

OFFICER OF THE WATCH

February 2006

Lieutenant Cathy Baker RN had never thought she would ever remove her clothing at the behest of a seafarer other than a commissioned officer. Now here she was, adding her uniform skirt to her discarded jacket with the two gold rings on each cuff. Her white, navy-issue shirt, which was not terribly well pushed out about her bosom, just about covered her crotch. Her legs were long with nicely-tapering thighs, half of which were encased in dark stockings. The regulation black shoes had already been removed.

The pretty, blonde-haired twenty four year old glared at the stern-faced, though still good-looking, master at arms who sat comfortably in a chair watching her. She didn't like the 'ship's policeman.' Not many did, although her reasons were vastly different from those of the majority of the ship's company!

Jack Stockley had, somehow, discovered her 'hoard' of counterfeit (and contraband) watches which she had purchased in the Far East during recent 'goodwill visits'. She had not intended to make any profit but the MOD in general and the Captain in particular would not have seen it that way!

The ships' officers all knew that the master at arms had a penchant for smacking the bottoms of nubile young ladies. It was even joked about in the wardroom. Now, Cathy was about to become one of those ladies! A deal had been struck. He smacked her bottom and she got to keep the watches!

Jack Stockley exchanged his comfortable seat for the rigours of an upright chair in the middle of the room, close up to where she was standing.

'I have your word . . .', she began.

'On my honour,' confirmed the man, interrupting her.

Cathy's hands subconsciously held her bottom as she waited for Jack to make a

move. Although prepared for it, she was still taken by surprise when he reached out, caught hold of her arm and dragged her across his lap.

'Ooh!' Cathy gave a little squeal as she fell across Jack's knees. Her hands reached out to prevent her head from striking the floor.

He lifted up her shirt until it was clear of her waist and gazed down onto his target. Cathy's lacy briefs were stretched taut, almost to bursting point. The intimate garment naturally left uncovered far more flesh than it concealed. That flesh was beautifully round and a lovely honey tone in colour.

'I'll give your bum a gentle warming up to begin with,' Jack told her, raising his hand high into the air.

Slap! His hand came sharply down, the heel of his palm and the tips of his broad fingers striking the bare flesh outside the tiny triangle of nylon.

'Oww!' cried Cathy. It was more of an automatic response rather than a reaction to any actual pain. Jack Stockley was well aware that he had not really hurt the classy-looking young female. Not yet, maybe; but he was certainly going to.

Slap! His palm abruptly descended for the second time onto the officer's shapely bottom. Again, it was the area outside the triangular covering that bore the brunt of the delivery. Cathy did not cry out this time but there was a sharp, audible intake of breath. It promised to be a very painful first-time experience for her and she gritted her teeth. Perhaps though, she was getting off rather lightly?

Another sharp slap landed on the same section of her left cheek. That was swiftly followed by another detonation to the other. The young officer twisted her body as she rode the double hit.

The master at arms rested his left elbow in the small of her back. Cathy wondered what he was up to. She soon found out. He wrenched up the lacy briefs until the gusset had practically disappeared into her crease. Her bottom was thus practically bare.

'That's better,' he grinned.

Smack! His hand slammed hard against the lovely semi-spheres.

'Oooh!' responded Cathy. That one had certainly stung and no mistake. She wriggled a little bit more.

Smack! Jack's palm rebounded from the springy globes. Cathy again gave out a little cry. She shook her head from side to side.

'I suppose you are enjoying this, aren't you?' she snapped.

'It's nice of you to ask ma'am,' responded the man in a cheerful-sounding tone. 'Yes. I am, actually.'

The master at arms then laid on a salvo that would have done the ship's gunnery officer proud. The continuing slaps rained down on Cathy's well-presented hummocks which now glowed with a ruddier hue after each blasting visit from Jack's hard-hitting hand.

After a pause, he took his elbow away from Cathy's back. In case she thought it was all over, he told her otherwise.

'Hey! What are you doing?' she demanded suddenly, trying to get up. Cathy knew very well what he was doing!

'Keep still!' It was no way to address an officer! He pushed her back down into position. 'I'm only taking your knickers down.'

'You can't do that!' protested a near-distraught Cathy.

Unperturbed, Jack tugged the triangle of nylon down to the middle of Cathy's very shapely thighs and stocking tops.

