That Terrible Tennis Trio – Authored October 2026

It was the second week of the Michaelmas term, 1967. That Wednesday afternoon, we assembled the first Joint Tennis Committee meeting of Dulcima College and ourselves. On the committee were three sixth formers from our school and three from Dulcima College. For my sins, I was "president" of our tennis club. All clubs in our College had to have a master as president. It was a role that I did not relish, but, as I enjoyed a game of tennis, I agreed to take the role for the boys' tennis club.

The girls from Dulcima were Gillian, their head prefect, Joanna, their Captain of Tennis and Nora, a sixth former, three young ladies who I would get to know intimately over the next eighteen months. Joanna was the most interesting to me. She was the star player from Dulcima. Her short tennis play was remarkable, making her essential to us in any mixed doubles game. But given her rather short legs, her value in singles play was limited. She had been in the team the previous year, so I knew her quite well, including her endless flirtatiousness, which I had ignored up to that point. However, now eighteen, I was to discover that a good thrashing turned her into a sex maniac in bed.

In contrast, Gillian, the head girl, was a puzzle. I had not met her before, and I was never really sure at that stage why she wanted to be on the tennis committee. But she was efficient and focused, so I did not complain. Nevertheless, during following Hilary (Easter) term I would find out dramatically why. Up to that point, she had actually been fairly hostile to me.

That left the slightly empty-headed Nora who was a tennis fanatic, but not a very good player. She had been passed over for prefect, but it did not seem to concern her. I had known her for some years; her younger brother was a fourth former in my House. Despite his age, he was as tall as Nora and, with his slightly feminine looks, the two might have been twins. They both had the same defensive attitudes when challenged; "Oh, Sir, that's not fair" or "It wasn't me, Sir." His very negative attitude irritated me, and, consequently, I had beaten him a couple of times over the last two years. His soft, slightly large bottom made an excellent target. Afterwards, he stood up, wiped away the tears, and learnt nothing from the experience.

Thinking about the three girls, it always amazed me how, when girls made friends, they so often were similar physically. All three were just over 5ft tall, had short straight hair, albeit one very dark, one blonde and one reddish brown, and all had eminently spankable rear ends

The committee actually went rather well, probably better than usual. Within an hour, we fixed the fixtures that we needed for the following summer, a practice schedule for Dulcima which I hoped would keep both teams at peak skills, and how we would run the mixed doubles tennis team. The meeting adjourned and everyone apparently headed back their abodes. I went to the office gym, from where all non-rugby or cricket sporting

events were coordinated. It was half an hour later that Mr Sullivan, a Junior physics master, rushed into the gym office in a rather agitated state. "Dr Thurston, did you know that there are three girls, I think Dulcima students, smoking behind the gym?"

My heart sank. If it was my three tennis girls, it could end any cooperation with Dulcima. The college was prim and proper by any standards, and the head girl especially was expected to set an example. I rapidly walked around the gym, eventually finding them on the viewing benches overlooking the 100 yards racetrack, smoking as Mr Sullivan had said, but a bottle of beer in each hand as well.

"What do think you girls are doing?"
Startled, Joanna regained her composure fastest. "Just having a quick ciggy before we return to College, Sir."
"And if some of our boys saw you? Not a good example! Put those cigarettes out and come back to the gym office immediately."
"We have to get back to College, Sir. It's getting late," Gillian added, giving me a hard stare.
"Ok, your choice, I'll ring Miss Worthington and tell her this behaviour is unacceptable." I turned around and headed back to the deserted gym. As I went in, I noticed the three girls scuttling after me.
"Dr Thurston, Dr Thurston, can't we discuss this, please?" I heard Joanna's voice pleading behind me. I walked on until all four of us were in the gym office and I was sat down.
"Can't we just have a warning this time," Gillian added.
"No way. You are just stupid. If you want to drink and smoke, get off our premises."
"Ok, next time, I promise," Joanna offered.
"Not good enough. Some of our boys could have seen you. What would they have thought?" I countered. "You can't do this and go unpunished."
"It's the middle of prep," Gillian countered. "They'll all be studying."
"That's not really the point. You should have gone straight back to College."
"Are you going to beat us?" Gillian asked, in a concerned voice.
"You got it in one, six of the best each or take your luck with Miss Worthington."
"Oh, Sir, that's not fair," Nora pleaded.
"I think it is. You have one minute to decide. Go outside and discuss it."

