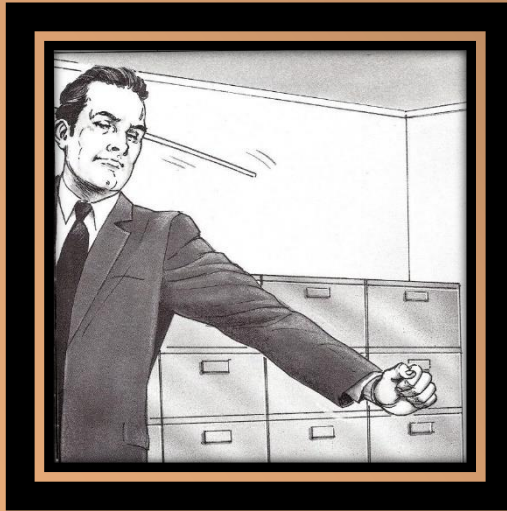


The Junior Salesman

and other workplace whackings



Male on male spanking stories

By Charles Hamilton II

The Junior Salesman

THE TWENTY-YEAR-old junior salesman slowly unclasped his belt and unbuttoned his trousers. He pushed them over his hips and let go. From there they slithered slowly down his legs.

A breeze from the nearby open window brushed against his naked legs as he awaited the next command.

Tyler looked over at his boss; in his hands was a wicked-looking school cane, around three feet in length and with a curved handle. Mr. Davenport's huge grin exposed his decaying teeth as he tapped a point on the floor in front of him with the cane, "Please bend over and touch your toes."

- *Extract from The Junior Salesman*

**The characters depicted in these stories are
over the age of 18 years old.**

**These stories are intended for adults over the
age of 18 years old.**

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Contents

1	Over the boss's knee	4
2	The mailroom boys	13
3	The junior salesman	26
4	The office manager	35
5	The expenses fiddle	76
6	Three thieving days to Xmas	91
	Other compilations	108

1. Over the boss's knee

“WHAT DID I say would happen if you were late to work again?”

I knew I was supposed to say, “You’d give me a spanking Mr. Johnson, Sir!”, but I wasn’t going to give the bastard the satisfaction.

But, despite my reluctance to say it out loud there was no doubt I was going over Mr. Johnson’s knee for a whacking.

Mr. Johnson was the deputy office manager. Only the ‘deputy’ but he ruled the roost and his word was law. End of. He was a real bully.

I’d only worked for the company for a little over a month. I was twenty years old and I’d been out of work since leaving school two years previously. Jobs were hard to get in this town and the money I brought home made all the difference in my family. Mr. Johnson might be a bastard, but I needed to keep this job, so I had to do what he said.

“Well Hamilton?”

This time I told him what he wanted to hear. “You said I’d get a spanking Mr. Johnson, Sir.” I tried to put a bit of a sneer into the word “sir”, but I don’t think he got the intonation.

I was standing in Mr. Johnson's office. It was portioned off from the main office and the wall between the two was mostly glass. Mr. Johnson could see everything that was going on in the office. And, unless he drew the blinds on the window, all the office could see what Mr. Johnson was doing.

Mr. Johnson stood up and took off his jacket, hanging it up on a stand-alone coat stand.

“Take off your jacket and hang it up.”

I did as I was told.

While I was doing this Mr. Johnson took his chair and placed it in front of his desk. I could see through the window that my fellow workers had started to take notice. They knew something very interesting was about to happen.

My fellow workers were all women and considerably older than me, most of them could have been my mum. I was the ‘office junior’ and as far as they were concerned that meant they could treat me as the lowest of the low.

I felt very small knowing they were all about to watch my spanking. Actually, I was very small. I was only skin and bones really. Not much more than five-feet-five tall and my tiny waist probably didn't measure more than twenty-six inches. Most people where I lived looked like this. That's what generations of poverty did to you.

“Stand there,” Mr. Johnson, who was as overweight as I was under, snapped his fingers and pointed to a spot a couple of feet to his right.

I did as I was told. Standing there with my back to my work colleagues I realised they were going to get a prime view of my backside as I went across the boss’s knee. The mail boy arrived just in time to catch the show.

Mr. Johnson started to scold me about my bad timekeeping and my general attitude. I didn’t pay much attention; my gaze was transfixed on the man’s knees. He sat in his dark blue cheap business suit, his legs slightly apart creating a flabby platform where any moment now I’d be lying face down. I couldn’t be sure, but I thought there might be a slight bump in among all the flesh where his cock was poking up.

Without speaking, Mr. Johnson reached out and grabbed the buckle of my belt. I instinctively took a step back but, clutching the waistband of my trousers, he pulled me closer to him and unbuckled the belt. I had no choice but to let him unzip my fly and tug my trousers down to my thighs.

I hopped from foot to foot in embarrassment and the movement and gravity encouraged my trousers to slip down to my shins.

“Bend over.” I didn’t. For a moment I did consider making a run for it. Nobody in their right mind would have blamed me if I did, but such an action was unthinkable. If I didn’t do as Mr. Johnson demanded, he’d make sure I’d lose my job and I couldn’t do that to my family.

“Over!” I’d never been spanked before and believe it or not I wasn’t quite sure how to do it. I hesitated while I worked out whether I was supposed to throw myself over his body (rather like diving into a swimming pool) or whether I should put my hands on his knees and lower myself into position.

Mr. Johnson must have thought I wasn’t going to take my spanking at all. He grabbed me by the left arm and manhandled me across his lap. Instinctively I put both hands in front of me to break my fall and badly jarred my right shoulder as a result.

I was across Mr. Johnson’s knees, but not quite where he wanted me. He put one arm under my body and moved me forward a couple of inches. I was light enough and he strong enough to lift me to a spot to his satisfaction.

