

Tales of Discipline
&
Corporal Punishment

Mark E. DeSade

Preface

This collection of spanking short stories and observations of the spanking/BDSM lifestyle has been both a pleasurable experience – and one of great sadness. Three of the seven stories are purely fiction, “*Friday Night Discipline*,” “*Switched in the Woods*,” and, “*The Disciplinarienne*.” The other four are depicted from wrinkles in time that are very dear to me – as well as times of overwhelming despair.

I am a disciplinarian, first and foremost. I spank women for a living, and do quite well for myself. I am flown all over the country to administer spankings and to counsel on spanking and its preconceived notions with those who are not as comfortable in their own skins as I am about the subject.

As a true “Old Guard” master, a staunch traditionalist when it comes to my practice, I decided very early on in my training that I wanted to specialize in just one aspect of the lifestyle/scene. That specialization was, of course, spanking.

I have chronicled in two very powerful and fetish-laced screenplays, the hows and whys of my knowing by age eight that spanking would be such a strong and vibrant force in my life. “*The Sins of Christina Black*,” and, “*The Ties that Bind*” tell my story of coming of age in present day Los Angeles, with a whip-wielding mistress and a long since deceased teacher whom I worshipped – who died tragically – and whose death I blamed myself for over many subsequent years.

I have often been asked, “How did you get into this line of work?” I usually pause for a moment and give an incredulous stare and then respond by saying that I was predestined to do the unique work I do with women. That many who come to me find they can trust me like no other dominant they’ve ever encountered. I go on to tell the person that what I mean by predestined is that I lived through many countless sets of circumstances which prepared me for the grueling, relentless training I undertook to receive my mastership. Circumstances that most encounter, but which I used advantageously to strengthen not only my self-esteem, but my innate, God-given talent to be dominant; to control and shape people into the realm which is my world. I daresay it’s not too common to see a ten-year old boy, strung out on Ritalin, thoroughly outwit and bring to a seething rage his psychiatrist. My parents – Japanese on my father’s side, and Irish Catholic on my mother’s – worried more about how to please me than how to shut me up and keep me under control. This was, in retrospect, a high all its own – and very frightening all at the same time! Being bipolar today has had its advantages: I have spent time at the computer, writing for up to fifteen hours well into the dawn of the next day, and done more than most by 9 A.M. (No, that was not a plug for the U.S. Army).

It is my eternal hope you are able to walk away with something tangible from the tireless compositions represented here.

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Friday Night Discipline

The Stephenson family on the beautiful ridge crest portion of Sea View Lane – overlooking the beautiful Pacific Ocean in Huntington Beach, California – was known throughout the neighborhood as a no-nonsense type of disciplinarian family.

No-nonsense was really putting it mildly when it came to dispensing corporal punishment to their children.

There were Katie and Richard, the parents, each in their early forties – both brought up in the Bible Belt of the south and parishioners of one of that part of the country's strictest churches, which advocated good, old fashioned corporal punishment as a means for child rearing.

The Stephenson's were originally from Nashville, Tennessee (loosely known as the "buckle" of the Bible Belt), and migrated west when Richard's job as one of the country's top cardiovascular surgeons opened up a career opportunity of a lifetime – chief of surgery – at a small, but prestigious, hospital in this well-to-do beach community known as "Surf City, USA," just south of L.A. down the coast.

The Stephenson's lived on a newly built, six bedroom, four bath home overlooking Pacific Coast Highway atop a beautiful hill – where fabulous sunsets and morning fog were daily amenities for living in such an affluent neighborhood. In fact, on a good day, when it was sunny and clear (and there wasn't any fog rolling in from the ocean), their son – a star outfielder on the local high school baseball team – could hurl a pebble from their backyard to the shimmering waters of the Pacific Ocean. In the summers, the family enjoyed those divine, gloaming sunset barbecues in the huge back yard, which were, at times, simply breathtaking.

The family never wanted for anything. They were well off, but yet the children, Tammy, 19, and Tommy, just past his eighteenth birthday, were anything but spoiled by having money. In fact, they were two of the most well behaved children (really adults) that any two parents could ever ask for. Richard Stephenson attributed this to his array of corporal punishment techniques he'd used on the two since early childhood. Techniques that included picking your own switch and being paddled – the way he learned his lessons growing up. Tammy rarely ever got the switch. Being the apple of her daddy's eye, she was usually meted out for an over-the-knee hand spanking by her mother first (hairbrush if serious), followed up by a few symbolic and light swats of the paddle by her daddy which rarely, if ever, left even the slightest sign she'd been punished. The boy, however, was a different story: Dr. Stephenson felt that what was good enough for him growing up was definitely good enough for his son. This meant having his bottom bared and his cock exposed during punishment,

either by himself or his wife. He felt that humiliation along with a “burning” memory of the punishment session itself were the only ways to teach a wayward offspring a lasting lesson.

It was never a big deal for the Stephenson’s to be hosting a formal dinner party on Friday evenings and, without batting an eyelash, clear the living room floor for a public switching. Once, their youngest, Tommy, had run down the stairs haphazardly in an attempt to rush out the door for a date and knocked a lady neighbor flat on her back, necessitating Dr. Stephenson to tend to her injuries. Unfortunately for the youngster, dad had been just a few steps away with a serving tray and watched the whole, pathetic debacle; a sour frown quickly overtaking his usually good-natured features.

“Excuse me,” Richard Stephenson announced with a commanding voice that always elicited immediate attention, “would everyone adjourn to the living room. We have some family business which merits quick attention – and my wife and I would very much appreciate your attendance.”

The guests, knowing all too well what was in store for them, rushed the living room as if a fire had broken out – each trying to get a front row seat for the beating.

It was Friday night, all right.

And this meant one, and only one thing: “discipline night” in the Stephenson home.

But more than that, this was a long-standing tradition Richard Stephenson used to “wipe the slate clean” with his children’s wrongdoing throughout the week. Ever since he could remember, he had created what he called a “transgression list.” This consisted of a week’s worth of misdeeds, written down in painful detail on a blackboard, which stuck to the refrigerator magnetically. There were two columns: Tammy’s and Tommy’s. Tammy’s was hardly ever filled. And if it was, the demerits were so minute they were hardly worth mentioning. Tommy, on the other hand, was always getting into his share of trouble, being a freshman at San Diego State University as a pre-med student. Once, Richard Stephenson had found his son removing the corpse of a barely deceased beautiful, 38 double-D blonde, with lovely, full lips – who looked more as if she were sleeping than deceased. Tommy was with a few of his classmates and all were heavily intoxicated. Dr. Stephenson was furious that his son could be so irreverent towards the dead. What his son was doing with the corpse – and, moreover, what he was intending to do with it Richard Stephenson didn’t even want to know. His stature in the community as a leading surgeon got his son and his friend off the hook with the med school’s dean and the body was returned rightfully to the school’s morgue – where bodies are sometimes donated after death for medical research. Dr. Stephenson surmised that the boys must have been present during the intake of the body as it was late and simply took it for perverse sexual reasons. The deceased was very striking. And rigor mortis had yet to set in, so the body was still very pliable and usable for sexual acts – which were what the doctor surmised this whole eerie situation was about. The idea haunted Dr. Stephenson for a long while and it was no coincidence that his son would someday become a famed pathologist in Los Angeles, where he

conducted numerous autopsies on Hollywood celebrities. Needless to say, Tommy's punitive measures for that evening stretched a whole month's worth of whippings. Nary, however, did it dissuade him from his chosen specialty as a doctor. Death had always fascinated young Thomas.

Tommy was amazed as the living room was being cleared by his sister, wearing a shit-eating grin knowing she was going to watch her brother's whipping – and get to see his cock sway from side to side as he wailed from the cuts his father leveled with uncanny accuracy with the switch. A surgeon's hands are deft; and highly skilled in their art. But place a switch in them and it's like child's play to dispense an artful whipping with mere stripes covering just the prime punishment area of the bared buttocks.

Knowing instinctively what to do, Tommy walked out into the huge expanse of the living room, now cleared by his loving sister who stood by grinning at him. His father nodded at him, which was his sign to go out into the yard's shrubbery and pick three good switches for his father to break over his bottom. If his father had to come out and pick the switches because they didn't meet his scrutiny, it would be a switching to remember – and everyone to watch and gossip about throughout the neighborhood for weeks to come. Dr. Stephenson's switching sessions were already legendary, much to his son's chagrin. Tears started rolling down Tommy's cheeks as his soft trembling fingers felt over the small vegetation of greenery that would deliver his salvation in just a few short minutes. He hated it when the Church's congregation got together like this on Friday nights in their home – the nights the weekly punishment sessions were doled out. Partially because the fantasy lady of his life, Miss Theresa Genovese, a 34-year-old, gorgeous Italian lady for whom his bell definitely tolled, would surely be taking up her usual front row seat to watch his shameful ordeal. If he had a nickel for every time he whacked off to Miss Genovese gong to sleep, he'd have his own apartment, lavishly furnished, as well as the sports car of his choice – and he definitely would not be in this predicament now.

As Tommy collected the best switches in the yard, or so he thought, Theresa Genovese was taking up her usual place on the expensive, plush sofa that stretched in a half circle around the corner of the room – a perfect angle to see everything. He thought about the switches – they looked mean, and knew they would be painful – as his father always used each one until they were a broken pile on the floor at his feet. The switchings, according to Dr. Stephenson, who was asked once by a curious neighbor after one such episode, were always meant to be the most painful of all punishments. He never owned a cane – thinking they were too hackneyed a correctional implement as far as the old school of corporal punishment was concerned. A switching wasn't a switching unless the bottom was covered with a mass of criss-crossing weals, bleeding and emitting a clear-like weeping substance down the legs. Once completed, the bottom itself was truly a piece of artwork. Not a single miscalculated stroke. Each red line perfectly within the frame of the prime punishment area of the bottom itself – truly a testament to his eye-hand coordination as a prominent surgeon. Assuredly, each of his patients received the very finest care a surgeon of his

caliber could offer. Now his son was again going to be the (unwilling) recipient of his uncanny demonstrative whipping technique.

Yes, young Tommy was sure Miss Genovese – with her youthful, almost bizarre Sophia Loren looks – would be watching with wide-eyed lust as she always did – probably soaking her panties in the process. Or so he fantasized. There was something strange about each whipping he received in front of the onlookers; Theresa Genovese was always front and center – never off to one side or the other. Once, Tommy swears, he caught a glimpse of her underneath her skirt as she uncrossed her legs after making direct eye contact with him. No panties, just pure brown beaver staring him in the face! Somehow he sensed she enjoyed watching him get punished and even delighted in the event. The reason for this was she always asked him over the next day to do some odd job or another. Run an errand. Cut her grass. Wash her car, or fix something with it. And she always insisted he come over in just his cut-offs and tennis shoes, as the weather year round was always mid 70s to 80s. Tommy had a body like Brad Pitt in *“Thelma and Louise,”* hard and with well-defined pectorals that showed definition well beyond his years. Tommy worked out regularly at a local gym and was proud of his G.Q., muscle-toned body. His sandy hair was always cut short and styled off to one side with gel, which did make him look as if he were the perfect candidate for plugging “Bugle Boy” jeans bare-chested – with his slim, 29-inch licorice-twisted waistline and flashy million dollar smile. If he wasn’t already going into medicine, he could easily be a Chippendales model. Yes, there was something strange, but sensual, about this lady. And now she was going to witness yet another whipping. And although frightened at the thought of his father’s vicious cuts, he was somehow excited knowing she would be where she always was sitting with those firm, silky, sexy legs of hers in the center of the couch – sipping her coffee with her pinkie extended – as if she were at high tea with the Queen of England.

Tommy always had a hard time making eye contact with the dozens of neighbors in attendance on these nights gathered to witness his plight. But, occasionally, he’d grab a glimpse of Miss Genovese through tear-stained eyes at those long, shapely legs which would be crossed over ever so sexily, with a wry smile overtaking her lovely features as if she secretly wished she, herself, was delivering his punishment. How he wished she were giving him the switch, instead of his father.

Tommy boy creamed his jeans right then and there at the thought; spraying his thick hot jism all up and down the length of his Fruit of the Loom’s. He could feel the reservoir. God, it felt as if he were carrying around a glass of water in his shorts – they were soaked! His dick was still hard. His mind still racing. This was definitely going to give being whipped into a frenzy a whole new meaning. And then thinking about his fantasy lady with her lovely, rosy-red thick lips – coated with only the finest Chanel lipstick – sent him even further into the insanity only an eighteen-year-old boy could feel. If there had been time he would have, without hesitation, pulled his eight-inch throbbing cock from his Levis and flogged the dolphin as it had never been flogged before, finishing the job and gaining at least a modicum of relief before the storm. At least he would be relaxed when he

went back in there. Tommy had remarkable resilience and could masturbate over and over after cumming. This, however, was not a time to be showing his prowess at how much semen he had in reserve. At least this way, maybe, he wouldn't have the desire to look into Theresa Genovese's eyes before receiving the rod – as he almost always did. If his father had caught him looking at her the way he did – in the midst of such a severe whipping to come – that would be the end for him.

Tommy quickly took the switches and re-entered the house through the patio's screen door.

Once inside, Tommy wasn't shocked at what he saw. The house that just a few minutes previously was bustling with over forty dinner guests, mostly female – from the patio to the kitchen – and all other parts of the ornate, mansion-style home, was empty. At least upon first sight from Tommy's point of view going back in. But he knew where everyone was all right. They were unquestionably gathered together in anxiously awaiting symbiosis and wide-eyed attention in the oversized living room. Chairs were being put up by Tammy and her mother and everyone was getting ready for Tommy's show. After the chairs were put out, Tammy fired up the popcorn machine, which she'd wheeled out on a cart, handing out bowls every few feet to hungrily awaiting guests. How fucking embarrassing Tommy thought to himself as he watched the whole sideshow charade from the darkness of the kitchen. They would be whispering amongst themselves about such things as how many strokes he'd get; or how much of his manhood they'd get to see before his bottom was turned for their viewing pleasure. This was better than an evening movie at matinee prices.