While the girls argued frantically outside the door, I cleared the desk and fetched the cane from the battleship grey cupboard in the corner. It was kept there for use with misbehaviour in the swimming pool. The girls filed back in a couple of minutes later. Joanna spoke for them, "We'll take the beatings if it is the end of the matter here and now."
"Certainly."
"I think it is ridiculous," Gillian added. "Girls don't get beaten. You are just enjoying

this," she continued looking me right in the eye.

"For that you get two extra stokes."

She opened her mouth to snarl at me, but nothing came out. I stood up and lifted the cane off the desk. I turn a blue gym chair around and put it back to the desk. They were tubular chairs with canvass seats and backs, but adequate for the job. I turned to the girls, standing in a line in their white shirts, tartan week-day wear skirts and worried looks. "Right, Joanna, kneel the chair and grab the far side of the desk."



The girls all wore regulation white panties, and I decided that, this time, they better keep them on. I lifted the tartan skirts to reveal each target area. The girls might look similar from the front, but their rear ends were significantly different; Joanna with the smaller, firmer athletic bottom, Gillian a little larger and flatter, and Nora with the bigger well-rounded bottom. "Right, Joanna, you're first. Kneel on the chair and bend over."

Gillian and Nora just stood in their places philosophically watching. As Joanna was about to bend over, Gillian moaned from behind me, "This is ridiculous. We are young women, not kids. We should not have to put up with this." I ignored her comments and Joanna bent over. I laid the strokes on hard on all their bottoms but measured them carefully to ensure the tip of the cane landed on the Gluteus Maximus every time. This maximised the sting and avoided any whip round causing nasty marks on their hips.

I applied the cane with gusto and satisfaction but wished that I had made them lower their panties. However, something told me that Joanna would give me an excuse to cane her again, given all the flirting in the past. When she stood up, there was a glint in her eye and even a pout. She stood in front of me and rubbed her bottom, until I told her to go back in line, and called Gillian over. I regretted that she was not bent over a bench so I could raise the cane high and bring it down really hard on that insolent bottom. As it was, I laid all eight strokes on as hard as possible, and only heard grunts in reply, but I noticed her gripping the far edge of the desk for all it was worth. When she stood up, there were tears down her cheeks, but absolute hatred in her eyes. Finally, there was dozy Nora. I remembered how her brother had suffered under the cane and took it a bit

easier with her. But I would have been interested to see the six red tramlines across her chastised rear end.

Finally, the three well thrashed young ladies stood in front of me looking down and chastened. “Right, you better get off, back to school.”
“Yes, Sir, thank you, Sir,” said Joanna, following her friends out, but with a cheeky, impish grin on her on her face. I put the cane away, its job well done. The office tidied, I was about the walk out the door, when there was a tap on it. Joanna came in, now holding her grey regulation coat over her arm. “I’m sorry we let you down, Sir,” she purred at me.
“It’s water under the bridge. All forgotten.”
“I thought you might like to check your handiwork, even help to heal it sometime,” she said in a sexy, husky voice. “Do you want to see my marks?” she added looking me straight in the eye. With that, she put her coat over a chair, raised her skirt, lowered her panties and turned her back to me. “A job to be proud of,” she added.

I admired my handiwork briefly, before telling her to raise her panties. Respectable again, she came right up to me, raised her head, “Don’t I warrant a kiss, my handsome chastiser.” Somehow, our lips met in intense passion. I rubbed her firm round, ridged bottom, which made her all the more intense. “Don’t you want to screw me after all that?” she asked almost panting.
“Are you on the pill?” I asked concerned.
“Of course, I am. Where do you want me? Over the desk?”
This was moving too fast. I held her in place. “This is my weekend off; come round to my home on Saturday. We’ll have more time then.”
“You’ve got a date. See you then.”
“How do you know where I live?”
“I know everything about you. I’m your number one fan, and I’ve got my exeat already.” She waved and left.