'You've got a lovely arse, ma'am,' remarked Jack, gazing down onto the peach-shaped, rose-tinted mounds. 'if you don't mind me saying so.'

'I do mind!' retorted the hapless Cathy. She knew she just had to accede to whatever the master at arms wished to do.

Slap! Smack! Slap! Smack!

Jack raised his arm again and then he fairly peppered the female officer's gorgeous behind with blow after blow. Cathy squealed after each slap and Jack restrained her writhing body by encircling her warm, trim waist with his left arm. The master at arms was really enjoying himself. He always enjoyed smacking the behind of a sexy female and Cathy Baker was certainly sexy. She was also an officer. Jack Stockley did not like officers!

'You said you were giving my bum a gentle warming-up,' panted Cathy, doing her best to twist her head and look up at him.

'It is a gentle warming up,' he replied, adding, 'and it is only a warming up!'

The young officer seemed about to call him a name but she obviously thought better of doing so.

Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap!

'Yowowowowow!' moaned Cathy, humping up and down within the restrictions imposed by Jack's ringing arm. Her legs were still entrapped by her half-mast briefs so her sex was not being blatantly displayed. She well knew what it was digging into her left side. She would have been quite surprised if the master at arms had not been aroused. If he thought for one moment that she was going to do something about it when it was all over, then he had another think coming!

Gradually, he slowed down his assault upon the hot-flushed bum cheeks and then halted after delivering a severe flesh-quivering smack that had Cathy's still-stockinged legs stretching to the full, her rolled-down briefs.

'Have you finished now please, Master?' gasped Cathy.

'Not yet, ma'am,' he replied. Again, both chastiser and submissive gave due respect to the other.

With that, Jack then wrenched down the band of nylon from her thighs and eased the material over her feet and dropped it to the floor.

'How dare you!' protested Cathy. She was clearly close to tears.

'You can move your legs around now.' Jack

sounded as though he had actually done her a favour. 'Don't worry about showing off your pussy. i won't be embarrassed. I've seen lots of pussies since I've been in the navy!' He neglected to tell her that he had never seen an officer's quim before!

Poor Cathy felt totally humiliated. She was going to be revealing that most private part of herself to someone she loathed and, to make matters worse, that person was someone who was 'below decks.' She would though, still do her best to prevent the full disclosure. Perhaps it would help if she were to lock her ankles together? She did just that.

Jack commenced a further onslaught upon the officer's smoldering globes. Her body shuddered with the forceful impacts. Cathy tried to retain some composure but the anguish became just too much for her. Her cries turned into shrieks and her ankles inevitably parted company from one another. The dewy area between her legs became more and more visible to the appreciative male seafarer.

The master at arms slowed down his activity, giving some respite to the beaconed hummocks. Cathy, her lungs filling and emptying in double quick time, kicked her lovely legs in a demented, frog-like motion. Then, he stopped.

'Don't think I've finished with you yet,' he warned her, unringing her waist, 'But you can get up now.'

Cathy winced, her bum muscles protesting with the movements, as she got to her feet. A quick decision had to be made as to whether her hands should shield her crotch or else soothe her battered behind. She chose the latter option.

'I can't tell whether or not you are a natural blonde,' smiled Jack, blatantly staring at her depilated mons and the line of her womanhood.

'You'll just have to take my word for it,' sniffed Cathy. She knew she really ought to have ignored the taunt.

'As you are an officer and a lady,' responded the uniformed man. 'I'll gladly do that.'

Cathy glared at him. It greatly irked her that

he was belittling her cherished officer status.

'Take your top off!' he ordered her, suddenly.

'Why?' Cathy's question was high-pitched, her eyes wide.

'I may as well see your tits,' he grinned. 'I've seen everything else you've got.'

In a fury, Cathy fairly tore at the buttons of her crisply-laundered, white uniform shirt and hurled it aside. Her white, lacy bra was not subject to a great deal of strain from its contents but Jack Stockley was a man who preferred quality to quantity. The garment was angrily thrown to the floor.

Cathy's breasts were lemon-shaped with dainty, pink nipples. Jack nodded approvingly. He got up and moved to where Cathy had placed her uniform a lot more tidily than she had placed her shirt and bra. He picked up her service cap and reverently placed it on her head as if he were officiating at a coronation.

