

Housemaster's Perks - Maxine
The Malcontent September 2020

Monday morning: the phone rang. It was matron, not sounding happy, not even any pleasantries. "Do you know Maxine, one of my girls?" she barked.

"Only by sight. Why?" She was one of the prettier ones, but I had never spoken to her.

"I want to give her her cards." Matron hated the headmaster's edict that she had to consult me before sacking any of the under-matrons. Why he had done it I had no idea, but it clearly rankled with Matron.

"You better send her over at 9am tomorrow."

"Right" snapped matron and put the phone down.

The young middle-class girls that staffed the ranks of the twenty-five under-matrons often did not see eye to eye with matron and her old worldly ideals. Maxine was an extreme example. Delighting in extra short skirts and almost see-through blouses, she hated the pale blue smocks that they had to wear, held in only by a black belt. So, she arrived outside my study just before nine. I had just finished beating a boy. As he left, she put her head around the door. "Can I come in?"

"Sure," I replied putting the cane down on the desk. She had clearly been listening to the boy being beaten.

"You are incredibly good with the cane. Are you going to beat me?"

"Should I? What have you done?"

"Matron probably thinks you should. She beat me last term and Joanne has beaten me twice this term. They both think my work is lousy."

"And is it?"

"I suppose so." She beamed at me with her pretty round face, enclosed in a halo of curly blonde hair. It was a smile that would get around most men but useless against a woman.

"Why is it lousy?"

"You really want to know?"

"Yes if want to keep your job."

"Frustration. There are over six hundred males of the species in this college and I haven't been poked once since I arrived."

I was rather surprised at her bluntness, but I was not going to show it. "Is it that important?"

She stood there coyly for a second as she selected her words. I noticed that her nipples had hardened as they pressed against the blue material. She clearly was not wearing a bra. "Yes, it is. Sex removes the tension, and one does a better job."

I did not like the direction of this conversation. "Perhaps I better beat you and take your mind of your hormones." She smiled.

"Then I get poked, like the other girls do?" I gave a slight nod.

"Where do you want me? Where the boy bent over?" She clearly had been watching around the side of the door.

"Yes, that will do." I picked up the cane. As I did, she undid her belt and in a fluid motion the smock landed on the floor. Except for white socks, she was completely naked. She had a slim shapely figure, thrusting breasts, a slightly larger than expected bottom and a fading suntan. She bent over the two chairs, her face almost touching the far seat, her fingers gripping the edge of the seat tightly.

"How many strokes, please, Sir?" she asked cheekily.

"I think a round dozen would be appropriate." I was expecting a howl of protest, but nothing came back from her.

"Well, that's a nice trim, round, firm bottom. Most suitable for the cane." A weak thank you was mumbled from the other end of the shapely young lady.

Slowly but surely I striped her bottom. Each stroke produced a neat red tramline across both proffered cheeks. Her bottom danced nicely, and many strokes were accompanied by a little yelp. Perhaps they became louder as the beating continued or at least they seemed to. As the cuts followed each other, it became more difficult to stop them crossing

each other; perhaps that was why the yelps got louder. Anyway, towards the last few, I angled the cane and made it land right across the others. It had the desired effect, and the yelps were followed by moans. At last, I felt I was in command. Until then, the message from her was whatever you can dish out, I can take. Suddenly, it was different; I was getting near her surrender.

The last cut landed right across all the others and I could hear the sobbing. "Get up, girl." Slowly she stood up and rubbed her bottom, face flushed, eyes watering. I put down the cane and put my arms around her. In turn, she put her arms around me and rested her face on my chest. The tears and flowing mascara ruining the neatly laundered shirt.

Before I could say anything, she asked, "Did I do well?"

Surprised at her question, I reassure her, "Of course you did, and you have a lovely bottom to thrash." I slapped her bottom hard and she almost jumped into my arms.

I ran my fingers over her stripes for a while until she chided, "You promised to screw me. What are you going to do about it?" I was never one to shirk such a responsibility. I led her into the bedroom, knelt her on the end of the bed, push her head down onto the sheets and plunged deep inside her hot wet cavity. As my legs slapped her striped bottom, she had at least two orgasms before I fired deep into her, causing something akin to an explosion in her body.

I started to change my shirt while she rolled over onto her back, still naked except for her white socks.

"Where are you going? I need you, more, more, more..." As her voice tailed off.

"I have class in twenty minutes, and you have ruined my shirt. If you need any more, you will have to come down to my house tomorrow after lunch. I'll have the pleasure of thrashing your rear end again and having my wicked way with you all afternoon." That put

a Cheshire cheese grin on her face until she left my study.

