

## Headmaster's Perks – Morag

### A Taste for the cane

Set 1965 July - Written March 2026

Summer term finished last Friday. Most of the boys went home on the Friday. The BOAC bus collected a couple of dozen “unaccompanied minors” on Saturday, starting their long journey to spend the summer with their parents scattered around the world. The few stragglers who could not be collected on Friday were finally collected on Sunday.

Monday morning was the headmaster's post-mortem on the term. Several masters were more interested in the opening of the Mont Blanc tunnel, making it easier to drive to Italy for their holidays; others speculated when Ted Heath would become prime minister; a few were even interested in what the headmaster had to say. Now Monday afternoon, liberation beckoned as the weather got hotter each day. By Friday I would be up in Cheshire enjoying a couple of month's break.

My parents went off on a two-month Caribbean cruise each summer and I was enlisted to look after the estate while they were away. My elder brother would one day inherit everything, but he was more interested in his career in the City. As a director of a Discount House, he walked the City, wearing a top hat, to act as middleman in liquidity trading amongst the large banks.

So it was that I had almost completely unwound when the phone rang. Unenthusiastically, I picked up the solid, clunky black handset. Before I could say anything, a voice boomed in my ear, “George, glad I caught you,” Hamish Hamilton's voice boomed through the handset.

“Hamish, what can I do for you?” Hamish was not one of my favourite fellow masters. He was known to the boys as Rufus, given his large shock of red hair, which made him obviously Scottish. He had one of the few

Houses that catered for married Housemasters, which made many other house masters jealous. He ran a tightly disciplined House. To this end, he beat boys hard and often. It was even rumoured that he used the cane on his wife and two daughters. He even encouraged the prefects to beat often to establish their authority.

“You might be able to help me.”

“I'll do my best.”

“Thanks, old man,” I winced. “You know my daughter, Morag, is studying History of Mathematics at Reading University.” I didn't but said nothing. “Well, she doesn't want to go back next term. Said it's boring and useless. I'm more than a bit cut up about it. Gave her six of the best last week, but it didn't change her mind.”

“What can I do to help?” I said, cautiously.

“You are both mathematicians. A heart to heart with her might help.”

I had a doctorate in Mathematics from Oxford. She was an undergraduate studying the history of mathematics. We were hardly soul mates, but I resisted disagreeing with him. “I'll have a chat if it helps. Send her over tomorrow afternoon.” It would give me time to get used to the idea.

“Good man, strictly on an *in loco parentis* basis. Don't want her falling for you.”

“Of course, what else.” I could not even remember what the girl looked like it was such long time since I had last seen her.

Being a hot summer's afternoon, I opened the large bay windows to try to increase the breeze through my study. I had just sat down when there was a sharp rap on the door. “Come in,” I barked. What entered was not what I had expected. A stunning young lady wearing a red mini skirt which was rather shorter than her father would have approved entered. The pink blouse had the top two buttons undone but most impressive was the long red hair, identical in colour to her father's. The red hair was absolutely striking. It was a mass of curls but the identical size of each one gave them away as not natural, but

it was impressive anyway. As she sat down, I noticed a shapely bottom, a touch on the large side, but with curves in all the right places.

"So you are going to persuade me to go back to Unie," She said sharply, but with what could only be described as a delightful Scottish lilt.

"I think that's your decision. I promised your father that I would talk it over with you but not browbeat you into returning."

"That's not the message I got. He said that you would spell out what a stupid idiot I would be not to go back."

"Not my style. If a beating won't change your mind, browbeating you won't achieve anything either." She smiled and I thought for a second. "I don't really understand why you came here."

She looked at me intently. "Well, you are a good-looking man and I like older men, especially masterful ones. You obviously know how to thrash boys, so I thought you might like to show your skills on my rear end."

"I thought that was your father's province."

"That's the problem. A beating makes me so horny, but I can't expect any after-sales service from him, can I? My tutor at college beats me regularly but his heart's not in it. He's only really interested the sex, but he's not even that good at that. I need someone who's brilliant at both. Are you?" She stared at me with an inquisitive smile.

I paused for thought. This was getting complicated. I remembered my promise to her father. I admit that I was sorely tempted by her offer, but I stalled. "So how does a beating make you horny?"

"I thought you might know. Before a beating, I get so hot between my legs. I have to go to the toilet at least twice to relieve the tension. Afterwards, I go to my bedroom and play with myself for probably a couple of hours. It's so frustrating. I need a man who pokes me thoroughly after beating me."