'Very nice,' Jack murmured. 'Very nice, indeed. He stepped back to admire the full nakedness of the humiliated officer. His eyes traveled the length of her delightful body from her headgear down to her stockinged legs.

Cathy's face was almost as red as her bottom as she inwardly fumed at this further attack upon her authority as a commissioned officer in the Royal Navy.

Next, he picked up her shoulder bag and hung the strap over her left shoulder. Half uniformed, totally nude, the chastened officer had no choice but to submit to the further leering scrutiny.

'Give me your hairbrush, please,' he asked her.

'Why?' asked Cathy, frowning.

'I'm not going to brush your hair with it,' he chuckled.

Realisation dawned upon the girl. 'You could get court-martialled for this!' she hissed.

'You could get court-martialled for what you've done,' Jack reminded her, adding. 'What's happening is consensual, you remember!'

Angrily, Cathy drew the bag to her front,

unzipped it, delved inside and thrust the brush at him. The bag was now superfluous and she let it drop to the floor. Jack already knew that the oval-backed brush in there was suitable for his requirements as he had earlier seen the officer brushing her hair with it!

He now pointed to a low table. 'Kneel on there!' he instructed, sternly. 'Keep your head dress on!'

Cathy knew it was futile to resist and she did as she was told. Jack 'shook hands' with the brush and positioned himself a little to the rear of her left side. The makeshift paddle went up in the air.

Thwack! The hard back of the wooden brush pancaked the rosy mounds.

'Yeech!' Cathy swiveled her cheeks from side to side as she began to struggle with the fresh hurt.

Jack delivered several more severe-sounding smacks one right after the other and Cathy's behind adopted a scarlet hue. Some blows slightly missed the intended landing places due to the wild gyrations of the recipient's nates. Her cries became higher in pitch. She began to feel that her ravaged bum cheeks were on fire. They already felt twice their normal size!

Jack paused briefly and admired the officer in her submissive pose. It would have made a lovely picture - the headgear and the dark stockings adding even further to its erotic quality. The master at arms chuckled to himself. That picture on a poster would increase male recruitment to the Royal Navy by leaps and bounds.

'I'll finish you off in a more comfortable position,' Jack told her after another fiery salvo of pain-imparting thwacks from the officer's own hairbrush. That brush would serve as a reminder to her whenever she used it in the future. Cathy's lewd pelvic thrusting against fresh air brought a bigger than ever grin to the man's face. 'You can get off the table now, but don't go away!'

Hot-faced and gasping, but with the end of her ordeal in sight, Cathy got down from the table. She shrugged away the offered assistance.

'Stand over there with your hands against

the wall!' was Jack's next instruction.

Wearily and angrily, Cathy took up the position. It was one which did not fully suit the master at arms. He moved behind her and encircled the tops of her warm thighs with his arms, pulling her backwards towards him. The stiffness within his trousers prodded the officer's blazing posterior. The intimacy of her young body was warm and pleasing.

But she did not like what he next did. He moved his arms behind her and placed them against the insides of her thighs, so forcing the enticing columns well apart. 'That's much better,' he announced, stepping away to one side.

Cathy's scarlet and smarting buttocks were now more rounded out and better presented than before. The splayed-out legs ensured that her vulva was obscenely exposed. The officer had always believed that she exuded an air of authority; not now she didn't - not in that exposed position and wearing her service cap! Whapp! 'Ooph!'

Cathy's knees weakened with the impact and she pressed against the wall. The brush had struck the cheek nearest to the master at arms. Whapp!

'Oooooohh!' The implement, landing determinedly on the other semi-sphere, resulted in Cathy's head bobbing up and down. Jack now increased the arc of his swing and put even more force into the next blow, the target again being the left, rich-red hummock. 'Yeeecchh!'

Cathy furiously levered herself up and down as another burst of fire scorched the landing place. Jack quickly delivered an identical slap to the twin orb, timing it so that the intended glowing cheek was at the highest point of its travels.

The oval-shaped back of Cathy's hairbrush paddled her seething nates twice more before Jack deemed she had had enough.

Fully uniformed again, Cathy dabbed at her wet eyes with her handkerchief. Jack brought out his wallet and fingered some banknotes.

'How much do you want for one of those fake Rolexes?' he asked.