The deafening silence was almost too much for him to bear. He kept his eyes trained on the well-lit living room, just off the corner of the kitchen where he could hear Miss Genovese carrying on a conversation with his father – clear as a bell. Tommy stopped, dead in his tracks and listened:

"What is the offense Thomas is being punished for, Richard?" she said, her sexy Italian accent wafting through the air like one of Shakespeare's sonnets to the sweetness of Tommy's ears.

"Roughhousing," Richard Stephenson said, through clenched teeth, matter-of-factly – frowning as he stared at his watch. He was a man of very few words.

Tommy loved the way Miss Genovese spoke; slowly, as if choosing her words from behind some disabling aphasia – but always ... *a/ways* very proper and correct in her grammar. Tommy loved her accent and, in fact, it endeared her to him the very first time they met over two years ago at a party similar to this one (sans spanking).

Dr. Stephenson continued: "Where is that boy?! You'd've thought I'd asked him to cut me down an entire tree. Or saw me a fresh paddle and drill holes into it, for crying out loud!"

The room erupted into a chorus of laughter.

"Are the whippings always given on the bare bottom?" Miss Genovese asked further.

The good doctor nodded in the affirmative. Then paused briefly before answering in full.

“Yes,” he said, “and having you all here to witness my son’s whipping will allow him to learn his lesson that much quicker. For he has to face all of you in the neighborhood at one point or another and he’ll remember you witnessed his tanning. The shame remains long after the pain subsides. You know what they say, ‘spare the rod, spoil the child.’”

Everyone nodded and began chatting over what Dr. Stephenson had just said.

“I see,” said Miss Genovese. “Very interesting. I’ve never had children, so I’ve never been in your situation – but as a member of this church, I wholeheartedly endorse this type of discipline.”

“It seems to work quite well,” Dr. Stephenson muttered to no one in particular.

Tommy wasn’t laughing at the exchange, even though he sensed Miss Genovese was pressing for more information on the disciplinary techniques used on him. He even dropped one of the switches as he felt a cold sweat break out all over his face. He wiped his forehead with his shirttails, picked up the switch and hurried best he could into the living room – not wanting to keep his father waiting another second more than he already had after the exchange he’d just heard with his fantasy lady.

“Here I am, father,” Tommy said, dutifully. He handed the three green switches to his father, whose face quickly dissipated from calm to sour and then to just plain old angry. Tommy looked at the switches, which now looked infinitely smaller in his father’s huge, masculine, oversized hands.

“Is something wrong, father?” the boy queried, knowing full well what the matter was.

“I think you know what’s wrong, Tommy,” Dr. Stephenson said, his voice remaining calm but an octave higher than before while voicing his displeasure.

Tommy knew this meant the switches did not meet his high standards and that his father, himself, would now go find the greenery to apply to his son’s backside.

Dr. Stephenson caught eyes with Tommy.

“Son, bring the dining room chair out and place it in the center of the room. Sit in front of our guests and face them. I’ll be back in a few minutes after I’ve cut some fresh switches to teach you your lesson.”

“Yes, father.”

Tommy’s eyes began to well up with tears. He went to the huge dining room table and retrieved one of its ornate, old-fashioned chairs that had been handed down in his family for generations. These chairs, because of their sturdiness, were always used for the punishments. Made of solid oak, they were strong and well built and could handle the thrashing about of the two youths. Although his sister’s punishments were almost always carried out in the privacy of the basement by the two parents, Tommy’s were always public affairs if anyone was in the house on a particular Friday evening.

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Tammy's spankings were almost so low-key they were hardly worth mentioning. Down to the basement at exactly six p.m. carrying down her chair as her mother and father followed closely behind – dad with a fierce-looking paddle with holes drilled into it. It was always a verbal dressing down by Mrs. Stephenson, followed by Tammy being draped over her mother's knee. Nightie would then be hiked up onto her back, exposing her creamy-white, plump bottom cheeks. Then five minutes (never any more) of hand swats (followed by five additional minutes with the hairbrush, if the offense merited it). After this, her father had her kneel on the chair, much like Tommy would be doing in a few moments, and bend over for a few symbolic (and never hard) swats from the paddle. Tammy always cried, even though she and her parents knew nothing came even close to meriting tears except, perhaps, the hairbrush. Then all three hugged and the evening progressed as planned, "slate wiped clean."



As Tommy returned to the room full of onlookers, he caught eyes with Miss Genovese. She looked fucking hot. So fucking hot. Dressed in an elegant, light brown silky gown that complemented her olive skin tone and deep-set brown eyes; she radiated class all the way as far as Tommy was concerned. Being an insatiable foot fetishist, he couldn't help but look at her shoes. Brown pumps, with a moderate heel and open-toed. Her toes, perfectly pedicured as always, showed off her daintiness at 4'11." Tommy had to consciously peel his eyes off her lovely brown painted toenails. Strangely, when Tommy's eyes met with Miss Genovese during these times he found himself staring back at a very radiant, even smiling face that was both inviting and seductive. He knew, instinctively, that she liked him – somehow. How much she liked him he often wondered.

Tommy placed the chair in the center of the room as told and sat in shame directly in front of Miss Genovese and the other guests. There she was, just as he'd imagined, right in the center of the plush sofa – a front row seat for his thrashing. Suddenly, she uncrossed her legs like Sharon Stone in *"Basic Instinct"* and flashed Tommy a good two second look of heaven – her lovely, brown beaver, with its pink vulva folds extending, almost asking – no, begging – to be fucked. Tommy licked his lips and stared directly into Theresa Genovese's eyes and then he knew. She cracked a slight smile and nodded ever so slightly, taking her eyes down to his crotch, which now showed moisture through his Levis. Tommy looked down and almost died. What more would he have to endure this evening? Wasn't the switching going to be shameful enough? Now his cum stain had seeped through to the front of his jeans!

The tears came fast and furious now. Where was his father? What sort of switches was he picking – he sure was taking his time, more than usual. He knew they would be thick. They always were when he had to go get them. But how thick? Why was Miss Genovese looking at him now so sadly, yet seductively? Why was the room spinning around and everyone so silent? Why were all eyes trained directly on him as if looking over a piece of meat at the supermarket.

It seemed a lifetime Tommy sat in that chair and still his father had not returned. The tears were now running like a river down his cheeks. Some of the women, mostly elders, did not budge or show emotion at this as they felt he deserved the switching and that this was just part of the preliminaries as Tommy's father had explained earlier to Miss Genovese.

Miss Genovese surveyed the room and saw no one even lifting a finger to comfort the boy, who was in obvious distress over his impending doom. Slowly and seductively, she went to Tommy – kneeling down in front of him – making direct eye contact. Immediately, he smelled her wonderful aroma of Chanel No. 5 – which she always wore (never anything else).

"It's okay," Miss Genovese whispered in a hushed tone, inaudible to the others.

Tommy nodded feebly, smiling brightly into his lovely, sexy petite brown-eyed girl.

"I know it's going to be painful for you, but you can get through this, Thomas," she said. "I'm going out of town tomorrow, or I'd ask you over to do some chores. Can you come next Friday, say five-thirty?"

Tommy nodded again, feigning a slight smile that quickly vanished at the thought of his father cutting some even thicker switches to break over his bum.

"So you come over next Friday and cut my lawn and we'll share some homemade lemonade, okay," Miss Genovese said softly, trying to lighten Tommy's mood.

Then she did something that shocked even Tommy – not to mention the entire congregation: She wiped his wet cheeks with the softness of the back of her hand and gave him a quick, but sensual kiss on the cheek which left a bright lipstick stain. Tommy feigned another smile just as his father walked into the room, but it dissipated quick as it came when he saw the arsenal of switches he was whipping through the air at his expense. Never had Miss. Genovese shown this type of concern or affection for him. And during such a tender moment. Tommy's mind was now racing something akin to a manic depressive's without the Lithium – sweet thoughts and tenderness making him glow with a warmth his fantasy love had just showered upon him – and getting to be with her next Friday night. Then at the sight of his father seeing Miss Genovese return to her seat – and staring at the lipstick stain on his cheek – got his heart thumping in his throat a few more hundred miles an hour.

Dr. Stephenson continued testing the switches in the air in front of his audience using short, quick strokes that made the pencil-thin greenery whistle a sickening sound in poor Tommy's ears.

Then his father's face turned even darker; he noticed Tommy's "mess" on the front of his Levis! This incensed Dr. Stephenson, whose eyes widened to the size of silver dollars at his trembling son, who sat in disbelief at the occurrences thus far.

Every eye was trained on both the lipstick stain and the wetness.

A new level of shame washed across his hardened good looks as his father continued testing the switches even more fiercely than before.

Dr. Stephenson turned to his son and finally spoke in his ear: "I don't know what's been going on in here, but we'll talk about it later. See these switches, Tommy?"

Tommy nodded as tears came again.

"This is what I wanted. Thick, green switches the color of a lucky leprechaun which will whip you into a frenzy – but it looks as if you've already been involved with being "whipped" into some sort of 'frenzy.'"

Hushed tones and whispers again filled the room as Tommy instinctively pressed his legs together, hiding the huge cum stain that shone brightly through his brand new bright blue 501s. Why couldn't they have been faded? Or bleached? They had to be new, thought Tommy. He knew pressing his thighs together was in vain because in just a few short moments his father would have him with his jeans and briefs down around his ankles, his penis in full view of the congregation. Oh no! He could feel it stiffening! Not now! Not here! How fucking embarrassing.

"Stand," Dr. Stephenson commanded, almost under his breath.

Tommy stood and kept his legs pressed together. He was now pitching a tent a Boy Scout would be proud of! Everyone except Miss Genovese was falling down with laughter as the boy whimpered and even more tears gushed down his cheeks.

"Face our guests and peel down," his father continued. Dr. Stephenson was obviously extremely embarrassed and infuriated at his son's plight, but nevertheless had a job to do. Yes, there would definitely be a father/son talk after the guests had left for the evening. And Tommy had the sinking feeling that more switches would be present and accounted for. Or, for the more serious transgressions, 50 swats with the holed paddle at full force. He literally wouldn't be able to sit in class the next day without the aid of a pillow. He knew his poor bottom was only just now receiving the beginning of his punishment this evening and this, coupled with the complete and utter degradation of not only what Miss Genovese had done in front of everyone – but the visible cum stain – had made him a very humiliated young man.

Slowly, Tommy undid the buttons on his Levis and shoved them down to the tops of his shoes. As he stood up, his penis poked through the briefs and the sight of that alongside the soaked shorts was just too much for everyone, who broke down with heavy guffaws and laughter at Tommy's expense yet again.

Then there were the "Oooooohs" and "aaaaahs" and whistling over the size of Tommy's cock – a full eight inches and almost two and a half inches in circumference with a head the size of a small apple. Quite a dong. Even Miss Genovese could not help but marvel at Tommy's manhood.

Miss Genovese still had not taken her eyes off young Tommy's tool. She hoped he'd make eye contact with her as she sensually ran her tongue across her top lip. But the shame of everyone seeing his soiled briefs was too much – not to mention the fact that his cock was still rock hard. Then, suddenly, he caught eyes with her! Then he shut everyone else in the room out except for his hot, sexy, Italian love. His father's commands of kneeling up on the chair were ringing hollow in his ears as he remained transfixed on Theresa Genovese's full,

pert lips. He turned around now, away from her and the others, showing them his bare, white buttocks – soon to be slashed and pockmarked horribly. She smiled at him with a special admiration, puckering those lovely collagen-implanted lips, and feigned a light kiss to her hero who was about to be beaten into submission for her. The kiss almost silently telling him it would be all right just before he stared straight ahead at his sister, who was gawking over the size of his dick – and who always got to witness his whippings. It was hard to believe at the moment that things would be okay, what with what had already transpired, but Miss Genovese's kindness during this difficult moment so overwhelmed the boy it moved him to more tears – even before the first rod had been broken over his backside by his now furious father standing beside him at the ready.

Dr. Stephenson leaned down and whispered in his son's ear again: "I'll take care of you later. I don't know what's been going on here, but I'll take care of you – and that's a promise! Do you realize what you've done?! Shamed the entire family in front of our parishioners! What's wrong with you?!"

As Tommy took his place kneeling on the chair, his cock still at half-mast, dripped a generous amount of pre-seminal fluid. Why was he so hard, he thought? The answer was simple; she was sitting directly behind him now, eyes fixated on his firm, round buttocks. Why were thoughts of her consuming him now? How many times had he wished he could've had such an erection with his on-again, off-again sometimes girlfriend, Jennifer? This was definitely not the time to show how much of a man he was.

This had never, ever happened before. Tommy had always remained flaccid during his whippings and degradation. Now his father stood beside him and watched with shameful disbelief as his son showed him how excited he was, continuing to drip semen – this fluid now pure milky white and thickly textured. How Tommy wished he could die right there and then.

"I ... I'm sorry, father," Tommy somehow stammered out.

Dr. Stephenson, too shamed to discuss this bizarre event with the congregation on the edge of their seats, leaned down and whispered to his son: "You will be."

Then he motioned Tammy closer.

"See this mess?"

"Yes, father."

"Get some paper towels and Lysol from the kitchen. And hurry!"

"Yes, father," Tammy said, respectfully as she hurried from the room.

Tammy darted off to the kitchen, a shit-eating grin spreading across her face unbeknownst to everyone in the room behind her as she quickly disappeared into the darkness. She returned in a flash, and handed the can of Lysol and paper towels to her waiting father – who grabbed them and with lightning-quick speed, cleaned up his son's mess. This was to no avail, however, as Tommy could not stop the semen from dripping even after the vinyl seat cover had been wiped several times. Tommy just closed his eyes, wishing he were anywhere but there. And that his father would just get the whole thing over. Would the whipping make him cum more? The evening had become his own private hellish "Twilight Zone," with the actuality of the elapsed events and moments seemingly frozen in a

bizarre sense of suspended animation. Tammy was speaking to her father in slow motion and her words were silent. He forced himself to look down. More semen dripping! Was it an hour yet? Or two? How long had this mistake of gargantuan proportions been going on? It seemed like it could've been days at this point that he'd been kneeling on that chair awaiting his fate.