"How long have you been like this?"

"For a long time, at least five years. Each

term, my father got my school report, he would tell me it was lousy and beat me. Occasionally I would do something else he didn't like, and he'd beat me, a couple of times my sister as well. There was always some excuse."

"So you want me to beat you?"

"Only if you are bloody good at sex."

"There is only one way to find out."

"You are on."

"OK, close the window, and pull two conference chairs in the middle of the room."

While I found the cane in the cupboard, she knew exactly what to do with the chairs."

She bent over them, knees on one, elbows on the other. I raised her mini skirt to reveal a naked bottom, but a superb one. I caressed both cheeks and noticed that the marks from the previous beating had completely faded. I slid my fingers between her legs, and it felt incredibly wet. Her whole body trembled when I touched her clitoris. "How many strokes, please, Sir?" she asked.

"A round dozen would seem appropriate."

"Oh, Sir, please have mercy on my poor bottom."



I picked up the cane. "Oh, Sir, you are not going to cane me like that, surely?"

"So how should I cane you?"

"Oh, Sir, naked to the waist, surely. I want to see what type of man is being so cruel to me."

I smiled. "Very well." Moments later, I was wearing only trousers and shoes.

"Oh, Sir, you ARE my type of man."

Suddenly, I had had enough of these games. I raised the cane and brought it down hard across her bottom. She yelped. I raised it again and laid another angry red line across her bottom. She yelped. "Yes, please, yes." The third stroke made her bottom dance uncontrollably. Then, I paused. By any standards, it was a beautifully rounded bottom. I raised the cane and applied three more strokes, each with a mean flick to maximise the sting. On the sixth stroke, her whole body began to shake violently. I put down the cane and held her in position in case she deposited herself on the floor, most ignominiously.

I stood her up and held her as the shaking died down. "Hell, what do you do to your women. Poke me before I die of lust. I took her doggy style then missionary before we cuddled like spoons in the ridiculously small bed that college supplied for masters. I held her firmly in case she rolled off the bed, while holding her delightful left breast in my hand. "Can we do this every week," she asked still panting mildly.

"Sorry, I'm off to Cheshire on Friday, for a couple of months, looking after the farm while my parents go off on their annual Caribbean cruise."

She turned her head and pleaded, "Take me with you."

"What will your father say to that?"

"I'll sort him out. He can't say no to his darling daughter. I'm nearly twenty-two."

"On one condition, you tell him you are going back to college. You can change your mind later if you want"

"You are too clever by half. It is a deal."

I dressed while Morag had a bath. Just after I put the cane away, the phone rang. "Well, any luck," Hamish boomed into the phone.

"I think so. She's agreed to go back to college. I just hope she doesn't change her mind. I'd let her tell you herself, but she's in the toilet, restoring her war paint or something like it."

"Don't worry. Great news. See you." He put the phone down.

"Who was that? Dad, I suppose."

"Yup."

"I'm still coming to Cheshire, aren't I?"

"Sure, if you have a decent cocktail dress, oh, and evening dress."

"My, aren't we swank? You live in a castle?"

"Something like that. I'm leaving about ten on Friday morning. I suggest you come round Thursday evening so we can leave on time."

"Yes, Sir!"

Half an hour later, Hamish was on the phone yet again. "What do you think you are doing, Thurston! I completely forbid it."

I was prepared for this. "You are not in a position to forbid anything. Morag is over twenty-one. Come down as the heavy-handed parent, she won't go back to university, and you may never see her again. This way she gets out from under your feet. I'll give a job as a farm hand, £10 per week pay, full board and lodging. I suspect that she will hate work so much by the end that she can't wait to get back to university. Oh, and by the way, I'm not a cradle snatcher!" There was a long pause and the phone crashed down yet again.

Morag arrived by taxi about five on Thursday. "How do you manipulate my father? He was livid after he rang you but said I could come. Mystery to me."

"Then leave it like that. How hungry are you?"

"I'll be ravenous soon. Mrs Danvers went home 10 minutes ago but left some delicious looking steaks."

"Wow, just what I need to build up my strength for tonight."

"You can use the first bedroom on the left to wash and change," I offered. "I'll do the steaks." She lugged her large suitcase up the stairs while I went to the kitchen. After dinner, she wanted a walk so we adjourned to the garden,

"Wow, is this all yours, right down to the river? Did you plant all these bushes? They are magnificent. What are they?"

