The Private Tutor

Male-on-Male Discipline

Charles Hamilton II
The Private Tutor

What can fathers do when their sons fail their school exams because they spend too much time out with girlfriends, clubbing and playing in a rock band?

Call for The Private Tutor. Using traditional educational approaches, he will soon lick them into shape.

The whippy rattan cane, the taws, the paddle and the gym slipper are some of methods he uses as he guides them towards their A-levels.

The characters depicted in this story are over the age of 18 years old.

This story is intended for adults over the age of 18 years old.
Chapter one

“I TOLD YOUR father that I would employ traditional teaching methods,” he said reaching into his canvas bag and withdrawing a wooden paddle.

“And, that means corporal punishment.”

He rolled the words “corporal punishment” around his mouth with some relish, enjoying every syllable.

He held the paddle by the handle and waved it close to my face. I could see some joker had printed the words “Board of Education” across one of the flat sides. I bet that gave someone a lot of laughs.

He was my private tutor and this was our first meeting. Dad hired him after I failed my A-level mock exams. It looks like if I don’t buck my ideas up a lot I’m going to fail the proper exams, and then God alone knows where I’ll be.

I’m not a stupid kid; I wouldn’t be in the sixth-form at school if I was. But in the past few months I’ve let my studying slip a lot. I’m in a band and that takes up a lot of my time and then there are the girls of course. And, since I turned eighteen a few months back I’ve been able to get into bars and clubs legally and I’ve taken full advantage of that.
He reached into his bag and withdrew a wooden paddle
“So,” he said, walking to the couch and sitting down in the middle of it. He told me I had let myself and my family down by not working and it would cost my father a lot of money to hire him to tutor me over the coming months. I stood and watched him slapping the paddle into the palm of his hand to emphasise some of the words.

I had better think again if I thought I was going to get away with my behaviour, he told me sternly. I was to work hard from here on in and if I didn’t it was a spanking for me.

I didn’t say a word. I wasn’t sure if I was expected to say anything, so I didn’t. I wanted to tell him to “piss off,” but I knew that wasn’t going to be to my advantage.

He went on telling me about what he expected from me and how I was going to behave from now on. I was listening, but not really, if you know what I mean.

Then he dropped the bombshell. “And, I’m going to spank you now as punishment for all the laziness you have shown over the past months.”

I heard that all right. I still didn’t say anything, but the look on my face must have told him I wasn’t going to go along with his little plan.

“Come here,” he gestured at me to approach him. I didn’t.
“I said Come Here!” He raised his voice considerably, it was a stern command, but he didn’t shout.

I hesitated. I thought about running from the room, but before I could move my feet, he reached across and grabbed me by the arm, pulling me towards him and the couch.

Before, I could protest he had me across his lap. Then he took hold of my legs and lifted them so they were resting on the couch.

We must have made an odd picture. I was lying face down stretched across the couch with my backside raised over the middle of his lap. I was quite proud of my bum and had bought my jeans especially because they showed off my prized asset to the best. But the jeans were to please the girls, not some pervert private tutor.

He sat upright with his arm curled around my waist, to make sure I was pinned tight over his lap. He was on the chubby side and I could feel his stomach against my leg. He wore an old fashioned suit; it was made of tweed or some thick itchy material like that. He was probably in his forties, but he looked a lot older than that.

I felt him pull my tee-shirt up and expose my lower back. He grabbed the waist of my jeans and pulled them butt tight.
Bang! The first whack hurt a lot more than I expected. But then again I’ve never been spanked before, so what would I really know about it.

Bang! The second wallop hit me on the other cheek. I tried to wriggle, but he had me pinned down tightly across his lap.

He gave me another three spanks in quick succession. I wanted to yell, or at least go “ouch!” it hurt so much, but I wasn’t going to give him the satisfaction.

He whacked me some more and then stopped. The pain was intense. I’d never felt anything remotely like it before in my life. I lay face down in the cushion of the couch breathing heavily. It seemed like he had stopped. Was it all over?

Bang! Clearly not. He must have been pausing to catch his breath. He hit me much lower now, below the buttock, just where the cheek meets the leg. I tried to lift myself off his lap, but he moved his arm from my waist to my shoulders making sure I was going nowhere.

He must have hit me another three or four times, I can’t be sure, I was in too much pain to remember.

Then he stopped. This time it really was over.

He still held me firmly across his lap. “Please be aware that if you do not obey me and work
extremely hard in the coming months you will get more of this. Do you understand?”

I didn’t say a thing.

“I asked, do you understand?” he whacked me again, very hard across the right buttock.

“Yes,” I murmured, barely able to speak.

“Yes, what?” He whacked me again, this time on the left cheek.

“Yes, I understand,” I said.

“Yes, what?” Another hard whack right in the middle of my bum.

Oh, I get it. “Yes, Sir!”

“That’s better. And believe me if I have to I will spank you each time we meet. Is that understood?”

“Yes, Sir!” I was getting the hang of this now.

“Good, that is understood.” He let me get up.

I wanted to run to my room to howl and to inspect the damage, but I knew he wouldn’t let me go until he dismissed me.

My bum felt like twice its normal size and I desperately wanted to try to rub the pain away.

“Now, here’s your homework,” he said. “I want it completed by Saturday when we shall meet again.”

Saturday. Jesus are we going to have to go through this all again in only three days’ time?

“Now, take this paddle and hang it on the hook on your bedroom door. I want it to be a constant
reminder to you about what will happen if you don’t pull your socks up.”
Chapter two

I HAD EXPECTED to get a spanking from my private tutor, but not two in the space of twenty minutes.

I was still in bed when he arrived at our house at eleven o’clock on Saturday morning. Mum called me from the bottom of the stairs to say he was here. Then she was off to the shops, leaving us alone in the house.

“Come down here this instance.” This time it was the tutor calling. He might be a chubby forty-something man, but he certainly had presence. I pulled back the duvet and still in my pyjama bottoms and white vest I padded down the stairs.

“Were you still in bed?”

“No.” It was a bare-faced lie and it was going to get me a bare-arsed spanking.

“Don’t lie to me. In future you will be up and ready to start work the moment I arrive,” the tutor said.

“Now come here.” He grabbed me by the arm and led me into the living room. As we went through the door he released his grip on me.

He sat on a yellow armchair. “Here. Now.” He snapped his fingers and pointed to a spot a couple of feet to his left.
I had hardly reached the spot before he took my left arm and guided me across his knees. It all happened so quickly I didn’t have time to resist.

My head was touching the carpet and my bottom was high over his lap. My toes were an inch or two off the ground. He tugged at the elasticated waistband of my pyjamas and pulled them down to my thighs, exposing my bare bottom.

It was still bruised from the paddle spanking he had given me on Wednesday, but that didn’t bother him. He slapped me with his open palm so hard I could have sworn he still had the wooden paddle in his hand.

And he kept on slapping. He didn’t stop between spanks and rained down a couple of dozen, and possibly more. Rapid and hard. On and on he went with each one as hard as the one before. I was gasping, but refused to let him know the pain was killing me.

“Up.” He stopped and I scrambled off his lap and quickly pulled up my pyjamas. My bum was raw. It felt like I’d been stung by a thousand wasps. I wanted to rub like mad, but wasn’t going to show it.

“Stand there.”

He delved into to his canvas bag.
“Here, I want you to put these on.” He handed me a pair of grey school short trousers, some knee socks and a striped tie.

“I’m eighteen years old, not eight, you pervert.” I didn’t say it of course; I just meekly took them from him.

He told me that he wanted me to look the part when he was teaching me. He said I was to wear a white shirt, with the clothes he had given me and then he sent me upstairs to change.

I inspected my bum in the bedroom mirror. It was salmon pink and there were finger marks where the spanks had connected with the flesh.

I pulled on the short trousers, they fitted me perfectly. They were about an inch above the knee.

I admired myself in the mirror. I had to admit I looked pretty good in the grey school short trousers. I’ve got a great bum – the girls are always telling me so – and these showed that to great effect. My legs are pretty good too, I thought as I pulled on the knee socks.

By the time I’d put on a white shirt, my own dark-blue school jumper (the one with the yellow braiding around the neck and cuffs) and the red
I pulled on the short trousers, they fitted me perfectly
and-black striped tie, I have to say I looked pretty
damn good.

I went down stairs to face my tutor. He was
waiting patiently in the living room for my return.
He had spread some books on the dining room table
and was ready to start teaching.

“Show me the homework, I set you,” he said.

I didn’t reply, but the look on my face must
have told its own story.

“You haven’t done it.” It was a statement, not a
question.

Of course I hadn’t done it. There was band
practice to do and last night we went clubbing and
there was this girl and … anyway, you’re not
interested in that. But you can see there was a
reason why I was still in bed at eleven o’clock.

He didn’t seem to be angry, or at least he didn’t
show it. Maybe he expected something like this.
After all, the reason why I had to do extra tuition
with him for my A-level exams was because I
hadn’t been working properly up to now.

He lectured me a bit. He said the kind of things
you’d expect him to say in circumstances such as
these.

Then he got to the point.

“What did I say would happen if you didn’t
work hard?”
It seemed like it might be a rhetorical question, but I answered nonetheless.
“A spanking.”
That was enough said. We both knew what was going to happen now.
“Go to your room and fetch the paddle from the back of your door.”
I went upstairs. I hadn’t hung up the paddle as instructed. There was no way I was going to be looking at that thing all night. Besides, how would I explain it to my friends when they saw it?
I retrieved the Board of Education from the drawer where I had hidden it and took it downstairs.
By the time I returned to the living room the tutor had placed a dining room chair with its back hard against the table. The books had been removed.
He reached out his hand and I gave him the paddle. He pointed to the chair.
“Kneel on the chair and stretch yourself right across the table.”
I did as I was told. To my surprise my bare knees hurt quite badly against the seat of the chair. But I needn’t have worried; a different part of my body would shortly be hurting much, much more.
I stretched out across the table resting my stomach and chest on the shiny surface. I folded my arms in front of me and buried my head in them.
Although I couldn’t see this myself, I made a pretty picture. The grey short trousers were tight against my lovely little bum, which was presented at a perfect height for my tutor to swing the paddle.