That evening Matron rang again. "Well, what about Maxine?"

"I gave her good beating and told her to come and see me tomorrow. I gave her a choice. Do a proper job or collect her cards. I said I wanted a final answer tomorrow."

"What good is that. She's got a concrete backside and she'll flash her pretty eyes at you." With that she slammed the phone down on me again.

Wednesday afternoon was wet and miserable, but Maxine arrived by 2.30. I had a bottle of white wine in the wine cooler and two glasses, all set up by the bedroom window. "Just what I need," she managed to get out as she gulped the first glass. I glanced at her outfit. Her dark blue microskirt only just covered her bottom and her pale blue top did little to hide her thrusting breasts. "What river is that?" she asked breaking my concentration on her neat, slim figure.

"The Thames," I offered. "or what you can see of it in this miserable weather. On a nice sunny day, you can sit on the veranda and enjoy the view."

"My parent's house is near the Thames in London. I could come down in their boat sometime." She looked around the room and the inevitable question came out. "How can you afford this place on a housemaster's pay?"

"I didn't. It belongs to my family trust. They bought it for me."

"Oh, I say big money. And I suppose you are going to tell me that you have a title as well."

"Only the Honourable. My father and my older brother have all the proper titles."

"Lord thingamajig, I suppose?"

"My father is an earl not a thingamajig. My brother has the honorary title of Count. He is the heir, and I am the spare. Spares are meant to be army officers, clergymen or teachers. I chose teacher; it was the safest, given my lack of vocation as a clergyman."

"And you chose a place to teach where there

was a good supply of nubile young ladies. One available every Wednesday to thrash and poke in your posh hideaway.”

“If that’s how you feel, what are you doing here.” I took her wine glass and put it down. Then I grabbed her arm and led her to the stool in front of the dressing table. I sat down and pulled her across my knees.

“What are you doing, you brute?” she snarled at me. I ignored her struggles and pulled up her blue microskirt, to reveal sexy white lace panties. They hugged her bottom tightly and I could see the red marks from yesterday’s beating clearly through them. It took seconds to remove them from the target area.

“If you want to play a sarcastic little bitch, ok but you have to learn the consequences.” I raised my hand and brought it down on her firm bottom as hard as I could. She tried to escape but I held her firmly around the waist. Time and again my hand landed hard on her round, delightful bottom. Probably after the best part of fifty hard smacks, I stopped and looked at my handiwork. Now her whole bottom was glowing red. The red lines had disappeared in the wider mass of red. Then I heard a sob. I had somehow forgotten about her.

I sat her up and she hugged me, again ruining a nice white shirt with her tears and mascara. Then from the middle of the sobs, she said, “I’m sorry. I don’t know why I said that. I deserved that spanking. Promise you’ll spank me again if I’m nasty like that.” I didn’t answer. We both knew what it was. Events just overtook us and soon we were both naked in bed.

By late afternoon, we were on the edge of exhaustion. I lay on my back with Maxine sat astride me, my member still deep inside her. She kept gently swinging her hips to keep it hard. She lay forward on me so that our faces were almost touching. “What are you going to say to Matron?”

“I’ll ask her to give you another chance.”

She gave me a broad smile. “Good, just stall

her long enough for me to give her my letter of resignation.” I looked at her with surprise. “I’ve been offered a job in the City, with a company called D.E.C., Digital Equipment Company.”

“Digital Equipment Corporation. You better get it right. What are you going to do there?”

“Sales trainee. They have offered me £800 a year starting. Goes up to £1,000 after training. I can afford a flat in London on that pay, and matron can sod off.”

“Well done. What are you going to sell?”

“Something called a PDP-9. It can hold 64,000 words. Do all a company’s typing. Carbon paper and tippex will be a thing of the past.”

“We could do with something like that in this place, but the Head won’t hear of it.”

“Anyway the letter only came yesterday. I’m going to write my resignation letter this evening.”

“Well, good luck. You might meet some of our Old Boys there. Some of my S [Scholarship] level classes have gone to work for DEC, after graduating.”

“Oh, goody. They might like to beat my bum. Might encourage them to sign up with me.”

I suddenly realised that Maxine intended to use micro skirts and fish net stockings as well as her sales skills. I hoped that she would not overplay her hand. She rested her head on my chest for a few moments. “Thanks for being understanding. Neither Matron nor my parents are being supportive..... Will you give me a reference?”

“Sure, I’ll give you a character reference. Matron should be giving you a work reference.”

