

When the phone rang, I got a shock. "Catherine here, George. Remember me?"

"Sorry, No. When did we meet?"

"Lady Catherine. You were sweet on me fifteen years ago," she said with a giggle. Frankly, I was speechless.

"Yes, yes," I muttered incoherently.

She, with her parents, came to stay with us just after the war, and I fell head over heels in love with her. I was waiting to go to Oxford when this stunning aristocratic beauty walked into my life. But however hard I tried to impress her, she just ignored me. "What can I do for you?" I said, a level of resentment returning.

"An awful lot," she chirped. "When would be a good time to meet?"

"What about Sunday evening," I suggested cautiously. Term would have ended by then and most boys gone home for the Easter holidays.

"Splendid. About 5pm. Make sure you have plenty of Dubonnet in your drinks cabinet. My husband is away until next Thursday so you can have your wicked way with me without interruption." The phone went dead.

I had last seen her a few days after she had attended Queen Charlotte's ball, where the cream of London's aristocratic youth had been present, the first after the war. I was the second son of a Duke, but she wanted to marry the first son of a titled young man. Both title and inheritance were of great importance to her. I offered neither unless I pushed my elder brother under a bus. Eventually she made do with a very wealthy Viscount, and I never heard from her again, until today.

I looked her up in Who's Who. What struck me was that she had no children. I went to the library and read some articles about her in Country Life. She still looked stunning. Tall, aristocratic, long black hair, high cheek bones, piercing eyes, she could only be called a stunner. She was almost more beautiful than when I knew her before. Memory of the contempt that she held me in because I was not the first born faded and was replaced by pure curiosity about why she was coming to see me.

She arrived ten minutes early. Dressed to kill, it took me a few minutes to adjust my eyes. Her figure was even more fabulous than I remembered it, and her clothes clung to her like a second skin. The tight red trousers emphasised

every curve of her fabulous bottom. She was still every inch the aristocrat. For ten minutes, we indulged in inane chit chat with a few reminiscences about fifteen years before. "You seem to have had a great life," I commented rather flippantly.

"But I haven't," she snapped back, and burst into tears.

"What's the matter," I asked concerned.

She slowly composed herself and wiped away her mascara streaks. "I think my husband is about to divorce me."

"Why? He won't get a better wife than you."

"But I haven't given him a son and heir. I've had test after test. The doctors say there is nothing wrong with me. But he won't accept that it could be him."

"It is not easy to help. What can I do?"

"Get me pregnant. I had sex with him two days ago, so he won't suspect."

"I'm not sure."

"Look, you never stopped trying to get me into bed fifteen years ago. What's changed," she snapped.

"You are married," I snapped back.

"Then give me a good beating first, if it salves your conscience."

"The sex doesn't worry me. The pregnancy does."

"So punish me; give me a real good thrashing. Where do I bend over?"

Common sense was overridden by the appeal of thrashing that lovely aristocratic bottom. I stood up and pulled two chairs from the conference table. "Kneel on one, bend over and put your elbows on the other." I walked over and brought out the cane from the umbrella cupboard. "I said on your elbows, then grip the far edge of the chair." She did as she was told, which moved her bottom forward into an ideal position. I stroked her bottom, enjoying the feel of the soft, expensive stretch material, hugging her bottom tightly. Her bottom flinched but she said nothing.

I stood back and raised the cane. I was going to lay it on hard; I could not make up my mind if this thrashing was for all the frustration that she had caused me when I was young or the preposterous proposition that she had just made to me. The cane whopped through the air and landed with a crisp whack. She yelped and a visible line appeared across the cloth of her well-rounded nates. Straight across the middle, I was satisfied with its line-up. Her bottom jiggled delightfully, and I waited until it was steady again. As soon as it was, I laid a

second line just below the first. Her bottom started to dance again, and I noticed her hand's grip on the edge of the chair. But there was no yelp. It obviously was not hard enough. The next stroke produced an expletive, "Shit".

"That was not very lady-like. One extra stroke." I raised the cane to apply the fourth stroke. This elicited both a yelp, followed by a sob. The marks across the trousers were merging into one broad stripe across her bottom. It suddenly occurred to me that this might be the wrong strategy. If her husband divorced her, she might fall into my arms. Then I decided it was a stupid notion and applied the fifth stroke to bring my mind back to the job in hand.