It was little after 10 am on Saturday that a taxi drew up on my drive. The grinding gravel from the taxi wheels was a giveaway for any car arriving. By the time, I opened the front door, the taxi was leaving and she was standing there impatiently, looking very mature in a demure skirt and blouse, with a small week-end case by her side. She pushed passed me and headed into the sitting room. “The last two days have been the longest of my life,” she chirped as she put the case down, and threw her arms around me. “My vag is going to explode if you don’t do something about it pretty soon.” We just managed a cup of coffee before she was demanding to know where the bedroom was. We headed upstairs; I showed her her bedroom, where she could leave her case. She used the toilet and was in my bedroom minutes later. I was by the window, enjoying the view when she came. “Wow, what a place to get laid,” she exclaimed and started stripping off. I had not resumed the ability to speak when the little siren lay naked on my bed, her legs wide

apart revealing her most intimate areas. Her arms stretched towards me, “Screw me, my master!”

Who was I to resist? Despite the entrance, she was surprisingly passive during sex. There was a deep intake of breath as I plunged into her. I noticed that she had quite long nails, so I pinned her wrists above her head while her legs waved around on either side of my hips. I wondered if her mother had advised her to lie back and think of England, which seemed odd given her desire to be taken immediately. But this all changed as her orgasms commenced. Her legs thrashed around behind me, her eyes rolled back, her body shuddered underneath me; it was total commitment. As her throes subsided, I remained within her, and we repeated the whole exercise twice more before I fired deep inside her. I rolled off her and she snuggled up next to me, her head on my shoulder, her hand stroking my member. Nestled into the thick blankets, we regained our breaths.

“Is sex always like that?” she asked me.

“You tell me,” I suggested. “What have your other lovers been like?”

“None did that to me. They have always been young and fit, but It’s usually wham, bam, thank you, ma’am.”

“Then you haven’t chosen well.”

“Well, Gillian told me always to go for young studs. Older men don’t have stamina, she said, and she’s considered the sex expert of our year.”

“I suggest you go back to her and tell her she’s wrong.”

“I can’t. She not talking to me since I got us all caned on Thursday. They wanted us to get away before we lit up. But I thought I might get back to see you. Even Nora doesn’t give me much more than grunts.”

“I suggest that you choose your advisors more carefully in future.”

“I shall, don’t you worry. Can I come here for all my exeats this term? I have five left.”

“What about your parents?”

“They work for the Hong Kong government, who pay for me to fly out to see them once every three years.”

“Where do you go during holidays?”

“My uncle in Cornwall, but they never take out during term. Say it’s too far. I don’t think they really like me there for the hols, but my father gives them a lot of money.” She paused. “They like money.”

“You better make sure that you take them on my weekends off.”

“That’s a deal then,” she said excitedly. “And if I am a nuisance, I give you full permission to cane my trim little bottom whenever you wish.” She looked round. “Do you have a cane here?”

“Certainly.”

“And where do you use it?”

“The girl kneels on the linen box at the end of the bed and bends over the foot bar of the bed, so her head is on the blankets.”

“Nowhere else? What if I made an apple pie bed for you and you caught me?”
“Well, I’d have to beat you, wouldn’t I?”
“What about in the middle of your posh sitting room?”
“Why there?”
“it’s old fashioned and creepy. I could be a good time girl. You make me kneel on the floor, bottom in the air, and you give my bum a good beating. I like acting out scenarios.”



So it was that we adjourned to the sitting room, after she had spent some half hour dressing as one of her fantasy characters. The straps of her stocking belt neatly framed the target area as she knelt in the middle of the carpet, bottom in the air. I laid ten hard strokes across her bottom, but, of course, given the position, the angry red lines were at an angle across the firm trim posterior. A few sobs emanated from the far end as the last strokes were laid on, the room still echoing to the swish and thwack of the cane. Finally, she spun her body round and opened her legs wide, inviting me to take her there and then. At each thrust, there was an intake of breath as her thoroughly chastised bottom pressed on the hard floor.

So the pattern was established for that term and into the Hilary term, between Christmas and Easter. When the Tennis Committee met, we arrived separately and acknowledged each other as if we had not met since the last meeting. However, in the seventh week of term, there was a completely unexpected development. It was just gone ten in the morning, and I was beginning to get ready for Chapel at eleven. Housemasters were expected to sit with their boys at the end of the pew. The phone

rang. “Porter here, Dr Thurston. I have a young lady here. The Headmaster told me to bring her over to you, to sort out the matter,” he said, with a snigger.