The shorts stretching across my buttocks reminded me just how sore my bum already was.

My tutor stood close up against me, put his hand into my lower back to make sure I couldn’t move, and whacked the first lick into my shorts.

Yes, it hurt like anything, but I was getting a bit used to this. Until last Wednesday I’d never been spanked in my whole life and now I was getting my third spanking in as many days. And, I knew for sure with this tutor in control it was unlikely to be my last, until I passed those damned A-levels.

My tutor wasn’t taking huge swings with the paddle: he was able to inflict great pain by taking short swats. It was almost as if he was jabbing the paddle into me.

After the first five licks I lost my resolve not to show he was hurting me. I’d buried my head in my arms and was moaning, at first softly, almost to myself only, and then much louder. The moans soon became “ouches” and by lick six they were loud yelps.

My tutor was stronger than you might expect from a little chubby man. With his left hand he held me against the table so hard that I couldn’t make
any resistance and with his right hand he paddled the arse off me.

He stopped after ten licks. I was sobbing by now and very, very sore.

He let me up.

“Go to the bathroom and tidy yourself up. Then return here and get on with your geography homework.”

Looking back, I probably should have hated that chubby forty-something tutor in his tweedy suit, but I couldn’t bring myself to do so. Somewhere inside me I knew this man and his corporal punishment was going to save me. If I ever passed my exams, got to university and ended up with a brilliant career, it would be because of days like this.
Chapter three
THE PADDLING MY tutor dished out did me the world of good. Trying to avoid another spanking was just the incentive I needed to work for my school examinations.

I’m not an evil person and I’m not even much of a rebellious teen. I’m actually quite bright and can do well in my school work, but I can be lazy and lose focus and that’s what happened here.

My private tutor knew the remedy for this, and he wasn’t afraid to use it: a very sound spanking.

Fear of another trip across the dining room table for licks from the wooden paddle on the seat of my grey school short trousers was enough to put me on the road to recovery. I made sure that I paid attention in the classes my tutor ran and I even did my homework. Hell, I’d even missed some nights when I was supposed to be rehearsing with the band.

My tutor was a very good teacher and I was learning a lot from him – and not only how to get a sore arse.

Tonight he had arranged a special session. He said I needed to do some project work and I needed a partner to do this. That was fine by me; we were always doing projects at school. He had arranged for Harry, one of the other boys he tutored, to visit me at home so we could work together.
Right on time at six o’clock the doorbell rang. I was the only one at home so opened the front door myself to find Harry. He was my age and maybe an inch or two shorter. He had a huge shock of black curly hair that looked like it had never seen a comb in his life.

There was something about his aura that told me we were going to be friends right from the start. I could see when he smiled, which he did often, he had the most beautiful teeth I had ever seen. They were like a Hollywood movie star’s. He was quite stunningly pretty: the girls would have called him “cute,” but I reckoned even this early in our friendship that he probably didn’t like girls that much.

But the biggest impact he made was his clothes: he was dressed just like me, in school short trousers, a white shirt and school tie. Surely, he hadn’t walked the streets like that? Had he come by bus? What did people say when they saw him?

I didn’t have time to ask any of these questions because my tutor arrived just at that moment.

We all went into the living room where the tutor introduced us and without any further preliminaries he set us to work. He said he had something to do and would be back later and left us to it.

The two of us were in no mood to start work. Harry threw himself onto the couch and tucked his
legs under himself and sat on them, taking the part of a young kid. I took the yellow armchair, the very same one that my tutor sat on to deliver me a bare-bottomed spanking on our second meeting. I sat leaning back in the cushion with my bare legs spread wide.

We tried not to catch each other’s eye. Harry flashed one of his toothy smiles and we giggled. We had hardly said a word since the tutor left, but that was all right.

I looked at him sideways, trying to pretend that I wasn’t doing it and cracked up with laughter. I think the absurdity of the situation got to us both. We were two eighteen-year-old lads, dressed as eight year olds. So it wasn’t too hard for us behave like it.

I leaned across in my chair and rubbed the top of his head, mussing his hair. Then I took a handful and pulled it, before quickly moving my hands away and hugging myself with glee.

Harry yelped, gave me another of his smiles before reaching over the chair to give me one hell of a smack! on my bare thigh. That was it. I was out of the chair and on top of him. We rolled off the couch onto the carpet, wrestling each other.

It wasn’t a real fight; it’s what eight-year-olds call “pretend.” I sat on his belly; he pushed me over to my back. I tweaked his nipple. My shirt came
untucked from my short trousers. His tie was around his ear. I slapped him gently on the face; he kneed me in the side.

Then the living room door opened and standing there aghast was the tutor.

“What on Earth is going on here? Stand up the both of you.”

We did.

“Dress yourself properly.” We did that too.

He demanded to know what was going on. Harry got the giggles a bit, I think, and adopting the voice of a naughty little boy said, “Nuffink, sir.”

The tutor was having none of this and gave a speech about how we had only just met and we should behave and be friends and so on.

We took our ticking off, me mostly staring at the carpet, Harry twisting his fingers through his curls.

Then came the killer, “I’ll deal with you at the end of the class.”

He ordered us to get on with our project. In fact, we worked well on it. I said I thought we were going to be friends and we were.

About ninety minutes later we were finished. But if we thought we were going to be allowed home without very sore bottoms, we had to think again.
We sat together on the couch waiting for the tutor to deal with us.

The door opened again and in he walked, carrying a thick rattan cane with a crooked handle. Where the heck did he get that from?

“Stand up, both of you.” We did. Even though I knew what was going to happen, it still felt like I was in a bit of a dream. The two of us were dressed as schoolboys and we were about to get a naughty boy’s caning.

“Look at me.” He really believed that we were having a proper fight and gave us a lecture about how he wouldn’t tolerate it and so on and he was going to punish us severely. He rolled his tongue around those last three words so we could be certain he was going to be true to his words.

I may have been dressed as an eight-year-old, but I did see the irony of him thrashing us because he had been behaving violently, but I thought the tutor didn’t want a discussion on philosophy quite now.

He swished his cane and pointing with it, but without speaking, he told Harry to move further back.

I knew he would need some space to get a decent swing with the cane so wasn’t surprised when he beckoned me to stand and face the far wall.

Swish! “Bend over and touch your toes.”
I bent over grasping my shins. “Ouch!” He flicked the cane against my fingers: the sting was unbearable.

“I said toes. Now do as you are told.” I spread my legs a bit further and got into the required position. I’m very athletic, it was no problem. I could see Harry move slightly to get a better view.

“Six shorts up and then six shorts down,” he pronounced my sentence.

I waited for the first cut but it seemed an age coming. Bent over I could see him through my parted legs. The tutor was taking his time sizing up the situation. What he saw was a young man in short trousers presenting a lovely bum for a whacking with the cane. I had time to notice that one of my grey knee socks, with the yellow edgings, had fallen below my knee. For one absurd moment I contemplated standing and pulling my socks up.
“Six shorts up and then six shorts down,” he pronounced my sentence
That was the moment the cane bit into the material stretched tightly across my buttocks. I winced. You bet I winced. The pain was so much sharper than the thud I had felt from the paddle the last time the tutor dealt with me.

I could feel a line of pain run across both buttocks, from left to right.

The second cut fell just a tiny bit below the first. I was determined not to cry out, not only because I didn’t want to give my tutor the satisfaction, but I didn’t want to show myself up in front of Harry.

The third and fourth lashes took my breath away. I struggled to keep the tips of my fingers connected with the toes of my socks, but just about managed.

The pain was searing and I could feel welts forming beneath my underpants. This was some thrashing and it wasn’t nearly half over. Soon I was going to get six shorts down.

Somehow, the final two cuts didn’t seem to hurt as badly as the others. Was I becoming immune to the pain or could my tutor see I was having difficulty coping with his beating and easing off a bit?

“Stand up boy.” I did so gladly. Without thinking I put both hands around my backside and rubbed like mad, especially at the point where the buttocks meet the top of the legs.
“Leave it alone. Look at me boy.”

I faced him. I knew I was holding back tears and I probably wouldn’t be able to take my six on the pants without dissolving.

The tutor held his cane behind his back between his two hands. “Take down your shorts, boy.”

My school shorts fitted so well I didn’t need a belt. I undid the buttons around my waist and then the top two buttons in my fly and the force of gravity helped them fall to my ankles.

“What the dickens are these?” My tutor had seen my underwear, a very fashionable, skin tight pair in a lurid light mauve colour.

I could see Harry’s teeth shining.

“With school uniform we wear white cotton briefs. Do you have a pair you can change into?”

Of course not, which teenager do you know wears white Y-fronts?

He didn’t wait for an answer. “You will buy the correct underwear before we next meet. I will undertake an underwear inspection before our next class.”

I swear I heard Harry snort.

“Get back over.” He swished the cane to emphasise the words. Bending made my pants stretch across the six welts on my backside, making it throb like never before.
From my position I was able to get a close inspection of my crouch. I don’t think I’d ever looked at it so closely before. I’d felt it many times of course, but that’s another story.

The tutor must have realised the time of day; class had finished a long time back and I don’t think he was paid overtime for performing duties such as this. He swished the stick into my rear six times in quick succession without ceremony.

I howled. There really was no other way to describe it. A banshee would have been proud of the noise I made. Tears and snot covered my face and I gulped for air. On the sixth cut I shot up and danced first from my left foot and then to the right and back again, clutching my burning bottom.

I bent double. I was about to roll on the floor in some kind of foetal position when my tutor took me by the shoulder and led me to a corner of the room.

“Stay there.”

I did, sobbing and banging my head against the wall with the pain.

Then, turning, he looked across at Harry.

“Come here young man.”

Did Harry step forward a little eagerly? In one athletic movement he was at the other side of the room, bent over from the waist, finger tips touching the toecaps of his shoes. Watching on I could see, not for the first time, what a very pretty boy he was.
This was the first time I’d ever seen a boy bending over, touching toes for a whacking. I hadn’t realised how little there was of the boy’s bum for the punisher to aim at.

