

## LAW MAN

Emma, one nicely-manicured hand holding onto the cord controlling the vertical blinds, looked down onto the busy street below. Five o'clock had long gone but there was still a great deal of homeward bound traffic. It would be a little while yet before the tall, striking, dark-brown haired, twenty four year old eased her Kia Rio out into the traffic.

'When you are ready, Miss Waterworth,'

The authoritative male voice came from behind her causing Emma to slowly lower her arm. The vertical slats moved into place in front of her. She did the same to the other windows and the penthouse office suite became shut off from the world outside Hawksworthy and Company were the leading firm of lawyers in the area, and had been for over a hundred years. They occupied the most prestigious office suites in the most prestigious building in town.

Emma Waterworth had not been able to believe her good fortune when she had been engaged as a junior solicitor in civil litigation. The delightfully shaped brunette had not even considered the fact that what had weighted selection in her favour had been her delightful shape and her eye-catching, good looks. Her engaging personality was a bonus.

The senior partner of Hawksworthy's was always a member of that founding family. Today, that exalted position was

occupied by Joseph Hawksworthy. At the firm he was 'Mr Joseph', but in the golf club he was happy to be called 'Joe'. He was a tall, imposing and good-looking man who kept himself fit. His dark hair was now flecked with grey.

Emma turned around to see the boss of the firm pull a straight-backed chair away from the highly-polished, board room table and place it in an empty area. The young lawyer's tummy lurched as Joseph Hawksworthy sat down on the padded seat.

The newest recruit to the firm was experiencing some trepidation at the prospect of what was about to take place. She had known about the 'procedure' before she had been taken on but, of course, she had never thought it would actually happen to her. She had been much too keen to get the job to bother about such a scenario taking place.

Emma's forthcoming spanking was not a part of her contract of employment, but she felt honour bound to go through with it. It was, after all, a tradition of the firm.

Down the line, the Hawksworthy males had always been devotees of spanking young females. In the old days there had been a plentiful supply of scullery maids and chambermaids and other sundry wenches. Times, however, had changed, but an earlier resourceful

Hawksworthy had hit upon the idea of using recently qualified females to fill the gap.

The idea was that should a young female lawyer lose a case during her twelve month probationary period, then she would be spanked over the knees of the senior partner. A careful selection process always took place to determine which job applicant should be offered a position! No cruelty or sadism was ever involved, although the young women did always receive a sound spanking. The sessions always ended with a glass of quality sherry and some invaluable advice from the great man himself.

Hawksworthy's knew that they could not possibly win all their cases, but the knowledge that a good hiding awaited them if they lost did spur the probationary female lawyers to greater efforts! 'Would you please remove your jacket and skirt please, Miss Waterworth,' came the polite request, along with a sincere smile.

With butterflies still performing aerobatics in her tummy, Emma moved towards the big table, so that she could place her discarded clothing on top of it. She shrugged out of the jacket and the erotic sway of her breasts within her top caught the eye of the man in the chair. The jacket was put aside. Next, Emma twisted her head and her nimble thumbs and fingers unhooked the side fastenings of her skirt and lowered the zipper. She didn't allow the garment to sail down her fine,

bare legs. That seemed a bit brazen, she thought. Instead, she held onto it as it descended, stepped out of it and placed it on top of her jacket.

Her red, silky top concealed her briefs. She observed the slight flaring of Joseph Hawksworthy's nostrils as he surveyed her bare, honey-skinned, athletic thighs.

'Would you also please remove your footwear, Miss Waterworth?' he asked, after clearing his throat to speak. Emma knew the reason for the request. If she kicked her legs too much, she might injure her employer! She toed off the black, stiletto shoes, dropping in height a couple of inches in the process. Emma was, nevertheless, still a tall and imposing young woman.

Joseph Hawksworthy patted his thighs. His employee took a bosom-heaving breath and moved the few paces towards him. Emma took hold of his proffered hand and she was helped to drape herself across his lap. She had thought she might feel something digging into her, but she didn't. Maybe later!

'Are you comfortable?' the man enquired.

Emma responded that she was, not knowing whether to say 'Sir' or 'Mr Joseph.' Neither seemed right in the circumstances, so she did not end with any polite reference, as she normally would have done.

'I'm going to remove your knickers, Miss Waterworth, announced Hawksworthy. Normally, Emma would have chuckled over the use of the old-fashioned word 'knickers.',

but she didn't now. Her nether regions would soon be exposed to view. A twinge went through her tummy. It wasn't altogether a terrifying twinge, however.

Her top was lifted clear of her narrow waist. She felt the man's hands on her flesh as he hooked his thumbs and fingers in the top of her black mini-briefs. Emma raised up her middle section a little to facilitate the easing away of her nether garment.

She felt the cool air from the overhead fan on her uncovered bottom. A thrill shot through her insides. Having a male take her panties down always excited her. Would Mr Hawksworthy like her bum, she wondered? She just knew he would!

'You have a very lovely bottom, my dear,' she was pleased to hear him say in confirmation. 'Do you mind if I stroke it?'  
'No. Not at all' Emma gave instant permission.