Tommy could hear the hushed voices of the congregation talking amongst themselves. Were they talking about his erection? Did they think the kiss from Miss Genovese had given him such excitement he'd cum all over the place? Or were they talking about something in her words to him? How utterly embarrassing, he thought, having to show his cock to the church's members, then show him his soon-to-be pockmarked bottom. He wished a huge hole would open up underneath him and simply devour him.

As the first switch cut deeply into his ass, Tommy cried out. A searing white light of pain shot up his spine immediately and whirled around inside his head. Before he had time to recover from the initial stroke of the switch, he clenched his teeth, moaning an almost inhuman throaty shrill from the back of his tonsils as another stroke embedded itself firmly into his bare, white bum. Dr. Stephenson broke that first switch after ten severe cuts that would've reduced even a grown man to the tears of a six-year old. Tommy was bawling like a baby, knowing he had two more ultra pliable switches to go before he would be allowed to apologize to Mrs. Havisham, the lady he knocked over and go upstairs to his bedroom and lie on his stomach, allowing his bottom to cool down from the chastisement. Forget the date. He'd have to call and tell Jennifer of his plight. Maybe she would understand. Would she believe him? How could she? Not even a novelist could make up such a story. Did he care at this point? His cock was sashaying from side to side, still dripping an ample amount of semen, half erect now, as the last two switches landed with artistic accuracy, breaking hard across his weeping, sore bum cheeks.

•

The next week there was no dinner party at the Stephenson's. But the girl was in trouble this time. Tammy's spankings were almost always delivered in the privacy of the basement. Because of this preferential treatment, Tommy harbored serious resentment towards his parents and his sister. He knew his father preferred Tammy over himself. He knew he went light on her, while he whipped the daylights out of him in front of the congregation. Why didn't Tammy get the same treatment? Why on only certain occasions was she punished like he was, he thought to himself.

The punishment would take place for Tammy's week-long transgression list, which was always posted side-by-side next to Tommy's on the refrigerator. There were three misdeeds: Talking back to her mother; failing to complete her chores one night and, the most serious, smoking at school! For this her father would apply the board of education to her bum cheeks.

•

The next Friday afternoon had been long anticipated by young Tommy Stephenson. After mowing Miss Genovese's lawn and changing the oil in her car, she motioned for him to come inside and share a pitcher of homemade lemonade she always made for the two the day after his whippings. She had stood at the door frame, watching him the whole time – sweat glistening off his hardened bronze tan and tight body. He hesitated to go to her, all sweaty and hot. But she insisted. Once inside, Theresa Genovese quickly closed the door behind them, pinning Tommy up between herself and her ornate front door. She pushed his hot, sweaty, shirtless body up against the frame of the door and kissed him deep and hard, thrusting her sweet, luscious tongue into his mouth. She felt that cock – oh, that cock! – rising quickly in his skimpy, undersized shorts. Their tongues melted into one another's as Tommy let out a deep moan of pleasure as he came up for air. Miss Genovese pulled back and surveyed his stunned gaze with an elegant smile.

"Do you know what, Thomas?" Miss Genovese said, her sexy voice dripping with an *"I want to get fucked"* tone.

"What?" Tommy stuttered.

"I want you."

"It's ... it's just I never ... I mean I never thought you. ..."

"Never thought I would what, Thomas?"

"Never thought you liked me like that."

"I've been watching you, fantasizing about that big, thick cock now for years. Ever since I watched you get your first whipping I knew I had to have your cock inside me," Miss Genovese stated calmly, still barely above a whisper in her sexy, Italian accent.

"The spanking you endured last Friday night," she continued, "was highly erotic. Did you know that? You'd like to be punished – by me – wouldn't you, Thomas?"

"Yes, ma'am."

First I want to show you something. It's only fair, after what you endured last week. I think you're going to like this. I know you and your sister get punished every Friday night. Your mother speaks about it all the time and gives me the details of Tammy's and your punishments. But you were put through quite an ordeal last week, especially with, well, you know. ... I'm going to help you get even with your sister."

"How?" Tommy stammered out.

"Come with me ..."

Miss Genovese, who lived next door to the Stephenson's, took Tommy gently by the hand and escorted him out into her backyard and the fence separating the two houses. Tommy looked bewildered. Then, suddenly, she flipped up a board much like in a movie and, much to Tommy's disbelief, she and her young friend entered into the Stephenson's backyard.

"I don't understand, Miss Genovese," Tommy said, calmly.

"You will. And start calling Me Theresa, for God's sake. But just when we're alone, okay? I wouldn't want to be the reason your father takes the switch to you again."

“Okay, Theresa.”

Miss Genovese pointed to the window that showed the basement in its entirety and put a finger to her lips silently telling Tommy to be quiet and tread lightly.

“If you squat at the edge of the window sill,” Miss Genovese stated, matter-of-factly, “you can see everything.”

“You mean Tammy’s punishment?” Tommy said.

“Yes, of course.”

“No way.”

“Yes, sometimes I do it myself. Your mom tells me about your – what do you call them, ‘transgression lists?’ – and how Tammy gets punished every Friday night at six promptly by she and her father.”

Tommy looked down at his watch. It was 5:57 p.m. as she and Miss Genovese each crouched beside one another on the far side of the window sill, out of sight. Just like clockwork, Tammy descended the steps in her nightie carrying the old fashioned, straight back chair, followed by her mother, with a stern look. Dr. Stephenson came next, following closely behind with a fierce-looking paddle with holes drilled into it. First, Mrs. Stephenson took her errant daughter and draped her across her knee, raising her nightie onto her back, exposing her daughter’s creamy white, firmly rounded, buttocks. This elicited a shocked expression on Tommy’s face. Miss Genovese noticed this and couldn’t help but comment:

“So you’ve never seen this?”

“No, never.”

They watched in hushed silence as Mrs. Stephenson slowly and methodically whacked away on Tammy’s bottom first with her hand, then with a huge, oval wooden hairbrush that had been used on her as a girl. Finally, she let her up after she was sobbing incessantly. Then her father made her kneel up on the dining room chair much like Tommy did the previous week and paddled her with just a few quick symbolic swats. Afterward, the three hugged tightly and went back upstairs, Tammy rubbing her sore behind all the way, still crying visibly.

Miss Genovese marched Tommy back through the secret board in the fence and immediately took the boy to the shrubbery in her own yard.

“Pick one,” she said, her arms folded and a serious look glaring down at Tommy.

Tommy obeyed. And picked a nice, firm, pencil-thin green switch.

•

In the cool, air conditioned confines of Theresa Genovese’s pastel-colored bedroom, elegantly furnished, of course, she had Tommy, nude, over her knee whipping him into a sexual frenzy with the switch. The boy was putting up a mild struggle, so Miss Genovese “scissored” his legs with hers, pinning his right arm in the middle of his back – securing him tightly for the remainder of the whipping. Tommy buried his face in one her pillows, which smelled so good, so much like her perfume – and lost himself in the huge expanse of the King Size bed with the

gold satin sheets. It was the first time he'd experienced "subspace." The switch, which just seconds before was landing with a biting sting, almost unbearable, was now resonating sheer, unadulterated pleasure beyond Tommy's belief. Never before had he felt so at peace; so in tune with a woman; so overtaken by a sense of total well-being. He climaxed hard on Miss Genovese's silk stockings and rubbed back and forth instinctively, feeling his hard cock glide against the silkiness of her thigh and hosiery. In his entire life, he'd never come like that. Not even by his own hand – or Jennifer, his girlfriend. He wanted to lie there forever, as Miss Genovese ran her long, elegant fingers through his soaked hair, nearly putting him to sleep like he'd never slept before. It was a foreign type of lovemaking, but one he could definitely get used to.

"It's okay ... it's okay," Miss Genovese calmly whispered in Tommy's ear. "I know there's more where that came from."

A short while later, after Miss Genovese had allowed Tommy to enjoy his newly found "space," Tommy composed himself. Then he and Miss Genovese made love till just a few minutes before his 11 p.m. curfew – almost a full four hours!

Tommy entered the house, huffing and puffing, as his father looked down at his watch, then back up at him.

Somehow, Tommy thought, he didn't fear the switch as much anymore. As long as it was Theresa Genovese wielding the correctional implement – with her over her firm, sexy thighs in full nylons.



Thirty-five years later, when Theresa Genovese died of "suspect causes," Dr. Thomas Stephenson held her hand on the cold, metal autopsy table for a solid thirty minutes, crying the tears of a teenager, before conducting the most painful post-mortem of his career. He took blood samples first, not wanting to desecrate her body in any way. And his initial guess had been right, the analysis came back positive – she had committed suicide with Valiums and alcohol – Valium which he had been prescribing for her for years in hopes she would see a psychiatrist and eventually a therapist to exorcise the demons of her four divorces – all which she wrongly accused herself of being the crux. Thomas Stephenson's heart sank that day; lower than it had ever been. Her blood alcohol level at was listed at a stunning 5.3. – enough in itself to cause pulmonary death, shutting down the central nervous system. Dr. Stephenson found no traces of DNA semen stains on her stockings, or in her vaginal cavity or anus to indicate rape or any other perpetrated sexual acts against her. Nor did he find any bruising on her still near-perfect body – indicating a potential struggle. Afterwards, he placed her stockings, engulfed with the smell of so long ago – Chanel No. 5 – in an evidence bag and surreptitiously slipped it into his coat pocket – replacing it with an exact replica of her brand of hosiery, which he knew all too well. This was a keepsake he would cherish the rest of his life. He reverently prepared the body for the mortuary, after stroking her lovely gray-brown locks, which framed incredibly beautiful facial features, even at her age. The final report, signed by Dr. Thomas

Stephenson, Coroner for the County of Los Angeles, read “death by accidental alcohol intake.” Theresa Genovese’s family was relieved to know their relative did not take her own life during the last troublesome days spent in a wheelchair, suffering from advanced stages of Multiple Sclerosis.

Thomas Stephenson threw out the M.D. after his name for a few short moments and returned to that eighteen-year-old teenager as he gazed into her peacefully closed eyes – and the memories came flooding back, and so did the tears. He remembered the countless nights they made love till dawn and what invaluable teachings she patiently night after night gave to him as secret lovers – an experience only a special type of person can give to one so inexperienced. It was she who taught him to go slow, to savor the foreplay, to hold hands, take the time – yes, the time – to look into a lover’s eyes and feel the moment, cherish the warmth of the hug and not hop straight into bed. Yes, it was Theresa Genovese who was responsible for teaching him about making ultimate love to a woman; something he never forgot. How lucky he was. How lucky, indeed, to have known such a vibrant, loving, sensual and good woman for the brief, wrinkle in time they shared together.

Mrs. Clark

The story you are about to read is true. Only the name has been changed to protect the guilty.

The things that happen to me in this lifestyle constantly amaze me.

Some time ago, I ran into the mother of my childhood best friend. I'll call Her Mrs. Clark.

Now, Mrs. Katherine Clark was not just *any* mom, mind you. This was the mid 1970s. The mini-skirt phase had long since passed and Woodstock was just a memory. This was a time of sexual promiscuity and freedom. During this time, She was a strikingly good looking, thirty-something mother with long, flowing red hair and a body that could reduce a grown man to tears (and very probably did on some occasions – in more ways than one!). She was every kid on the block's fantasy and, much to her son Steve's chagrin -- she knew it. Mrs. Clark was a hot redhead (what is it with redheads in my life, anyway?), with haunting, exquisite blue eyes that complemented her sexy, European-chiseled features that always said to you, "I know something about you that you don't." To say that she was classy was the understatement of the twentieth century. She was, for all intents and purposes, a 20th century fox.

She didn't just walk into a room – she owned the room! She walked with an air of confidence like few I'd ever seen then – or since. She owned every situation she was ever in and every male knew she was completely unattainable. That was her ace in the hole. Every man/boy/woman whoever thought about her in a sexual way knew they had no chance with her. Talk about getting your ego flattened – before you ever start! And twenty-five years ago, I had the biggest crush on her. I remember the first time we met. Somehow the conversation turned to my schooling (I went to parochial school -- where CP was in full stride by not only the principal, but the teachers as well). She asked what they did when kids misbehaved. I was startled by the comment she blurted out. Downright dumbfounded.

"The teachers spank, don't they?" She said, running her hands through her beautiful red hair. "What do they use on you? A paddle?"

She knew, all right. She was baiting me. Interrogating me viscerally. Waiting. Watching. Sizing me up.

I remember her clear as a bell saying those words to me. She knew. She just knew that somehow spanking was as huge to me as riding my new ten-speed.

That brief conversation had stuck in my mind ever since. Mrs. Clark made it a point of catching eyes with me as she uttered the line, waiting for my response,

which, for some strange reason, never came. Even back then, we both knew that spanking was very special and dear to us.

I'd make it a point to spend every spare moment of those summer days of '74 over at the Clark's. She took a genuine liking to me, partly because of the fact I was her son's best friend. And because She was, genuinely, a nice person – and realized that I was somehow “different” from the other boys who gawked at her hourglass figure and masturbated furiously in their bathrooms at home (the author being amongst them).

I remember Steve telling me one day that she had E.S.P. (extrasensory perception). If this was in fact true, this partially explained how she knew just what to say to get me going during those certain instances. She'd always say things that left me hanging and wondering at night as I lay there trying to get to sleep. Things related to discipline. She'd always utter some line like, “I bet your mom would spank you good for that!” I always sensed there was more to Mrs. Clark than met the eye.

And there was indeed more about Mrs. Katherine Clark. More I always wanted to know, but could never find out.