My face was low on the ground and I was eye to eye with the office carpet. My legs were a couple of inches off the ground and my bottom was neatly



Before I could protest the spansks rained down

placed high in the middle of a mound of Mr. Johnson's flesh.

I couldn't see this, but my fellow office workers had all left their desks and were stood watching the action. What they saw was a boy bent over an older man's knees, with his bony bottom pointing up to the ceiling and prepared for a spanking.

I wasn't to know this (yet) but although this was unexplored territory for me, it wasn't for Mr. Johnson or his staff. He had had many an office boy over his knee in his day and they had witnessed them all.

I felt my face burn red, just as I supposed my bottom cheeks would any time now.

Mr. Johnson didn't say a word as he put one arm around my body to hold me tightly in place. With his right hand he grasped the waist of my underpants and pulled them down over my tiny bottom to rest above my trousers.

Before I could protest the spanks rained down. This wasn't going to be six slaps and you're done. He spanked me so rapidly and so hard I could barely catch my breath. His spanks were not delivered from a great height, but were a series of short sharp blows one after another.

My cheeks were burning. I tried to wriggle free, but Mr. Johnson held me firmly in place. I wasn't

going anywhere until he decided he had punished me enough.

Slap! Slap! Slap! It just went on and on. It hurt so much I wanted to cry out for him to stop, to say I promised not to be late for work again, if only he would stop spanking me. But, even with this pain I refused to give Mr. Johnson the satisfaction.

And then he did stop. It was over. I caught my breath.

“Dolly!”

“Yes, Mr. Johnson?”

“Dolly, I don’t think this is getting through to Hamilton, do you have a hairbrush?”

“Yes, Mr. Johnson,” and with that she hurried off to her handbag and Mr. Johnson resumed his hand spans on my by now bright red bottom.

Dolly returned with the brush and handed it over. From my position staring at the carpet I couldn’t see Mrs. Baker, as I was expected to call her in the office, but I knew damn well she could see me, bared arsed and humiliated.

Bang! Bang! Bang! The hairbrush came down on my arse. Mr. Johnson didn’t let up one little bit. He whacked me just as hard with the wooden brush as he had with his hand. The pain was intense and I knew that I couldn’t take any more of this. Tears began to flow easily.

Mr. Johnson eased up a bit, but he didn't stop.

“Will you be late for work again?”

“No sir,” I gulped.

Spank! Spank!

“Do you apologise for all the times you were late before.”

“Yes,”

Spank!

“Yes, what?”

“Yes, Mr. Johnson, Sir”

Spank! Spank! Spank! “Say it out loud. Tell all your work colleagues that you apologise to them for being late.”

I hesitated.

Whack! Whack! A dozen hard spanks in quick succession hit into my buttocks. There wasn't enough flesh in my bum to absorb all this. My backside was literally black and blue with the beating.

“I'm sorry everyone,” I choked out the words, hating Mr. Johnson with every fibre of my body. The bastard bully.

“Do we accept his apology folks?”

He carried on beating me while they decided what to say.

The spanks seemed to go on forever. What's the matter: were they having a vote on it?

“Yes, he’s had enough”.

It was a man’s voice.

“Let him go.”

It was Mr. Grice, the office manager. Mr. Johnson’s boss.

Suddenly, he released his grip on my body and I jumped off his lap. Unsteady on my feet, I pulled up my trousers and pants. I know it’s what everyone says, but my bum really did feel like it was on fire. I was having trouble breathing and I knew I had tear streaks down my face.

“Go get cleaned up,” Mr. Grice told me.

I didn’t need telling twice I pushed past the both of them and through the small crowd of women spectators and rushed out of the office to the Gents.

What I didn’t see was Mr. Grice pull down the blinds in Mr. Johnson’s office. Words were being said.

In the toilet I soaked lavatory paper in water and swabbed at my blistered bum. I hate you Mr. Johnson. One day, I thought, I’ll be long gone from this company and if I ever meet you then, I’ll make sure that you never walk again.

2. The mailroom boys

SEVEN EIGHTEEN-YEAR-old guys sat in an office listening to Mr. Albertson, one of the company's personnel managers, talking about how glowing their futures would be if they were taken on to work at Tilotson's.

What the boys didn't realise at the time was their glowing backsides would be of more immediate concern to them.

Gerry Holmes was one of them. He had just left school, with pitiful exam results and was staring years of unemployment in the face. Tilotson's might just be his saviour. They were hiring boys for the mailroom. It wasn't much of a job, sorting mail and delivering it around the vast industrial complex, but Gerry knew that if he worked hard, after a year he could transfer up to a better job at the company. He knew lots of people at Tilotson's who had started in the mail room and now had good, well-paying jobs.

If he could move up, it meant he would be able to afford the luxuries in life. He might even be able to get a girl. Gerry really wanted this job.

The door opened and a man in security uniform entered with a teenaged boy in tow.

The security man whispered a few words into Mr. Albertson's ear and left.

“Well lads,” he said turning back to the group, “this is instructive.”

“Young Randy has been late for work three times this month and that is not acceptable. Isn't that right Randy?”

The boy blushed to his roots, but said nothing.

“So guys, you can see a practical demonstration of what happens here if you break the rules.”

With that he sat down in his chair and, grabbing Randy by the arm, he guided the teenager across his lap.

The seven teens stared on, disbelieving.

Holding Randy steady at the shoulders, Mr. Albertson pulled at the elasticated waist of the boy's sweat pants, dragging them to his knees. His yellow-and-green patterned underpants quickly followed.

Then, Mr. Albertson spanked Randy with his hand on his bare bottom. Hard slaps rained down across the boy's cheeks in what was clearly a painful spanking.

