

SUFFRAGE © 2005

London 1907. Sarah was mesmerised by what the young man held in his hand. She gulped nervously as she watched him bend the thin, yellow cane between his fists into an arc. The young woman flinched and gasped as William Deacon allowed the implement to spring back when he released the tip.

Lying in a heap on the floor was the recently discarded tricolour dress as worn by members of the Suffragette movement - an organisation of which Mr Deacon heartily disapproved. This was the reason for the imminent caning of the twenty one year old office worker.

Sarah's employers happened to be the Deacon family and the younger of the Deacon males had spotted their employee at a suffragette gathering in Central London. The pretty, blonde-haired suffragette had been 'invited' to the luxurious apartment in Mayfair. There she had received an ultimatum from her employer. Either she allows him to smack her bare bottom in order to teach her a lesson, or else she could find employment elsewhere - without a reference! Job for women were not easy to come by.

Although she had been well aware that she was being taken advantage of, there had really been no choice other than to succumb to the unfair treatment. The Deacon family prided themselves on their wages and conditions which were vastly superior to other undertakings in the capital. Sarah would hate to work elsewhere for a menial wage.

William Deacon was quite a handsome man, who had actually flirted with her on a couple of occasions and Sarah thought that there might just be some excitement in the proceedings about to take place. She stood before the older man clad in (apart from dark stockings and black bootees) only a white, button-down-the-front bodice and white, knee-length drawers.

To her added shame, William had decreed that she now remove her bodice as well.

Trying to control tears which were welling up in her eyes, Sarah began to fumble with the buttons of her bodice. As she neared the last one and with the exposure of her breasts imminent, the young woman found that the tears were now drying up. A very strange feeling in her insides seemed to indicate that she, herself, was actually in charge of the situation. It was a very nice feeling, too.

William Deacon had now dropped the cane to his side, his gaze firmly fixed upon the upper half of his pretty employee's shapely body. The final button became unfastened. Feeling a mixture of both pride and a degree of power at the same time, Sarah slowly pulled apart the two sides of the bodice. It was akin to theatre curtains being drawn aside to reveal a scene of extraordinary beauty.

Sarah's grapefruit-sized breasts were firm, spherical and decorated with tiny, pink, rosebud-like nipples. The girl shrugged out of the garment and her breasts bobbed and swayed in erotic movement. William managed to suppress a gasp, but Sarah could see that he was clearly delighted with what he was staring at.

She waited for the instruction to remove her drawers. It would appear unseemly for her to do so without being told to - even though the whole proceedings were rather unseemly! 'Take off your drawers please, Miss Richmond!' came the expected command, but only after the young man had cleared his throat in order to be able to speak.

Sarah had never undressed in front of a male before. The prospect of doing so, however, had always given her something of a thrill. Uncovering her breasts had been terrifically exciting, actually. Now she was going to display the most intimate part of her body to the young man's gaze! She took a deep, bosom-heaving breath and lowered her head. Her drawers were held up by a drawstring. She pulled on the bow and the nether garment slid down to her ankles. Sarah's legs were quite magnificent columns. Her thighs were long and shapely,

whilst her calves, still covered in her dark stockings, were nicely curvy. A triangle of thick, dark-golden curls decorating the junction of her lovely thighs, was visible for a brief moment before Sarah modestly covered the sight with her hands, in an instinctive action.

William tried to convey the impression that he was not at all moved by the sight of his visitor's nakedness. The flush in his cheeks gave him away, however. 'Place your hands on your head please, Miss Richmond. 'Humiliation is a very important part of being punished.'

Sarah bit her lip. Her employer was really only interested in seeing that part of her that she was trying to conceal. She didn't think he was at all interested in humiliating her. She had no choice other than to remove her hands from her crinkly, adult growth and to place them atop her head.

William slowly circled her. Sarah gained satisfaction from the fact that he would certainly be impressed with her young, naked body. 'I shall give you eight strokes of the cane, Miss Richmond.' The man's voice came from behind her and a little to her left. 'Bend over and touch your toes!'

Sarah's insides lurched. The dreaded time had arrived. Chewing on her lower lip, she slowly dipped her fine body and her fingers touched the toecaps of her black, laced-up bootees. She was well aware that concealment of her most intimate part was nigh impossibility, but she pressed her thighs together all the same. Her lustrous, blonde hair was held in place by pins and, consequently, did not fall about her face.

Unseen by her, William Deacon licked his lips at the sight of the target for his cane. The girl's bottom was quite sublime. It was akin to the choicest of fresh, ripe peaches to be found at Covent Garden fruit market. The crease separating the two halves were long and deep.