By stretching over to reach the floor, Harry only had a small part of his backside visible to the tutor. And, Harry’s was pert and tight, leaving even less for the cane to target. If he’d been draped over the back of the armchair or over the dining room table the tutor would have seen much more buttock on display to aim at.

Maybe that’s why a touching-toes caning could be so much more excruciating painful for the naughty boy, with so little room to connect the cane would strike again and again in the same small area, intensifying the pain as the rod hit home, sometimes striking the same spot time and time again.

But, the tutor was an expert: he knew what he was doing. He approached cane in hand. What he saw was a very lithe boy, his curls cascading down towards the floor. Harry’s back was arched and his smooth round buttocks were raised submissively ready for the tutor to do his work with the cane. Harry’s Terylene short trousers were so taut across his bottom the outline of his underpants were clearly visible.

The tutor stood to Harry’s left, a full cane’s length from the boy’s body. He bent his own legs
slightly and tapped the edge of the cane against Harry’s left buttock. Tap, tap, tap: taking aim. I saw Harry’s body stiffen slightly in anticipation of the first stroke.

The tutor pulled his cane back way over shoulder height and swished it down with great force into Harry’s trousers. The six strokes landed in quick succession.

“Stand up. Trousers down”

Harry was up in a jiffy. Eager to get on with it, he unbuckled his shorts and they fell to the ground. He hitched up his underpants making sure they were pulled tightly across both cheeks. Then pulling his own shirt up to fully expose his buttocks he bent over again, in position, craving the next six.

Unlike me, Harry was wearing regulation white underpants. Actually, they were so white they sparkled. Just like Harry’s teeth.

Both me and the tutor took in the sight. The underpants fitted Harry’s bum like a second skin. I couldn’t see the front of his pants but I wouldn’t be surprised to find a fine bulge pushing out against the cotton.

Harry’s legs were almost as white as his pants: completely hairless from where I was standing. Did he shave his legs?

Six more stingers cut into Harry. Whack! Whack! It was all over in about ten seconds.
“Stand Up. Get dressed.”

Now, Harry’s face was as white as the pants. He pulled up his shorts. He was in pain, I could see that, the tutor could see that too, but Harry wasn’t letting it get to him. Our eyes met and then I knew: he craved the lash of the tutor. He would have gladly taken six more: and another six after that probably.

Without saying much more, the tutor packed his books and cane away. His work was over for today. He gave brief instructions about what we needed to do for homework and I followed him out the living room to the front door to see him safely on his way.

When I returned Harry had his shorts and pants around his ankles and he was twisting his body to try to get a close look at the damage. I could see a dozen red lines criss-crossing both cheeks. The tutor was an expert master and had laid the cane on with some force. Harry’s cock was standing to attention. I could see he definitely shaved himself down there.

“Show me yours.”

Not feeling the least bit self-conscious in front of Harry, I pulled down my shorts and pants. The searing pain in my backside had subsided a little into a glowing ache. Harry reached forward and ever so gently felt the welts on my backside. I couldn’t help it, but my own cock stirred, perhaps
not as proudly as Harry’s own member, but it was on the march.

“Come on, let’s go to your bedroom,” Harry flashed me those goddam teeth. I didn’t need asking twice.
Chapter four

I WAS STUDYING hard and I didn’t think there would be any reason for the tutor to spank me again – but I hadn’t reckoned with Revision Class.

The A-levels started next week and the tutor had called all his pupils together for the first of two classes so we could cram as much as possible into our lazy little heads to enable us to pass our exams.

I had been doing quite well since my dad forced me to take on the extra studies with the private tutor. I’m not a stupid boy, but at eighteen years old I had lost direction a little and was falling way behind with my school work. Dad reckoned, correctly as it turned out, that if I didn’t have the self-discipline to study, some discipline would have to be imposed on me.

My tutor dished out spankings when I slacked and they were keeping me in line.

It was Saturday and I had to be at the Revision Class by nine. The address the tutor had given me was in The Avenue, only a few streets away from where I lived. I reckoned it would only take a few minutes to get there, so I was in no hurry leaving.

We were instructed to arrive in our school uniforms: grey school short trousers, grey knee socks, white shirt, striped tie and black shoes. There was no way I was walking through my
neighbourhood dressed like that, but there was a simple solution. I put on a pair of brown cord trousers, ones that my new girlfriend Sharon found particularly revealing of my bum and manhood, stuffed the short trousers and tie into a plastic carrier-bag and set off for school.

I found the street with no trouble. It was a typical middle-class suburban road, just like the one I lived in. But, I couldn’t find the actual address. I was expecting a school or a college or some kind of community building, but all I found was a row of expensive detached houses.

I checked on the bit of paper I had written the address on: number 42. I walked from one end of the street to the other, but couldn’t find anything that looked like it would be the schoolroom. I was late for school now and quickened my pace and retraced my steps. No, no schoolroom.

There was a house called number 42, it was hidden a little behind a wall, so I decided I’d better go through the gate and ring the bell to see if anyone knew where I was supposed to be.

The door opened the second my finger hit the button. A flint-faced man dressed in a crumpled tracksuit confronted me. He had obviously just returned from a run.

“You are late,” he growled at me, accusingly as if I had deliberately set out to cause trouble.
I was sweating from the heat of the fine sunny day and was a bit out of breath after hurrying to find the address.

“What the fuck’s it got to do with you?” It just came out. I hadn’t intended to say it, I just did. I do have a temper and sometimes it can get me into trouble. Often I regretted it later. The man gave me a look like thunder and pushed me in the shoulder towards a door at the end of a hallway.

“Get in there, this instance.”

I turned the handle and opened the door.

Bloody hell. I couldn’t believe what I saw. It was a full-sized classroom.

There sat at their school desks were seven other Revision Class pupils; all of them my age, and, of course, all dressed in their short trousers and school uniforms.

In front of them stood the tutor, dressed in a traditional schoolmaster’s academic gown. He had a piece of chalk in his hand and was writing something on a blackboard.

The schoolroom consisted of about twenty school desks. I don’t know which period from history they belonged to, but we had definitely travelled back in time. The boys were sat at light brown wooden desks; some were connected together so that pupils sat thigh to thigh on wooden benches. Other desks were single-seaters. All of the
desks sloped and could open upwards so a boy could stash away his schoolbooks. Along the top of the desks ran a groove for the pupil’s pens and pencils and each had an open inkwell.

The tutor stood in front at the class at a blackboard and easel. To his left was a small desk for him to work at and behind it was a shelf for books. Next to it screwed to the wall was a specially-constructed rack holding five or six crook-handled canes of various sizes.

Around the walls were educational posters, including a map of the world, which highlighted most of the countries in pink. The floor was bare varnished floor boards

The tutor stared at me as I came through the door.

“You are late,” he thundered.

“I’m sorry, I couldn’t find the place.” I heard a snigger or two from my fellow form mates.

“You are not wearing school uniform.” I held up my plastic carrier-bag by way of explanation.
The tutor stood in front at the class at a blackboard and easel
The tutor let out an exasperated sigh. He didn’t say anything, but walked to the shelf behind his desk and picked up an enormous plimsoll. I don’t think I’d ever seen one like it before, it was one of those white shoes people used to wear for PE classes in the long-distance days before trainers had been invented.

He flexed the plimsoll in both hands. I could see it was huge. What giant’s feet had worn this for gym in the past? Did they really make shoes in size sixteen!

“Put down that bag and face the class.”

I did as I was told. For the first time I could look at my fellow pupils. I could see Harry, he of the knockout smile, flashing away in the third row, but I didn’t recognise any of the others. Apart from the undoubted fact that we were late teenagers dressed in short trousers and school uniforms we probably looked like any group of kids you were ever likely to come across.

They sat in silence waiting for the drama to unfold.

“Bend over and touch your toes.” Of course, I wasn’t surprised by the command. I moved my feet a foot or two apart and bending from the waist stretched the tips of my fingers to reach my toes.

The tutor had a perfect view of my pert seat covered in tightly-stretched corduroy. My
classmates could see the top of my head and would be able to get a great view of any flinching I made as the tutor laid into my backside with his giant plimsoll.

And they were loving it. And, so, let’s be honest about it, probably would I if the roles had been reversed.

Whack! The first thwack of the slipper connected with my bum. It knocked the wind out of me a little, but I didn’t move.

The second and third smacks hit on my left cheek and then the right. Classmates were openly grinning as they enjoyed the spectacle of one of their fellows going through his punishment.

He gave me six whacks with the slipper. I took it well: I was getting used to the tutor’s beatings. I could hardly credit it, but before the tutor came into my life I’d never been spanked in my life – now look at me.

He told me to stand up and instructed me to leave the classroom and change into my short trousers and put on my school tie.

“And be back within two minutes or I shall give you a further six with your trousers at your ankles.”

I believed him. I left the room and in the hallway outside changed into my school uniform. I had just enough time to inspect the damage from the slippering. Both cheeks were bright red and I knew
from experience that by the time I got home that evening they would be covered in bruises.

When I returned to the classroom the tutor was starting the lesson. He pointed to a seat in the second row and instructed me to sit. The desks weren’t designed to accommodate young adults so I had to squeeze my knees under the desk and slide along the wooden bench to settle as best I could.

It was going to be a very dull day. The tutor’s idea was to cram as much information into our lazy heads as would be enough to get us through the exams and it seemed that would mean lots and lots of rote learning.

The next half hour was pretty uneventful, the tutor droned on at his blackboard and we, for the most part I suspect, didn’t pay too much attention. Then the tutor gave us an exercise to do from a text book. This mostly consisted of copying things out and memorising them for a test he would give us after Play Time.

We worked on silently. Suddenly the silence was broken by the shrill eagle-eyed tutor.

“Rake,” he rapped out, “What have you got in your mouth!”

Bob Rake, a boy sitting behind me, responded. “Mmmm!” He couldn’t say much more as a lump of toffee was firmly fixed between his teeth.
“Answer me immediately, what have you got in your mouth?”