Randy gasped a little, but stayed in his place, firmly across Mr. Albertson's knees, and offered no resistance.

The boy's buttocks were bright red, as indeed was his face, when after what seemed like an age, Mr. Albertson allowed him to stand, leave the room and go to his workplace.

"So lads, now you know what to expect. Here at Tilotson's we believe in rewarding those who work hard, but we also have punishments for those who do not," the personnel manager said.

Gerry was used to receiving corporal punishment from his dad at home. Only last month he had felt his father's paddle on his bare backside after he was caught drinking beer at a friend's house. He remembered how raw his butt was when his father had finished. It hurt like Hell for ages afterwards, but Gerry bore no ill will against his dad: he knew he had deserved his spanking.

So, Gerry was not fazed by the teen's spanking, but he did think it unusual in a workplace.

Mr. Albertson was still talking. "So now you know how we do things here. If you aren't prepared to accept this, you shouldn't come to work here."

Three of the seven boys did not return after lunch, but Gerry was not one of them.

The day consisted of aptitude tests (basically to find out if the guys could read), a tour of the plant, and a personal interview. Three days later Gerry was overjoyed to receive a letter saying he should start work on the following Monday.

On the first day Gerry received his uniform. Mailroom boys wore bright blue shorts with elasticated waists. They were cut really short so they were no bigger than running shorts really. They had bright yellow golf shirts, with 'Tilotson's' embroidered on the pocket. At first he felt a complete fool in his new outfit, but all the other guys had to wear the same so he soon got used to it.

The mailroom was huge and broken down into sections. His supervisor was Mr. Van Winckle. Of course, everyone called him Rip, but never to his face. He didn't seem to have a sense of humour. Gerry had to report to Mr. Van Winckle and take his instructions. Gerry had no problem with that, he knew someone had to be his boss. What he didn't yet realise was that Rip owned his ass.

Gerry was on late shift one day, when he saw the guy in the suit. He never knew his name and didn't recognise him from any of the offices. He just turned up at the mail room and, ignoring Gerry, he walked straight into Rip's office.



He whacked the paddle home with enthusiasm

Instinctively, Gerry knew something interesting was about to happen, so he abandoned the mail and crossed the room to get a better view of proceedings.

The guy in the suit must have been in his mid-twenties, Gerry thought, but he knew he was a bad judge of other people's ages: he wouldn't be a very good police witness.

Rip and the guy exchanged a few words, but it didn't look like they were pleasantries. Then without any fuss the guy bent across Rip's desk.

Rip went to a filing cabinet and took out a paddle. It looked like any paddle you would see in school. It wasn't very different from the paddle his dad had used on him, Gerry thought.

The suit-covered ass made a perfect target for Rip and he whacked the paddle home with much enthusiasm.

The guy gasped a little and by Whack!! number ten he was in agony.

Rip put the paddle down and said something to the suit who then stood up and left the office. As he hobbled by, clearly in agony, Gerry could see the guy's face was ashen and his eyes were full of tears.

Gerry returned to his work and not a word was ever said about the incident.

Gerry settled in well to his job. It was straightforward and he liked it that way. With the other boys in the mailroom he would collect, sort and deliver mail. There were lots other guys and work was not difficult.

One morning, Gerry was on his rounds delivering mail when he looked into one of the offices in Accounts. He saw the workers, all women, standing looking towards their boss's office.

Curious, Gerry peered over to see what the attraction was. Oh, so, it wasn't only the mailroom boys who got their asses blistered.

In the boss's office was a tiny guy, he looked a bit Italian, draped over his boss's knee getting a bare bottomed spanking. The slaps crashed into the poor boy's behind and the boss, who was quite tubby, was sweating buckets as he slap, slap, slapped! away. He called out to one of the women to fetch him her hairbrush. She did and the fat man slashed it into the boy's buttocks demanding that he apologise to all his co-workers for arriving late.

Gerry felt for the boy: not only was he getting his buns toasted, he was being further humiliated by his boss in front of his co-workers. Then, another guy came in said the spanking must stop. Gerry hi-

tailed it out of the office and continued on his rounds.

Every two months the mailroom boys had their performance appraisal. Gerry hadn't been at the plant long enough to get his yet, but he sure learnt what they entailed. There was a system of rewards at Tilotson's and if you worked well you were given 'credits.' When you earned enough credits you received a cash bonus.

But, if your work was poor, you went over the 'spanking stool' for a butt blistering.

The spanking stool was just an ordinary stool really, except it stood a little taller than the ones the boys sat on when they sorted the mail. That meant an average eighteen-year-old boy could fit across the seat face down, legs to one side, arms to the other, to present his buttocks at exactly the right angle to receive a lashing from Rip's leather strap, or swats from his wooden paddle.

Performance appraisal spankings were always carried out on a Friday and in public: to encourage the others. A boy might not have deserved a whacking of his own, but he still learnt the consequences of not working up to expectations.

That day two of the boys, Kenny and Danny, were the main entertainment. There was a very simple procedure for these events. The boy to be

punished had already had a private session with Rip and knew what it was he had done wrong and how he needed to improve. By the time it went public, all that was left were the beatings.

Both boys had been in the mailroom for about six months and like Gerry they both wanted to progress in the company. They knew the importance of getting a good appraisal from Rip. He was a just and fair man, all the boys agreed on that, and if he ruled they had under-performed, they acknowledged his verdict and they accepted the punishment that inevitably followed.

The procedure was simple. One at a time, each boy jerked at the elasticated waist of the bright blue shorts and yanked them down to his ankles. Then, down came their underpants.

