy of his days as a prefect at school. The girl's legs straightened, thrusting her bottom as high as possible. A yelp emitted from the girl as an angry red stripe gradually appeared across the fabulous derriere.

After the first stroke, both fell fully into their assumed characters; Sir Henry the house master applying a well-deserved thrashing to an errant pupil, and Sheila the wretched six former paying the price for getting caught breaking the rules. Sir Henry applied the second cut of the rattan to the proffered bottom, determined to make the punishment appropriate to the imagined crime. The retort of the cane was followed by a brief period of absolute silence, before the girl gave a soft yelp.

Sir Henry watched the second set of parallel lines appear before raising the cane again. As the swish of the rod beckoned the third stroke, the girl clenched her bottom, almost as an automatic reaction. Flames seemed to scorch her bottom, as she held onto the legs of the desk for all she was worth. But as the agony

radiated out through her body, the first sensations of something different arrived. She sensed her bottom dancing avidly in the aftermath of the cane's work, but there was also a sense of warmth.

If anything, Sir Henry applied the fourth stroke with even more strength, certainly with a more stinging flick, but the girl had suddenly taken the measure of the thrashing was able to better cope, to turn the sensations to the first shades of her advantage. The sharply dancing bottom massaged her clitoris vigorously; warmth, even moisture, began to attend to her most intimate parts. Slowly, she was converting the pain into a different feeling.

Sir Henry sensed that the girl had suddenly begun to cope with his ministrations. It was time to bring all his skills to bear. The fifth stroke was preceded by a sharp flick, then applied to the lower, softer region, designed to regain the initiative. The girl's bottom jumped violently, as the new angry red line appeared. Her bottom clenched and released, several times. But the warmth between her legs just increased.

A pattern now developed. Sir Henry enjoyed the bouncing bottom, the glimpses of the girl's most intimate parts which she was in no position to hide, the place where he would plunge his member right into the depths. By the sixth stroke the cane no longer intimidated the girl. The pain was

real, the bottom bounced in agony, but her mind had beaten the pain. Her whipped bottom was taking her into new, unexplored areas.

The seventh stroke, for the first time, landed on another. Space on her red-hot rump was becoming scarce. The pain level rose, she shook her head in agony, the golden mass ever more dishevelled. The sting was ever more excruciating, the dancing of her bottom ever more virulent, the action on her clitoris ever more intense. The hot blood coursed through her bottom and onto that small pinnacle of pleasure.

Sir Henry did not give up. He knew what was happening, all adding to his impending pleasure. But he would not cede the initiative. For the eighth time, the yard of rattan rose to administer its blessing on the lovely bottom, to cede to the girl that unique blend of pain and pleasure that only Old Yellow knew how.

The ninth stroke was an anti-climax. The girl knew that the last would be the worst. The man knew that she knew. That last stroke was the important one, and the ninth lacked something. Sir Henry waited for the last one, until the girl was absolutely still. He was in no hurry to complete the task. To the girl it was agony, not only to overcome the final pain, but it was between her and the incredibly special pleasure that was still to come. She was already on a high sexual plateau; she was

desperate to feel the man inside her, hard and thrusting, as he took her to paradise.

The man adjusted his position; he was going to make this stroke effective by angling the cane, to make it cross all the other stripes. The girl's defences had been weakened by the ineffectiveness of the ninth stroke. She was on the edge of an orgasm; her mind was floating on a plane of ecstasy. Her defences were relaxed. When the cane landed, its loud swishing introduction missed by the girl, the pain flashed through the girl, her bottom danced, her knuckles white as she hung for dear life. But then, almost instantly, her mind soared to a pinnacle of mental pleasure, her clitoris exploded in the motion of her dancing bottom, her whole body spilled over the edge into pure pleasure.

What Sir Henry offered after that was beautiful, but never to touch that one, perfect moment.

Act Five: Later that year.

Sir Henry had kept the cane after his afternoon with Sheila. The fawning Harry was only too pleased for him to take it. The markings had intrigued him. It was only when he studied Angela's resume that he realised where it had come from. Her whole file was on his desk. She had worked for Harding, Baker and Company for nearly five years. She was clever, as an Oxford graduate should be, but she was now

suspected of being not entirely honest. Some deals seemed to have been tampered with, to have been reallocated to different clients, AFTER they had become profitable.

The problem was now on Sir Henry's desk. The evidence was mounting, and it was the basis of a very damaging scandal. Angela was due at any moment. The interview was, to say the least, acrimonious. The fervent denials became confused when faced with the evidence; even the twenty-eight-year-olds debating talents became thin, but she knew well enough not to stand up in a court of law.

Finally, Sir Henry gave her a choice. In the plush City office, the cane that he threw in the middle of the large desk seemed incongruous. Angela sat on the other side, open mouthed with astonishment. "Remember those?" he snapped at her. "It's got your old school's colours on it. It might even be the one you got thrashed with!"

Little did he know that it was not only the one that her housemaster had thrashed her with, but she also had received many a time at Oxford. "What about it?" she queried.

"You've got a simple choice. You take six strokes of that, or you leave today. If you want to sue us for unfair dismissal, try it. I doubt if you'll get much after this

document is shown in court, or ever work in the City again." He tapped the file with his index finger. "Be in the board room at five thirty or don't come back tomorrow."

The young lady did some deep thinking that afternoon, but little work. Those feelings that she remembered from her Oxford days, when she dressed for Richard to stripe her bottom, were back. For years, they had only been masturbatory fantasies. Now suddenly they all flooded back. She knew that she would be in the board room that evening. The warmth between her legs as she sat at her desk confirmed that.