Mmmmmmm!” Bob was trying hard to dislodge the toffee.

“Disgusting boy. Your mouth is full of toffee. Come out in front of the class.”

There was dead silence in the class. Bob Rake reluctantly rose from the confines of his seat, scratching his bare knee on the desk in the process. Ouch! That hurt, but it would be nothing in comparison to what the tutor had in store for him.

The tutor picked up a small, thin cane from the rack. He swished it and tested it, as if to make sure it was in good condition for a severe beating.

“Face the class.”

Bob was a fat boy and looked even more ridiculous in his short trousers, school shirt and tie, then the rest of us. His flabby belly stretched the buttons of his white shirt, the tail of which hang out from the bulging waistband of his shorts.

Bob faced us; we could see fear in his eyes.

“Which hand do you use to write?”

Bob hesitated, before realising the importance of the question.

“The left hand, Sir.”

“Hold out your right hand.”

Bob backed away, but the tutor grabbed him and pulled him forward.
“Do as you are told you disgusting boy. Hold out your hand.”

Reluctantly, this time Bob obeyed quietly.

The cane went down with a Swish! It was a savage cut.

There was a deep-drawn intake of breath in the classroom as the lash of the cane rang through the classroom. A spasm of pain passed up Bob’s arm, his hand closed convulsively, his elbow drooped. Bob let out such a Yowl! we could see the fillings in his teeth. He doubled up, hugging his hand to his chest.

“Hold out your hand again.” Bob hesitated and turned to his classmates with pleading eyes. If he expected any one of us to intervene in his punishment, he was sorely mistaken. We were loving it: me too. They had enjoyed seeing me take my whacking, so it was only right I had some pleasure too.

Reluctantly, Bob held out his now swollen and scorching hand again.

Swish! Once more the fat boy received a stinging cut to his hand. He roared, jumped up in agony, bent down and shoved his hand under his armpit.

“Let this be a lesson to you, if I ever see you with toffee in your mouth again I will punish you
more severely. Now go to your seat,” the tutor roared.

Bob stumbled as he returned to his seat, his face quite pale and his hand smarting and tingling.

We got on with our work in silence.
YOU CAN’T PUT a group of eighteen-year-old boys together in an old-fashioned classroom, dress them up as primary school children and not expect them to behave as they look.

It was coming up to mid-morning Play Time, where we would have a fifteen-minute respite from what was a really dull day. Most of us boys were getting very restless. The tutor stood in front of the class at the blackboard with his back to us, writing notes on the importance of something or other.

I could feel one of boys sitting behind me was particularly fidgety. He seemed unable to keep still for a second. I turned around and saw he had discovered that the inkwell on his desk, actually contained ink. Who knows why there was ink, I doubt if any of us boys had used a fountain pen in his life, let alone one of those sharp-nibbed jobs that you had to dip into the inkwell every time you finished writing a sentence.

He was soaking a piece of tissue in the ink. What was he up to? Soon, we were all to discover. He was constructing an ink ball and he was making a right mess of it. I turned back to my work.

Behind my back, the boy was preparing his plan. He made an ink ball from one entire tissue, and anyone who has ever used a tissue before
knows one of those can hold an awful lot of whatever it is you care to heave into it.

I turned around again and saw the boy had chosen his target. On the other side of the classroom was a rather small, ginger haired fellow sitting alone at one of the single desks.

I’d never met either of the boys before and didn’t know them from Adam, but instinctively I knew they were more than acquainted with one another. And equally, I could tell who between them was the bully and who was the bullied boy.

He took up his ruler and held the ink ball in place at its top end so he could shoot it at Ginger, who was day-dreaming about who knows what?

He kept one eye on the tutor’s back to make sure he was still busy chalking away at the blackboard, pulled back the plastic ruler and let fly with the ink-ball.

The ink-ball whizzed. Unfortunately, it didn’t whiz and hit Ginger. The boy had a rubbish aim: instead of hitting its intended victim square on the head, the ink-ball veered off course and landed at the tutor’s feet.

I breathed in and held it there. There was trouble ahead. The only saving grace for the boy was that the ink-ball hadn’t struck the tutor about the body.

The tutor stopped his chalking.
“What – what – what?” he exclaimed, truly lost for words. It took him a second or two to weigh up what had happened and when he did the expression on his face was terrific.

I couldn’t see the boy behind me, but he had turned quite pale at the realisation of what had happened and of the obvious consequences to his hide if the tutor discovered who had thrown the ink-ball. But, he had the presence of mind to hide the ruler, ink and tissue supply from the tutor’s sight.

The tutor stared at his pupils and we all stared back at him. Not all of the boys had realised what had happened, but it soon became clear to everyone. The ink-ball was a huge one and a small puddle of blue/black ink had formed where the soggy tissue had come to rest at the tutor’s feet.

“What threw that ink-ball?” The tutor’s voice was not loud, but deep. He had command of the room and there was no mistaking the fact. He genuinely believed he had been the intended target of the attack and he was not prepared to let the matter rest until he had discovered the culprit and administered to the boy a severe thrashing.

There was no answer from the form. I could feel my face glowing hot. Would the tutor notice and misinterpret my blushing as a sign of guilt? I bowed my head and stared at my desk.
“Who threw that ink-ball?” The tutor spoke louder this time, his fury growing as he was met by silence from his pupils.

The tutor sucked his lips into a tight line. He strode to the top of the class and picked from the rack an awesome rattan cane. Then he faced the class again.

“Every boy will stand up!” he rapped.

Without question we all did as commanded.

“Every boy will raise his hands with the palms outward.”

I knew the boy was done for now. His palm would be as black as coal. He had no escape.

The tutor scanned the hands: it didn’t need a gimlet-eye to find the one covered in ink. He could see one boy did not have his palms raised.

“Rawlings!”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Hold up your hands at once.”

All we boys turned to look at Rawlings.

The distressed Rawlings put up his hands. The tutor’s eyes fixed on the inky palm, the inky finger, the inky thumb with a glare. His grip tightened on his cane.

“Rawlings! Stand out in front of the class.”

“I didn’t mean it for you, Sir,” Rawlings stammered.

“Stand out in front of the class.”
“I meant it for Trevor, Sir.”
“This instant, Rawlings!”

Rawlings left his desk and stood limply before the tutor. The tutor pointed to an unoccupied school desk with his cane.

“Bend over that desk.”

“I really never meant it for you Sir – it was an accident – I meant it for that tick – I mean, Trevor.”

“BEND OVER!” thundered the tutor.

Rawlings bent limply across the desk. The desk was not designed for a full-sized adult and it was low enough that he could very nearly touch the floor in front of him. He grasped with both hands a wooden support that ran the width of the desk, just a few inches from ground level.

To reach this position, Rawlings had to go on tip-toe to stretch all the way across the top of the desk. His stocky torso fitted perfectly across the length of the desk, allowing him to rest the groove
“BEND OVER!” thundered the tutor. Rawlings bent limply across the desk.
of his stomach against the edge. In this position his bottom was raised high at an angle to receive his thrashing.

Rawlings had a chunky round bottom and in his present position his grey cotton short trousers fitted tightly across his bum cheeks. From where I was sitting I could see his shorts had an elasticated waist, which seemed a little snug and had the effect of pulling them that little bit tighter into the contours of his buttocks. The tutor would see clearly the outline of the boy’s underpants through them.

The tutor gripped the cane with a tight fist: it wasn’t only Rawlings who was going to go through a white-knuckle ride.

SWIPE! SWIPE! SWIPE! The savage cane rang across his backside like cracks from a rifle.

Rawlings Howled! And he Howled! And he Howled! You could probably hear his yells all over the house. No, all over the street. No, all over the town.

SWIPE! YOW-OW-OW! Rawlings wriggled. The tutor didn’t care; in his present frame of mind he would gladly have cut him to pieces.

SWIPE! SWIPE! SWIPE! The tutor was too furious to care how much he was hurting Rawlings.

He gave him nine thunderous cuts across the seat of his short trousers. Rawlings did not take it
well, he was sobbing, begging the tutor for mercy. But, mercy was in short supply this day.

We all watched spellbound. I don’t think any of us got enjoyment from this scene. Unlike the other corporal punishment dealt out today this was vicious. Unmerciful. Cruel.

I actually felt sorry for Rawlings. He had played the fool with the ink-ball incident, but genuinely, he had not meant it to hit the tutor. It wasn’t an attack on him and his authority and his right to be leading a class of nearly secondary school dropouts.

But, what I didn’t know much about Rawlings, but the tutor did. There was history here. Rawlings was a bully. This flogging was for all the boys at his school whose lives Rawlings made a misery every day. It was for ginger-haired Trevor who had suffered under Rawlings from the first day they both attended classes with the tutor.

Poor Trevor, Rawlings despised him and took it upon himself to humiliate him at every turn. Rawlings attacked Trevor because he thought he was “ginger” in nature and not just by his hair colour.

If I had known any of this, I would gladly myself have given Rawlings twice the number of strokes, twice as hard – and on the bare.

The tutor stopped after nine strokes. Rawlings was a broken boy. He lay over the desk sobbing
with great convulsions of his body as he tried desperately to take in air.

“Stand up and return to your place.”

Rawlings stood limply in front of the tutor. Clearly suffering he crawled his way back to his own desk, where, until the bell went for Play Time he wriggled like an eel.
A HAND BELL rang from right outside the classroom door.

“All right form. It is now Play Time. Please leave the classroom quietly. Be sure to be back in class ready to start work in fifteen minutes’ time,” the tutor instructed.

I was putting my pens and pencils away in my desk when I noticed that the man in the tracksuit I had seen when I arrived had entered the room. He was in animated conversation with the tutor. By the way they were both looking over in my direction I knew they were talking about me.

The man was no longer in a tracksuit. He, like the tutor, was in an academic gown and mortar-board. He was a middle-aged man with a severe face.

“Carstairs!” the tutor called to attract my attention. “You are to remain seated at your desk until all the other pupils have left the classroom.”