Until now.

Sure, she was a proponent of spanking. And yes this excited me. I liked to think that she was greatly responsible for my interest in the disciplinary arts. And, indeed, she was, as I owe her a great homage (along with my third grade teacher, the one with the paddle).

I remember asking Steve one day how he got spanked.

“With a shoe,” he said, matter-of-factly.

I inquired further.

“Ummm what do you mean? What kind of shoe? How?”

“Ones with heels. Flats, too. Man, do they ever sting!”

Turns out Mrs. Clark had an arsenal of heeled shoes and slippers that she regularly used on ole Steve's bum. But, according to my pal, she was always looking and experimenting with an array of different house shoes and elegant sandals alike that she could get her hands on. (Fine-tuning the art, I later surmised.)

(And let Me say right here and now that this account is strictly meant to show the progression of a dominant female – and not, in any way, endorse the abuse of minor children.

There is a huge magnitude of difference between a consensual adult spanking and what is being described in these pages. Anyone who knows me, knows I only endorse safe, sane and consensual BDSM practices between willing (consenting) adults over the age of eighteen.)

Once, about a year into knowing her, Mrs. Clark invited me to go with she and Steve to a garage sale. I tagged along just to get out of the house. Once there, Mrs. Clark slowly approached a large cardboard box filled with shoes. Why someone of her social status and grace would look at – not to mention pick up and touch – a complete stranger's soiled shoes somehow escaped me at the time (but she obviously had her own special agenda – poor Steve's bum cheeks, no doubt). She seemed thoroughly entranced with them. I stood there knowing

exactly what was going through her mind. She was looking for a new implement of correction with which to do some “global warming.” I watched her tap a few of the heels against the palm of her hand and then throw them back in the bin, a sour disposition stretching across her lovely features. Another shoe would come out and get the same discretionary stare. Steve and I exchanged glances. He was beet red and grinned sheepishly as sandal after slipper got tossed nonchalantly back into the bin. Mrs. Clark left that day with a pair of sandals with what looked like wooden soles and heels; If memory serves, I believe they were (and maybe still are) known as “Dr. Scholl’s Exercise Sandals.” How ironic if they are indeed called “exercise sandals” – because that’s exactly what they were used for, I thought, as I cringed and said a silent prayer for my poor chum – whose bum would soon be the recipient of those horrible-looking scourges.

Then it happened one day. I was walking up to their yellow house on the embankment and stopped just short of the front porch when I heard a distinctive sound coming from close to the living room window. It was a definite “thwack,” “thwack,” “thwacking” echo coming from inside the house! I looked and the curtains were partially drawn. I moved in close as I dared and took a peek. I couldn’t hear what Mrs. Clark was scolding her son about, but her lips were moving at a rapid-fire pace and her face had a stern look about it I had never seen before – but nevertheless which was very much under control. It was very erotic, this moment. Forever etched in my memory. Steve was over her lap, bare bottom high in the air, pants and skivvies (yes, that’s what we called them then – later they would come to be known as “boxers.”) down around his ankles as she sat pausing reflectively – taking little breaks between spanking him. My eyes widened to full aperture and got big as silver dollars. In fact, I noticed that one of Mrs. Clark’s shoes was still on her dainty little foot, the other in her elegant hand. Her long, red, well-manicured fingernails were holding the slipper firmly, allowing it to bend menacingly in the air just above Steve’s bum – before landing flush with that terrible “thwacking” noise.

What transpired next was a quick series of six crisp, stinging whacks to Steve’s poor behind – three on each cheek – with the heel portion of the shoe impacting awfully with his rosy-red cheeks which – by this time – had to be on fire. Then I counted twelve the next time, six on each side. She alternated this method while scolding him harshly (I wish I could’ve heard what was being said – I would’ve given anything!). Through each barrage of swats with the shoe, Steve laid painfully still.

Oh, he wiggled a bit here and there, but he took the punishment like a man. Obviously she had transmitted a very special decorum of maintaining composure – even while under great duress – to him early in life with his punishments. Mrs. Clark tossed her hair elegantly to one side in a very sexy manner and reached for the coffee table where her cigarette sat burning in an ashtray. She took a long, slow, fulfilling drag – then exhaled – pondered a moment, deep in thought over God knew what. Then she continued my poor buddy’s slippering. The scene was – and still is, as I said – indelibly etched in my mind as one of the most erotic, excruciating OTK spankings I have ever witnessed.

An hour or so later, Steve came over to my house and came clean about the spanking his mom had just administered.

“Really?” I said. A shit-eating grin spreading across my face.

•

I was making copies of my screenplay to send out when, all of a sudden, who walks in but Mrs. Katherine Clark! She came in with a handful of things to copy and tossed Me a nice smile (seemingly not recognizing me). She started using the copier next to mine. At first, I wasn't sure if it was indeed Mrs. Clark. But as she began to deftly place each copy in her folder, I noticed a familiar expression. Undeniably Mrs. Clark's. It was the same expression she'd had countless times before that I'd fantasized about and choked my chicken over.

“Mrs. Clark?” I asked.

She paused, staring at me for a moment.

“Yes. ...”

“It's Mark ... remember me ... I was Steve's --”

She cut Me off mid-sentence.

“-- Best friend, yes of course I remember you. How are you, dear?”

She said this so matter-of-factly, so nonchalantly – as if She'd planned the meeting all along and it was no big deal that we hadn't seen one another in over two-and-a-half decades, but had now met by sheer happenstance.

I had so many things I wanted to say to her, so many questions. My mind was racing at a hundred miles an hour. I had to say something.

Anything.

Just not nothing.

“I'm fine,” I finally stammered out. ... It's really good to see you after all these years.”

Mrs. Clark looked at the copies of my screenplay and raised a curious brow.

“Hmmm ... ‘*The Sins of Christina Black*,’ is that a novel you're working on?”

“No,” I said politely, “It's a screenplay.”

“I'd love to read it. ...”

My heart was in my throat now.

“It's about BDSM,” I blurted out, half-swallowing my tongue in the process and waiting for what seemed an eternity for her response. “It's actually the story of an insane, sadistic dominatrix who is a serial killer in the S&M scene.”

Mrs. Clark's pretty blue eyes lit up like the Disneyland fireworks at this. Time had indeed been kind to her and the once perfect skin was still taut and resilient enough to plug Revlon products with Cheryl Tiegs on any given day.

Mrs. Clark looked at me and flashed her thirty-two teeth, sterling-silver smile.

“BDSM?” she said with a twinge of excitement. “I see.”

“Would you like to have some coffee after we finish here?” I asked assertively, but politely.

“Yes, I'd like that, Mark.”

Two hours later, in the darkened corner of the local Starbuck's, Mrs. Katherine Clark and I were still chattering like old schoolmates as if we'd maintained our

friendship over all these years. It was strange. Strange because we were both adults now. And the conversation was so steamy – so ambiguous, yet so unambiguous. We were talking about positions for punishment; OTK as opposed to being bent over a chair; our favorite spanking implements as well as the pros and cons of submissives that top from below. We got into a very philosophical and highly-enriching discussion about the practical prisms of discipline in and of itself (whether it really works or not. We decided that, in fact, it did). When to spank. When not to spank. Pre-punishment scoldings, verbal degradation and posturing rituals before and after delivering a spanking (we went on and on about this with the cane). We discussed the rites and practices of disciplinary techniques in other countries, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera. We talked about caning in England and I was fascinated to learn that she had been there in the sixties and experienced caning from both a domme and submissive's point of view from a very well, respected governess quite proficient in her use of the rod.

We talked about poor Michael Faye (the Ohio teen who was caned in Singapore in '94) and laughed at his plight and the media circus that surrounded the event and had spanking in the news practically every day. We talked about our own fascinations with spanking and how I was a professional disciplinarian who catered to women who preferred to remain anonymous, but yet who liked the idea of psychodrama role play and therapeutic methods and techniques employed during the administration of their punishments. (She wasn't shocked, really, but did ask a lot of questions as she had never encountered a professional male master before.) She caught eyes with me again and I mentioned those paddlings I witnessed so long ago at school.

She smiled at me knowingly.

Then I made a confession.

I told her about seeing Steve's spanking on that sun-drenched afternoon in southern California so long ago back in '74.

Then confessed Mrs. Clark: "I'm happy it was – and still is – a pleasant memory for you. And although I enjoy spanking and discipline in general, my punishments for my boys never transcended that line. They were solely disciplinary spankings – meant for *true* correctional purposes. I derived no pleasure from them whatsoever. BDSM and its practices and philosophies are never meant for children – in any way, shape or form."

I told her that I wholeheartedly agreed, understood and echoed the same sentiment.

Then she told me something that absolutely floored me:

"I've been in the lifestyle for nearly thirty-five years as a mistress. I gave my first spanking when I was still in my teens. my husband has been – and always will be -- my number one fan. He's also been my loyal slave all these years and I have never been displeased with him, ever. The man worships me like a goddess."

I had always thought that she was just a very rigid disciplinarian, very set in her ways and that was just the way things were with her. And spanking was just her way of meting out punishment for punishment's sake; her way of getting to the "bottom" of the problem, so to speak.

After watching her smoke a pack-and-a-half of Benson & Hedges Lights and down about three cups of good Colombian coffee (Juan Valdez would've been proud), we decided to exchange phone numbers and e-mail addresses and keep in touch.

"I'd love to hear more about your business sometime. It sounds fascinating," She said, while blowing a sexy stream of smoke past my cheek. She still had those lips. Good God.

"Perhaps I could even sit in on a session if it's permissible with one of your clients."

Then we locked eyes again and as her nose nuzzled into a blur, I found my lips softly caressing hers and giving her a warm hug. It felt good after all those years to finally consecrate our friendship.

Honestly, what it felt like was my first kiss: Weak knees, lightheadedness. Floating.

That was another of my fantasies come true – and what I meant by you never know what's going to happen in this crazy lifestyle. Finally getting to know what those rosy-red, soft petal lips felt like against mine was a fantasy that dated back more than a quarter of a century. That felt good. Real good. In more ways than one!

Make a grown man cry, I tell ya.

The thing I've come to realize in this crazy, insane world is that you just never know what can happen next. Life truly is a journey. You can stand in the batter's box and watch the 95-mile-per-hour fastball zip on past you – or you can adjust to the curveball.

And you know what? I never did ask a single thing about Steve – and our conversation never steered toward him, either.

And I don't think we're going to spend too much time talking about him, either.

I thought I would die from laughter -- laughter filled with relief and peacefulness – as I drove away, pounding the steering wheel in sheer exultation and amazement.

Holy fucking shit!

My best friend's Mom!

What in the hell would Freud or Jung say if they were here?

Frankly, I don't give a damn.

The Big Apple

She came to me like most have before.

An enticing e-mail – a follow-up phone conversation filled with sensuality – which hinted at an air of seriousness for a potential session.

But that's where the similarities ended.

You see, I don't work a desk job. Or punch a time clock.

I don't work for a courier service, hauling packages up and down flights of stairs for \$17 per hour. (Not that there's anything wrong with that, mind you.)

I am a disciplinarian, pure and simple.

I spank women for a living. I've spanked them – given thousands of behavior modification and correctional spankings to women of every denomination, age and background: Rich, poor, middle-class (if there is such a thing anymore).

Black. White. Asian. You name it. I've dealt with just about every kind of personality a woman can throw at me. (The biggest reason given for cancellations? Surgery.) I've been doing this since December, 1985 and professionally since '97.

You might think that in that amount of time I would have placed quite a few of them in bondage, by fulfilling their fantasies. Making them need me more, so to speak.

Nothing could be further from the truth.

In fact, my job is to release women from bondage.

I know that sounds strange, but, please, trudge the happy road of BDSM with me if you will for a moment. ...

Oh, sure, I've shackled my share of submissives, collared my share of slaves – but I'm not talking about that kind of bondage.

The kind of bondage I'm talking about is where I take women's fantasies and *release* them from what holds them captive in the inner recesses of their minds. Cerebral bondage I like to call it. Human bondage. Social mores bondage – where fantasies often go to seek orgasmic release – or die a painful, agonizing death. Or to be pushed so far back into the subconscious mind they grow to such intensity (not unlike a sober alcoholic's disease doing push-ups in the next room just waiting for him to say, "one more time, baby. Let's give it one more shot.").

Nearly all the women who come to see me are already embroiled in some sort of bondage – whether they know it or not. Bondage from their husbands – bondage from their jobs; their kids; their dogs; their lives.

This is the great fact for them and me.

This is why I decided back in '85 to specialize in just one aspect of the lifestyle – *spanking*. And as a professional disciplinarian, I can tell you there is no shortage of miscreant female bottoms in need of some stern, corporal

punishment to set them straight. I have clients ranging in age from eighteen to sixty.

And yet it still amazes me when one actually walks through my front door. And you know why? Because it takes something extra inside to actually book a session, unless, of course, you're in heat – which happens all too often.

“Why didn't you do something about this years ago?” is always the first question I ask in regard to their utter sense of urgency that they had to see me “right away.”

And their usual response?

“I don't know what happened; why I had to see you all of a sudden – but I just did!”

Does this mean it's too late for some?

No. I am a firm believer it is never too late to nurture one's fantasies – that is unless you are farting dust in some cemetery. But seriously, it's never too late to be released from this type of bondage. True, it can be more painful the longer one waits, but generally, once the dam bursts there's only one route to go: A dominant. One who knows what he or she is doing. And yesterday.

In the physical sense, bondage can be – and often is – played out as a healthy fantasy under controlled circumstances with a sane and consensually minded Dominant. This is the type of play I endorse

So why do most women wait till the bitter end to fulfill their fantasies? I suppose it's like going to the dentist. I really don't know – if I did I'd be a billionaire. But here is one woman's account, which might shed some light on the subject:

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I am sitting in a plush suite at the Marriott Marquis on Broadway in midtown Manhattan – just a few short days before all hell's going break loose in Times Square ringing in the New Year.