"Rhododendron, Hibiscus, Azalea and Viburnum, mostly. I should have planted some willow. Make good canes from them."

"Beast, but I love you." We walked across the lawn to the river. "Who cuts this grass?"

"I have a company that comes in to do it."

"You need it." We sat on a small bench by the river and watched a few boats sail happily up the Thames. "Are you going to beat me tonight?"

"Do you need it?"

"Of course, I do. It hasn't felt the sting of the cane for two whole days. I brought a special outfit for you."

"Well, we better get going." I went into my study and sat down. Morag went to her changing room."

Half an hour later, there was a sharp rap on the door. "May I come in, please, Sir?" I looked up and saw an apparition. She wore a spoof school-girl outfit, with an incredibly short Tartan micro skit, matching tie and white blouse. She walked up to my desk and hung her head down. "Mrs McTavish caught me drinking gin in my room last night. She told me to come and see you today. Are you going to beat me, Sir?"

"You can be expelled if you prefer."

"Oh, no, Sir. I'll take the beating. How many strokes, please, Sir?"

"Bend over the desk, and grip the far edge."

As she bent over, I went to the cupboard to fetch a cane. Unsurprisingly, her bottom was bare when I raised the skirt. Every time I saw that exquisite bottom, I could not fail to relish those fabulous curves. I ran my hand over her curves and her bottom trembled.

"Oh, No, Sir, you are so naughty." I slipped

my hand between her legs and massaged her clitoris.

"And that is even naughtier." Her body started to tremble, stopping her coming back with another saucy comment. "I think twelve strokes will be appropriate." Just the idea of the dozen of the best set her off again.

I raised the cane and laid an angry red line across the exquisite nates. The cuts started slowly and became faster as I neared the end. Her bottom danced delightfully at each stroke, and last one set her bottom shuddering again. This time my thumb entered deep inside her to stroke her G-spot while my forefinger rubbed her clitoris. She shuddered and shuddered until she begged me to stop. Somehow, we adjourned to my bedroom where I could only describe her as insatiable. A couple of hours later she begged me to beat her again. She knelt on the linen box at the end of my bed, bent over the pole at the bottom of my bed and put her forehead on the sheet. She stretched her arms out along the pole, ready for another thrashing. The strokes became harder and faster; around the thirtieth her body started to shudder again, her legs kicked out and her eyes rolled upwards.

Then it was back to the bed proper.

Quite how we managed to be up by nine in the morning, I'll never know.

Mrs Danvers had been in early, laid out some breakfast, loaded a substantial picnic into the car before disappearing discreetly. "What car is this?" Morag enquired as I opened the garage doors.

"A 1960 Aston Martin DB4 GT Sports," I answered nonchalantly. If I was hoping that she would be impressed, she wasn't.

"Ok, I hope doesn't break down."



I ignored the comment. "A friend of mine has a rather nice picnic spot on his estate in the midlands. We can have a break there."

"Sounds good. Let's get going." Morag proved to be an excellent navigator. We crossed over to the A34, headed north and just before Birmingham turned east, following her directions. She spotted the side road before me. For a couple of hundred yards, it was tarmac, then after a hamlet it became a dirt road through a dense wood. Almost a mile further, we came to a stunning clearing, about a hundred yards across, much of which was filled with a pond and small waterfall on the far side. The waterfall tumbled over a rock wall, no more than thirty feet high and some sixty yards long. Over the other side of the rocks, the thick woods returned. The pond was a bright blue except where small streams poured over the rocks, making the water a churning white.



Initially Morag was speechless. I opened the boot and lugged the picnic and blankets to the grassy edge of the pool. When I looked up, Morag streaked past me and dived into the water. After the hot dusty journey, she had wasted no time stripping off and plunging into the pool. She shrieked. It was a lot colder than she had expected in the hot weather. I looked up smiling, "It's only been hot for a few days. Takes a pond a lot longer to warm up."

"Scaredy cat, you are not going to join me?" The tactic worked, and I stripped, then joined her in the water, and immediately regretted it. I swam across the pool a couple of times, through the falling water, before she caught me and started a passionate kiss. I held her bottom, squeezed the cane marks across her bottom, making her flinch. "Oh, you are clever finding a place like this." I didn't tell her that I

had been there before, some ten years ago.

But I was very cold and got out while she did some more lengths of the pond. I left her towel by the edge, dried myself and lay down in the beautifully hot sun. I had almost dosed off, when a hand started to caress my member, then I felt her mouth started on the same path. Minutes later, she started to lower herself onto me then moved off with a yelp. "What's wrong," I enquired.