Meekly, I did as instructed. In no time at all we were the only three people left in the classroom.

“Carstairs, come here.” I swear the tutor actually beckoned me with a crooked finger and pointed to a spot on the floor in front of the pair of them.
I wriggled out from behind my desk, managing not to bark my shins in the process and stood where indicated.

“I believe you have already met Mr. Tomlinson, our headmaster.”

Before I could confirm this to be true, he spoke up.

“Carstairs, you are a thoroughly objectionable young man. I want you to go to my study and wait outside facing the wall with your hands on your head until I arrive.”

“Headmaster’s, study” – who were these people? Who is it that builds an old-fashioned classroom in their back garden, then dresses up as a headmaster?

“My study is at the end of the hall; you will see the sign on the door. Go now.”

I did. It wasn’t a large house and the study was easy to find. It had what appeared to be an oak door and on a wooden panel was painted the words: Mr. T. L. Tomlinson. headmaster.

As an eighteen-year-old I wasn’t very experienced in life but I had a pretty good idea what was going to happen next. Now, was my chance to walk out the door and never come back. My father would not need to know; the exams started this week, I was probably as ready to take them as I ever
would be. I’d never need to see the pervy tutor ever again.

But, I didn’t leg it to freedom. Instead, I stood outside Mr. Tomlinson’s study, faced the wall and put my hands on my head, submissively.

Something was stirring inside of me as I contemplated the inevitable that was about to happen. I’d been spanked and caned and slippered by the tutor, but he had never made me catch my breath quite like this.

I know from that time at our house that Harry was turned on when he was punished, but it had never happened to me in quite the same way: although I did have one time with my girlfriend Sharon. It was a few days after I had been caned by the tutor. I’d forgotten about it and on Friday I went out on the lash with the gang as always. Sharon’s parents were away so we went back to her house. We snogged and got passionate on the bed and before long her dress was off and my trousers and pants were down.

Most of the girls think my arse is my prime asset, so it was no surprise that with it bare to the wind that’s where she headed. Then, she noticed something was not quite as it should be. I hadn’t inspected myself that day and didn’t realise my bum hadn’t properly healed.

“What’s this? Who’s been a naughty boy then?”
Of course, I couldn’t tell her the truth, so I played along.

“Oive bin a vewy nawty likkle boy,” I said in my best baby voice.

She didn’t need any persuasion. She turned me over so I was face down in the duvet and slapped my bare arse. Slap, slap, slap. She wasn’t very expert and I don’t know if she was trying to “punish” me or just give my globes a good rubbing. She wasn’t an expert but by God she was enthusiastic.

“You naughty, naughty boy.” She kept saying it as she slapped away, “Naughty, naughty, naughty.”

I could feel my cock stirring, but it wasn’t about to crow.

Then she turned me on my back, straddled me and went at it like a steam hammer.

Thank you tutor. Thank you. Thank you.

Mr. Tomlinson arrived just as I was reliving the climax of my session with Sharon. He unlocked his study door and told me to follow him in.

The room was a revelation: someone had gone to great lengths to make it look like a traditional study, the kind of place that would have featured in the school stories of eighty years ago: Billy Bunter, that kind of thing.
In truth it was just an ordinary sized room in a suburban detached house but wooden panels around the walls helped take it back to a bygone age.

A heavy mahogany desk topped in red leather dominated the room. A leather Chesterfield combination of couch and comfortable chair took up most of the remaining space, but there was also a small bookcase, a couple of wooden chairs and a footstall. In one corner stood a writing bureau.

And, of course, in another corner stood a tall vase stuffed with a number of canes, some crook-handled, some not, and incongruously I thought, a wooden carpet beater.

The floor was bare boards, except for a large rug that was placed in front of the desk.

“Stand there boy,” Mr. Tomlinson commanded, pointing to a place on the carpet facing the desk. Then he sat himself down at the desk.

He tore me off a strip. He said I was “uncouth,” “foul mouthed,” a “brat.”

“What would your mother or father have to say if they heard you speaking like that?” It was rhetorical, I didn’t need to answer.

But I did have to respond to, “What have you got to say for yourself, young man?”

Not much actually. I mumbled something about I was in a hurry, nervous, it was out of character.
“I’m sorry,” I murmured. He took that as his cue. “Sorry! You soon will be Carstairs.”

With that he rose from his chair and walked the few steps to the vase. He seemed to know exactly what he was looking for, because he drew out a thick, straight cane. It was dark yellow in colour and from where I was standing it looked quite thick. It didn’t have the traditional curved handle that school canes always seemed to have. This one had what looked like twine wrapped around one end, presumably to give the caner something to get a grip on.

He swished the cane once or twice to show that he was ready for business.

“Turn and face that way,” he said pointing to the bookcase.

I did. Suddenly I could hear voices from the other side of a window. The curtains were not drawn and I could see the study overlooked the garden. The rest of the class were going into the garden to play. I saw they would be able to hear – and see – everything that happened in the headmaster’s study.

Undeterred by this, Mr. Tomlinson set about his duty.
He swished the cane once or twice to show that he was ready for business
“Take down your shorts and bend over.”

They fitted me so well, I didn’t need a belt. It was easy to undo the buttons of my grey short trousers and let them fall to my feet. I was wearing the regulation white Y-fronts this time. I bent over. He hadn’t specified to “touch your toes,” but I knew from painful experience this was what was expected and since I had an athletic body, it was no struggle for me assume the position.

I heard him swish the cane once or twice for practice. Then, he took hold of the waistband of my underpants and pulled them down, just enough that my buttocks were exposed. The pants didn’t fall below my thighs. Although my bum was bare, my cock and balls were still covered by white cotton.

“Carstairs,” he intoned. “I am going to cane you and I want you to count out the strokes after each one and say, “Thank you Sir, please may I have another”. Is that understood?”

“Yes, Sir.”

I heard the noise of the cane swishing through the air, and thought, “This is it.” Then the cane landed and for a moment I felt nothing at all. Then a terrible fiery pain spread all though my whole body.

“Sssssss,” I hissed, “One. Thank you Sir, please may I have another.”

“Most certainly.” Swish!
“Haaaa, two. Thank you Sir, please may I have another.”

“Of course.” Swish!

I hissed, desperately trying to come to terms with the incandescent fire engulfing my bottom.

“Three. Thank you Sir, please may I have another.”

“Without hesitation.” Swipe!

“Yawooo!” That one was the hardest so far. The force of the blow made my legs buckle a little, my whole backside seemed to be on fire, but I still remembered my lines.

“Four. Thank you Sir, please may I have another.”

“Only too happy to oblige.” Swipe!

Another hard whack. The pain was pulsating through my arse and legs. I struggled to keep my fingertips on my toes. I wanted to spring up and clutch my burning buttocks, but I could be sure that if I did I’d get extra stokes.

“Five. Thank you Sir, please - may - I - have - another,” it was more difficult to get the words out. Swipe!

“Yowll! Yow! Yow! Yow!” This time I did a little dance from foot to foot. I half stood up, but not enough to be really standing. I hoped the headmaster would see it that way anyhow and not give me extra stripes.
He hadn’t said so, but I hoped six-of-the-best was my allotted tariff. Even though his rules required that I ask for more. “Six. Thank you Sir, please may I have another.”

“No, Carstairs, I think you have had quite sufficient for one day. But, believe me boy if I hear that you have been using filthy language again, I shall give you a dozen. Stand up boy. Get dressed.”

I pulled up my pants to cover my blistered arse and rubbed and rubbed and rubbed away at it. I didn’t care if he was watching me do it. An extra wave of pain shot through me as I stretched down to retrieve my short trousers from my feet.

“Now, Carstairs go join your fellows at play in the garden. You are dismissed.”

“Thank you Mr. Tomlinson.” Still rubbing my bum furiously, I left his study.

It helped to get out into the garden. I did some running on the spot and jumping up and down to help relieve the pain. Football commentators on TV are always talking about how players “run off” their injuries after they’ve been kicked about a bit on the pitch. It does seem to work. I saw in the garden that Rawlings had much the same idea.
Chapter seven

STILL HOPPING AND skipping a bit after my caning, I went to see if I could find Harry. I hadn’t seen or heard from him since the day he came to study at my house and I’d have liked to get reacquainted. I’d realised after we spent some time together following our thrashing together that I hardly knew a thing about him, where he lived, what school he went to: I didn’t even know his last name.

I saw him and a chum from a distance. They were playing catch with a ball: two eight-year-olds together. They seemed to be having so much fun. They were clearly “relaxed in each other’s company”, as newspapers of the time often sneered when they meant you-know-what.

I must admit I felt a pang of jealousy. The bell for end of Play Time rang at that moment sent us back to the classroom.

The tutor handed out test papers. The idea was to see how much of the lesson we had endured before Play Time we could remember.

“All boy who scores less than seventy percent in this exercise will find himself across my knee,” the tutor intoned.

“Silence everybody. You may begin.”
And there was silence as eight boys set about discovering whether they even had the ghost of a chance of passing their A-level this week.

The tutor strode around the classroom, his hands clasped behind his back. I think he was trying to intimidate us a little in case we thought we might try a little cheating and help one another out with the answers.

The tutor might have been a good crammer, but he was a lousy actor. If he thought he was Mr. Quelch the Master of the Remove at Billy Bunter’s Grayfrairs School, he had another think coming. I almost snorted with laughter at the absurdity of the man. I’m glad I didn’t when you consider the flogging Rawlings received earlier when the tutor thought he was trying it on with him.

All you could hear in the classroom was the sound of the tutor strutting around like Groucho Marx and the breathing of eight boys as we tried to figure out the answer to the test.

After a short while the tutor must have become bored walking up and down and returned to his own desk.

The test was hard, but I was coping with it all right. I was about half way through when the tutor disrupted us again.

“Jenkins! What are you doing?”

“Nothing, Sir.”
“Yes you were. You were trying to look at Abbott’s paper.”

Abbott was the boy seated next to him. Aware that he might be drawn into an argument with the tutor that would end in only one way – a very sore backside, Abbott said, “It’s nothing to do with me Sir. I’m not helping Jenkins, Sir.”