“Oh, yeah. I can just see that” she sneered

“Leave it with me. I’ll see what I can do. By the way, I hope you are good at Maths. You can only get so far with the glamour girl bit.”

“So, so. I only got 94% in pure maths A-level, 86% in applied maths and 77% in physics. Any good?”

I was speechless for a few seconds. My jaw must have dropped because she pushed up my chin. “Careful, something might fly in.”

“What in the hell are you doing here then? With those marks, you should be at university.”

“I was all set to go. Got a place at Durham. Council agreed the tuition grant, but my old man was too rich for me to get the cost-of-living grant. He refused to pay the £370 miserable pounds a year. He said it was time I found a husband and gave him grandkids. The bastard! Next thing I knew I was walking through the gates here.”

“No wonder you have never been happy here.”

“DEC may be second best, but they will pay me good money. There is nothing the Old Man can do about it.”

“I better make sure that Matron does that reference for you, ASAP.”

“Thanks”, she said with that beaming smile she could put on when she wanted to ooze charm. “Want to give me a final beating, then screw the hell out of me?”

“My pleasure!” For what I thought would be the last time, that shapely bottom offered itself for the cane and I did not hesitate to apply it with the utmost vigour.

It was nearly seven pm when we arrived back at College. With her red-hot bottom on the leather seat, she fidgeted all the way back. “A hot bottom is so, so sexy,” she cooed on the way. I parked. She disappeared off to her common room for dinner while I headed for the main hall and the cacophony of 600 hundred boys eagerly eating their dinner. Later that evening, Matron was delighted to hear about Maxine’s impending resignation. When I told her that it was conditional on a good reference, she headed off to write it immediately, the Old hypocrite! I spoke to a contact at DEC to smooth the lack of a good work reference and a week later Maxine’s position would become vacant.

The next Tuesday, Maxine arrived in my study, this time dressed in a fancy blue trouser suit and almost see-through white blouse. Her erect nipples were clearly visible, and her smile was radiant. She put her arms wide out.

“Ta-ra” she exclaimed and did a twirl to show off her figure.

“I thought you finished this Friday?”

“I do but I have two days leave due so Matron said I could finish today. I thought you might like to give me a farewell beating. You know, red hot bot for the train journey home.”

“So you are talking to your parents?”

“Sort off. Any way they live in London so I can stay there while I look for a flat. At least my mother will be civil..... So, are you going to give me that beating? The taxi is due in half an hour.”

“Don’t you want to get screwed afterwards. I thought it made you randy.”

“Not this time, lover. We’ll make up for it next time we meet. I just want a red-hot bottom for the train ride. I can look at the other passengers and think I’ve got something you haven’t!” She glanced around. “Where do you want me?”

“Over the back of the red Chesterfield armchair will do.” She bent over and blue trousers stretched tight, emphasising every curve of her perfectly proportioned bottom. I went over to get the cane from the cupboard. “Right move forward a bit so your bottom is at the highest point, then you can grip the far end of the cushion.” She slid forward easily on the red leather until her bottom was perfectly positioned. Now I could raise the cane upwards and bring it down vertically. This made for very hard and accurate strokes of the cane.

The first cut landed right across the middle of her bottom. She yelped. I noticed a clear, feint line across the tight blue material. Her bottom trembled for a few seconds as she clenched and unclenched it. As soon as it was still again, I raised the cane delivered another extremely hard stroke. The pattern repeated itself until we reached the sixth. By then she was sobbing hard. “Right, stand up.” Tears had caused her eyeliner to run, she looked flushed and her hair dishevelled. Immediately, she put her arms around me and squeezed

me so tight that I could hardly breathe. Yet again, her make up ruined my immaculate white shirt, but my left arm still held her tightly. My right hand went down and felt the ridges across her neat round bottom. She flinched but did not complain. I rubbed her bottom gently and her body suddenly shuddered. Perhaps it was an orgasm or just a big shiver.

“Don’t forget your train,” I whispered in her ear.” She did not answer immediately.

“I’d love to stay but I shouldn’t.” She suddenly leaned back and looked in my eyes. “If you ever change your mind and need a mistress for that lovely house of yours, just whistle. I’ll come running.”

“When I get my first headmastership, I’ll be whistling.” I replied with a wicked smile.

She pulled away from me and headed towards the bathroom. Five minutes later, she was her glamorous self again. She picked up her handbag, put her makeup bag in it and headed for the door. As she went out, she said, “If I don’t go now, I never will..... You know, I’ll never meet someone like you again.” She shut the door and room suddenly seemed cold. Her mind had won over her heart. I regretted her going, but, like her, I had a career to think about.