"I'm dry. It's like sandpaper in there. I need some lubricant and I haven't got any."

"The cold water has washed out all the fluid in you. I'll show you something. Lie over my leg." I turned on my side and pulled up my left leg. She rested her tummy on it raising her bottom. My other legs pinned her legs down and my arm slid under her to hold her upper body. Then I slapped her bottom hard.

"Ow," she yelped. "What was that for?" But I didn't stop. I smacked and smacked her bottom until my hand stung and bottom was bright red. "Now start again. Lower yourself onto me." She did as I bid with a contented smile on her face, while I lay back and enjoyed the experience, only the sounds of the waterfall finding my ears. Moments later, she brought us both to a peak with her expert hip movements. A little later, she lay beside me, her head on my shoulder, the two of us basking naked in the sun. "How did that work?"

"I've no idea but it always does. I suppose the buttocks are near the sex organs. Quicker, easier and more fun than a lubricant."

She thought for a moment, then almost spat at me. "I'm a bloody freak, aren't I? I have to have my bottom smacked to get my vaginal juices flowing and a good beating to get my orgasms going."

"No, you are not. Read the Kinsey Report. It claims 18% of women say a spanking is a major turn on." I contemplated for a moment. "Anyway, spanking has many roles."

"How do you mean?" she mused, perhaps relieved that I did not consider her a freak.

"When I was at university, I had a friend who

tested his relationships with a few hard slaps on his girlfriend's bottom. If they hugged him after the spanking, they were in love with him. If they tried to slap his face, he reckoned they were not serious and dumped them. Anyway, spanking or caning has been a means of seduction for women for a long time."

"Explain, Maestro."

"A woman does something naughty. Man admonishes her. She taunts him to spank her or cane her. He calls the woman's bluff. She is in floods of tears after the spanking. The man's heart melts and he hugs her. She kisses him, and a little later they are in bed. The whole seduction has taken less than an hour. Know any faster way for a man to be seduced by a woman. To be blunt, that is not far from what you used on me."

She smiled, "I suppose so. You really are a font of knowledge. I think I am beginning to understand myself more."

"Well, do it in the car. We are expected for dinner at seven. We still have another two hours driving."

Back in the car, I was more relaxed as I knew the route well. Morag was pensive until we turned off the A34. "What's that large house over there," she pointed out.

"Rock Edge. The local manor house."

"Ever been there?"

"Yup, many a time." I turned the car into the entrance and carried on up the drive.

"Why are we going in here? I thought we were late for dinner." I ignored her as a queue of cars appeared in front of us, waiting to pay to enter the park. I waited until a couple of cars passed the other way, then pulled out and overtook all the cars. The man on the booth waved as we went past.

"What are you doing?" said a visibly panicking Morag. I ignored a turn to the left, sign posted to the car park, and headed up to the house.

"What are you doing?" she repeated. "You'll get us arrested."

"I doubt it." I drove up to the roundabout in front of the main house, then followed the

road to the back and drove the full length of the building. I parked by a small door at the end and opened the door with my key. Morag followed hesitantly. Inside, an elderly gentleman was shuffling up the corridor towards us.

"Welcome back, Mr George. Is this the young lady?" I nodded. "Miss Morag, we have prepared the Cheshire suite for you." He looked back at me. "I'll tell his grace that you have arrived, then I'll bring your cases up."

"Thank you, Albert."

As I led Morag up a small concrete staircase, she turned her head and asked, "Won't he need your car keys."

"Nope," I said as I ascended the stairs, "They have a copy here. Saves time."

We reached the top and entered a much more magnificent corridor. "Why are we having dinner with his grace? Who is he?"

"My father."

She looked dumbstruck. "So, this will all be yours one day?"

"Nope, I'm the spare. My brother is the heir but doesn't show much interest in it. He's making a fortune in the City."

I showed her the Cheshire suite, then my rooms, the Lancashire suite. Just then, Albert entered with my case. "Your cases are in your suite, Miss. Dinner is 7 for 7.30, Sir. It's lounge suits this evening. Dinner jackets tomorrow. His grace is entertaining his friends, who are going on the cruise with him. The bursar and the butler have been told to brief you at 10 am tomorrow in case you have any issues to raise with his grace."

"Thank you, Albert. We'll be down at seven."

"So I'm meeting your parents already."