Kenny knew matters had to take their course and went first. Once his buttocks were suitably bared he took a deep breath and dived over the stool, rather as if he were going into a pool. Rip let rip with ten swats of his razor strop, one after the other with no let up. Kenny stifled the yells he desperately wanted to make and when instructed, stood up rubbing his flaming cheeks in a desperate, but fruitless, attempt to stop the throbbing pain.

Denny was next. He was stoical for the first five or six lashes, but after that he couldn't contain

himself and howled and howled. He gripped at the rungs of the stool until his knuckles went white; Rip took no notice and continued to whip him as hard as he had done Kenny. Yes, Rip was indeed a just and fair man.

The punishment over, Kenny and Denny were allowed a ‘time out’ to go to the restroom to compose themselves before resuming work.

Away from their co-workers the two boys examined the damage. Their buttocks were scarlet, with the distinctive impression of a razor strop that left angry marks all over their butt cheeks.

Denny thought his buttocks were on fire. He had no idea how long it would be before he could sit or walk comfortably. He clenched and unclenched his cheeks, feeling pain every time that he did.

Kenny was no better; his marks were big and red and starting to go black. He would wear these for the best part of a week, and his entire weekend would be spent with a sore backside.

The following week Gerry was sent on an errand by Rip to take a parcel across town to one of Tilotson’s customers. Naturally, Gerry took the opportunity to waste some time at the mall while he was away from the mailroom.

At first he felt very conspicuous in his tight blue shorts and yellow shirt. He had never worn his uniform in public before: like all the mailroom boys he came to work in his 'civilian' clothes. Then, he saw one or two girls giving him the eye and giggling at him, but in a nice way, and he cheered up. He was too naïve to also notice the surreptitious glances from the middle-aged men who admired his cute butt.

Gerry was scolded when he eventually delivered his parcel. Nobody had told him it was urgent, he reasoned as he returned to base. It was an unhappy and reflectful Gerry who returned to Tilotson's. He knew Rip would be waiting for him with the paddle.

In fact, he was wrong: Rip was waiting with some freshly-cut switches.

They were so freshly cut that Rip was still whittling away the rough edges, when Gerry walked into the mailroom. The other boys had cottoned-on what had been happening and were looking forward to the diversion. None of the boys had hard feelings towards Gerry, all of them knew that any one of them could be in his place, but boys can be cruel creatures, so they would get maximum enjoyment out of this.

Rip and Gerry exchanged words in the privacy of the office. Gerry had no excuses and he didn't dare complain that Rip had not told him the delivery was urgent.

Minutes later, Gerry carried the spanking stool into the mailroom and prepared himself for his whipping. He had never been switched before: he had examined the rods in Rip's office, they were about two-feet long and very thin; they couldn't hurt much, he reckoned.

How wrong he was. Rip took the young man's ass away. There was a stunned moment of silence, followed by a long, loud, and anguished wail from Gerry as the first cut bit into his naked globes.

After six strokes, the switch broke and Rip replaced it. After twelve, the punishment was over. Gerry's butt was red raw and criss-crossed with thin lines.

Wincing in agony, the boy stood up, his hands gently touched his burning backside, the stripes seemed enormous to the touch and welts were beginning to rise. He gently pulled his underpants over his scorched ass and then his tight shorts.

His butt was still unbelievably sore with every step he took to the restroom. Once inside, Gerry wanted to soak his scorched rear end in water, but it was impossible to manoeuvre himself up onto one

of the hand basins, so he sat on the lavatory, with his buttocks as close to the water as he could get, and flushed, so that water poured across his singed cheeks, but it did not relieve the agony.

In the mirror he saw his cheeks were covered in livid red, almost mauve ridges, which criss-crossed each other all over his bottom. It would take several days before he could sit down with comfort.

3.The junior salesman

THE TWENTY-YEAR-old junior salesman slowly unclasped his belt and unbuttoned his trousers. He pushed them over his hips and let go. From there they slithered slowly down his legs.

A breeze from the nearby open window brushed against his naked legs as he awaited the next command.

Tyler looked over at his boss; in his hands was a wicked-looking school cane, around three feet in length and with a curved handle. Mr. Davenport's huge grin exposed his decaying teeth as he tapped a point on the floor in front of him with the cane, "Please bend over and touch your toes."

Submissively, Tyler did as he was told. He rubbed his hands together, flexed the muscles in his arms, arched his back and stooped forward to present his buttocks for a thrashing. With his feet planted a yard apart and his legs straight, he was in the perfect position. His bottom was thrust up with only the thin material of his underpants between him and the cane. He felt like his arse was on offer, raised provocatively to his master.

Mr. Davenport waited. There was no need to hurry. The longer this took the more he would enjoy it.

“You’ve been late for work too many times, lad. You take long lunches and, my God! your sales results this month are appalling,” Mr. Davenport swished the cane through the air as he catalogued Tyler’s faults.

Bent double, with his fingertips touching his toes, Tyler was in no position to argue. It didn’t matter what he had to say in mitigation (in truth he had nothing, he was guilty as charged on all counts), his boss had already decided on his course of action. The young salesman had no real choice but to obey: for him it was the swish of cane or the unemployment line.

His bottom was thrust out backwards invitingly as he touched his toes, stretching the cotton underpants tight. Tyler’s hair fell forward untidily and his buttocks trembled nervously, making ripples in the fabric that betrayed his growing apprehension as he waited for the thrashing to begin.

Mr. Davenport believed there was no point caning a boy unless it hurt, so he always caned on the bare buttocks. He set the cane down on his desk and approached Tyler from behind. In one swift



Slowly he viciously lashed the cane into the waiting buttocks

movement he grasped the young man's underpants at each hip and gently lowered them down his thighs until they rested precariously at his knees. One sharp move from Tyler would see them tumble down his shins to a final resting place at his feet.