My client, Sandi (not her real name), is a 50-year-old brunette – with deep-set brown eyes and the well toned body of a lady fifteen years her junior. She sits next to me sipping coffee and hiding behind the constant stream of smoke she sensually sends my way through her full, pert, red lips.

Like I said, I've seen this before.

Too many times.

The waiting. The putting it off.

And I'm right there! In the room with her!

And it can be a bit aggravating.

Earlier in the evening I had been whisked from the baggage claim section at Newark airport in New Jersey by limousine to the hotel. My client had a beautiful, black winter coat and matching black gloves for me – along with a nice scarf. The conversation was nearly all one-sided in the quiet confines of the low-lit stretch limousine. My new client was busy pounding double Absolut martinis and smoking like a chimney, hiding behind her thick, dark glasses. I don't think we got in more than a few sentences during the ride into the city.

And there was another problem: The conversation in the comfy confines of the suite – once we got to the hotel – wasn't getting much better. More martinis. Followed by more coffee. Another pack of cigarettes. Another call down to room service for God knew what. Housekeeping. I think I saw five different room service waiters during this exchange and an odd number of other employees turning down the bed and putting out those little chocolates and doing this, or that.

I was becoming bored. Terribly bored.

"Why can't these women just tell me what's on their mind and get it over with!"

She wraps the terry cloth robe with the "New York Marriott Marquis" emblem on it a bit tighter. She looks down at her perfectly pedicured toes – then back up at Me as if expecting some Divine stream of eloquence to come flowing out of My mouth to solve her problem – which really shouldn't be a problem.

"This isn't rocket science. You pay me. I spank you. You have a certain fantasy? Great! Let's get something going here! After all, we're on your dime – not mine."

"So ..." is my response, finally (drawn out for emphasis, of course). She dawdles and fidgets with her cancer sticks and coffee some more. If memory serves me, they've all changed places at least a couple of times on the small coffee table between us. More casual glimpses at one another. More sipping of beverages. (I'm about to make my fourth or fifth trip to the bathroom at this point.)

Finally, I blurt out: *"... Look, you've paid Me an astronomical amount of money to fly me coast to coast, to put me up in one of the finest hotels in the city and, yet, we're sitting here sipping coffee and chatting over the state of the NASDAQ. Now I don't know about you, but this isn't exactly what I came here for. ..."*

"Well ..." she says, sparking up another coffin nail.

At this point it is nearly two-thirty in the morning and I am spent. Completely spent. Spent from the long flight (which was made longer by the inclement weather and air traffic controllers at Newark) and spent because my patience had been completely and thoroughly tried over a period of hours with a client who was so gung-ho from the start, but who now is finishing 30-lengths behind Secretariat at the 1973 Kentucky Derby.

So I do what I always do when situations like this merit drastic measures: I get right down to business. And for me this means a good, old-fashioned spanking! I take the coffin nail out of her mouth and put it out in her piping-hot, fresh cup of coffee (which she has just poured, by the way). This elicits a curious, furrowed brow and a gaze of inquisitiveness from my lovely brown-eyed girl. We both stare at the cup: It's stained terribly, nearly to the full circumference of the rim, with deep crimson lipstick. I take this as a sign she and I have been whispering sweet nothings about, well, nothing for far too long. Another ironic metaphoric twist strikes my fancy over the lipstick stained cup: Its red coloring is just about the shade her lovely heart-shaped bum is going to be in about twenty minutes. I guide her gently to the bed where the first spanking of her life is about to commence.

Finally.



I'm not saying I cure women from their afflictions of self-induced bondage. I do not possess this power. What I am saying is I can be a link for them to undo the bad programming that has curtailed – and often held them back – for some, or most of their lives. Psychologists call these shame-based attitudes.

Shame ruins lives. In my opinion, there is no room for shame in this world; life is far too short. If you have a spanking or bondage fantasy, take the time to be introspective about it and discover whence it came. Then if it's something you want to further explore, seek out a competent dominant to help you further (and nurture) this fantasy.

•

It is almost Super Bowl time and I have just spent an hour on the phone with Sandi. She tells me she needs to see me again and asks if I can clear my schedule to take a red-eye from Los Angeles to New York.

"I want to feel that space again," she says, seductively.

"The subspace," I countered – correcting her terminology.

"Yes, it was fantastic, the best experience of my life! Can we do it again?"

I ruffle the pages of my day timer and, even though I have sessions already penciled in for the time she wants, I will make time for this client.

"I feel so different, I can't explain it," Sandi continues. "I want to go further!"

I pause. I hear her breath growing heavier, as if she were right next to me again in that hotel suite sipping coffee and firing up Marlboros left and right.

"Kind of like there's a monkey off your back?" I say, a wry twist in my voice.

"Yes, *exactly!*"

I hear the sound of a fresh cigarette being ignited and enjoyed immensely with the first, long, fulfilling drag. There is an air of silence, but this time it is a good silence. The utter relief coming from her this time is as clear to me as my own name as she exhales into the phone. All traces of nervousness and apprehension appear to dissipate with the sidestream.

I guess the mirror really does have two faces – at least when it comes to bondage.

Bondage of the mind versus physical bondage.

Both very potent. Both very real. Both very volatile. And both very, very different actually – in their own realities. Each to be respected on their own merits.

It makes me feel good that I can do this kind of work.

I guess it's time to pack and have my slave drive me to the airport for what I hope is not going to turn into Leonard-Hearns II.

Just kidding.

I grin to myself.

Now who's really in bondage here, I ask?

Switched in the Woods

“Can you see anything?” Shannon Halsey whispered quietly to her identical twin sister, Maura.

She was peering through the window of an old log cabin where three couples lay on the hearth making love in front of a cozy, crackling fireplace.

“Yeah, I can see *everything*,” Maura whispered back, totally wide-eyed at the huge vibrators being passed around like candied apples. One woman, a beautiful blonde, was close to orgasm – then suddenly screamed out in ecstasy, her body convulsing in a shuddering orgasm.

“What ... what do you see, Maura!” Shannon said, her heart racing. “I wanna get a look!”

“It’s not what I’m seeing – did you hear that?” her sister said, still riveted by the blonde immensely enjoying her climax. “They’re fucking each other with vibrators and some huge-looking play cocks.”

“You mean dildos, sis?” Shannon retorted.

“Um, yeah, I think so. Did you hear it that! She’s still climaxing!”

Shannon rolled her eyes and nodded her head.

“*Ut oh, we’re dead!*”

“What do you see, Maura?”

“They saw us! – *She just looked at me! Get me down – quick!*”

In her haste for a quick getaway, Maura fell on top of her sister – the two were tangled up like a pretzel when all of a sudden the door to the cabin swung open so hard it paralyzed the girls instantly, instilling the fear of God in them.

Three less than thrilled couples stood staring at the girls, who’d just turned eighteen – and were still tangled up after Maura’s fall from grace (literally and figuratively).

A lovely blonde, nearly six feet tall, spoke first as she wrapped a huge bath towel a bit tighter – covering her nice, perky breasts.

“Well, well,” the blonde said, her lovely blue eyes angrily surveying the two miscreant, Irish femmes. “Why don’t you two come on in and join us for a little chat?”

The girls exchanged frightened glances, but complied with their elder’s request.

Inside the cabin the girls were seated at a huge, oval dining table with the ladies: The blonde, who they found out was April, had long beautiful hair down past her shoulders. Shannon couldn’t keep her eyes off her full, pert lips and deep-set blue eyes. Another modelesque figure, Janet, who looked like a Jaclyn Smith body double from the old television series, “*Charlie’s Angels*.” And then

Veronica, an actress who mostly did guest appearances on sitcoms, waiting for her big break. Veronica was the prettiest, thought Maura, who likened the sexpot to her favorite celebrity, Daisy Fuentes, of MTV fame.

The women appeared to the girls to be in their mid to late twenties. The blonde who identified the women spoke up again and appeared to be the chief Gestapo agent for the other ladies.

April squinted at the two again as she took a long sip of coffee, staring at them long and hard from over the cup as she drank slowly, deep in thought.

The other two women sat back, their arms folded in an angry, scolding manner, waiting for April to finish the hard line of questioning they knew was coming. The two young culprits knew instinctively this type of body language did not bode well for their immediate futures.

“So, do you two make it a habit of peeking into cabins which don’t belong to you?”

The girls looked at each other, wondering which would answer.

Maura spoke up first.

“Um, no, ma’am – we don’t. I – I mean my sister and I –“

April cut her off mid-sentence.

“ – Don’t speak for your sister. She’ll have her say. I want to hear *why you* were peeking in on us. You didn’t think I saw you? You girl’s would make terrible spies, you know that?”

Shannon half interceded in an attempt to save her sister.

April brushed her lovely blonde locks aside in a further display of her irate disposition, holding up her hand before the older sister could get a word in edgewise.

Shannon sat back in her seat and exchanged worried glances with her sister again.

The men were sitting comfortably on a sofa watching the interrogation. One of them, a tall, well-built surfer type of about twenty-five – and obviously the blonde April’s boyfriend – came over to the table and lit a cigarette for her.

April took a long, deep, fulfilling drag, holding the smoke in a second then exhaling long and hard into the girls’ faces – making them cough terribly. She flicked her ashes expertly into the ashtray while keeping her angry blue eyes on the girls as she sensually inhaled another long, hard drag. It had been a while since April had smoked; she only lit up when she was angry or depressed. As she felt the burning sensation filling up her lungs, the nicotine kicked in and ideas about what to do with the girls started coming fast and furious.

The women laughed, as they’d seen April like this before on the job. When she was smoking, and pausing for long interludes between speaking, and flicking her ashes like that. This meant only one thing: Trouble with a capital “T.”

The laughter was almost welcomed by the girls, who let go with a sigh of relief at the break in the brief silent treatment they were getting from the women.

“Think this is funny?” April asked, the tone of her voice growing more serious by the second.

“No, ma’am,” Maura said again, meekly.

Maura looked deep into her blonde accuser's eyes to see if she could continue.

"Go ahead," April said. "We all want to hear this. Don't we, girls?"

The other two women nodded emphatically.

April took another long drag off the cigarette and extinguished the butt in an ashtray already filled with dead cigarettes – which bore her brand of lipstick. The other women lit up just as April exhaled her sidestream into the girls' faces again.

"My name's Maura and this is my sister, Shannon. We're up the road in a cabin with our parents. It's our birthday –"

The blonde cut her off again with a wave of her hand.

"– How old?"

"Eighteen, ma'am."

"Identical twin redheads. Which of you is the oldest?"

"I am, ma'am," Shannon said.

"Good! You're mine!"

April turned to the other women and all three nodded at each other with huge smiles.

"I don't understand," the elder sister uttered meekly.

"You will. Let me spell it out for you both: You and your lovely twin sister are legal! This means we can prosecute you for what you did – an invasion of our privacy. In fact, I think we should call the police, don't you, girls?"

April was baiting the twins.

The women went along with April's ploy, nodding in agreement again.

Maura and Shannon looked at each other and broke down into tears.

Maura spoke first: "Please, please don't call the police! We don't want to go to jail – please, ma'am! We'll do anything!"

"We were just curious, that's all," Shannon said next, wiping tears from her cheeks, hoping to play on the women's sympathies.

April went to them slowly and wiped their tears with the back of her long elegant fingers – which proudly displayed a perfect French Manicure.

"There, there," April said, soothingly – and obviously taking an immediate liking to Shannon. "I think we can all come to some sort of arrangement."

April's boyfriend could be silent no longer: "I think they could both do with a good, old fashioned spanking!"

April smiled broadly at this.

"I'm way ahead of you, honey," the blonde disciplinarian said, matter-of-factly. "A good spanking is just what the two of you deserve for being peeping Toms."

The girls went on to say that a spanking wouldn't be so bad; it was just that they didn't want their birthday weekend ruined by their parents finding out about their early morning shenanigans.

"Then it's settled," April said, her voice once again turning sharp, "you two are going to be spanked."

April nodded to her boyfriend, and the men dashed out of the cabin as if on an errand of mercy.

"Have you two ever had a switch taken to you before," April asked with an air of sadistic inquisitiveness in her voice.

The girls looked at each other again.

"I don't want you two looking at each other for answers anymore, do you understand?!" April growled through clenched teeth. The girls thought she might've been manic depressive, the way she changed moods so suddenly.

The girls answered respectfully in unison that they did, indeed, understand.

"We were only spanked as kids," Maura continued, becoming a bit worried at April's choice of words about being spanked – a switching – and overall sense of seriousness over what seemed to her to be a mild transgression overall.

"Excuse me, ma'am. But I thought we were getting spanked?"

"You are."

"But just a second ago you mentioned a switch."

"Switching. Spanking. It's all the same to me. Having second thoughts?"

"No, ma'am. It's just ..."

"It's just what?"

"Nothing."

The girls started to look at each other, but stopped and nodded instead.

"Whippings for you both!"

Maura and Shannon gasped at the sound of the words escaping from April's sexy lips as she fumbled with her lighter, firing up another cigarette.

"By you, ma'am?" Shannon replied, thinking that a whipping by this woman she found strangely attracted to wouldn't be that bad at all.

"Yes, by Veronica and myself, dear. You two are going to find out what it's like to have a switch taken to your bare bottoms – by two women who've not only felt its correction on many occasions growing up, but administering its brand of discipline as well."

The girls practically jumped in their seats. They'd only heard tales of their father being whipped in this manner by their grandfather – and how utterly painful, tormenting and shameful it was to endure.

Shannon was becoming highly aroused by April's frank talk on how she and her sister were to be whipped, and, in fact, in the process bit her lip at the sight of April's enormous breasts, the nipples of which were protruding nicely against her taut, white blouse. This overbearing woman was totally in control, discussing ever so nonchalantly the flagellation the twins were about to receive. Then the sight of April calmly placing another cigarette between her deft lips and igniting it while discussing the beatings – well, this was just far too much for the eldest culprit who was wiggling almost uncontrollably now.

