

## Housemaster's Perks - Samantha

### Ships in the Night Feb 2020

Summer term ended last Saturday. Monday was unusually peaceful. A couple more days of paperwork and meetings, then it was up North to my father's country seat. I glanced at my diary expecting it to be clear. But there was one appointment: Samantha Darnley. Under my diary was a thin brown file with Bernard Darnley in large letters on the front. The school secretary was very efficient, and Samantha's son's file had miraculously appeared on my desk.

Bernard would be a new boy in September. Most of the file was about his father. He was tipped to become the managing director of a Discount House in the City in a few years. Only at the back was Samantha mentioned. There was a fifteen-year-old picture of her as an Olympic swimmer and a story of her disappointment at only winning bronze. She looked very tall and slim in her bathing costume, with a rubber hat holding her hair tight to her head, although she seemed a bit busty for a top swimmer.

Consequently, I was rather surprised when she walked through the door. Now in her late thirties, she could only be described a voluptuous. Her hair was free; it was thick, curly and golden brown. But a tight skirt and top emphasised every curve. "Good afternoon, Mr Thurston, I presume?"

"Certainly. Do take a seat." We sat each side of my desk, and she looked around.

"I wasn't quite sure what a housemaster's study would be like. Darker with teak walls and loads of books, I suppose." We chatted about her son for a few minutes, she was asking trivial questions which, frankly, could have been answered over the phone. Then suddenly, she asked, "Is this where you beat the boys?"

"Yes," I answered with a puzzled grin. "Why?"

"My husband says that six of the best would do me good."

"Oh, why is that?"

"He says that I am flirtatious, unpunctual, and horribly untidy. Why does it matter if you have servants to clear up after you? Any way he told me not to come back without six angry red stripes across my bottom."

I smiled. "I am sure that we can oblige." She looked shocked. Clearly, she expected me to be horrified. "Are you sure six strokes will be enough?" She was speechless for a moment. I broke the silence. "If that's what your husband wants, we had better get on with it."

She mused for a moment. "I thought the cane was for naughty boys."

"It is used to instil discipline into teenage boys. I don't see why it cannot do the same for a voluptuous, ill-disciplined thirty-year old."

With that, I stood up and went over to the conference table and pulled out two chairs; I moved them back-to-back and turned to face Samantha. She stood up. "Want me to take off my skirt?"

"More than that. At your age and looks, there is only one option." She looked at me intently, then suddenly broke into a knowing smile. "I want every stitch off." Slowly but surely every item came off revealing a firm, curvaceous, fit body. "You look very fit?"

"I play tennis two or three times a week. There are some really good-looking guys down the tennis club! Perhaps that's why my husband thinks I am flirtatious." She gave me a knowing look.

"Put your hands on your head and feet apart," I ordered when she was naked. The full breasts raised up a bit, but clearly were straining under the weight. I brushed my hand over her bottom; it was delightfully firm and well worthy of the cane. Next, I ran the back of my hand between her legs; it was very wet and made her body tremble.

"I hope you are a good lover," she asked with excitement in her voice.

"You will soon find out, but first I am looking forward to thrashing that delectable bottom of yours. Twelve hard strokes."

I led her to the chairs, made her kneel on the first and put her elbows on the far one. Now the apex of her fabulous bottom was the highest point of her body. Her legs were well apart, and I could see her getting wetter and wetter. I left her in that position and went over to the gas fire to light it. I watched the elements slowly begin to glow red, then went to the cupboard to collect the cane.

I looked at the full, firm, round, unblemished bottom. It was one of the finest that I had even thrashed. I laid a hard stroke right across the crest of her bottom and watched the angry red tram lime appear. Samantha gave a yelp then a sob. She gripped the far side of the chair so tight I could see her fingers go white. Her body trembled for a few seconds and between her legs became visibly wetter. The temptation to mount her there and then was strong but I was going to finish the job in hand. The second stroke landed an inch below the first and the second line rapidly appeared.

I was in absolutely no hurry and thrashing this lovely lady was an exquisite pleasure. After each stroke, I allowed the trembling to subside then judged the next stroke carefully. By the end of the sixth stroke, she was crying openly. I admired my handiwork then moved my hand between her legs. Her clitoris was fully enlarged, and I stroked it gently. It took less than a minute to make her body explode with pleasure; her juices exploded all over my hand. But I kept stroking until her spasms had ebbed away completely.

“Stay there,” I ordered her and went to the bathroom to wash my hands. Back by her again, I picked up the cane again. She was now in some type of pool of ecstasy and each stroke seemed to take her to a higher level, despite her tears. The tenth stroke finally caused her body to explode in another massive orgasm. I had to hold her to stop her falling off the chair. As soon as the trembling ceased, I applied the final two strokes. Then I threw down the cane and stood her up.

She threw her arms around me and almost squeezed me to death. Tears flowed down her cheeks, but she kissed me with an extraordinary passion. Her hips ground over my member with almost immediate effect. I hardly remembered getting undressed or did she strip me? Not long after we were on the sheep skin rug, in front of the gas fire, making intense and animalistic love. I lost track of her orgasms but was pretty sure that I had fired deep into her at least twice.

Half an hour later, I lay on my back on the rug; she lay beside me, her head cradled on my shoulder. She looked at me, “My God, what happened to me? I have never experienced sex like it. I never knew women could have that type of orgasm. You certainly proved you were a good lover.”

I turned my head and looked at the large full breasts, with throbbing red nipples on top. “You have a body worthy of such sex. Don’t complain.”

“I am not. I just cannot believe what you have just done to me.” Despite that, she was soon dressed, make-up back in place, skirt and jacket heaving under the immaculate curves. The taxi was called, and she headed back to London to show her bottom stripes to her husband.

Two months later, Bernard arrived with both his parents in tow. No mention was made of our tryst, not a wink of recognition from her. It was as if it never happened and it never happened again. We were as two ships in the night.