"No choice, you invited yourself. You have to roll with the wind. You brought some nice formal, modest wear as I asked?"

"I think so. You'll see in an hour. That gives us half an hour for you to screw me before we have to get dressed."

Modest is not what I would have described the blue sequinned dress that Morag had put



on. It only just cleared her bottom. One shoulder was bare, the other was covered by the dress and led to a billowy arm that led right down to her wrist. In a night club, it would have been great. In an old conservative country manor, it definitely was not. It was her only formal dress. Either I left her behind or brazened it out. The latter seemed preferable. My father looked amused and my mother mildly shocked. It was only when we moved into dinner and Morag's legs disappeared under the table that people relaxed. The forthcoming cruise became the only topic of conversation, which fascinated Morag and bored me. It was only when my mother moved the conversation onto Morag's family that I became concerned. I suddenly realised that she thought I had brought Morag along as a potential fiancé. The ladies withdrew after dinner. My father suggested that I ensured Morag was properly attired tomorrow night. I rescued Morag from my mother as soon as it was polite and took her upstairs.

I was not too pleased how things had gone. I passed both our suites and used a key to open the next door, the last one. I switched on the lights and Morag gasped. "This is the classroom where this family educated its children before the war."

"Wow, I'm going to be beaten in a real old fashioned school room."

"Yes, and I want you to get a modest dress for tomorrow night."

"Why, your father enjoyed my outfit. He couldn't take his eyes off me."

"And my mother was not impressed."

"Why should I get another?"

"Simple. Get a new one or get a train ticket home."

She saw my look. "Ok, where from? You going to pay for it?"

"The butler will arrange for the local store to

bring you a selection. They will charge it to us. Just make sure it is modest but looks expensive. They'll bring it up while I meet the bursar and the butler."

"What's that all about?"

"My father thinks a family member should be around at all times, especially in the summer. We bring in nearly a hundred people from Eastern Europe to work on the farm, especially fruit picking."

"So you can cane them if they misbehave?"

"Something like that. I had to beat two young women last year."

"Wow, what had they done?"

"Took some money. It was only a few pounds, in fact a pile of half-crowns someone left lying around. Gave them a choice of six of the best or tickets back to Poland immediately."

"And they took the beatings?"

"Yup, it's not unusual for young women to be thrashed in East Europe. Going back with little money was not an option."

"Where you beat them?"

I took a chair from behind one of the front row of school desks and placed it in front.

"Made them kneel on a chair like that."

"And they took it like that?"

"Only objection was when I told them to take their knickers down. Didn't like that at all. Pulled them straight up after the last stroke. Their modesty was most important."

"So you didn't get to screw them. Good catholic virgins and all that."

"Nope, but now it's your turn now." I grabbed her bare arm, knelt her on the chair and pulled her over the desk. She did not resist and grabbed the legs of the small desk to stabilise herself. The sudden movement raised her dress so that the lower part of her fulsome bottom was already exposed. I pushed the dress up to her waist to expose her entire round firm shapely bottom.

This was the first time that there was a real punishment aspect to my application of the cane to her fabulous bottom. I gave her a round dozen, each time giving the cane a little

flick to increase the sting, but it just turned her on more. The red stripes mounted up, mostly neatly alongside each other. At the beginning, there were yelps and sharp intakes of breath; by the end, the noises sounded more like passionate moans. Not surprisingly, it was all followed by a long, energetic night in bed. Somehow, I made meeting in the morning.



Little that I was briefed about was unexpected other than this year we had over a hundred foreign workers, which surprised me. As usual, my father had given almost all the in-house staff a month's leave while they were away. I told the butler to tell the under-cook still on duty to leave us some

breakfast, then she need not come in until lunch time, and the butler not to come in before lunch either. That gave Morag and I the run of the house for most of the morning.

After the meeting in the bursar's office, I returned to my suite, which was empty, so I knocked on Morag's door. A chirpy "Come in" came from the other side, and I can only say that I was delighted by the vision in front of me. Morag was looking at herself in a stunning white lace dress, which was tight until below her bottom, then splayed out into a flowing dress.

"Wow, that is fabulous," I sang out.

"Thank you, Good Sir," she answered, spinning round so fast that the hem rose up around her knees. "You were right. It is much better than that silly blue cocktail dress. Undo the zip, please. I must hang it carefully until this evening."

Stripped off, she flopped naked on the big bed. "Are you sure you don't want to marry me?"