The tutor left his desk and strode to the front of the class.

“Both of you boys stand up this instance.”

Jenkins and Abbott rose from their seats. The rest of us stopped writing and watched on – hoping this distraction would be too good to miss.

“Come to the front of the class, both of you and bring your test papers with you.”

“It’s nothing to do with me, Sir,” Abbott protested, but he still obeyed the instruction and made his way from his desk. Jenkins took the same decision.

The tutor grabbed the test papers from the boys and examined them.

“Jenkins, you have been cheating. You have copied from Abbott.”

Jenkins could not see how the tutor could possibly tell, but he didn’t want to raise an argument with him about it – because it was true, he had copied.
“Abbott, return to your seat.” A relived Abbott skedaddled back to his desk, leaving Jenkins to face the might of the tutor’s wrath.

“Stand there, Jenkins. Face the class.”

We knew he was going to cop it from the tutor that was for certain. The only matter in doubt was what instrument of punishment would the tutor employ?

We soon found out. He turned his back on the class and returned to his desk where he opened a drawer and extracted a thick, dark brown Lochgelly taws. I could see Jenkins’s wide brown eyes start to water, even from my place in the second row.

It looked a monstrous weapon. It must have been a foot-and-a-half long and was made of shiny leather. It had a handle which took up about a quarter of its length and the “business end” was shaped into two tails.

“There is no value in cheating in a test, Jenkins; you will be the only loser in the end. You are an exceedingly stupid boy. What are you?”

“An exceedingly stupid boy,” Jenkins stumbled over the word “exceedingly”, perhaps demonstrating that indeed stupidity was one of his major characteristics.

The tutor held the taws tightly in his hand and swished it about in practice. Then he stood directly
in front of Jenkins: they were eye to eye, and he was ready to go.

“Right Jenkins up with your hands, both of them, palms flat.” The boy raised his hand, one on top of the other, ready for the first blow. Unlike with Bob Rake, the tutor did not inquire which of his hands he used when writing. Jenkins must be getting a double dose.

The tutor raised the taws high and took it back over his right shoulder. Then he brought it crashing down on the palm of Jenkins’s hand with maximum force. The blow was awesome - the pain shot through his hands and the force of the blow made him drop them to his side, rub them together, wiggle them about as if he were dementedly waving to a crowd and blow onto his palms.

“Up boy - get those hands up,” the tutor barked. With considerable fortitude, I thought, he did so. Another two blows came swiftly – on each one Jenkins repeated his hand waving and palm blowing, this time accompanied by a little dance from one foot to the other.

Upon instruction, he slowly and painfully swapped the hands over. His right hand was crimson from the belting so far and numb.
“Up boy - get those hands up,” the tutor barked
The tutor gave him three strokes on left hand in rapid succession. Jenkins’s eyes were moist but he wasn’t openly crying. It must have been excruciatingly painful, and his body was shivering as he doubled up with his hands under his armpits.

“Sit here at this desk at the front Jenkins and finish your test,” the tutor instructed as he returned to his own desk. Did I imagine it or was the tutor a little over-satisfied that his thick leather taws had Jenkins dancing a Scottish reel in agony? Jenkins was soon to discover that with a strapping from the taws, the immediate effect was one of numbness; it would take a few minutes yet for the pain to fully kick in.
Chapter eight

THE TEST WAS over and the tutor marked them and distributed them among the boys. I was relieved to see I had passed with eighty-eight percent. I was home and dry. I’d always known I wasn’t stupid: in fact, I was quite academically able, but I had lost my focus a lot and needed to be redirected. That’s how I’d ended up with the tutor. It had been his “old fashioned methods” of corporal punishment that had kept me on the straight and narrow. Bring on the A-levels.

“Only one boy has failed this test.” The tutor was speaking. “Harrison, stand up.” Over to my left I saw Harry spring to his feet.

“Yes, Sir!”

“Fifty-two percent. You are either an incredibly stupid little boy, or incredibly lazy. Which is it Harrison?”

Harry had no answer to that. But, I suspected that I had. From our time working together, I knew Harry was as bright as a button. I’d always assumed he was just like me, lacking focus. But, I also knew from that evening Harry got turned on by being walloped. The tutor has threatened an over-the-knee spanking to any boy who failed the test. Had Harry engineered this?

“Come out to the front, Harrison.”
Eagerly, I thought, Harry left his desk.

Meanwhile, the tutor returned to the shelf behind his desk and picked up a small spanking paddle. He lifted the chair from behind his desk and carried it placing squarely in spot in front of his pupils. Every boy present would get a clear view of this.

The tutor sat in the straight backed wooden chair, feet planted firmly on the ground, but with his knees closed together.

“Stand there boy!” he clicked his fingers to indicate a point a foot or so from his right side. The eighteen-year-old boy obeyed.

“Trousers down.”

Harry didn’t need telling twice. Slowly and carefully, Harry undid the button of his grey school short trousers, slid down the zip, and with the merest flick of his wrists sent them flowing to the floor. He stood, his hands clasped behind his back, legs straight, ready for the next instruction, which wasn’t long in coming.

“Bend over my knee boy!”

The tutor’s knees were so close together that Harry had no choice but to lay across them with his face and his huge shock of curly hair almost touching the floorboards, his bottom was high over the tutor’s thigh with his legs behind at a forty-five-
degree angle. Harry shifted his position a little. He was raising his pert bum higher.

It was as if Harry was saying to the tutor, “Yes, I am submissive. I deserve this spanking. Here, take my bum: do your worst.”

The tutor smoothed Harry white Y-fronts across his buttocks. I’d noticed the last time I saw him beaten that his underpants were brilliant white: whiter than any whiteness I had seen before or since. He should be in a washing powder commercial on television.

The tutor took a firm grip on his paddle. It was almost square, about the size of a paperback novel, much smaller than the one he had blistered my own backside with when we met for our first class. This paddle had nine holes drilled into it, presumably to reduce the wind resistance as the tutor whacked it through the air.

He brought it down on Harry’s left cheek with a loud crack. It wasn’t the hardest blow he could have given, but the sound of wood connecting with flesh echoed around the classroom. The tutor repeated the stroke with moderate force three more
Then he whacked him with the palm of his hand
times: another one on the right cheek, then two on the left.

Harry felt his whole bottom was aflame with a smarting soreness that hurt and stung, but the pain wasn’t excruciating. He was a regular naughty boy and what the tutor was dishing out was still within his comfort zone.

The tutor laid on some more whacks, increasing their strength as he went along. Harry maintained his bum’s high position throughout.

The tutor paused after a dozen. I thought he would probably take Harry’s Y-fronts down at some point and deliver a few on the bare, but he never did. Maybe the tutor knew Harry as well as I did and didn’t want to risk having his nice academic gown and trousers soiled.

“You need to buck your ideas up a bit, boy!” the tutor scolded and brought another dozen steady rhythmic rising and falling swats of the paddle down into Harry’s buttocks.

Harry definitely felt those, his bum was throbbing. His breathing was heavy, but he didn’t make any other noise as the tutor went about his task. Then he lay down the paddle and whacked him with the palm of his hand.

Then it was over.

“Stand up boy.”
Harry rose, his face was as beetroot red as I assumed his buttocks to be.

His hands went to soothe his burning bottom, rubbing against the smooth white cotton of his underwear. He turned his back on the classroom of boys (to hide from us his raging erection?) and pulled up his short trousers.

The tutor ordered him to return to his seat.

A bell rang outside the door.

“All right boys, that’s today’s revision class over. Good luck in the exam this week.
Chapter nine

BECAUSE OF THE Private Tutor I passed my A-level exams and moved away to university. But, things went downhill after that.

The university put me in digs with an elderly widower, whose sons had grown up and flown the coop a long time since. I think I was supposed to be company for him but I was hardly ever there. I was one of hundreds of eighteen-year-old students who were away from their parents’ influence for the first time in their lives. Well, what would you expect? There was a party nearly every night and cheap beer available in the student union bar. I don’t suppose I visited the library more than twice the whole of the first semester.

It all started to unravel at the mid-terms. I’m not one for too much self-reflection, but I have to admit I lack self-discipline. I hadn’t done much studying and, no surprise here, I failed. No, I didn’t just fail, I bombed.

University s not like school so there was no report to take home, but dad was clued-up enough to know there would be a computer-generated transcript of my mid-term results. The telephone handset nearly melted in my hand when I took the call from him. Why was I so lazy? Why wouldn’t I study? Why was I wasting his money?
He gave me one hell of an ear roasting. And, I knew from painful experience it would be the prelude to a buttock bashing of the highest order.

Two days later, The Private Tutor stood in the sitting room of my digs. He was on the chubby side and wore an old fashioned suit; it was made of tweed or some thick itchy material like that. He was probably in his forties, but he dressed a lot older than that.

My landlord, Mr. Salmon, sat in a padded armchair and watched the fun. I didn’t know at the time that Salmon, my dad and The Private Tutor had worked it all out between them.

The Private Tutor opened a small suitcase he had brought with him and extracted a pair of grey tailored school short trousers. I had half expected this; after all he had made all his eighteen-year-old pupils wear them when he tutored us as sixth-formers.

“You will wear these short trousers at all times when not at the university,” his voice was a little hoarse. I think he might have been coming down with a cold. “You will wear them in the evening and at weekends. Mr. Salmon will lock away all your long trousers and jeans.”

This was news to me. In the past he had only made us wear short trousers during his lessons. I opened my mouth to protest, but he continued.
“That way you will not feel able to go out drinking in the evenings or gallivanting at the weekend.”

He was correct there. It was winter time and not the weather for shorts. Besides these weren’t the kind of shorts you wore in the summer. They were proper grey short trousers; the sort that were worn with school uniforms by young boys. There was no way I could kid my friends they were anything but.

Mr. Salmon spoke up, “He should be made to wear them at all times. Even at the university.” He had a huge smile across his craggy face. I could see he was enjoying this hugely.

The Private Tutor’s eyes narrowed perceptively. “No, Mr. Salmon,” he croaked, “That might draw the wrong sort of attention.”