"The good news," April continued, "is that a switching, albeit excruciatingly painful at the time, is a relatively harmless version of corporal punishment inasmuch as corporal punishment goes. The marks will fade in a few hours and you two will be good as new by evening. But, hopefully, you'll remember this little incident well past the time the pockmarks on your bottoms have healed."

Just then the men returned from their pilgrimage with freshly cut switches in their hands of the greenest, most pliable variety – still damp from the morning dew, and extremely flexible. They handed them to April and disappeared into an adjoining bedroom to allow the women to commence with the twins' chastisements.

April handed each girl a long, thin switch about eighteen inches in length. "Clean 'em," she said – further handing each a pocket knife her boyfriend had left on the table.

"I'm not sure what you mean, ma'am," Maura said.

Shannon rolled her eyes again at her dimwitted, younger sibling – knowing all too well what the stern, patrician blonde meant from her daddy's stories about grandpa's legendary woodshed "whoopins."

April studied the obviously ignorant Maura, then her sister.

"She knows," April said finally – indicating Shannon. "What do you think I mean, oh-so-wise older sister?"

"You want us to clean off the little twigs which might cause puncturing during the whippings."

"Make that your final answer?" April kidded with Shannon.

Shannon nodded with a wry, forced smile.

•

The twins were bent over, facing each other from opposite sides of the huge, oval dining room table. Their outstretched arms were still a good two feet from touching. Maura already had tears forming. Shannon had her eyes closed solemnly, as she felt her school gym shorts slowly being lowered to her ankles by Veronica. Maura watched this as she felt the same being done to her. *The girls were going to watch each others punishments!*

"Don't forget the panties, Janet said while sitting in the middle of the table – enjoying a fresh cigarette and coffee to witness the double matinee.

"Enjoying the show?" April shot back with a shit-eating grin as she continued fussing with Shannon's long tee shirt – which she folded expertly up onto her back.

"I've got the best seat in the house," Janet said, smiling.

"Well then maybe we should be spanking you next!"

"Ooooooh! Janet said, squirming in her chair with delight.

April and Janet's banter was further making it worse for the girls, who knew they were being made to wait as part of the anticipatory and fear factor of what was now just a few short moments away.

April looked at the girls' posture over the table and carried a frustrated expression as if she was trying to figure out what to do in order to get their bottoms in better position to receive the kiss of the switches.

Then a light bulb went on over her head!

"Janet, go into the bedroom and get the two pairs of shoes you and Veronica were wearing when we came up here!"

"But those are high heels," Janet quipped, a bit confused at the plan her blonde friend was concocting.

Janet was met at the crack of the doorway with the two pairs of shoes – handed to her by no less than April's boyfriend. The shoes were the clear plastic variety with the see through tops. They had very high heels and were open toed.

"Girls, stand up for a moment," April commanded

Maura and Shannon complied – wondering, too, what was going on.

“I want you two to take off your tennis shoes and socks and slip into these shoes.”

“Why?” Maura asked.

“Why?! That’ll cost you extra, young lady! Don’t start asking questions – just do as you’re told!” April scolded.

The girls did as instructed and the added inches put their bottoms at the perfect position to jut out firmly as they lay back down on the table.

“I’m impressed,” Janet said to April.

“Take notes. You’re next.”

“Ooooooh! Promises, promises, April darling,” Janet kidded

The shoes fit the girls perfectly. April noticed that both had very nice feet.

“You girls must get regular pedicures – your toes are very well taken care of. Both have such pretty, red toenails – perfectly formed and painted for your age. Your folks must have money.”

“Yes, ma’am” they both replied in unison again.

“I think I may have to suck on a few of those lil piggies after we’re through,” April said, squealing a bit with delight as she caught eyes with Shannon and winked.

With the girls back into position, April and Veronica ceremoniously lowered the girls’ panties, exposing creamy-white, virgin bottoms that were plump with a pink suppleness – but without a trace of fat.

Veronica patted Maura’s well-rounded cheeks with a cupped palm and looked across the table and winked at April, who was doing the same with Shannon.

“They do have nice bottoms, don’t they,” April commented to her counterpart across the table – *not missing a beat*.

The girls had their eyes locked on one another fearfully as the patting continued on both ends for a few moments with more idle chit chat by the women on how they were going to deliver the twins’ switchings. A wisp of cool mountain air caught the girls by surprise as Janet opened the window. Maura and Shannon shuddered simultaneously beneath their disciplinarians’ touch and the cool, morning breeze. A wave of shame washed across each twin as they locked fearful eyes on one another before Shannon looked away again and closed her eyes. Could they get out of it now if they agreed to have the police called?

Not a chance, Shannon surmised in the privacy of her spiraling thoughts.

“Relax, darlings, this will be over before you know it,” April said.

Then the whippings began.

Each lady held a hand in the small of the girls’ backs, pushing their cheeks up higher and forcing their bottoms into perfect position to receive the kiss of the long, supple switches. This also gave them the proper distance – an arms length – to draw the switches back half way, then flick their wrists viciously – imbedding the rods deeply into the anxiously awaiting, fleshy bottoms of the two misfit teens.

Half an hour later, after the girls' hysterical screams had subsided into sobs of contrition, the three ladies comforted them by rubbing a soothing lotion with heavy emollients into their horribly striped bottoms. Their bottoms looked more like they'd been in a catfight rather than the ten solid minutes of sensual, loving and correctional care they'd received.

"You girls took your punishments very well," April added as she thought she heard Shannon moan as she rubbed the lotion into her well defined, sore bum.

The blonde disciplinarian then glanced over to the other side of the cabin, where, on the couch, Maura, Veronica and Janet were all topsy-turvy in a wild threesome – with the vivacious Veronica doing some serious "muff diving" off the coast of Vagina with the young, curious teen whose bottom she'd just switched.

"Come with me, darling," April whispered in Shannon's ear as she sensually kissed her on her quivering lips – leaving the youngster with a taste of nicotine and the thought of all those cigarette's she'd watched her beautiful disciplinarian smoke. This further heightened her feelings for this strong, vibrant woman who whipped and cleansed her of her wrongdoing. April pulled back from the softness of Shannon's cheeks and surveyed the excited look of a virgin with total willingness.

"Let me show you some of the pleasures of being eighteen."

April sensually sucked on her index finger – then inserted it into her soon-to-be lover's warm, sopping wet pussy. The young redhead moaned and shuddered at her sexy blonde's touch. April sucked her finger while smiling into Shannon's eyes as she let her young, Irish lass have a taste.

Then they walked out into the room hand in hand to join the others.

Thoroughly Masochistic Millie

The story you are about to read is true. Only the name has been changed to protect the guilty.

I'm going to do something I don't do too often: I'm going to talk about a client. (She has given me full permission in the hopes that her story will help some young submissive not make the mistake she made so long ago.)

Millie is a very special friend. The fact she is a client makes no difference really whatsoever. We became cosmically linked, so to speak, the day she first e-mailed me with her gut-wrenching story. And we've been great friends ever since. You see, that is one of the perks of doing what I do – I get to help women. And for this, they usually reciprocate with a showering of friendship. The session I'm about to mention took place late last year, before the Christmas season.

I was checking my mail one December afternoon and I came across a very peculiar letter. The woman was sincere, in her mid forties and calmly talked about how her life had been ruined over the years by her father. Or, rather, by what her father *didn't* do. She wanted to talk about the last spanking her father (a former Marine and strict disciplinarian) had given in which she badmouthed him, telling him he was enjoying the spankings and that he was a pervert. The father, after hearing these words from his then thirteen-year old daughter, backed down and another spanking was never administered – ever. And therein lied Millie's problem in a nutshell.

Millie explains: "I used to dread the spankings. They were always done so ritualistically. I hated them so. He'd come in after I'd bathed and put on my nightie, with a straight-back chair in one hand and a paddle with holes in the other. He'd paddle me until I gave in – and sometimes I didn't give in. He'd just let me up and then put me back into position again for more of the same, scissoring my tiny legs so I couldn't move – sizzling my behind with that dreadful wooden paddle. He used to call it 'paddling the devil out of me.' This last time I had been playing with some boys, showing them my privates and 'oohing' and 'ahhing' over the size of their penises. This was a beating offense for sure. Their parents came over and told dad what I had done and that was when all my problems in life started."

Millie and I communicated online with chats and on the phone for about a week as she slowly confided to me what it was that she needed. I wasn't surprised. She wanted me to re-create that last spanking her father never gave her. She wanted to take that bath, get into her nightie and wait for an interminable amount of time on the bed contemplating her fate. She wanted no communication between us, unless it was absolutely necessary.

I came in about forty-five minutes after she'd finished her bath. I wanted her to stew a bit and think – really think – about what was about to transpire. (What we were doing was an agreed upon session consisting of “edge play,” a BDSM power-exchange in which the safe word is thrown out the window and the dominant holds all the cards as to when and where the session is to stop.) What she'd intimated to me was that since her father had backed down with that last spanking, she felt she could basically dominate men; get anything she wanted from them. This somewhat explained her five failed marriages at the age of forty-seven and numerous job changes. I was going to do everything within my power to take her back to that critical juncture where all the problems had started and re-create the pivotal scene that had dealt her such devastating results in her life. I was going to let her take her just punishment and continue on with her adolescence.

I opened the door to the bedroom. Millie was sitting with her feet crossed at the edge of the bed, very nervous, very proper. Her eyes were cast downward. I had the paddle and the straight backed chair, but she hardly noticed she was so far off into her own space – waiting for what we both knew was going to happen. What had to happen. What should have happened several decades previously.

“Stand.”

Millie obediently stood before me, her eyes still cast downward looking at her tiny, pink toes -- which were painted apple red.

“Come before Me.”

Millie complied. She even moved to my right, exactly where she knew she had to be. I instinctively grabbed her left hand and draped her gently across my lap, positioning her for punishment. I felt her body slide down to the lower edge of my right thigh, just where I wanted her; just where I could do the most damage to her near-virgin cheeks – and, after all, wasn't that what she was asking me to do? Damage her, to undo what was omitted in that bedroom so long ago by a disciplinarian, whom, in her eyes, was now nothing more than an old man in a rest home wasting away as the years passed him by without as much as a card on his birthdays from his darling daughter. How could I fail her now? How could I even possibly think of not fulfilling her sacred fantasy? It was too important. For both us now. And you know what? I, too, was a bit nervous for this one. There was a lot riding on this paddling.

Slowly, I hiked her nightie up over her back, exposing her creamy, white buttocks. I could tell by first glance that these cheeks had not seen hand or implement of correction in an awfully long time. Her bum was completely exposed to me now. A bit moist from the bath, but nevertheless glorious in all of its suppleness. Like a bowl of Jell-O that has set perfectly – wiggling ever so slightly to the touch.

I took the paddle and placed it directly on her back. There was no mistaking it was there. It crossed her at the shoulder blades and teetered at every stroke I gave as I warmed up her bottom with my hand. (This was not a part of her punishment as a young girl, but I felt it was necessary since she hadn't been spanked seriously in more than thirty years and, therefore, she needed a serious warm-up prior to the serious punishment she was about to undertake.)

Suddenly, the first blow landed with the paddle with the holes. Millie kicked her legs and her whole body went rigid. Then she relaxed, expecting the worst of what was yet to come. She almost wanted the paddling – begging for it.

“I want you to point your toes inward and give me your right arm,” I commanded, sternly.

I took her arm and wrapped it around her back, securing her. Her toes were pointed in a manner that she would be unable to “clench” her bottom cheeks while being punished. She remained in this position for the remainder of her punishment.

The paddle cracked twelve times across her glorious, glowing globes – six across one cheek, six across the other. This was obviously painful and she did well to take the heaviest portions of the punishment. I looked down and caught a glimpse of her beautiful, time-etched face. Those rosy-red cheeks, which matched her bottom quite nicely now, were streaming with tears; eyes slammed shut tightly. Lips pursed, come hell or high water, Millie was going to take all I could dish out on this afternoon. Of this I was sure after seeing her incredible intestinal fortitude with which she bore so bravely, so courageously.

Then I really laid it on.

I swatted her fifty times: Twenty-five on one cheek, twenty-five on the other. Hard swats. And this was the paddle with holes in it. Millie was in tears. Real tears. But still she wasn't done.

A hundred more came. At full-force. I guess you could say, “I paddled the devil out of her.”

I left her in tears, writhing, in her nightie to collect her thoughts. She was sobbing so hard she was having a hard time catching her breath. I thought she'd cry a river and leave that robe as a Kleenex, along with all those painful memories on the floor at her feet. She cried a lot of tears that needed to be cried that day – tears that had been stuffed for many years. She left many painful memories in the bedroom as she emerged, dressed again and with a look on her face that showed a slight glimmer of hope.

Millie contacted a few weeks after her session.

“I want to thank you for giving me my life back,” she said.

She didn't see it, but I had moist eyes that afternoon after Millie had left.

It had been emotionally gut-wrenching for me as well.

Let the healing begin.

Brandi

*I pressed her thigh and death smiled
 Death old friend, death and my cock are the world
 I can forgive my injuries in the name of wisdom, luxury, romance
 Sentence upon sentence, words are healing lament
 for the death of my cock's spirit has no meaning in the soft fire
 Words got me the wound and will get me well, if you believe it
 All join now in lament for the death of my cock
 a tongue of knowledge in the feathered night
 Boys get crazy in the head and suffer
 I sacrifice my cock on the alter of silence*

-- James Douglas Morrison
 An American Poet, 1943-71

The aforementioned stanza, penned by Mr. Morrison in a poem titled, "Lament," I quite assure you contains no purposeful metaphorical references toward transvestites – although its meaning may seem risqué and ambiguous. The following story is as true as I can remember. Blocked for many years because of its rather painful memories, it is not an exposé -- but rather a dirge of remembrance past:

Flashback: 1986

The rush was immediate. I needed to feel that high again – and I needed to feel it fast.