She was visibly crying and sobbing, but this was her idea. Given what she had in mind, perhaps it was a reasonable price the pay. The sixth stroke made her bottom dance violently; a superb bottom inevitably did a great jig! I ignored her sobs. "Right, one final stroke for swearing." It elicited the loudest yelp of the day and uncontrollable sobbing.

"Get up, Catherine," I ordered. She slowly stood up and I put a comforting arm around her shoulder. Her mascara and make-up were running down with her tears. Despite everything, her stunning deep brown eyes were as magnetic as ever. She looked me in the eye, then wrapped her arms around me; in response I put mine around her and hugged her tightly. Her face against my white shirt, her tears rubbed off on the shirt covering it with long streaky, black stains. I did not mind; she was a woman from whom one accepted these things. My hands moved to her thrashed bottom; she flinched as I stroked the fabulous round curves.

My right hand moved to the zip on her left and unzipped her trousers. Then gently I pushed her trousers and panties down below her bottom. I ran the tips of my fingers across the angry lines across her naked bottom. She flinched again, then her whole body started to tremble. I held her firmly or she would have crumpled to the ground. "Wow, what was that" she asked through her sobs.

"An orgasm. Don't you recognise one?"

She nodded. "Yes, but I wasn't expecting one after a beating."

"Welcome to the pleasure of many a woman."

"Take me to bed," she pleaded.

"As soon as we get back to my house." I was not going to screw her in the

pokey single bed that the school supplied for housemasters. "Can you drive?"

"I think so. It'll take my mind off my throbbing bottom." I smiled. "How long will it take?"

"Less than ten minutes. It's straight down the road."

"Oh, goodness, look at your shirt. It's a mess."

"Don't worry about it. I'm planning to take it off as soon as I get home. Anyway, It'll give me an excuse to smack your lovely bottom tomorrow. I'm really looking forward to that."

She thumped me on the chest. "Beast, but I love you."

The drive took less than ten minutes on the empty Sunday evening roads. She had a large suitcase which she left me to bring up. "You can use the last bedroom on the corridor to change. Mine is the one before that." When I had lugged her case to her bedroom, it was empty bar a coat thrown untidily on the bed. Leaving her case, I went into my bedroom. It was the first time that I has ever seen her completely naked. She lay on my bed, long legs wide apart. "You like?"

"Yes, twelve years later than it should have been."

She rolled over on her front to reveal the angry red stripes across her bottom. "So that you could have striped my bottom whenever you wanted?"

I slapped her bottom hard and she yelped. I stripped off rapidly while she lay there rubbing her bottom. I leant forward, gripped her hips and pulled them upwards so her face was still on the sheet. I drove inside her, and she started to orgasm almost immediately.

It was nearing midnight when she became sated. No one could say that she did not enjoy sex or that she was inexperienced. She lay on top of me, my member still deep inside her. Her head resting just under my chin. "How often do you cane a boy?" she asked suddenly.

"Five or six times a week, I suppose. It's their preferred punishment."

"How come? It's not something I would opt for."

"Most are pretty tough, and it wastes least time. Writing lines is boring and a weekend gateing can be disastrous if you are in a sports team. It also gives them fifteen minutes of fame."

"What does that mean," she asked, raising her head slightly.

"The usual hero worship when they get back to their common room. How many strokes did you get; who beat you? Can I see your stripes? Did he lay it on hard?"

“I see,” Catherin murmured. After a moment’s thought, she added, “I’m hungry. Being screwed by you is thirsty work.” She reluctantly got out of bed, “What’s in your fridge?”

“Not sure, but usually steak and salad. My housekeeper keeps it well stocked.” We sat in the dining room, clothed only in dressing gowns, for excellently cooked steaks and salad. Back in bed, she had another bust of energy. How I made it to the staff meeting at ten in the morning I am not sure. The glances from the headmaster indicated that he had noticed that I looked worse for wear.