“What on earth for?”

“The young lady and Evans Major were brought here by the police this morning. Arrested for drunk and disorderly. Dumped outside the headmaster’s porch. Don’t think Evans is going to enjoy chapel today, Sir. The girl is Gillian Codrington. Want me to bring her over now?” he asked still having trouble trying to disguise his snigger.

His sniggers made me suspicious. “What is she wearing?”

“Well, Sir, she has got a black micro-skirt on, just covers her bum, the skirt leaves little the imagination, oh, and her legs…”

“That’s enough. Take her to the Headmaster’s punishment room and tell her to wait for me straight after chapel. Oh, and give her your copy of the Sunday Pictorial to read, keep her busy.”

Suddenly his snigger was gone. “What am I going to read?” he snapped.

“You’re on duty. Why do you need to read anything?” I put the phone before his next sarcastic remark.

Chapel was by no means full. A lot of boys were away on weekend exeats. After chapel, the Headmaster held a sherry party in the anti-room of the dining hall for masters, parents and guests joining him at the high table for Sunday lunch. His lodgings would be empty, and he had once said that masters could use his punishment room in special circumstances. I felt that this was one. When I got there, Gillian was sitting on the seat of the punishment stool reading the rubbishy rag. She looked up and snarled, “Couldn’t you have arranged for me to read something better!”

Her story was almost the same as the porter’s, but she was also worried that their cases were still in the hotel. I said that we could sort that out this afternoon, but that we had a more pressing problem. This was a young lady who was considered one of the best Head Girls ever and was cruising to a place at Cambridge. Adding nymphomaniac to her list of talents was not going to help that glittering career. “No doubt you are going to give me the same choice as last time. Save me from the puritans at Dulcima by thrashing my bottom, for your intense pleasure.”

“Well, if that’s your attitude you can fend for yourself. I’ll call you a taxi.” As I approached the door, she exclaimed, “Wait. I’ll take the beating but no funny business. I’m not into older men, like Joanna.”

I turned. I did not like the direction of this conversation. “In that case, you better take off that dress and bend over the stool.” She gave me one of her looks of contempt and pulled the skimpy dress over her head. That left her with matching pink bra and panties. “Lower your panties and get on the stool. I marched over to the cupboard in the corner, where I assumed the canes were kept. I selected the slightly longer, thicker one and closed the door on the other one.

“How many strokes,” said nervously.

“Sames as your boyfriend,” I suggested. “I presume that you were both equally guilty.” I studied the young lady across the stool and decided that I was going to get considerable satisfaction from laying the cane hard across her bottom eight times. She had quite small breasts, but otherwise she had a shapely figure. She still wore her large earrings from the previous night, which she had forgotten to take off but the round bottom and neatly tapering legs could not be faulted. I wondered what had turned her into a nympho?



Head girl Gillian opts for the cane instead of being reported.

I measured my distance to ensure the tip of the cane landed on her bottom, and would not whip round to the side. Last time I had beaten her, she had her panties on, but this time I could enjoy watching her naked bottom dance to the tune of the cane. In the eerie silence of the Headmaster’s lodgings, the swish and the thwack sounded very loud, but I was going to do the job properly. She did not like me, and I was no great fan of hers. The result would be that her bottom would suffer. The first angry tramline appeared across the olive-skinned bottom, immediately followed by a loud yelp. Her head dropped down, her face screwed in agony and her hands gripped the bench so hard they were almost white. I took my time before applying the next stroke just as if not harder.

“Bastard,” she spat at me. “You are enjoying this.”

“Very true, and you deserve every single stroke.”

I laid the third stroke just below the other two and a satisfying band of red lines was beginning to build. I heard what seemed like gritting of teeth as she seemed to buckle down to take whatever I applied to her bottom. I admired the round curves of her nether region and applied the fourth strokes holding nothing back. To my disappointment, two of the lines crossed. My canesmanship was slipping, but her bottom continued to

dance. But no more words, nasty or otherwise, came out of her. The fifth stroke elicited a grunt but otherwise she seemed to be absorbing the strokes better. By the sixth, a pattern had emerged. I could not apply the strokes any harder and she had learnt to live with them. The last two had the effect of turning the red lines across her bottom into one broad band. At the last stroke, her hands shot round and grabbed her poor, chastised bottom. “Stand up, Girl,” I ordered. She continued looking down as she stood up. The arrogance had left her face, tears rolled down her cheeks, her hair was all over the place, and her face was very flushed. “Right, I am going into hall for lunch. I’ll bring my car round to the side the Master’s Lodgings at two. I want you dressed and ready.” She nodded slightly. “I’ll take you to the hotel to check out. What time can you go back to College, and it not be suspicious?”