"I'd love to marry you as soon as you have

got your degree, even better if you get a first."

"Not that again. You and my father are speaking from the same record, and I think it's a 78."

"You want another spanking?"

"Not until my bottom has recovered from last night. You really laid it!" I crashed down beside her and the inevitable followed. "You are one great lover. I might go back to Uni just to force you to honour that promise." I was not sure of that. I just could not be sure of getting a headmastership so quickly.

"Don't worry," she read my mind. "I could survive in that fabulous house of yours until you could get a job with married accommodation. My mother would be hovering around all the time anyway."

She snuggled up to me and we both marshalled our thoughts for a few minutes. "How often do you beat one of the boys in your house?"

"Probably five or six times a week."

"My dad beats more often than that. He sometimes beats five boys a day."

"I know. I think he over does it."

"Oh, why? I'd do the same."

"Some boys are very tough. It's not really a punishment. Just the penalty for getting caught. For instance, a few years ago, one housemaster had identical twins in his house. It turned out that they were taking turns to be beaten. It was a game to them."

"That doesn't prove anything."

"Well, most boys after a beating go back to their studies or common room and announce, 'I've just been beaten.' All the other boys crown round to give the boy fifteen minutes of fame. Who by? How many strokes? What for? Can you sit down? Can we see your stripes? It is almost a badge to be worn with pride. Some boys even cut notches in their belt to designate how many strokes they have had."

"That's an idea. What can I cut notches into for every stroke you give?"

I slapped her bottom with my left hand. It

didn't have the impact of my right hand but it was the only one available given how she was lying. "Ouch, what was that for?" She kissed my chest, "but I love it." She paused for a moment. "I definitely have had a deprived childhood."

"Oh, why?"

"I have never been able to go to my peers and call out, 'I've just been beaten'. I wish I could have done it at least once in my life." She paused for thought again. "So, you are not a great enthusiast for beating boys as a punishment?"

"The trouble is that it really is the preferred punishment for many boys. Writing hundreds of lines wastes a lot of their time. Gating can be a problem; if they are in an away sports match, they cannot go and the coach gets angry both with the boy and the housemaster; if they booked a week-end exeat, they cannot go and the parents gets angry with the boy and the housemaster. So many housemasters avoid gating if they can."

"You of course are a man of principle and always gate where appropriate?" she said with a smile.

I looked at the wicked smile. "I suppose not. "I ran into three of my boys in town last term coming out of a cinema. They had forgotten to apply for an exeat. I should have gated them for a couple of weeks, but I beat them instead."

"Have you ever carried out a mass beating? My father beat all his first, second and third formers once because no one would admit to some graffiti."

"I know. It got round all the college. The most I have beaten at any one time is fourteen."

"Oh, do tell. What happened?"

"I caught a group of boys playing football in the dorm after lights out. I switched on the lights and ordered all the boys, that were out of bed, up to my outer study, all fourteen of them. It was a warm summer evening, so they all just traipsed up in their pyjamas. I called them into my study and beat each one in turn.

It's the only time I made the boys drop their pyjamas and caned them on their bare bottoms."

"Oh, sexy, why did you do that?"

"Research. All sorts of boys there. Thin, tubby, tall, short, self- confident, retiring. I wanted to see how their reactions differed."

I suddenly realised that Morag was playing with my member, and it was reacting. But I tried to ignore it. "The most interesting point was about the tubbier, plumper bottomed boys. They found it harder to take the cane and most went out crying. The fitter, sportier boy with firmer bottoms handled it well."

"What about the sporty types? I'd love to come in and watch you beat a couple of burly rugby players. There must be fireworks on the pitch sometimes. Someone told me you beat Albert Ronconi before Easter. I'd let him beat my bum anytime. I love those rugby types."

"So why are you here?" I asked slapping bottom again with my left hand.

"Because you are great. Why did you beat him?"

"He's a great hooker on the pitch; short, stocky and very strong. But his father is Italian, and he's got a fast temper. He lost his temper and kicked the other hooker hard on the shin. Fortunately, he didn't break a bone, but the ref sent him off. I was watching the match and told him to wait in my outer study. He probably had a good idea what was going to happen to him. When I returned to my study, he was standing there in his hull rugby kit. His studded boots were doing nothing for the polished wooden floor and bits of mud off his rugby kit were everywhere. I was furious. I told him to take his kit off and come into my study. When he came in, he was wearing his jock strap and rugby socks; nothing else. I think he was trying to embarrass me. I told him to bend over the back of an armchair and grip the far edge. That enables one to raise the cane almost up to the ceiling and bring it down much harder. I laid ten hard strokes across his round muscular rear, eliciting grunts at each stroke. When the seventeen-year-old stood up, his eyes were watering. He

just stopped himself crying. I told him that I would not hesitate to beat him again if he repeated what he did.”