I was back in the house soon after two pm. Catherine was nowhere in the house. Eventually I found her sitting on the long bench that I had installed at the end of the lawn, near the river. She was wrapped in a warm coat and turned as I approached. “You are lucky to have such a fabulous garden and view so near London.” I agreed and we chatted for fifteen minutes before returning to bed. She was reluctant to cook another meal, so we headed off to a discrete Italian restaurant cum night club a couple of miles away. She wore one of the sexiest black, shimmering cocktail dresses that I had ever seen. It just covered her breasts and would not have done that without two very thin straps over her shoulders. At the other end, the dress ended a few inches below her bottom, showing her great legs off to all and sundry. Between the two extremes, the material clung tightly to her body emphasising every curve. I had hoped that the material would have shown off the neat stripes across her fabulous bottom, but they had faded too much. We danced until about three am, before she demanded we return to bed. Next evening, we repeated the experience almost exactly, although this time the dress was bright red and even more revealing. So, we reached Wednesday, and time for her to return home.

Maybe or maybe not, it would be sometime before we would know if she was pregnant, but it was left unsaid. She came down in a woollen miniskirt and demure blouse for her journey home. The weather had cheered up and it was a balmy spring day. “Can we go and sit on that bench again for a while. I loved it there, watching the boats and birds?”

“Certainly, I’d like it.” We chatted and watched for a while before I asked a disastrous question. “If it doesn’t work out with your husband, would you like to move down here?”

“You mean marry you?”

“Why not?”

“Because you are a spare not heir and the fortune does not go you. If you manage to push your brother under the Clapham Omnibus, that changes everything. You are a brilliant lover, but you don’t qualify for marriage.” Her eyes spat out contempt and I was momentarily speechless.

Then I grabbed her arm and pulled her across my knees. My left hand holding her firmly in place, I pulled up her skirt and pulled down her silk panties, which tore on one side. Her naked bottom remained exquisite and with only minor bruising left from her caning. I raised my arm and brought my hand down on her naked bottom as hard as I could. “Bastard, everyone can see me. I’ll never live down the scandal.”

I slapped her bottom again, hard. “Your head is covered with a thick shock of black hair. It is your bottom on display. Most people are recognised by their faces, not their magnificent bottom, or are you not telling me some something.” She scowled and I slapped her bottom hard again. Then I looked around. I could see no one on the river and no-one walking the towpath. If she wanted to be grossly insulting, she would have to pay for it. I started smacking her bottom and as hard as I could. Slowly, the whole area went a bright red.

Then suddenly there were loud sounds of a boat’s whistle. I looked up and a motor cruiser glided past with the two elderly men on it in hoots of laughter and making wild thumbs up signs. I waved back, then continued with my essential work. Suddenly she burst into tears just as a young couple came along the foot path. They saw what was happening and quickly looked away across the river as they walked past. I called out, “Good Evening,” but they just ignored me, unsurprisingly. It was suddenly then that I realised my hand was beginning to hurt; time for a change of tack. My thumb slipped inside her, to rub her G-spot while my index finger rubbed her clitoris. Almost immediately, her body began to stiffen, and her long legs raised off the ground. Her body suddenly shuddered violently, and her legs thrashed up and down. My fingered kept working until the orgasm subsided.

I resumed the spanking, but my heart was no longer in it and my hand had had enough. I pulled her up and she tried slap my face, but my reaction was faster than hers. I caught her wrist and held her firm. “Go and get your stuff and go home. If you are still in the house when I get in, I’ll whip your lovely bottom again. Now go.”

As she walked up to the house, the miniskirt fell to its natural position. If she was not rubbing her bottom, one would not know that she just had had a severe spanking. Less than five minutes later, the boot on her car was closed

with a loud bang, and I could hear her tyres chewing up the gravel on my front drive. Thus, it was with some surprise that she rang up on the following Monday. "Sorry about my tantrums, George."

"I'll survive," I said curtly.

"I'm taking my husband to Heathrow tomorrow. Do want me to drop in on the way home. You can give me a good beating for my behaviour."

"Bit near Easter, isn't it?"

"Oh, he's coming back on Thursday. Just two nights in Brussels."

I pondered briefly. "Sure, it will be my pleasure to thrash that fabulous bottom of yours."

"I thought you would, but I can't stay. Got to get home. Be with you about 3pm. Make it realistic. You give me a good dressing down, then beat me. Afterwards, you can poke me, but not for too long. I must be home for first thing Wednesday. How many strokes?"

"With a shapely bottom like yours, a least twelve."