The boss admired Tyler's creamy white hairless buttocks. It was obvious he had recently shaved: back and front. The young salesman felt incredibly foolish, his bottom bared, offered for chastisement. He twitched in anticipation as his boss moved behind him. Surely, he was ready now? Why did he always play these games; making him wait, and wait, before cracking the first agonising stoke across his bum?

His boss's cold hands rested on his tender mounds as he slowly pushed the tail of his jacket well clear of his target. He was a big man, physically fit. Tyler had been beaten by him before so knew how much it was going to hurt.

Nearly ready, the tip of Mr. Davenport's tongue licked his lips, as he flexed the cane and began tapping it gently on Tyler's naked arse. Slowly he removed the cane and then lashed it down viciously into his naked haunches. Tyler gasped as the pain kicked in. That first searing stroke reminded him just why the cane was to be feared.

After a long pause, stroke two slashed down, slicing into his sore cheeks with real force. His arse throbbed and ached.

Swish-Crack! Mr. Davenport whipped a third stroke down on the bare buttocks. The cheeks gave way as the cane sliced like a hot knife through butter.

Another stroke followed and landed just below the first. This time the young man gasped and felt tears coming into his eyes as the intense sting burned deep into his buttocks. The following strokes landed lower down before he could catch his breath another lashed right into his sit-spot where the cheeks met the thighs.

As he struggled for breath, Tyler felt the gentle (reassuring almost) touch of his boss's hand on his back, just between his shoulder blades, this was before a further three strokes lashed across his bottom leaving him yelling and crying bitterly as Mr. Davenport raised weal after weal across his sorry burning backside.

Mr. Davenport was enjoying this. He adjusted his own trousers and raised the cane once more before whipping it down viciously. The noise of this stroke was incredible and resounded all around the small office.

Then there was an eerie silence, broken only by Tyler's gulps and gasps for breath and his sobbing. Mr. Davenport stepped back and looked at the boy still bent over, his buttocks quivering. "It's over," he said. "You can get up now."

Tyler managed to raise himself up, the change of position made his arse hurt even more; how he wanted to rub it, but he knew his master never allowed that till you left the office. In severe pain he bent and pulled first his underpants and then his trousers up over his blistered cheeks. The touch of cloth on burning flesh reignited the agony in his buttocks.

"I think you have learned your lesson, haven't you?" his boss asked rhetorically, but Tyler tried to gulp a reply. He knew this was his cue to leave. Brushing away tears from his eyes he thanked his punisher, turned and left the office. Once outside he gave his arse a much needed rub then hobbled off to the lockers to collect his belongings and go home; safe in the knowledge that he would get a pay cheque for at least one more month.

Mr. Davenport pulled open his desk drawer and withdrew a box of tissues before ripping down the front of his trousers. He was stiff and aching and he came almost immediately.

Relaxing minutes later with a mug of fresh coffee, he recalled the first time he saw Tyler, four months ago at Whacko! a club for corporal punishment enthusiasts. Tyler and another lad just turned up out of the blue. They were dressed like schoolboys, in long grey trousers; white shirt, striped tie: they were obviously on the make. If they weren't quite rent boys, they weren't far off. Mr. Davenport enjoyed Whacko! – you could do all kinds of things in the playrooms: canings, slipperings, beltings; but nothing too heavy. The only drawback was so many of the men were middle aged; you never had the chance to take a youngster across your knee for a bare-bottomed spanking or order them to, “Bend over and touch your toes.”

That night the club members drank their fill, including Mr. Davenport. Tyler was most obliging. Mr. Davenport could feel his penis rising at the memory of it: Tyler bent over his knees; head down, legs straightened behind him; his muscular buttocks perfectly positioned to feel the stinging slaps from the palm of his hand.

“You have the most magnificent arse,” Mr. Davenport was breathless in his admiration. Tyler smiled inwardly: he had hooked another one.

He didn't spank him hard; the arse was so glorious, it was enough for him to pat and preen it; to rub his palm over the smooth cotton of the boy's tight white underpants and then down his thighs. Then over his strong back to the shoulders. But, yes eventually he did spank the arse, but not in anger; he loved the feeling as his hand connected with Tyler's firm cheeks; they were meaty, but bouncy to the touch. Tyler was a fit lad, there wasn't enough spare fat on him to fry a sausage; he was a spanker's delight.

Mr. Davenport's appetite could not be satisfied; he wanted more. Tyler gave him his phone number, muttering something about "a private session," before heading off home with a very sore bum, but pockets bulging with cash.

Mr. Davenport couldn't get Tyler out of his mind, he dreamt of having him in every spanking position imaginable. He must see him again. It was easy to arrange; and Tyler was just as obliging in Mr. Davenport's apartment as at Whacko! Mr. Davenport wasn't really an over-the-knee man; the swishy school cane was his fantasy of choice and he had a fine collection hidden behind the wardrobe in his spare bedroom. Tyler played the stropky teenager and when Mr. Davenport made him pay

with his arse Tyler made Mr. Davenport pay from this wallet.

Mr. Davenport was hooked, he wanted more and more; but with a divorced wife and two children he couldn't afford it; that's when he hatched a plan. He had once read a fantasy story in a magazine; why couldn't he do it in real life?

They say that in life timing is everything: it certainly was for Mr. Davenport. He struck lucky. Tyler had been jobless for ages, and now he had no home either. Relationships are complicated and Tyler had just found himself dumped for a younger model. But, one man's meat is another man's poison, and Mr. Davenport was ready to pick up the option. It was a fiendishly simple plan. Tyler was to work at the sales company Mr. Davenport owned. He would be a junior salesman on the staff with a proper salary and when he screwed up; it would be sore-arse time. A fantasy made reality.