Sir Henry was slightly surprised that the young lady turned up. She realised that she had better take the option. She had been more rattled than she had let on. The deals had not worked out as planned; any in depth investigation could well land her in a criminal court. If a good hiding would close the issue, it would be a price worth paying.

Having her bottom whipped at school or by Richard at Oxford had never worried her. In fact, it had often led to most interesting consequences. A good shellacking now might open new erotic doors.

So it was that she walked through, and closed behind her, the board room doors. Sir Henry sat at one end of the long elliptical oak table, polished to excess, and

surrounded by two dozen chairs that had been equally lovingly looked after. The Red velvet curtains and burgundy carpet gave the room a cosy feeling, intimate, secretive, appropriate for the beating of a young lady.

"This will be the end of the issue, will it?"

Sir Henry looked at her, eye to eye. "Assuming that no such thing ever happens again, and you give me your word to that effect."

"You have my solemn word, Sir Henry. Never again." She moved nearer the man. He looked at her, and a vision of Sheila, in her St. Trinian's outfit, flashed through his mind. Instead, he was about to chastise this high-powered City girl, immaculately dressed in a pin striped jacket and skirt. Her high-necked white blouse was topped with a bow; she looked her role to a Tee. She took off her jacket and hung it over the back of a chair. For the first time, he noticed how figure hugging her skirt was and in fact how short it was. In fact, it could only be described as erotic.

Her stockings if anything emphasised her shapely legs. This girl was dynamite.

"How do you want me?" she asked with a forced smile. Her face was undoubtedly pretty, framed in what was now short, blonde wavy hair, coiffured at the best City hairdresser.

Sir Henry contemplated. "Naked from waist to knees," he stated firmly.

The girl smiled again, this time a nervous smile. She undid the zip and lowered her skirt, with a wiggle of her hips, finally giving little skip to step out of it. Placed neatly on the chair with her jacket, her silk panties, garter belt and stockings followed rapidly. She stood facing Sir

Henry, the tails of her silk shirt still covering her intimate areas, her hands together in front of her. "I hope you are going to make love to me after you have thrashed me, Sir," she quipped coyly, probably hoping to unnerve him. The handsome director walked up to Angela, now realising that there was a major game in play. "You hope, do you? Then I think that you are overdressed."

He pulled the silk bow around her neck, then unbuttoned her blouse, to reveal a pair of breasts thrusting to escape from an expensive bra. He added the blouse to the pile of clothing on the chair, leaving the girl naked but for the bra and black shoes. He studied her momentarily. Her soft blonde hair was genuine, in contrast to the harsh dyed blonde that Sheila sported. This girl was class personified.

The girl crossed her arms down her front again, when the man suddenly realised that the motive was not modesty. A finger had

slipped through the soft downy fleece and was stroking something just inside! In her mind, she was blindfolded, silk of course, held down across the table by two handsome young men and having her bottom whipped by a third.

The man walked round the girl to study the exquisite rear view, while she continued to stare ahead. The bottom that he was about to thrash was full, round, perhaps even a little plump but undoubtedly beautiful. The dark chasm somehow pointed down and round to her sex. He decided the bra strap spoilt the perfect view, the smooth back leading down to the highly spankable derriere. Expert fingers released the clip and the full breasts cascaded forward. The temptation to take the girl there and then was great, but he forced himself to keep to the prescribed order.

He placed a chair at the end of the large table with its back to the edge. He led the girl to it, made her kneel on the leather seat, and bend over so that her breasts were squashed on the cool polished surface. Sir Henry, as he studied the voluptuous figure ready to be thrashed, decided that this was the most attractive lady he had ever applied the cane to.

Her hands gripped the edge of the board room table, her left cheek pressed against its service as she awaited her fate stoically. The

experienced caner placed himself carefully, preparing to apply another ten of the best on a shapely bottom. The creamy white skin of the lovely rump trembled slightly as Sir Henry bided his time, in absolutely no hurry.

The atmosphere that Sir Henry had created was deliberately akin to that at a school. Bending over a chair against table was frequently used position. The whooping of the cane was loud and angry, almost penetrating in the otherwise virtually silent building. The stripes, scarlet and burning, gradually built up across the bouncing, stinging buttocks. The girl, unbeaten for several years, fought to control her yelps, as well as the agony.

The rattan felt so like all those beatings half a decade before, little did she know that it was exactly the same cane. Naked, her feelings and reactions were exposed totally if only to the one man, her relentless chastiser. Yet the girl felt that it was all somehow her just deserts; her stupidity needed to be purged. She felt no hatred for the man; he was a pawn in her purging, even perhaps her pleasure.

When his member entered her, she felt it was her right, her reward, the final act confirming that all was forgiven, that a new chapter was beginning. Sir Henry made sure that it was, even if he continued her total mastery of the girl to the end. He had stood her

up, bent her over the edge of the table, tied her hands firmly behind her back with his tie and thrust deeply into her time and again. As her hot, striped bottom slapped time and again against his thighs, the girl soared to her personal paradise.

A little later, Angela returned to her office with the cane in her hand, to be kept discreetly should Sir Henry ever require its services again. Old Yellow had come full circle, even if its passage was a mystery to those who had so expertly wielded it.

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Thought for the day:

On 18th Dec 1994, BBC 1 showed the last part of The Wimbledon Strangler, Alison Steadman as Eleanor Farr, the domineering wife, is turned on by the talk of all the poisonings. She asks Robert Lindsay as her husband, Henry, to go up to the bedroom with her to "do something dangerous." Upstairs, we hear him giving her an extended spanking; she is revelling in it. We see the shadows under the door as he gets down to the action. Afterwards, she complains that her bottom is red and sore.

Question: Why do we need all this subterfuge? Could we not actually see some of the action, even if it is simulated? Given that it is portrayed as a key part of the turn on for the sex act, why the coyness?