I had just snorted two thick lines of cocaine while stopped at the southbound onramp of Interstate Five in Hollywood. Some asshole next to me gives me the bird. I ignore him and cut him off at the green light. Disneyland – Anaheim and home – are my immediate destination and concern. And I couldn't get there fast enough to relieve the anxiety over what I'd just done – and, moreover, the ordeal I'd just been through.

Minutes before, probably all of about ten, I'd had a serious conversation with Brandi, the Chateau's lone "female" pro submissive. She'd asked me to beat her senseless and leave her bound and gagged and hanging on the St. Andrews Cross after a client had ridiculed her to tears for being a transvestite and "not a real whipping girl."

She needed me.

Bad.

How could I have denied her?

But now I was having to live with myself after leaving her, bound and gagged – her bum cheeks horribly bruised and lashed – suspended, as I continued

getting the hell out of Hollywood as fast as my sky-blue '65 Mustang with the 289 horses would take Me.

I was feeling guilty. Really fucking guilty.

But first, a little background on the situation, and on Brandi:

Brandi and I often played during “down time” at the Chateau. It was she who was primarily the recipient while honing my skills in the Disciplinary Arts. It was she I caned endlessly on those rare occasions when there were no sessions to conduct for a male trainee master. (I was not a pro at this time.) Caning was her favorite, her absolute favorite – a good six-of-the-best, followed by a five-barred gate – British style, with lines crisscrossing ever so elegantly showing depth and control of the tip of the rod. This brought us immeasurable pleasure, as aficionados of well-constructed corporal punishment. Brandi would parade her bare ass after such a thrashing, showing off her marks with a beaming pride I’ve yet to see since.

As the Peruvian flake numbed my gums and the rush had me now near fever-pitched over what I’d just done to Brandi, a memory of her quickly emblazoned across my mind: There she was, hanging – bound, gagged and suspended from the huge St. Andrews in the notorious Red Room. Writhing. Loving every second while intensely hating herself for nothing that was her fault.

An overwhelming feeling of sadness coupled with guilt overtakes me as I pull into the fast lane and put the miles between here and there. I’m still thinking of the torment I’ve just put her through. Why? Was it really consensual CP? I tell myself it was because this is her M.O.—going to the extreme like this each and every time. I wonder how she deals with the torment she must live with day by day, just being herself in this crazy world where there is no such thing as “normal.” It must be awesome, overwhelming in and of itself to the physical pain, which has to pale in comparison.

Yeah, I really loved those days. And yeah, I really loved Brandi. As a friend. As a treasured friend, one you’d like to keep forever – but one that you know you won’t. She was that kind of person. I loved those days in kind of a bittersweet way: Sun-drenched afternoons in the middle of Hollywood’s industrial district (a far cry from the Hollywood Hills and Tinseltown image runaways seek every day) and its palm trees, Rolls Royces and tall, blonde and blue-eyed, bronzed-skinned girls in string bikinis.

Spanking and punishing Brandi and every female bottom that came my way was how I lived back then. I couldn’t get enough. I was like a kid in a candy store, literally. No thoughts on consequences. No thoughts of repercussions. Not a single care as to why each and every submissive had come for discipline. I never batted even a single eyelash as to the hows and whys they came through those doors.

Brandi always eyed the assortment of paddles in the hall (some with holes, some without, some made from solid oak, or maple. Others made from poplar, a soft wood just perfect for a “board of education” ...). As I marched her into one of the upstairs dungeons for her correction, she marveled at the oiled canes from Singapore – and crook handled ones from across the Atlantic. Even simple kitchen items such as a rubberized spatula could (and would) elicit screams of

utter torment from Brandi when used the way she wanted. When she was under the gun, it was nothing but pure, unadulterated angst being spewed. But something I didn't understand back then was just how much she needed this.

She would tell me once: "The more hatred I take on – the more deplorable and disgusting I am to those who beat me – the more intensely I savor the need to be hurt."

She didn't know it, but she had already been hurt.

The hurt, you see, took her pain away.

A dichotomy in terms?

Not really.

Hyperbole then?

Not on your life.

It's like someone who's a cutter; who mutilates their own body. They do it because the pain they inflict takes their mind away – even if for a fleeting moment – from the far greater pain they feel between their ears. From the head that will not be silent.

It was hard for me to understand at the time, but I fully understand it now. I deal with women like this on a fairly regular basis. All I could do then was my best to help my friend – to listen, to give a consoling hug when she needed it. Brandi was much more in tune with what she needed than was I.

Yes, Brandi was an admitted pain slut – one for which every session was played out to the point of madness; as the last edge play session she would ever do, every single time. It always had to be this way with her. Every session was more intense than the last. I guess finally something had to give. You see, Brandi could take more than the average girl. No one ever underestimated or questioned her thresholds, which were, in a dominant's eyes, unendurable pleasure prolonged. What she could endure was truly something to behold. Even up to the bitter end, when the self-hatred manifested itself into such ugliness that it paralleled not only her despise for what she put up with – but her hatred for the tormentors themselves (myself included, I believe).

But then you see Brandi *wasn't* really a girl at all. She was much, much more. Not a girl? More than a girl? Speaking in tongues, again? No, just one of the most beautiful human beings I have ever had the pleasure of knowing.

Having completed my formal training many months previously at the chateau, Brandi and I became very good friends through the many countless sessions of mine she'd sit in on (and would always end up being a part of somehow). She didn't put the willies in me like she did some of the other regulars, who didn't understand her and scoffed at her differences. I didn't care that she dressed in drag and sometimes wore makeup. I saw her for what she was – a true kindred spirit, desperately in need of love and affection from her fellow dominants and submissives. The only family she would really ever know.

It pleases me today to know that Brandi did receive that love and affection. At least from a few of us.

Now, a little clarification: The word "transvestite" is derived from the Latin "trans" (cross) and "vestia" (clothing). And if numbers mean anything to you, over

90% of male cross-dressers are strictly heterosexual (Brandi was the exception). The rest are homosexual, with a few bisexuals making up the balance.

Brandi didn't have a girlfriend. She liked men. Liked the way they smelled. But mostly, Brandi liked to dress up for them and take their beatings. (Those that would indulge her.)

I asked her once if she was gay; if she'd ever made love to another man.

"No, I think I'm just in the wrong body," she uttered sadly to anyone in the lobby who would hear her words. Our eyes met. There was no shame. Just utter despair and hopelessness.

She was such a thirsty child; yet filled to the brim with more *real life* than anyone her age should have to deal with. Grades and keeping part time jobs were what her friends were into. Brandi was on a different existential plane altogether.

I could hear her pain resonating in her words. In fact, sadly, Brandi was never to make love to another human being in her short, angst-ridden journey of twenty-three years.

We played a game once. I secretly told her I had always felt seventeen. Brandi groaned and admitted she felt "forty-seven."

We had a long talk about that and the feeling she consistently emphasized was that she wanted to be accepted. Just accepted, for crying out fucking loud. Accepted and not stared at in line at the supermarket. Accepted while getting a beer at a concert. Free to be who she was and surrounded with those she chose to be with at the dance clubs. ... Just accepted. I don't think it ever happened for her – except in the closed confines of the chateau.

The thing I remember most about her was how kind she was to everyone – client or non-client – who came into the chateau. If a dominant off the streets wanted someone to beat, Brandi would offer herself up. (Even if she'd just come out of a session.) She'd smile, run her dirty, unkempt fingernails through her short, cropped, two-toned blonde hair and hardened features – almost presenting herself as a beacon to her abusers that she'd gladly absorb their hatreds, their preconceptions – from any man with cash for her fee. Often times she'd tease me about not being a pro, flashing wads of cash, then showing me her "beauty marks." (Years later I would compare her to Kurt Cobain, the late lead singer of the grunge band, *Nirvana*, in drag. The comparison was ultra-bizarre when I actually did see Cobain in a dress with makeup!)

So why did I do coke with her? Why did I enable her – even possibly further her drug addiction? Simple. To help anesthetize the pain – *our pain*. To numb the unforgiving world which was to be her Alcatraz. To forget. Even if for just for a few more fleeting moments as razor blade met with mirror.

Let me make it clear here and now that I was never under the influence of any drug or alcohol during a session with Brandi – or anyone else, for that matter. It was made clear to me very early on that drugs – if you chose to indulge – had their own place and time. And that place and time was not anywhere near the chateau or a session. Partaking in such activities places both the dominant and the submissive in grave danger – as expectations, thresholds, and personalities

can, and often do – fly perilously out of *control*, which in stark contrast should be the essence and aim of every safe, sane and consensual session.

Safe, sane and consensual BDSM.

There are no alternatives as far as I'm concerned.

I remember taking Brandi to Barney's Beanery (a horrendous choice) one summer afternoon for lunch. The waitress with purple hair and rings coming out of every orifice approached our table. She stared at Brandi, dressed in Salvation Army attire – then looked down at her pad and started scribbling before we'd spoken a word. Brandi and I just exchanged disgusted looks, shaking our heads, sensing her disapproval. I apologized for Barney's not being the best choice. (They're in the city of West Hollywood and they're anti-gay if you can believe or understand that!)

"That's okay, Sir," she said, half smiling at me over her menu which she didn't seem to be reading.

Although it is impossible to remember the exact conversation, it went something like this:

Master Mark: Can you tell me when you first realized you felt trapped in a man's body?

Brandi: As early as I can remember I was fascinated with women's nylons. Their legs were so smooth, almost like silk. I always found myself looking at women's legs. Then there were high heels. I loved the look, the sexiness.

Master Mark: So you played with your mother's nylons? Did you wear them? Her shoes?

Brandi: Yeah. I loved the feel under my jeans. Wore her shoes in secret also.

Master Mark: So you started cross-dressing when you were relatively young. Still in grade school?

Brandi: (nods, plays with food). I was about seven, eight as far as I can remember. I don't remember much about my childhood. Just that I thought I was weird and really, really different from just about everyone else.

Master Mark: Were you ever caught?

Brandi: Yeah. When I was around eleven. I was all made up and had the nylons on and my mom walked in with laundry and caught me masturbating furiously.

Master Mark: What happened?

Brandi: She beat me. I had to stay home from school almost a week. She called me a pervert.

Master Mark: (consoling Brandi, who has a teardrop running down her cheek) You know we love you at the house. We love that you have the pride to show off who you really are.

Brandi: I think for me, the hardest part is the non-acceptance thing. People judging me before they even know me. Like the waitress.

Master Mark: It's kind of like fighting a losing battle.

Brandi: (nodding emphatically) Yeah. Can we go now, sir?

Master Mark: Of course.

Can we go now, sir? ...

Can we go now?!

I looked into her tired, sad eyes and nodded that, yes, we could go now. Brandi didn't want to spend any more time in public than was necessary. The chateau was her haven. It was there that she truly felt safe.

That was the last time I saw Brandi, when I dropped her off that afternoon.

She killed herself that evening. Left all the pain and anguish behind in this physical world that is, all too often, very physical and mentally taxing.

I think a little piece of me died that night, too. That's why I don't understand those who point fingers at people who may be a little bit different. Brandi, a graduate of Hollywood High, a lifelong resident of this city which promises so much, but yields so little, never lived long enough to reap the benefits of her neighborhood. Brandi wanted to be an interior designer. She would've been a good one; she had an eye like you wouldn't believe for decor – and an innate sense for what was pleasing, aesthetically. There, in that reality, she was never judged or denigrated. Only admired and praised.

Remembrances of conversations days before with Brandi filled my head like Giants' Stadium sold out for a Bruce Springsteen concert. She talked about "snuff." How wild it would be to go out that way.

If only I'd known enough to pick up the clues.

Rest in peace, my friend. I shall never forget you, nor will those who shared in the shortness of your life, laughter and tears.

They say you may not always remember those you have laughed with. But you will *never* forget those with whom you have cried.

*They are waiting to take us into the severed garden
Do you know how pale and wanton, thrillfull
comes death on a strange hour
Unannounced, unplanned for
Like a scarring, over-friendly guest you've brought to bed
Death makes angels of us all
and gives us wings where we had shoulders
smooth as raven's claws
No more money, no more fancy dress
This other kingdom seems by far the best
until its other jaw reveals incest
& loose obedience to a vegetable law
I will not go
But for a feast of friends
to the Giant Family*

James Douglas Morrison
-- From "An American Prayer"

The Disciplinarienne

"Julie, I've had just about enough of your cheek!"

Mary Whentworth was beside herself and was up in arms about what to do about her errant, eighteen-year-old daughter.

"I know this is a tough age, but I shall not be spoken to like this -- not in my own home!"

It had been a tough day around the Whentworth residence indeed. First, Julie had just recently moved back in under her mum and dad's roof, after having lived with her boyfriend the past six months in what her mother termed, "a state of rebellion."

This hadn't worked out and now she found herself home again and having to abide by her parents' rules. Now she was faced with either going back to school full time or finding employment.

Julie didn't like either of her choices and her attitude truly reflected this. It had sharpened considerably – spewing forth a bitterness and a hostile resentment toward her mother for her own failings.

"I'm afraid, Julie, that the time has come."

"For what?!" the miscreant teen shot back, her voice dripping with seething disrespect.

"For the cane, young lady. Time for 'six-of-the-best' to be laid squarely across your backside, you sassy little recalcitrant brat!"

"And you're gonna do it? I don't think so," Julie shot back sarcastically, her face turning scornful as she snickered under her breath.

This was a little girl headed for big trouble.

Mary Whentworth picked up a copy of the London Times, turning to the advertisements. An ad had caught her eye earlier that morning:

**DISCIPLINARY PROBLEMS IN THE HOME?
HESITANT TO PUNISH? CALL BRENTWOOD COLLEGE.**

The advertisement seemed simple enough. But would they understand the delicacy of her situation; that she, already in her mid-forties, had never learned to properly wield the cane? Much less having never administered a "proper" caning with anything heavier than a junior cane – which was, by American standards, nothing more than a switch. Certainly she felt as if things were so far beyond her control that a caning by her hand was simply out of the question.