"Huh," she snapped and put the phone down.

The last of the paperwork was done and I had forgotten our conversation. Bluntly, I did not expect her to turn up. At 3.30 there was a sharp rap on the door. "Come in," I snapped. She opened and closed the door. I looked up and stared. She was dressed much more expensively than the previous time she had come to see me. A very smart, and very expensive, matching dark green skirt and jacket caught my eye. She dressed much better for her husband than for me. Clearly tailor made, it was still very sexy. The woollen skirt ended at least six inches above her knees, showing her long legs off to great effect. The white blouse contoured her breasts, and a pearl necklace finished the look. "Ah, Lady Catherine. Thank you for coming." I left her standing at the other side of my desk. "How long have you been a prefect?"

"Two terms, Sir."

"What is the function of a prefect?"

"To enforce discipline and school rules."

"And do they apply to prefects?"

"Certainly, as far as I know."

"Where were you yesterday afternoon?"

"Watching the hockey? I like supporting our house."

"All the time."

"Of course."

"That's not what Mr Willington told me."

"What did he tell you?" she asked trying to be nonchalant.

"He glanced along the back of the bike sheds and saw you and another girl

smoking and drinking wine.” I let the accusation sink in. “Is it true?”

She hesitated then nodded her head. “Well, you can buy cigarettes at 16 and wine at eighteen. It’s not fair that we cannot enjoy them.”

“That is a stupid argument, and you know it. School rules may not be broken by any girl, unless specifically allowed. Who was the other girl?”

She looked down at the floor and moved from foot to foot, clearly uncomfortable. Hesitantly, she said, “I am not a sneak, Sir.”

“Your choice. Tell me or I’ll beat it out of you.”

“I’m sorry Sir, we have a code at this place.”

“Ok, we’ll take things one at a time. Regarding the smoking and drinking, will you take a beating, or do you want me to de-prefect you?”

She pondered for a few moments. “I’ll take the beating, sir. How many strokes?”

“Six for that issue, then we can come back to the subject of the other girl.”

“Right, take off your jacket and hang it on the coat rack. Use the hanger; we don’t want to spoil it and put the necklace with it. Then pull out a couple of the conference chairs and put them back-to-back. You know what to do next.” I went to the cupboard and took out the cane. “On your elbows, not hands. You can use your hands to hold the far side of the chair.” I lifted her skirt; it was beautifully soft, probably cashmere. But it was distraction. Her superb bottom was naked in front of me. Slightly elongated, it maximised the target area. But the curves were exquisite showing off a firm rump. No red blooded canesman could resist doing his duty. This time she was more prepared, more gritty, more determined to cope.

First angry red line arrived almost immediately. She grunted and her bottom did a little and delightful gig. The second tramline soon appeared. She was going to cope as very best she could, and I was going to break her spirit if I could. The cuts of the cane landed one after the other. No quarter given, none taken. At one point, I thought she was on the edge of an orgasm, but it was not to be. Only at the last stroke, did she give a loud sob. “Get up, girl.”

This time I did not repeat the mistake. I held her back close to me, her head resting my shoulder. My shirt was safe. My hands undid the buttons of her blouse and pushed up her bra. I tweaked her nipples and she shivered right down her spine. Then I undid the zip on the left of her skirt, and it fell to the floor. My index finger slid into her most intimate area and rubbed her clitoris. Her orgasm was so violent I only just managed to keep her upright. As the spasms subsided, she turned around suddenly, and all the makeup and mascara rubbed all over my immaculate white shirt. She put her arms around



me and slid down to her knees. She undid my fly buttons and belt then pushed my trousers down to my knees. What she could do with her hands and mouth was divine. I never could remember how we got to the bedroom.

About an hour later, we lay together, her head on my shoulder, my hand caressing her bottom, enjoying all the stripes. It flinched violently if I touched too hard. "I must head back," she said. "It's quite a long drive. I'll be glad when they finish the M40. Save a lot of time for both of us."

"But I haven't beaten the name of your friend out of you yet."

"Some other time, lover boy. My bum is in a state already. You know how to lay it one," she said with a pained smirk.

That was the last time I ever saw her. The announcement of her pregnancy came in the columns of the Times. Also, there was no mention of a divorce. I presumed that it was all sweetness and light at her home. I just felt used.