In truth, Mr. Davenport thought it was a ludicrous idea and was astonished that Tyler signed up. But, it worked perfectly; Tyler had no discipline, could never get to work on time, often drifted home early, stayed out on long lunches and to cap it all, he was a truly abysmal salesman.

And from that day forward Mr. Davenport owned Tyler's arse.

4. The office manager

ADRIAN CHEWED ON his bottom lip and kept his eyes downcast on the carpet. He was not quite sure where to put his hands, so he let them hang loosely at his sides, then he clasped them behind his back the way a member of the royal family does. Lastly, he held his hands in front of his cock like a footballer defending a free kick. Then he started the routine all over again.

He could not get his eyelids to stop flickering; he was wracked with anxiety.

“You know why you are here young man.”

Adrian was not sure: was this a question, or a statement of fact? He decided a non-committal grunt would be enough of a response.

“Your work is sloppy. You make countless mistakes; you do not pay attention when you are working.”

It was quite a litany of complaints.

And there was more. “You are often late into work and back from lunch. You are often away from your desk for no good reason.”

Adrian listened as best he could. His heart was pounding so hard he thought it would burst through

his chest. His breathing was becoming shallower and those damn eyelids would not slow down.

“I warned you before about your conduct, young man.”

Yes, Adrian silently agreed. Mr. Gregory had warned him. More than once actually. There was nothing Adrian could say in mitigation. Everything his boss said was true. He was probably the worst accounts clerk in history. He had no aptitude for the job; no head for figures. Hey, he could not even add up properly.

It was a wonder to him how he ever got this job in the first place, but really he had no choice but to stick at it. Jobs were hard to come by these days and you did not readily give one up.

Mr. Gregory eyed the accounts clerk. The boy's clear skin was flushed pink; with embarrassment and also anxiety. His sparkling grey eyes were a little moist and hidden by his long curled lashes that refused to keep still.

“What did I say would happen if your work did not improve?”

Adrian's pinkish face turned pillar-box red. He could not catch his breath.

“T..t..t...” he tried to respond but no words would form. His mouth was now as dry as the Gobi Desert.

Mr. Gregory enjoyed the boy's discomfort and his grey deeply-lined face cracked into a broad grin as he leaned forward in his chair.

"I'm sure you haven't forgotten," he cackled. His beaklike nose gave him the appearance of an eagle about to sweep down on the poor boy.

Adrian's breathing, once shallow, now almost stopped completely.

"Well then young man let's get this over with shall we." Mr. Gregory hauled himself from his padded chair and took a few steps across the room.

Adrian eyes followed the middle-aged man and his eyelids still worked overtime.

Mr. Gregory sighed audibly and stooped down to reach the bottom drawer in an old-fashioned wooden chest.

Adrian closed his eyes tight: knowing instinctively what his boss would withdraw from it.

"Here," Mr. Gregory straightened himself and turned towards Adrian. "I said if your work did not improve I would cane you."

Adrian was transfixed. His cruel ugly boss held a long yellowish-brown stick between his hands.

Mr. Gregory was very proud of his cane. He fondly imagined it was just like hundreds that were used every day by schoolmasters to whack the stretched backsides of naughty schoolboys.

He wobbled it in front of Adrian's face, hoping to intimidate him. He succeeded.

The rod was a little over three feet in length, about the thickness of a pencil and with the traditional curved handle at one end.

Through half-closed eyes Adrian watched apprehensively as Mr. Gregory slashed the springy rod through thin air.

This was not the first time Adrian had seen such a cane. He had been on the receiving end of one many times at school for general laziness and misbehaviour. Adrian had been raised to believe a thrashing with a cane was a just punishment for wrongdoing. He knew he had screwed up at work and he had been warned of the consequences if he did not improve. He really did not have anything to complain about, but it was a little strange to have to show his backside to his boss. Adrian had thought he had left all that behind at school.

Mr. Gregory whipped the cane through the air one more time. Seemingly satisfied that he now had the measure of the rod, he pointed it at his desk.

"Take off your jacket and put in there," he swished one more time for emphasis.

Mr. Gregory watched intently as Adrian with fumbling fingers undid the button of the jacket of his dark grey suit and slid it over his shoulders,

uncovering his gleaming white shirt. With his dark blue striped tie and dark grey trousers, he could be mistaken for a senior pupil at any of the local schools.

Mr. Gregory drank in the sight of Adrian's muscular shoulders and slim flat stomach as the boy carefully folded the jacket and placed it on the desk. He was so unlike many of the other boys in the office, still in their teens but already running to fat with middle aged spreads around their waists.

Another swish of the cane told Adrian it was time to prepare himself.

“Take that chair and turn it round so that the back is facing you.”

Although Adrian was no virgin to the sting of the rattan cane, he still did not relish the ordeal he was about to face.

Sorrowfully, he gripped the large padded leather chair and in one movement swivelled it round into position.

Another swish of the cane, this time directed at a spot on the floor.

“Stand there young man.”

Adrian shuffled forward and stopped.

“Closer!” Mr. Gregory was impatiently anxious to get started. Adrian, however, was quite keen for the action to be delayed.

“Bend over the chair!” It was a curt command devoid of emotion. Mr. Gregory had to perform his duty.

Adrian hesitated, gripped by the absurdity of the situation. Here he was a nineteen-year-old man expected to bend over the back of an armchair to offer up his arse for his miserable boss to whack with his cane. But there was nothing he could do about it; Mr. Gregory was in charge.

For the first time that afternoon Adrian caught Mr. Gregory’s eye; was his boss just a little embarrassed too? He could not tell.