She picked up the telephone and dialed the number to the college.

The voice on the other end seemed pleasant enough.

"Hello?"

"Yes, hello ... my name is ... Mrs. Mary Whentworth and I. ..."

"You're calling about the ad in the Sunday Times," the voice said matter-of-factly.

"Yes, Ma'am, I am. Actually, I'm calling for my daughter.

"I understand," came the calm, yet self-assured voice on the other end again.

"You do?"

"Indeed. You have a misbehaving child in need of discipline, correct?"

"Well, yes."

"I'm the headmistress of this establishment, Ms. Von Stern. Would you like for your daughter to be caned, or is that too severe a punishment for her? How old is she?"

"She's eighteen and fairly well-built. That is to say that her bottom could definitely withstand the cane. And Lord knows she needs it."

"I understand completely," Miss Von Stern said as she looked down at her roster of trainee schoolmistresses and governesses.

"I have someone in mind who would be perfect for the task at hand. She's just finishing up her training here and is familiarizing herself in the disciplinary arts. She's given quite a lot of canings as of late, some -- actually quite a lot -- to private homes where discipline is sorely lacking. Would you like for her come to your home and administer some discipline to your daughter?"

"I would indeed. Thank you," Mary Whentworth said, breathing a huge sigh of relief. "What would the charge be, if I may ask?"

"Oh, no charge, we do this completely gratis; as a service, and we're happy to provide it, as it benefits both parties we feel. My mistresses and governesses receive the live disciplinary practice they so need to fulfill their prerequisites. And the parents, they don't have to fuss with the punishments themselves."

Mary Whentworth gave the headmistress her address and they made the appointment for precisely three o'clock that afternoon. Julie had only half believed any of this was going to come about when she saw a very good looking young redhead approaching the door with a case tucked neatly under her arm.

The diminutive woman rang the doorbell, applying a thick coat of lipstick.

Julie started to answer the door, but was cut off by her mother.

"Hello," came the very formal voice of the lady, dressed in a white blouse and pleated black skirt and heels. "I'm Ms. Donnelly, I believe I have an appointment with you this afternoon."

"Yes, please come in," Mary Whentworth somehow managed to stammer out, shaking Ms. Donnelly's hand as the gentle looking young lady entered -- catching eyes with Julie, whom she knew instinctively she'd be disciplining in a few short moments.

"I've been updated on your condition here in the home, so I'd like to get right down to business, if you don't mind, Mrs. Whentworth?"

"No, not at all," the lady of the house replied, gazing at her daughter, who now wore a confused expression.

Julie sized up Ms. Donnelly: At barely five feet, with long elegant red locks pulled up into a tight bun and deep-set green eyes, she was hardly an imposing

figurine at that thought the smug teenager. How much of a caning could she give?

Ms. Donnelly took off her coat, then placed her long black case on the table as she made eye contact with Julie once again – this time a seriousness enveloping her face; a businesslike proficiency that Julie somehow likened to that of her mother, but, still, with an element her mother was somehow missing. But this woman was different. There was an air of seriousness that was a bit unsettling. It also excited young Julie in a manner she did not understand. Mary Whentworth sat down, sipping her tea, watching what was unfolding before her very eyes. Her daughter caned. Properly. And for no charge. What could be better for a Sunday afternoon?

What she had dreamt of and wished now for so long was finally about to come to fruition: For her daughter to finally get her just desserts. To finally feel the dreaded sting of the cane she'd been promising for so many years, but had somehow been unable to deliver due to her lack of skill and coordination because of a nervous system affliction the doctors were unable to get under control.

"Julie, I'm sure you know why I'm here," Ms. Donnelly continued.

"Yeah, you're supposed to ... punish me." The teen's voice was again filled with a combination of wild disbelief coupled with rebellious, albeit nervous, laughter.

"I'd like for you to clear the area here in the living room, move the furniture to the sides and bring me that old-fashioned chair in the corner. Place it in the center of the room. Just the chair. That's all I want to see there. Do you understand?"

Julie rolled her eyes, deciding to play out this charade to its fullest. After all, how bad could a "caning" from this tiny woman be? She'd go through the motions, then tell her mother it was much ado about nothing after Ms. Donnelly left.

Julie did as she was instructed and the chair was in place.

Ms. Donnelly turned to Julie's mother: "Would you happen to have a spare house shoe I might use? Perhaps one with a flat heel, or a sandal? One with some pliancy to it, but not too flimsy?"

Mrs. Whentworth bolted up out of her seat and went to the closet in her bedroom where she found the perfect scourge her daughter's disciplinienne had requested: A fifteen-year old, sturdy, elegant sandal with a half-inch heel and a metal tip attached to the flat of the heel. She quickly returned and handed it to Ms. Donnelly, who smiled with delight at her counterpart's proficiency in finding exactly what she had wanted.

Julie's eyes widened to full aperture now, watching the transference of the shoe from her mum to Ms. Donnelly.

The disciplinienne sat down, calmly, on the seat of the chair, and with shoe in hand, called for Julie to come stand before her.

Julie balked. How could she back down now – after boasting so much pride in front of her mother and this strange woman? She lowered her head and went to Ms. Donnelly, who took her in one graceful motion by the hand and draped her

across her lap, positioning her for punishment. It took a few moments before Julie was sprawled across her punisher's knee just right. Then Ms. Donnelly placed the shoe on the flat of Julie's back as she very deliberately folded up her skirt, exposing crisp new knickers. This brought a wave of shame across Julie's flushed facial features.

Ms. Donnelly turned to Julie's' mum, who sat spellbound.

"Would you like for this to be bare bottom, Mrs. Whentworth?"

Mrs. Whentworth did not hesitate and answered immediately with an emphatic nod.

Ms. Donnelly then slowly peeled down Julie's knickers, showing for the first time in a long time a well rounded, unblemished, virgin-white bottom.

She picked up the shoe, and, in a very soft yet commanding voice, disciplined Julie verbally: "I want your head turned away whilst I spank you, do you understand? I do not wish to see your face!"

"Yes."

"Yes, what?"

"Yes, ma'am," came the cheeky tone again, through clenched teeth this time.

"I don't think I like your tone, young lady! But not to worry, we'll be making some headway in just a few moments. I want your toes pointed inward. I do not want you clenching your bottom cheeks whatsoever during this punishment – do you understand, Julie?!"

"Yes, ma'am," came Julie's reply, this time a bit more feeble – but definitely resonating with more respect.

Ms. Donnelly picked up the shoe again and without a moment's hesitation, began whacking away at Julie's poor behind. Six crisp, stinging whacks to one cheek, then another six to the other. Then twelve strokes on one side and twelve to the other. Finally, after five solid minutes of this, Julie could keep her toes pointed no longer and the tears began rolling down her cheeks. But she was determined not to utter a sound. Ms. Donnelly stopped, a frown appearing on her delicate, fawnlike features.

"What did I tell you about those toes, young lady?!"

"I'm ... I'm sorry, ma'am."

"You will be. We're just getting started here. Now back into position!"

Julie repositioned her toes correctly, turning her head away as the tears started to flow uncontrollably. The vision of her mother, sitting at the kitchen table sipping her tea – watching with such unadulterated pleasure – was simply too much for her to bear. She broke down completely, and the caning itself had still yet to be administered! Finally, after another few minutes of torrid whacks applied with the shoe, Ms. Donnelly let Julie up, but with a stern warning not to rub her flaming bottom cheeks.

Julie stood, crying, wanting to rub the sting out of her bottom as her disciplinarian strode to the table and opened her black case – removing two different crook-handled canes. She bent the first one, an office cane, or "junior" cane which was quite thin, between her long, sensuous, capable fingers. Julie looked up to see this as she broke down again in tears, knowing full well the seriousness of the fate that now awaited her. Then Ms. Donnelly swished the

cane quickly through the air and, shaking her head, replaced it back in its case. She then pulled out a senior cane, the type most frequently used in her establishment. It was longer and had a longer circumference than that of the office cane. It was also heavier, with greater density. She gave a wry smile as she swished this cane, feeling its weight spring between her fingers – knowing it would be the rod to impart the bulk of Julie's lesson this afternoon.

Ms. Donnelly walked over to where Julie was by the chair and ordered her to kneel on the seat.

"Up on it, and I want you reaching over and grabbing the chair legs," do you understand?

"Yes, ma'am. I do," came the contrite reply.

Ms. Donnelly fussed with Julie's posture even more this time, taking the cane and using it as a pointer, motioning her to arch her back as she reached down low, almost off balance.

"Bum up, head down. And don't jump off that chair if you know what's good for you!"

Julie was now sobbing incessantly, the tears flowing down her face as if a river had run amok. Her mother sat silently, watching with breathtaking fascination at the absolutely flawless pre-punishment delivery Ms. Donnelly was performing before her eyes. Never had she seen her daughter so controlled by a woman. So contrite. And this strange woman? So young – just out of college herself! And so petite!

How, Mary Whentworth thought. How could this be possible?

Ms. Donnelly, pleased with Julie's posture finally, went forth with her pre-caning rituals that she was now honing on this wayward teenager. She rolled back her skirt again, over onto her back, but did not have to fuss with her knickers that were still at the tops of her knees. Julie's sore bottom showed; welts from the heel of the shoe had "marked" her significantly already. Her bottom was literally a deep shade of crimson from the spanking and getting redder with each passing moment.

Ms. Donnelly took the cane and placed it between Julie's thighs, spreading them apart just a bit. Then the governess trainee rolled up her right sleeve ever so slowly, a stern glare directed into Julie's eyes.

"Turn your head from me," Ms. Donnelly said next. "I do not wish to see your face as I cane you, young lady."

"Yes, ma'am," came Julie's weak response again. The young girl complied totally and without question, having already been thoroughly disciplined by this woman.

"You're going to receive a six-of-the-best caning, young lady," do you know what that means?

Julie nodded her head that she did.

"Followed by a five-barred gate." Do you know what that is?

Julie shook her head.

"You'll very soon find out. Now, on with it. Head down and bum up. Legs spread wide apart ... that's it. Bum up. Higher ... higher ... higher!"

Ms. Donnelly drew the cane back to its full apex and with a lightning-quick motion and flick of her wrist, landed the first cane stroke squarely in the middle of Julie's bum. The tip had not wrapped around the edge and she was pleased with her first stroke in more than a week. A fully-ridged horizontal cane stripe quickly appeared out of nowhere as Ms. Donnelly smiled to herself. Julie let out a hysterical cry. Ms. Donnelly pushed her back down and the errant girl obediently grabbed hold of the chair legs again, offering up her bum for further chastisement – a total, undeniable sign of pure contrition.

"How many strokes was that, Julie?"

"One ... ma'am."

"Very good. Do not lose count, or we start over. Do you understand? Do not jump off that chair, or we start over."

"Yes, ma'am, I understand," Julie said, wiping her tears.

Ms. Donnelly readied the cane again -- slashing three vicious cuts in succession, one on either side of the first stroke then one cut directly in the middle, landing on the first, horrendous cut which was fully developed and "weeping" now. The ridges fast-appeared again and were trapped within the fullness of Julie's plump bottom. No sloppy weals, just well placed "ladders" exactly a half-inch apart. The disciplinienne was truly pleased with herself; with how far she'd come as a mistress of the cane. This would be nearly the hundredth caning she'd administered (she kept a detailed diary of every one) and she felt very at home administering its style of discipline to those so desperately in need of chastisement and correction.

"How many more, Julie?"

The girl paused, finally answering in a very meek voice. "

"Four?"

"Correct. Prepare yourself Julie Whentworth!"

Ms. Donnelly measured her distance with the cane as Julie bent forward again.

The disciplinienne swished the cane through the air and it landed just below the other cuts, directly on the seat, where sitting is a reminder of the punishment itself. Not one weal was touching another. Julie let out another hysterical scream. She could bare no more. And what was this "five-barred gate" her mistress had mentioned?

"One more, Julie, then it's all over. Get into position. ... That's it, head down, bum up."

Ms. Donnelly repositioned herself almost even with Julie's head, aiming her cane diagonally back across the previous weals. This last stroke was meant to be the most severest, "connecting" the previous five "cuts" – thus making the caning appear as if it were a "gate."

The cane made a sickening swishing noise as it sliced through the air on its way to the target – Julie's plump, well-rounded bum cheeks.

Julie remained in position, taking in a quick series of short breaths before breaking down into tears again. This had been such an ordeal. Ms. Donnelly watched, silently, to see if Julie would disobey her by rubbing her bottom or by jumping off the chair. The girl remained motionless, except for her heaving body

giving forth to her incredible sobs. Mrs. Whentworth sat, silently, too, satisfied that the job had been done properly and that possibly there was some hope for her daughter's immediate behavior problems

. Ms. Donnelly, without uttering a word, then went to the table and replaced her cane – put on her coat and handed Julie's mother a white business card, which read, very simply, "Ms. K. Donnelly ... disciplinarienne." There was also a telephone number at the bottom and an e-mail address.

The two exchanged admiring glances and Ms. Donnelly looked back over to Julie who was still bent over the chair, now deeply immersed in self-pity and the remnants of a good cry.

Julie looked up for a moment, catching Ms. Donnelly's eye. She emotionally mouthed the words: "Thank you" to the schoolmistress/governess as her tear-stained face showed no signs of rebellion whatsoever. It was as if she was thanking this woman -- this stranger – for taking the time, for showing her the attention, for disciplining her -- as she had so badly needed and wanted all these years, but was somehow unable to communicate to her mother.

Then the disciplinarienne, case tucked under her arm, gracefully exited the Whentworth home as elegantly and as quickly as she came – a wry sense of satisfaction washing across her soft and satisfied features.

But would there be a need for her to return?

Mary Whentworth was absolutely certain of it.