“Six o’clock. But I have to change first,” she said stating the obvious.

It was past two thirty when I parked outside the hotel. The desk clerk recognised her and gave her a key without hesitation. “Are you staying tonight, Miss?” he enquired. “No, I’ll be leaving about six. Please have my bill ready by then. This gentleman will be settling it.” With that she headed off to the large sweeping staircase. “I’m off for a nice long bath. I’ll see you in the bar at six, Dr Thurston.”

I had little choice. I bought a Sunday Times with its newly launched colour supplement, walked into the bar with its Victorian décor and pictures of every British prime minister. A double malt whisky accompanied me as I browsed the newspaper. A little after five, the desk clerk brought Gillian’s account over. He turned down my flashy new Barclaycard, too modern for them. However, when he saw my cheque, printed The Honourable Dr Thurston, suddenly there was a tone of deep deference, something I hated. Just before six, Gillian arrived followed by a porter with two suit cases. I drove her back to Dulcima College, in almost total silence, then headed back home with Evans Major’s case.

The following weekend, Joanna was due to spend her exeat with me again. It was her last visit before the Easter holidays and the arrangement had worked well. Her sexual desires had been well slated, liberally assisted by the cane and several hand spankings. She arrived late on the Saturday morning, dropped her luggage in the hall and looked at me furiously. “Why did you have to screw Gillian? It’s just not fair.”

“I did not. She kept as far away from me as possible, but she needed me to sort out the hotel and luggage.”

“That’s not what she said. She said you poked her before she could even stand up after her beating.”

“What, in the middle of the Headmaster’s lodgings. Get real. I couldn’t wait to get out of there. If the head saw her in that dress again, he would have rung up Dulcima himself.”

“Then you screwed her in the hotel. You had two hours free in the afternoon, to give her

a good rogering. She said you were very GIB."

"What's that?"

"GIB, good in bed."

I snarled back at her, "She told me she didn't screw old men. Charming. Anyway, if you feel like this why did you came this weekend. Go home."

That slowed her in her tracks. "I still think you shouldn't have screwed her."

"I didn't. You believe her instead of me?"

"Men have difficulty keeping their pecker in their trousers, and she was so convincing."

"I'm fed up with this." I grabbed her arm, marched her into the sitting room. I sat on the arm of the red armchair and pulled her across my lap. Ruthlessly, I pulled up her expensive grey skirt, then her silk panties, tearing them in the process. Her trim round bottom, not quite as slim as during the summer when she played tennis daily, provided a perfect, olive skinned target for my hand. It landed with a resounding smack, conveying my anger with the girl. Twenty or thirty hard slaps later her bottom was pink all over, and my hand stung like mad. To rest my hand, I prised her legs apart, slipped my thumb deep inside her looking for her cervix, then I found her clitoris with my forefinger and started rubbing both. A minute later, the effect was dramatic as he body shook violently on my lap and her legs kicked wildly. As her body calmed down, I started to spank her again, not as hard as before to save my poor hand. This time she started to orgasm while I spanked her, no assistance required from my fingers. I decided that it was enough and turned her over as her body returned to normal. She almost yelped as her hot tender bottom landed on my lap. Before I could do anything, she slapped my face quite hard and snarled at me, "For Pete's sake, roger me hard."

It must have a couple of hours later that a combination of exhaustion and hunger brought our trysts to an end. Lying in may arms, she said casually, "I love it when you are really angry. It gives everything a hard edge and drives me spare." She paused for thought. "I didn't really believe Gillian. I never believed you fancied her. There was never any electricity between you two. It was just her ego, and the crazy idea that you were too old for her." So, we headed out to a restaurant for lunch. Easter careered up to us. I went to Cheshire and she went to Devon for the Octave (eight days of Easter).

Part 2: The Terrible Tennis Trio - Summer Term