He placed the short trousers on the dining room table. “I want you to put these on now.”

I blanched and again Mr. Salmon cracked his evil smile. “I have a white shirt and a green striped tie that you must wear as well.”

I mouthed a “What …?” but Mr. Salmon had not finished. “Upstairs in the attic I have my Ken’s school blazer. He was a big lad; it would certainly fit you.”

So, not only was I to be forced back into short trousers, I would be expected to wear the whole school uniform.
Ten minutes later I was transformed. No longer did I look like a typical undergraduate student in jeans, grubby shirt, baggy jumper and bumper boots. Instead, I was dressed as a ten-year-old prep school boy. The short trousers fitted me well at the waist and fell to an inch above the knee. The Private Tutor had supplied long grey socks that when folded at the top reached to just below the knee. I had about three inches of bare flesh exposed to the winter elements.

Mr. Salmon had been right; the green blazer with gold edgings around the lapels, cuffs and breast pocket fitted me very well. The shirt was probably one of Mr. Salmon’s own and it was a loose fit, but that did not show under the blazer. I knotted the tie as tightly as I could; all that I was missing to complete the picture was a school cap for my head.

I stood to attention and allowed The Private Tutor and my landlord to admire my smart new uniform. Both men were silent. So was I. I knew what was soon to come and I was in no mood to hurry things along.

Suddenly, Mr. Salmon walked across the room and opened the drawer of the sideboard. My eyes followed him. My heartbeat increased. I expected him to extract a school-type cane or some other spanking instrument, but instead his hand emerged
clutching a camera. Within seconds a flashlight popped and he had captured a Kodak Moment. I blushed deeply: why did he want a photograph of me in this humiliating costume?

“Shall we get on with this?” The Private Tutor reopened his suitcase and fished out a smooth wooden paddle. It was different to the “Board of Education” he had used on me the first time we met. This was about two feet long and four inches wide and had large holes drilled in it. The Private Tutor held it by its handle and smacked it thoughtfully into the palm of his left hand.

“I think you know where we go from here?” He was still struggling with his voice and his rasping made him sound very sinister.

Yes, I knew what was to happen next. Involuntarily, my buttocks quivered in anticipation. I thought this odd, I had become quite accustomed to receiving corporal punishment and knew I didn’t usually react like this until I was bent over in position and the whacking was about to commence.
The Private Tutor reopened his suitcase and fished out a smooth wooden paddle.
“Take down your trousers and underpants and bend across the dining room table,” he spoke in a whisper and pointed his paddle at the table in case I hadn’t understood his instruction.

I looked across at Mr. Salmon, still standing by the sideboard. The Private Tutor must have read my thoughts. “Yes, Mr. Salmon will remain.” Then he added something that truly made my blood chill. “He will be in charge of your future discipline.” The old man cracked that goddam grin again.

I was resolved to my fate. I had been spanked before by The Private Tutor but I wouldn’t want people to think I enjoyed the experience in any way. I didn’t. Being spanked is painful and humiliating: even more so when the spanking is on the bare buttocks. I had been publicly beaten by The Private Tutor before; including in front of a whole class of schoolboys, but I was not relishing Mr. Salmon seeing my cock and balls as he witnessed my latest punishment.

“Quickly please.” He tap, tap, tapped the wood into the palm of his hand in a slow rhythmic motion.

I breathed deeply. I just wanted to get this over with. I unhitched the waistband of my short trousers and they fell to my feet under their own weight. Underneath I was wearing honeycomb-coloured bikini briefs. They were all the rage and helped to
show off the contours of my buttocks perfectly. All the girls said my bum was my greatest feature.

“You will in future wear white cotton Y-front underpants.” The Private Tutor intoned as best he could with his croaky voice. For some reason Mr. Salmon thought this funny and he could not contain a snort of laughter.

I turned to face the table and took a step forward so that I stood only a foot from its edge. Then, I put my thumbs in the waist of the briefs and simultaneously tugged them down to my knees and fell forward over the table top, hoping that my landlord had not seen my privates.

The table was quite small and I could easily stretch my arm ahead of me and grasp the far edge with my hands. I parted my legs a little hoping that not too much of my crack was displayed and kept my knees bent. That way my bottom rested at an angle against the near edge of the table.

I shut my eyes tight and waited for the onslaught on my bare buttocks to begin. I was still wearing the school blazer and I felt The Private Tutor take hold of its end and tug it a few inches up my back, ensuring that his target area was uncovered.

I felt the cold wood of the paddle press against both buttocks as The Private Tutor prepared his aim. It sank a little into what meat I have back there
and then was suddenly removed only to return a split second later at great speed and ferocity.

I gasped and my eyes shot open just in time to see a flash of light from Mr. Salmon’s camera. I gripped the table tightly as the pain of the first swat sank into my buttocks and started to spread down to my thighs. A second slap splatted into my backside, landing an inch or so lower than the first. I was no expert in spanking but I did know that swats with a paddle landed more accurately than whacks with just about any other instrument, except perhaps a slipper. This was because the punisher stood at close quarters to the punished boy and need do no more than lift the paddle a foot or two from the target area before landing it with vigour. The paddle would land exactly where intended; something that could not be said for three feet or more of whippy school cane that had to be administered some distance away from a boy’s prone body.

Numbers three and four fell in quick succession and the pain started to build. My eyes popped and I gripped the table even tighter. The next Whack! landed higher and the next lower so the whole of my buttocks were stinging red.

I gasped and groaned as the pain mounted across my globes, but I was determined not to let myself down, especially in front of my despised landlord.
My breathing was getting heavier and I could feel blood rushing through my arteries. I raised my head in agony and let out a silent cry as the next swat connected. The cry became a yell as numbers twelve and thirteen did their worse. My legs danced up and down in a futile attempt to ease the fiery agony coursing through my body.

This only seemed to spur The Private Tutor on in his task of disciplining me. Twelve more swats bounced off my backside at about three-second intervals. The pain was astonishing. I banged my head up and down on the tables and clung on for dear life. Never before in my life had I endured such a spanking. My bum must have been red raw; surely there would be blood trickling down my buttock cheeks.

Then it was over. My eyes were moist, but I had successfully forced myself not to shed tears. The battering stopped. I lay face down gasping for breath like a beached whale. The agony in my bottom quickly turned to mere pain and in no time to just a severe throbbing.

“Stand up,” The Private Tutor spluttered as he gave the instruction. He was breathing hard himself. The force he had used to deliver the spanking had drained him of what little energy he had.

Silently, he packed the paddle away in his suitcase. I hopped from one foot to the other in the
traditional spanking dance. My bum was too hot and sore for me to clasp it with both hands to rub out the pain, but I did gingerly explore the damage with my thumbs. The entire surface of my backside felt like it was made of leather.

Suddenly, conscious that my cock and balls were on display for my landlord, I bent down and retrieved my briefs and short trousers from my ankles. I was surprised I hadn’t kicked them across the room at the height of the spanking.

Once again dressed, I stood and awaited instructions. The Private Tutor was clearly eager to leave and without more than a cursory nod at Mr. Salmon and offering no words to me he silently left the house.

Mr. Salmon contorted that horrible grin again. “So you understand that your father has decreed that I should be responsible for your moral upbringing in future.”

It was a strange term to use, “Moral upbringing.” I doubted if they were dad’s exact words, but I got the gist. If I didn’t knuckle down and get some serious studying done and pass the exams, my backside would be at the mercy of Mr. Salmon. And I was damn certain that he didn’t intend to show me any mercy.

As if to confirm that thought, my landlord went to a cupboard and extracted a large bedroom
slipper. “I bought it especially,” he grinned at me as he flexed it between his hands. “Size ten. Very big and very springy.”

I could see even from a distance that it would make a terrific spanking instrument. Its upper part was made of the traditional checked cloth and the sole appeared to be heavy leather. It would pack a punch as hard as any paddle, of that I was sure.

He grinned again as he placed it in pride of place on top of the sideboard.

“There,” he growled. “It can stay there on permanent display. A constant reminder of what lays in store for you.”
Chapter ten

ONE SATURDAY I was so desperate for sex I had to try to escape my landlord’s house. One of the reasons I had been distracted from my studies was my girlfriend Wendy. Yes, I know I had a girlfriend Sharon back home, but while the cat’s away the mice do play.

In truth I never loved Sharon. It was purely sex. She was a willing giver and I was a willing taker. As any eighteen-year-old male will tell you when it comes to sex anything is good to practice on. And Sharon and me got some practice. At university I met Wendy who is nearly two years older than me and Sharon therefore two years more experienced, if you get my drift.

The sex was hot; that was why I spent so much of the weekend away from Mr. Salmon’s house. I had been a prisoner for two weekends and was finding it hard to make up excuses to Wendy for not visiting; if I wasn’t careful she’d find someone else for passionate Saturdays.

The irony of it all was that since the visit of The Personal Tutor and his paddle I had knuckled down to work and was up to date with it all. There was no reason why I couldn’t go out and enjoy myself.

Mr. Salmon had not said I wasn’t allowed to leave the house; it was just that I had to wear those
short trousers when I did. My need for sex (and believe me my almost constant masturbation was no substitute for the real thing) outweighed my fear of humiliation at being seen in public dressed like a little kid.

I waited for my landlord to leave the house to complete his usual Saturday shopping chores and took my chance. I ditched the white school shirt, tie and blazer and replaced them with a casual top and baggy jumper. I had no choice with the short trousers, but believe me I searched the house high and low to see where Mr. Salmon had hidden my jeans, but they must have been locked away somewhere good and tight.

I wore my three-quarter-length raincoat, but it could not disguise the fact that I was wearing school short trousers. The weather was so bitterly cold that I kept the long socks and even so my legs nearly turned blue in the biting December wind.

I needed to walk for about five minutes to the bus stop and take a ten-minute ride to a stop right outside Wendy’s house. I turned the collar of the raincoat up high, stared down at the ground and headed off at a brisk walking pace that was almost running to the bus stop. I dared not look people in the eye. What would they think of me, a grown man, walking the streets in short trousers?
Worst: what if someone I knew from the university spotted me. I would be a laughing stock. I’d never hear the end of it.

