

Housemaster's Perks - Sabrina **Place in Form, Bottom; Beaten on** **his place in form. (May 2020)**

The last few days of term are dominated by end of term reports. Those double foolscap sheets, covered in boxes, each with a subject name, ruled the College as everyone desperately worked to complete them, so that the boys could take them home. The large penultimate box was titled Housemaster, and the final small box had Headmaster inscribed on it.

Codrington Minor's form was depressing. The word *lazy* appeared repeatedly in most subjects, including Maths, the subject that I taught him. It would be bedtime soon, so I ordered a passing "fag" (a junior boy appointed to run errands for masters and prefects to call Codrington. The rather self-opinionated young man was, to say the least, nonchalant about his report, which earned him six of the best. He seemed rather less nonchalant when he stood up. There seemed little point in going into detail, so the large box reserved for my comments had only one sentence: **Place in Form, Bottom; Beaten on his place in form.** Next day, the boy collected his report, sealed in an envelope unaware of its contents but ready for his parents. I thought no more about it.

On Monday, the College had an air of peace about it which was greatly appreciated. It was interrupted by the ringing of the black phone sitting insolently on my desk. "Porter, here. A Miss Sabrina Codrington called while you were in your meeting. She would like to pop in to see you about 4pm, if that is OK by you. I need to call her back if you cannot make it."

"Do I know her?" I asked bemused.

"She said her brothers are in your House."

The penny dropped. "Yes, sure." I had never met the girl and could not think why she would want to see me. But I did remember Codrington Major once mention that she was studying in Oxford.

I was in the bathroom just before four when a rather noisy car parked behind the House. Glancing out of the window, I noticed a red MG Midget glide into a parking space at a speed that would not normally be recommended. A screech of the brakes brought it to a halt inches from the wall. A stunner jumped agilely out of the low-slung car. Was this my 4pm visitor? I hoped so.

The girl on the other side of my desk could only be described as voluptuous. A biggish girl, she had curves in all the right places. In her high heels, she was almost as tall as me. A fawn jersey did its best to contain her full breasts; a dark brown pencil skirt emphasized ever curve of her bottom while a wide shiny black belt tried to hold it all together. But the substantial shock of flowing blonde curls, framing a pretty face, topped it all. "I'm on my way back to Oxford for a few days," she said sipping her coffee, but her blue eyes sharply focused on me.

"So, what are you reading?" I asked to try to break the spell we were trying to cast on each other.

"I'm not. I'm studying at the Ox and Cow. You know, the secretarial college...."

"Yes, I know. I studied at Oxford." I must say that I was disappointed. I had assumed beauty and brains. The Ox and Cow, or the pompously named Oxford and County Secretarial College, was one of the most upmarket marriage bureaux in the

country. Upper class young ladies went there to meet eligible young bachelors from the University. To give them their credit, they did try to teach their well-heeled charges some secretarial skills, but it was an uphill task. "So, what brings you here?"

"Richard's end of term report."

"What about it?"

Sabrina produced the report and read from it. "Place in Form, Bottom; Beaten on his place in form. My father says I am as lazy as Richard and, if the Ox and Cow did reports, I would be in the same place."

"So what does he recommend?" I said looking her straight in the eye.

"The same treatment as Richard," she spat out with a wicked grin.

I looked at her for a few seconds. "I don't see why not. You have a rear end most suitable for the treatment." Her smile evaporated and she looked stunned. "I would be delighted to oblige." She looked shocked.

Clearly it was the answer that she expected. I was meant to be embarrassed and say that she was far too old for such treatment, or something to those ends. As she was still speechless, I continued, "You could occupy the same position as your brother. I think your naked rear end would be exquisite with six neat stripes across it."

"I haven't been beaten for ten years and it was my father that walloped me."

"Well, we are in loco parentis here. I am happy to adopt that role." I studied her again. The tight jersey and pencil skirt were a common attire for high flying secretaries; she seemed to have that part of her intended career correct.

"If I let you cane me, do I get any perks afterwards, you know, to console me."

"I'm sure that we could arrange something," I answered with a knowing smile. "You could even come back to my house and we could have a candle lit dinner together."

"Some other time I'd love to, but I have to be back in Oxford this evening."

"To do some learning?" I asked sarcastically.

"No," she said ignoring my comment.

"You can have a different lover every night of the week in Oxford. They may be bright, but most are lousy lovers. Unfortunately, I've got one coming round. Are you a good lover?"

"There is only one way to find out." I walked round the desk and gently made her stand. I suddenly sensed a frustration in her. I put my hands around her waist and looked here in the eyes. "When did you last have an orgasm?"

She looked shocked at first, blushed, then said hesitatingly, "I'm not sure that I've ever had one. My mother said, lie back and think of England whenever a man poked me. I really don't know if I'm doing it right. All I know is that I need it."

I pulled her towards me, and we kissed. I rubbed her substantial and quite soft bottom. Then I noticed her groin was rubbing mine and I could feel definite stirrings between my legs. I squeezed her bottom and whispered in her ear, "I am going to enjoy placing six angry red lines across these beautiful nates. I'll enjoy watching as your bottom dances when each stroke lands. I am going to wait for each tramline to appear between each cut, and I think it will get wetter and wetter between your legs as I carry out the beating."