Suddenly Morag raised herself up and lowered herself onto my member. “Bloody hell. Your stories turn me on. I wish we had both been beaten together, then I could have soothed his stripes and he mine. Then we would have made really passionate love.”

In that position, I could slap her bottom, which I did several times, but as usual, it just sent her into orgasm. He legs shook and her eyes rolled up, and intense movement made me fire up into her.

Amazingly we were on time for dinner. Morag stunned in her virginal outfit – so little did they know – and she was on best conversational form. My parents were impressed, and their guests charmed. The ladies withdrew. The men smoked, then played snooker. In the early hours of the morning, the party withered away. As we said goodnight to everybody, my mother whispered in my ear, “Don’t lose her.” I knew what she meant, but it was not what I wanted to hear.

### **Things settle for while.**

On Monday, everything changed. My parents and their friends departed. Most of the house staff went on their summer holiday. The massive House was like a morgue while the farm buzzed, as the harvest began in earnest. The state rooms of the House were opened to the public, but interest was middling. All the activities that were exempt from Harold Wilson’s punitive taxes were in full swing. I told the acting butler that we would only have evening dinner, which pleased him.

Morag claimed to be able to ride, but I insisted on a couple of tutorials before we headed out around the estate. By Wednesday, we headed off to the escarpment that the House, Rock Edge, had been named after. The view across southern Cheshire and over to the Staffordshire Moors was breath-taking. We

rode along the edge until we came to a folly build by my grandfather. It was along thin concrete building facing the view, with pillars on the open side and steps up to the roof for an even better view. There was a locked room at one end stuffed with deck chairs, rugs, picnic tables and all the other requirements of a decadent day sunbathing.

We tethered the horses and spread-out blankets on the grassy verge. Oversexed Morag stripped off and we soon were engaged in carnal pleasures. Sated, we demolished the picnic, then lay down naked to enjoy the sun and the breeze. Apart from the birds, the only noise was the railway down in the valley. The London to Liverpool line below was one of the few still running steam engines. We watched the white smoke slowly blow away before Morag returned to her favourite subject.

“Tell me more about the beatings you’ve administered,” she asked.

“You can imagine what they were for. Couple of weeks ago I beat a fourth former for putting food down another boy’s bed. One boy I caned came into the larger softer bottom category. When he stood up, he was crying profusely, and his glasses had steamed up. I had to point him to the door. One of the most frequent reasons prefects beat boys is reading under the covers with a torch. It is very bad for the eyes, and the boy is usually over tired in the morning. I’ve been trying to stamp it out. The head boy has also been encouraged to stamp out bullying.”

“Where do the college prefects beat boys. The prefects’ common room by the porter’s lodge?”

“Yes, that can be a ritual. The beatings are normally carried out during evening prep. Two prefects go to the boy’s study or common room, and escort him to the prefects’ common. Often, they walk behind him as the wretched boy walks across the main quad. Hundreds of boys will be looking out of windows watching him, know what is about to happen. Ten minutes later he will reappear,

his bottom throbbing. He has to walk all the way across the quad by himself, trying not to show his agony.”

“Wow, that’s another thing that I’ve missed out on. Frogmarched to the prefects’ common room, thoroughly beaten and come out rubbing my poor, aching botty. Just think, bring thrashed with all those beefy eighteen-year-olds watching my shapely rear dancing under the cane.” She shivered and started to work on my member again, which lead to the inevitable.

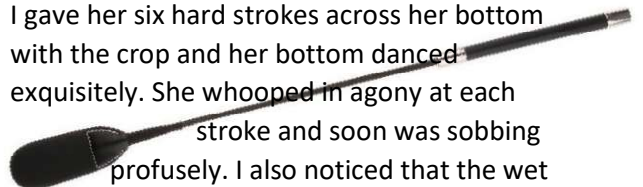
Later, as Morag dressed, I studied her outfit. She filled the white jodhpurs exquisitely. The black riding boots were of the old fashioned, extended variety. The white silk blouse was covered with a black waistcoat. All in all, it was an incredibly sext outfit. Dressed, she rubbed her bottom with both hands and said, “Fancy beating me in this outfit.” I smiled, then noticed a small wet patch appearing between her legs, which thankfully she had not noticed. Back at home, we went into the tack room, which was completely deserted. Dropping off the saddles, I guided her into the training room next door and told her to bend over the training block, which was used to instruct novices how to ride. Apart the shaping, it was very similar to the vaulting horses they had in the school gym.