It was freezing cold and about to rain at any moment. It seemed to me that just about everybody on the street was rushing head down. I could have been naked on the street and nobody would have noticed.

I had a stroke of luck at the bus stop; a number seven came straight away. I ran upstairs hoping I could get a front seat and be away from other passengers. My luck ran out. The top deck was mostly full and I had no choice but to sidle down beside a rather thin gentleman who was carrying a plastic bag full of groceries.

I stared straight ahead and tried to ignore him. I felt a movement beside me. The man was trying to manoeuvre his body so that he could get a better look at me. He wanted to confirm his suspicion: yes, there was a young man sitting beside him dressed in short trousers.

I knew my face was colouring up; I desperately did not want to engage in conversation with this man. I felt him move again; this time it was to place his plastic bag squarely on his lap. Sweat was dripping down my back, despite the cold weather. Was he trying to hide a full-blown erection?
Looking back, I can’t be sure if what happened next really happened or it was just my over-active imagination. I am sure I felt his hand wander across to my half of the seat and rest on top of my thigh to begin an exploration of my short-trouser-covered leg.

Not looking at the man. I elbowed him in the ribs and fled from my seat and I didn’t stop running until I had bounced down on the platform on the lower deck. The bus conductor gave me a startled look and readied himself to make a protest at my behaviour. Then he saw my long grey socks beneath the raincoat and perhaps allowed himself to guess the rest. There was no way he was going to get involved in an argument with some poofter, he thought. He turned his back on me and with more gusto than was strictly necessary, cried out, “Any more fares, please. Any more fares!”

He kept his distance and was as relieved as I was when I stepped off the bus at my destination.

Wendy wasn’t startled by the ferocity with which I pressed her door bell; she knew I would be as horny as Hell. She was pretty much at boiling point herself.

I took off my coat, revealing my short trousers. She gave out a gasping noise of sheer pleasure. “Great arse!” she screeched and grabbed my
buttocks with both hands. Then she cupped my balls and because she had the experience in such things she had the short trousers unbuttoned and at my feet with one continuous move.

My soldier was at attention poking its nose over the waistband of my bikini briefs. Wendy had it released with another expert move. My cock was stiff and stretching out as if trying to reach the ceiling. She took it in her mouth and gorged herself.

I can’t remember how many times I came that Saturday. We did it in the hallway; in the living room and more decorously in her bed. The hours flew by. I was only dimly aware that I had missed my evening meal with Mr. Salmon. That alone would ensure me a bruised backside on my eventual return.

At about nine in the evening Wendy suddenly remembered her sister Alison and the date they had made for supper. Despite the prolonged lovemaking we had shared, she kicked me out of the bed and minutes later out the front door.
Chapter eleven

I WALKED ALL the way to my lodgings, head down against the pouring rain; oblivious to whether passers-by were staring. By the time I reached home, Mr. Salmon had taken himself off to bed. I would have to wait until the following morning to discover how the old man’s new size-ten leather-soled slipper felt when struck with some force across a bared backside.

I went up to my bedroom and with all the excitement of the day I could not control my todger. I polished it off a couple of times before eventually falling asleep. I woke up next morning with a tent pole in my pants. It was nearly time for breakfast and I knew I should have a shit, shower and shave before Mr. Salmon called me to the kitchen. But I had to deal with my aching cock.

Although I do it all the time, I’ve never really learnt how to masturbate. I mean I never know how to keep it going for maximum pleasure before releasing it for the ultimate sensation. Instead, I go at it like a bull at a gate and after two or three strokes I come all over my belly.

Even though that’s what happened that Sunday morning, I still didn’t have time to get in the bathroom before I heard the landlord calling me from the bottom of the stairs. I quickly climbed into
my short trousers and pulled on my jumper and headed for breakfast.

Mr. Salmon was in a bad mood. “Where were you yesterday?” he barked at me.

“There’s no rule I can’t go out; only that I have to wear short trousers. I wore the trousers,” I replied equalling the old man’s bark.

“Don’t talk back to me,” he growled. “You missed dinner, you know the rules about mealtimes.”

I did and there was no point arguing the matter.

“Finish your breakfast then go take a shower and shave. Then come back downstairs in your pyjamas,” he snarled.

We ate the rest of our breakfast in silence.

My soldier went on the march again the moment I set foot in the bathroom. I could not get the previous day’s hot sex out of my mind. I gave it a couple of tugs and came in the hand basin.

Fifteen minutes later, sparkling clean and clad in my blue-and-white-striped pyjamas, I padded downstairs to the sitting room to meet Mr. Salmon and his slipper.

I had no choice but to submit to his authority. If I didn’t it would take only one telephone call to my father and I would be taken away from the university. It was dad’s money that was keeping me there. Without a university degree all I could look
forward to was a lifetime of dead-end jobs. I really wanted to study and to do well, but I knew that without the motivation provided by The Private Tutor and now Mr. Salmon I stood little chance of success.

My landlord stood in the centre of the room; twisting his brand new leather-soled slipper in his hands. He had already placed a straight-backed dining room chair in the middle of the room. It was terribly cold, the gas fire remained unlit.

“C’mon in here,” Mr. Salmon said calmly. He was an elderly man, I don’t know how old he was, but I think he was a pensioner, although he might have retired early. He was a wiry man and only had the slightest paunch of a belly. I was soon to discover that despite his age and his look he was surprisingly strong; it might have come through a lifetime’s work in a warehouse.

His face was lined and some liver spots had formed on his bald head.

He sat down in the chair and straightened his own back. He wriggled his buttocks to get himself comfortable. Then, he flashed me the grin that sliced his face in two. “Come here and bend over my knee.”

I hesitated a moment, I was expecting him to order me to take down my pyjama bottoms and bare myself for the spanking he was about to administer.
Thankful for small mercies I stepped forward and approaching him from his right side I eased myself over his lap. The first thing I noticed was how bony he legs were. There seemed to be no meat only bones and they stuck into me as I manoeuvred myself into position with my hands flat against the carpet in front and my knees slightly bent behind me. This way my stomach rested across his lap and my bottom was raised slightly to receive the slaps from his slipper.

He had no sermon prepared. He knew why I was lying face down over his knee and so did I. All that was necessary was for him to deliver the spanking and for me to endure it.

He gripped me with his left arm across the waist to make sure I didn’t slide off his lap and then rested the slipper on my buttocks. I felt the gentlest of touches, a caress almost, before he raised the slipper and brought it down with a terrific slap into the centre of my right cheek. A second later it crashed down into the left one. Over the next few
He gripped me with his left arm across the waist
seconds the slipper connected eight or nine times, covering the whole of both cheeks.

It was a surprisingly heavy slipper and he used it expertly. My whole bum was sore as Hell and he had hardly begun. My body shook and then stiffened as he worked away with that slipper and I felt real pain. I couldn’t see it myself but both buttocks were tattooed with red ovals; the pattern of the slipper’s sole.

The slipper splattered its vengeance across the apex of both cheeks and then stopped. It was over. It hurt like crazy, but in the annuls of spankings it had not been so bad. Who was I fooling? It wasn’t over. This was but a pit stop. I felt him grab the elasticated waist of my PJ bottoms and cold air connected with my red, hot bottom as he pulled them down as far as my thighs.

Then he started all over again, with renewed energy.

Suddenly, I heard the rattling of the mailbox and a heavy thump as something hit the floor. Instinctively, I turned my head towards the sound and was rewarded by the startled stare of the newspaper delivery boy peering through the window. What he saw was an eighteen-year-old young man face down across the lap of an older man with his pyjama bottoms down getting his bare bottom blistered with a slipper.
The newspaper delivery boy decided he was going nowhere until this little sporting spectacle had been completed. Mr. Salmon seemed encouraged by the presence of a spectator and slapped on considerably harder than before. It was the hottest, hardest spanking I had ever had. I didn’t think it would ever stop. He just spanked and spanked, fast and hard, then slow and hard. It stung like mad. He practically wore my backside out that morning. It was roasted good and proper.

On and on he spanked me. I would never have believed that a man as old as Mr. Salmon could have the energy. Who was counting, but surely he had hit me with that slipper one hundred times or more. He covered every square inch of both buttocks and most of the back of my thighs. When, later, I inspected the damage the whole area was covered in purple and yellowish bruises.

Sweat was pouring off my body despite the coldness of the room. My blood pressure was off the scale and I was certain my ears were about to pop. Then, suddenly, without a word, he stopped. I laid across his lap wheezing, desperately trying to catch my breath. I couldn’t be sure my spanking was over. It might be that he was just drawing his own breath.

But then he said, “Off,” and he pushed me off his lap and onto the floor. I stood up and without
pulling my PJ bottoms up I bent down and put my hands on my knees to catch my breath. In so doing I gave the paper boy the perfect view of my battered bum. He took that as his cue to continue on his delivery round.

Very soon the intense pain faded into a severe throbbing and I risked pulling my trousers up. I stood unsure what to do next. I was too embarrassed to catch Mr. Salmon’s eye and he seemed reluctant to engage me in conversation.

Instead, he placed the slipper back in the centre of the top of the sideboard. “It stays there until the next time it is needed,” he said before lapsing into silence. There seemed to be a misty look in his eyes.

I shuffled out of the room conscious that every step I took made my buttocks rub against my pyjamas thereby irritating the pain in my bum. Slowly I ascended the stairs and made my way into my room.

I laid face down on the bed for a while but this became uncomfortable when my cock decided it had work to do. I turned on my back, recalled the image of Wendy’s terrific tits, and polished one off.
Illustrations and photographs

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Charleshamiltonthesecond@gmail.com
PETER, AN EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD from a small town, stays with Uncle Barnabas in London for the summer. The country boy soon learns the wicked ways of the city as he is introduced into the world of corporal punishment by a cast of characters including his cousin Albert; “out-and-proud” Nickie; and an old-fashioned schoolmaster by the unlikely name of Dr Cains.

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