I could feel the girl tremble and she

rubbed our groins together harder and harder. "Afterwards, my fingers will rub your clitoris until you explode with orgasms." The girl's legs started to give way, and I had to hold her firmly to stop her falling. Then her whole body gave a big shiver or was it a small orgasm? "Do you want me to screw you after the beating?" There was an imperceptible nod. "I'll take you doggie style."

"What's that," she asked curiously as her eyes watered.

"I'll show you after. I can admire your striped bum as we make love."

"I only know man on top."

"The so-called Missionary Position. Not good for orgasms. You'll soon find out what doggie is." My hands slipped to her belt and undid the clip. It fell to the floor, but she did not protest. The jumper and bra followed suit. Her full soft breasts pressed against my shirt; a really sensuous feeling.

"You will beat me properly, won't you? No gentle taps?" I smiled.

"You can be absolutely assured of that." I undid the zip on the side of her skirt and somehow peeled her out of it. She stepped out of her shoes and was completely naked. By any standards, she had a fabulous body.

I led her to the conference table, pulled out two chairs and placed them back-to-back, then bent her over them. Her bottom was her highest point, her knees on one chair her elbows on the other. Her legs were well apart, giving me full sight of her most intimate areas. I decided that she would get most from the beating if she was really turned on. I slipped my thumb inside her and put my forefinger on her clitoris. I rubbed them simultaneously until her body shook with

a violent orgasm, then used my left hand to stop her falling off the chairs. She was ready not for her beating.

I picked up the cane, tapped her bottom gently a couple of times, then raised it high. It whooped loudly as it sped down to her nates, the resulting impact eliciting a loud yelp. Her bottom danced but she made no effort to stand up. When the writhing ceased and the crisp red tramline was fully visible, I applied the next stroke, even harder. She had a fabulous bottom to thrash and I was going to make the most of it. Slowly but surely, the cuts mounted up, each leaving its unique mark. By the sixth, the yelps had subsided, but the sobbing was clearly audible.

I help her up and she threw her arms around me, her tears wetting my shirt and her mascara staining it. Despite her tight embrace, we drifted to the bedroom. There, she threw herself on the bed, on her back, expecting to be taken in the Missionary position. I made her turn over and raise her bottom in the air, her face on the blanket. I told her to move her knees apart until her vagina lowered to be level with my member. Then with a gentle thrust, I was deep inside her. I gripped her love-handles and thrust repeatedly. She managed three orgasms before I fired into her, giving her a fourth, even more violent one. After, we lay together like spoons, my arms around her holding her firmly against me. My left hand pinched her right nipple while my right hand stroked her clitoris. Suddenly, her body exploded again, and I had to hold her firmly to stop her rolling off the bed.

"These beds are ridiculous. Can't they give you a proper double bed?"

"You're lucky it's a 3' 6" bed. Until a few

years ago, masters were given three-foot beds. But one portly master rolled off and injured himself, so now we have 3' 6" beds. Oh, luxury."

"Oh, yeah. It feels like a monastery."

"Next time, you can come to my house. I've a comfortable double bed and a nice whippy cane there."

Sabrina turned her head to look at me. Thought for a second, then spat out at me, "To be just another notch on your bedpost?" I did not quite know what to say. "This is just a game to see how many girls you can screw."

"You suggested sex after your beating."

Ignoring my comment, she ranted on, "At your age, you should be married with a couple of kids, not poking students."

"You said you could have a different student every night at Oxford."

"Yes, but we are students and we are on a learning curve. You are a teacher."

"And I'm teaching you."

With a grunt, she stood up naked and stormed off into the sitting room.

Moments later, she returned, handbag following her by its lead, as a voluptuous vision marched through the bedroom into the bathroom. Puzzled, I got out of bed, took a clean shirt from the wardrobe, and dressed. I sat in the study and wondered what had upset her. She had been here less than two hours and had thoroughly enjoyed herself, as far as I could make out. But Oxford students were sometimes too intelligent for their own good, but then, she was not a real Oxford student.

Some ten minutes later, she was back in her sweater and pencil skirt again, the war paint was largely repaired, and she had calmed down a bit. She stood in front of me, her fabulous chest heaving away.

"I'm sorry if I lost my rag, but you took

advantage of me."

"I did not. You got what you wanted."

"You should have beaten me, bollocked me and sent me packing." She paused for thought. "For some reason, I don't feel like going back to Oxford today. I'm going home. Anyway, my brothers will never forgive me if I don't go straight home and show them my marks."

"You are an ungrateful sod. You got what you wanted, but you just won't say thank you."

"Don't kid yourself, grandfather."

I was furious with her. I stood up and grabbed her elbow. I hauled her to the chair, which still in position from her beating. I sat down and hauled her across my lap before she realised what was happening. I would have preferred to smack her bare bottom, but the skirt was so tight that it would be a major job to remove it. Making the best of what I had, I brought my hand down as hard as I could on her left cheek. She squealed and struggled. But I held her firmly and administered what must have been at least forty hard smacks on each cheek in turn. It was only that my hand was beginning to sting that stopped me.

I stood her up then stood by her. Her tears were rolling, her face was flushed, the immaculate curls were not so immaculate anymore. "You are an ungrateful hussy. You can go off and wiggle your striped rump in front of your brothers now." I frogmarched her to the door, pushed her outside and closed the door behind her. Shapely blondes seem to think that they could get away with anything. It was twenty minutes later when I heard the Midget's roaring engine as she drove off at some pace.