She thought it strange at first that he had made such a request, especially when he was about to give that part of her a good hiding. However, she then quickly realised that stroking her cheeks was an intimate, personal act, whereas spanking them was anything but!

Joseph Hawksworthy then began to glide the palm of his hand over the silky-skinned surfaces of her superb, peach-shaped buttocks. It was a nice sensation actually and she was

happy for it to continue for as long as possible.

She kept her thighs pressed tightly together the whole time. Although she would not have been averse to a straying finger wandering into her honey pot, she thought she ought to retain as much decorum as was possible in the circumstances.

Suddenly, the caressing hand was gone from her up-poked rear. Emma took a deep breath. The spanking was, clearly, about to begin. It would be a 'first'; for her. Not even one of the procession of boyfriends who had courted her since the age of consent had ever smacked her bottom. She knew it was going to hurt - but how much?

*Smack!*

The impact of the man's hand on her sensitive, waiting behind sounded loud in the suite. It robbed her of her breath. The smack hadn't really hurt. Actually, it was more of a stinging sensation. Emma took a deep breath and prepared herself for the next slap. It quickly came. Her mouth opened, but she managed to control her breath. The stinging just increased.

She now felt her employer's free arm come around her waist. 'Can't have you falling off,' she heard him say. Emma wondered if it was thoughtfulness on his part, or whether the first two slaps had been mere 'testers.' and that things were now going to hot up - especially her poor bottom! She rather thought that the latter would be the case!

The pretty lawyer was, therefore, not surprised when her tender behind was peppered with a series of hard slaps. She began to gasp and to wriggle about in the man's lap. Emma became aware that her movements were having an effect in Joseph Hawksworthy's genital region!

'You may be aware, Miss Waterworth,' began the middle-aged, legal man, 'Of . . . er . . . certain biological developments taking place. Please be assured, however, that you are not under any threat and that you will not be called upon to participate in any action beyond what you have freely agreed to.'

'Yes, sir.' said Emma, in a soft voice.

She couldn't help but smile at the carpet at the way in which the senior lawyer had told her that he was getting a hard-on and that she was not expected to give him a wank, afterwards!

He had rested his hard hand on her overheated bottom, whilst he had spoken to her. Now, he removed it, preparatory to continuing the assault upon that place.

*Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap!*

The volley was steadily delivered, covering practically all of the area of Emma's delightful, though, discoloured posterior. She wriggled in reaction as best she could, restrained by the man's strong arm.

After a very brief pause, Hawksworthy continued, this time paying attention to the under-curves of Emma's poked-up rear. She began to squeal and her legs started to thrash around. Emma was aware of the fact that her sexual opening was thus very much on display. He would be bound to be avidly viewing that particular part of her. She, herself, was well aware of his very aroused sexual part!

Emma's breathing was quickening now. Her bottom was quite sore, but she thought she was coping quite well with her 'initiation' into the big law firm.

Joseph Hawksworthy paused again in his efforts. Emma realised that he would get more pleasure out of prolonging the spanking and, therefore, the hurt applied would be far less than the anguish caused by a briefer, blistering attack upon her nates.

Pleasure was what it was all about, of course. The old boy had a stiffy and things augured well for Mrs H later on! Emma had to be truthful and admit to herself that the spanking was having quite a pleasurable effect upon her, despite the severe stinging.

Hawksworthy started again, striking each glowing cheek in turn with the palm of his hand. The palm was cupped to fit exactly the splendid curves of Emma's derriere.

The female lawyer's head jerked up and she gave out tiny cries. She humped up and down in the man's lap, his stiff manhood repeatedly prodding her side.

Her legs opened and shut like a pair of scissors in reaction. The thrill she was receiving from showing herself off back there seemed to dampen the anguish from the hurt being applied to her bouncing buttocks.

*Slap! Smack! Slap! Smack!*

Emma, of course, could not see her behind, but her scalding summits were cherry red in colour. She did wonder, though, about getting home. Would she be able to sit down behind the wheel? Would she be able to walk properly?

'Owww! Owww!'

Hawksworthy took her by surprise by registering a couple of smacks to the unsuspecting and tender backs of her elegant thighs. She rolled in his lap and the frog-like actions of her superb legs became even more frantic.

Then, there were only two more smacks, both delivered to Emma's humping nates with considerable effort.

The lawyer in charge of the old-established firm waited for Emma's gyrations to stop, before he resting his hard-hitting palm on the young woman's red-hot hummocks. She barely felt the touch.

'That's it then, Miss Waterworth,' he announced, pulling up her briefs and carefully putting them back into place. The sherry and the sound advice were waiting.

A few months later, Emma lost another case. It was one she knew she couldn't possibly win and she suspected she had been allocated it on purpose by one of the partners.

Just before five o'clock, the phone rang in the office which Emma shared with another recently qualified female lawyer.

'Mr Joseph wants to see you,' her colleague told her.

'I believe I'm going to lose my briefs,' chuckled Emma.

Both young women laughed at the 'in house' quip.

'Don't get drunk on the sherry!' he grinned at her friend.

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