I went back into the tack room and took down one of the longer riding crops. Back in the room, Morag was bent over, her resplendent bottom ready to be thrashed. The crop was much stiffer than a cane and her trembling bottom knew it. I tapped the crest of her bottom several times with the keeper, making her bottom dance in anticipation. “Oh, sir, please be kind to me,” She begged. I was sure if she was challenging me or really concerned for her rump. It was then as her bottom and legs danced that I saw how big the damp patch between her legs had become. I suspected that she had had an orgasm as we rode back, a combination of the anticipation of a beating when we arrived back and the rubbing of the saddle on her

clitoris as we rode along. (Many women have orgasms while riding because of the motion the saddle on the clitoris and probably is one factor of the great popularity of riding amongst women.)



Well, it was to see how she really would react. I gave her six hard strokes across her bottom with the crop and her bottom danced exquisitely. She whooped in agony at each stroke and soon was sobbing profusely. I also noticed that the wet patch was even bigger now. She threw her arms around me and squeezed so hard I could hardly breathe. I held her firmly, and rubbed her bottom, running my fingers over the ridges across her bottom. Second later, this



had a dramatic effect as her whole body shuddered in a massive orgasm. "Oh, boy. That was something. Take me upstairs and screw the hell out of me," she panted at me.

It turned out to be a quickie as it was not far from dinner time. A fidgety Morag managed to consume over a bottle of red wine at dinner. As soon as the butler had served coffee and withdrawn, she was talking about returning to the bedroom. Her bottom was still on fire, and it was making her very randy. It was midnight before she was sexually sated and the alcohol had largely evaporated. She lay beside me in her favourite position, head on my shoulder, playing with my member. "I think that I've reached my limit in thrashings."

"Oh, how," I asked, trying to ignore what her hand was doing to me.

"I think I'll stick to the cane. The idea of the crop made me incredibly randy, and afterwards I was in sexual heaven. But I don't think I can cope with those few minutes in the middle, the agony of it."

"You might be able to cope with more experience," I suggested with a wicked grin.

"Have you seen the state of my bum?"

"Yes, some lovely ridges right across it. Want me to check on them now?" I commented with another wicked grin, but, of course, she was quite right. It was beginning to push her too far.

"Maybe when I am really naughty, you can use the crop on me, but I think I like the cane best; much nicer than spanking or the belt. The whole feeling is nicer; the crisp swish, the light landing, the intense sting, the perfect after feeling. The whole thing is measured. You start light and slow, then get faster and harder until I have an orgasm. It's just brilliant. The pain of the crop is such that you can think of nothing else." She paused for reflection. "You can cane me whenever you like, especially after you marry me."

I rolled over and smacked her bottom hard, right over all the ridges. She yelped. "When you produce your degree certificate. Mistake! it set her off again and I was poking deep

inside her moments later. But this time, it was doggy style and I could admire her well thrashed bottom as I poked her.

So it was that we settled to country life. Each day the staff departed, and Morag's bottom danced to the cane. Every couple of days she rang her parents and told them a load of porkies of how hard she was working, how messy it was feeding the pigs, and later that she had been allowed to show visitors to the around. The more outrageous stories lead to immediate strokes of the cane, to her delight and squeals. The idyll shattered six weeks later, when my parents returned. My services now longer required, we headed back South.

Morag refused to return home for a couple of days but eventually forced herself to do so, still somehow musing that I might marry her if she got her degree. I wondered if I had made a bit mistake putting the idea in her head. I was allocating boys to studies for the coming year when the phone rang. Somehow, I knew who would be on the end of it.

Unenthusiastically, I picked up the solid, clunky handset. Before I could say anything, that familiar voice boomed in my ear, "George, glad I caught you," Hamish Hamilton's voice boomed through the handset. "Well done, old boy. The summer has been a wonder for Morgan. She's matured a lot and is keen to go back to college. Sorry I had little faith in you at first. Job well done." The phone was cut off, and I had not said a word. Morag came back for couple of weekends during the following term, for her bottom to dance to the tune of the cane. But then she faded from my life, to my relief.