Swish! “I shan’t tell you again.”

Adrian hesitated no longer; if he wanted to keep this job he had no choice. He took a deep breath, rubbed his hands together, took a pace forward and swiftly fell face first over the back of the chair.

“Bottom higher, legs further apart.” They were unnecessary instructions for Adrian’s bottom was already perfectly positioned to receive punishment. And what a trim bottom it was, much admired by the girls in the company and, if only Mr. Gregory knew, by a surprising number of men as well.

Mr. Gregory took up position about three feet from Adrian’s left buttock, before carefully rubbing the springy cane across the very centre of the boy’s globes. Tap, tap, tap, it went. Mr. Gregory heard



Mr. Gregory was proud of his cane

Adrian hold his breath in anticipation of the first agonising cut that would soon slice into his bottom.

Slowly, Mr. Gregory raised the cane about four or five feet above the boy's taut bottom and then with an almighty swing he slashed it down across the very centre of the target area.

A gasp of air whistled through Adrian's clenched teeth, as a burning stripe seared into his tight cheeks. Instinctively he gripped hold of the foam padded seat cushion and let the pain course from his rear end up and down his stretched legs.

"Owww!" he could not help himself. He had determined not to show Mr. Gregory any emotion, but this first stroke was worse than anything he had ever been forced to endure at St Simeone's School.

Mr. Gregory admired his handiwork. Yes, he smirked to himself that one had really hit home.

He raised the cane once more and positioned it a half an inch below the first cut. Again he gave the swing all his strength. The cut hit Adrian's pert buttocks at speed, sank a little into what flesh there was on the boy, and bounced back with vim.

Adrian screamed like a stuck pig. Still gripping the cushion his back arched and his feet stamped up and down. Never in his entire life had he felt such agony. To say it felt like a white hot poker had been

pressed against his skin would be an understatement.

The boy's face, usually so clear and a little pale, was now puce. His beautiful grey eyes were drowned in tears.

He wanted desperately to plead for mercy. He would do anything for Mr. Gregory. Anything at all. He would concentrate on his work, go to night school to learn accounting; buy himself an adding machine. He would be the best-ever accounts clerk that ever lived, if only Mr. Gregory would stop hurting him.

“Yowllll! Oh my God!” The third struck diagonally across the other two, setting both on fire again. The howl that surged from his throat was so deep; Adrian thought he would vomit at any moment.

Mr. Gregory spluttered and coughed. His body convulsed one way and then another.

“Urgggh” he was woken by a cold damp patch across the front of his pyjamas.

Miserably, he wriggled the pyjama bottoms over his buttocks and down his legs, before throwing them from under the bedclothes onto the floor. Then he rolled across to the empty half of his bed and tried to resurrect Adrian and those trim

buttocks that still had to endure three more strokes from Mr. Gregory's cane.

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The next day was Saturday so there was no work. Mr. Gregory got up at eight o'clock, bundled his soiled pyjamas together with the bedsheets and the rest of his laundry into the washing machine, picked up his keys and left the house.

He was a creature of habit and just like every day, he shuffled down the street to the newsagents. It was still early and the street of small semi-detached houses was almost deserted. Couples were still snuggled together in bed, enjoying what was euphemistically called a 'lie-in.'

It was June and the day was already heating up. There had been a heatwave for days and the forecasters said there was much more to come. At the newsagent, as he did every morning, he nodded a cursory "good morning" to the silver-haired lady behind the counter. He had been to the shop every day for ten years and still did not know the lady's name. Somehow she knew his. Almost.

"Good morning Mr. Gregson," she smiled the way that small shopkeepers, eager to ingratiate themselves with customers, always did. He handed

over some coppers and took his copy of the *Daily Express*. On weekdays he would then proceed on the five minutes' walk that took him to his office, but on Saturdays and Sundays, he went in the opposite direction and made his way to Joe's Café.

Mr. Gregory had lived in Tylesbury for more than twenty years. It was what was still called a 'new town.' It had been built in the 1950s to house people cleared from the slums of London. Tylesbury was full of bright little homes for people to live in and factories and offices for them to work at. It was a socialist vision for the future.

His was a mundane life. He was born in Bethnal Green, which despite its promising name was not a rural paradise. It was a poor area of London near the docks and heavily bombed by the German Luftwaffe. He left school aged fourteen and drifted aimlessly from job to job. Kids did in those days, there was plenty of work and nobody had much care for the future.

He did his National Service in the Royal Air Force. It was in the Pay Corps so there was not much glamour in that. For the first time in his life, Mr. Gregory found he was good at something. Unlike the wretched Adrian of his fantasies, Mr. Gregory was well-organised and meticulous. When he was demobbed he fetched up at Mega Fastenings

on the Herbert Morrison Estate in Tylesbury and he had been there ever since; making his way from general clerk to the exalted rank of Administration Manager.

The café was not busy at this time of day. It did most of its trade during the week, servicing workshops and offices. Mr. Gregory liked it that way. He sat at his usual table and ordered his usual meal (full English breakfast) and settled down with his paper.

Nobody took any notice of him and he took none of them. He scanned the paper with no real interest. It was the usual stuff; economic downturn, a murder in London's gangland and politicians droning on about how bad members in opposition parties were. There was a General Election due and they could expect a lot more of that before polling day.

Then he turned a page and saw something that made his juices drool. He slammed shut the paper as the café owner came and set his meal down on the table. Mr. Gregory hoped the man had not seen the story that had caught his eye. He would not want people to know he was interested in that sort of thing.

With the café owner safely back behind his counter, Mr. Gregory surreptitiously opened the

paper. He read the story through quickly, then took a mouthful of sausage from his plate and chewed contemplatively as he savoured every detail of the story once again.