Resisting the temptation to stroke the lovely rump he was about to savage, the young man shuffled his feet into position and rested the cane atop the choice, feminine buttocks. Sarah flinched at the touch of the

cool wood on that part of her. An erotic emotion stirred within her body. Her beautiful breasts hung free. Sarah wondered what it would be like to have a man's hands take hold of them. Suddenly, the cane had gone. Sarah tensed her body and bit her lip. The menacing sound of the descending rod came to her ears.

Swish! Crack! Stinging contact was made with her up-poked rump. 'Aaaahhh . . . !' Sarah's cry tailed off as the breath left her lungs.

The initial sharp sting developed into a furious burning in her backside. Her knees sagged, but she braced them back into position. Oh God, how on earth was she going to be able to cope with a further seven more like that? Swish! That awful sound again!

The cane delivered more searing fire to Sarah's shapely derriere as it made violent contact for the second time. Her cry in reaction to the swipe was faint, way down in her throat. She was unaware that the imprint from the first stroke had appeared, its colour changing from a faint pink to a darker hue. Soon, there would be a similar line several inches below.

Biting still on her lower lip, she felt a glinting of tears in her eyes. Those earlier flickers of excitement had disappeared. She hoped they might return.

Sarah was determined now to present as stoical an impression as possible. She just had to show this male from the higher classes, just how strong were the females of the lower orders, Crack! 'Owww!'

Her resolve, unfortunately, began to recede as the cane swathed its path across her already scored seat. Sarah was suddenly unable to control the movements of her body and her hips wriggled like mad. The pain reached deep into her and lingered.

It was not only her pained rear that was in motion. Sarah's delightful breasts joggled and bobbed in their freedom. William was fully appreciative of the sights his pretty employee was providing for him.

His cane hovered, quivered a little. Then, another arcing sweep of the pliant wand swept a path of anguish across the girl's tram-lined bottom. Fire was now added to fire. The burning within Sarah was deeper now. She cried out as her bottom rotated. Her feet performed a dance on the carpet. The anguish was really awful, yet she still clung onto her desire to make William Deacon aware that he did not have total power over her.

When her feet ceased their tattoo they were spaced well apart, with the gap between Sarah's thighs now fully revealing all her precious, dewy secrets to her chastiser's eager gaze. The young suffragette had never exposed herself before and she began to experience a thrilling tingle. She herself, she reasoned, could hardly be blamed for her unladylike disclosure. It was all the man's fault. She would still be able to give out an honest air of being pure and chaste.

Although still a virgin, Sarah was, nevertheless, aware of 'naughty' matters and she wondered what might now be taking place within William's trousers. Had she been able to observe her employer putting his free hand into a pocket in order to make himself more comfortable, she would have received confirmation of her thoughts.

William blew out his cheeks at the sight before him. He drew the cane back over his shoulder, and then brought it scything down once more onto the girl's springy, scored buttocks.

Sarah gave out a cry, although it had not been delivered with the same severity as the earlier four. Perhaps William Deacon had been distracted by what lay, tantalisingly, between her thighs?

The stroke had, nevertheless, added its cumulative contribution to those which had gone before. Sarah waggled her corrugated buttocks to help assuage the pain. At the same time, she further widened the gap between her thigh tops. Through her anguish, she was hopeful that William might try and dare do something to her, back there. She would let him, of course!

Sarah was not to know that her young master was, indeed, greatly tempted to take advantage of the girl over whom he had a hold. It was, therefore, with a degree of willpower that he raised his cane again. He rested it for a little while upon his shoulder in a military manner, before slicing it down onto its target.

The flame-hot intensity of the abrupt impact caused Sarah to utter a high-pitched squeal. It also caused her knees to sag again. The lewd gyrations of her posterior continued unabated.

William decided to deliver the penultimate stroke whilst Sarah's derriere was still contorting. She heard its whistling descent. Her nates clenched somewhat painfully and she braced the backs of her thighs in preparation. If William Deacon thought he was going to intimidate her by forcing her out of the suffragette movement by what he was doing, then he had another think coming! Thwack! 'Ooooh, aagghh!' cried Sarah.

Again she showed no regard whatsoever for modesty. Her churning backside and blatantly revealed womanly treasure provided enjoyment for her chastiser.

There was now only one more to go. William watched as Sarah's wealed posterior shivered to a stop. As he raised the thin rod for the last time, he was amazed to see the girl tauntingly push out her shapely, though tram-lined nates at him, before she continued her tease by wagging them from side to side,

A week or so later, William Deacon was signing the firm's letters which had been carefully typed by Sarah. About halfway through the pile he picked up a leaflet which definitely should not have been there. It was advertising a meeting of the Women's Social & Political Union' (The Suffragettes) that very evening. The young man smiled. It was his pretty-faced and exquisitely-bottomed employee's way of telling him exactly where she could be found later that night!

She would know what to expect at his hands after the meeting was over!