There was a school in a town he had never heard of. A right posh school by the sound of it. What happened was that the boys had been complaining about the heatwave. They were sweltering in their traditional school uniform of woollen blazer and long trousers. The older boys, some were as old as eighteen, said they wanted to be allowed to wear short trousers. The younger boys were obliged by the school to wear shorts up to the age of fourteen whatever the weather.

When the older boys demanded the right to wear short trousers their headmaster told them flatly: No. But, they rebelled and a group of them turned up dressed in their smart grey flannel short trousers anyway.

The headmaster went ballistic. They had broken the rules and defied his authority. There was only one course of action. They were lined up outside the headmaster's study and one by one they were ordered inside.

Mr. Gregory read with mounting excitement, 'One eighteen-year-old sixth-former, who did not want to give his name for fear of retribution, said:

“When it was my turn to go in the headmaster instructed me to bend across his desk. He then administered six hard whacks with his cane to the seat of my trousers.

“It hurt like Henry.”

‘Another boy said: “It’s not fair. We weren’t asking to wear beach shorts. We would be happy to wear the same type of grey flannel short trousers the younger boys wear all the time.”’

Oh, how Mr. Gregory envied that headmaster. That was the job to have, he thought.

He gulped down more of his breakfast as he read more of the story. Later, the headmaster rounded up three of the ringleaders and he publicly thrashed them in front of the whole school, even though they had already been beaten in the privacy of his study. And, oh glory! He gave it to them on the bare buttocks.

Mr. Gregory’s heart sped. He read the story for a third time and then sipped gently on his tea. Tylesbury had its own posh school, called unimaginatively Tylesbury School. It was an independent grammar school, a kind of private school. The pupils were made to attend lessons on Saturday mornings and he often saw the older boys looking delicious in their bright blue striped blazers and long light grey trousers hanging around the

shops in the afternoon after classes had finished. Some of those boys looked very dapper and eminently spankable.

The dreams he had about them would be enhanced greatly, now that he could picture them in their tailored short trousers each in turn knocking on the heavy oak door of Mr. Gregory's study, waiting for the gruff "Come!" from within as their instruction to enter.

Mr. Gregory would be waiting in his oak panel-lined study, dressed in his swishing academic gown, a mortar-board cap, the one with the tassel hanging down, planted firmly on his head. To the consternation of the boys, he would be flexing his whippy cane between his hands.

There would be a curt command, "Bend over, touch your toes." Mr. Gregory would roll the boy's blazer up his back clear of the target area and then thrash six almighty swipes into the flannel-covered buttocks. It would not matter how much the boy yelped, he would get the full six.

Then, "Stand up. Send in the next boy." And one boy would be replaced by another as headmaster Dr. Gregory did his duty and ensured the next generation of gentlemen understood the virtue of obedience.

Carefully, Mr. Gregory tore the page from the newspaper. It would join his growing collection. In his spare bedroom at home, he had a tin box that he always kept locked. Inside was a sheaf of cuttings from newspapers and magazines. The box was inside a suitcase (also locked) on top of his wardrobe.

This would become one of his favourites, for sure. Others that he liked to take out and read again and again were about an approved school for juvenile offenders that was closed down the previous year after a government inquiry. They said there was inappropriate use of the cane. Inappropriate? At least no boy there got it across the bared buttocks.

Another favourite concerned two eighteen-year-old sixth formers. There were some young rabbits that were caged up ready to be used by the pupils in science lessons. The boys took the rabbits down to an open field and set them free. That cost them three strokes on the backside.

Mr. Gregory wondered why that was considered newsworthy by the *Daily Express*, but he was grateful nonetheless to add it to his collection.

Breakfast over, Mr. Gregory set off on the next part of his Saturday routine. Shopping at the new

large self-service supermarket had become a pleasure in recent weeks after he discovered a young assistant called Phillip.

He knew he was called Phillip because all the staff wore name tags. He supposed it was to make customers feel they were getting personal service, as they had done before the large stores drove most of the small shops out of business.

You would not give Philip a second glance if you saw him coming towards you in the street. He was smaller than average, with a pock-marked face, developing jowls and an overbite. But if you saw him walking away you would be captivated by his exquisite buttocks. They were like two pimples inside his loosely fitting black trousers, inviting close inspection from connoisseurs of the male form.

Mr. Gregory first saw him in the dry goods section of the supermarket. The old man turned from one aisle into another and quite literally stopped in his tracks. There at the end of the aisle was Philip, his back to Mr. Gregory and bending down to put packaged goods on to the bottom-most shelf.

Mr. Gregory's tongue might have hung out, or his face might have blushed scarlet with desire; either way he was immensely conscious of a

woman standing close by looking at him in a strange manner. He turned on his heels. He must get away and he must do it quickly.

But the temptation was too much for him. Only a few seconds had passed before he retraced his steps and stood once again at the end of the aisle admiring the vision in the black trousers before him.

Slowly, pretending to have great interest in the cornflakes and other breakfast cereal on the shelves, he inched his way down the aisle, fearful that at any moment the boy would straighten up and go away to another task.

Mr. Gregory reached Philip and stood by the boy's side. Unconscious of the stir he was causing, Philip continued to rearrange the packets on the bottom shelf. The boy's knees were straight and his body bent. Mr. Gregory was so close he could touch him. He had never been so close to a bending boy. It was as if he were submissively presenting his bottom to Mr. Gregory and saying, "I'm sorry Sir, I have been a naughty boy, please spank me."

He was so close he could put his hand in the small of Philip's back, hold him steady and smack his palm down into the boy's tiny, but perfectly formed buttocks. His ungainly hand was the size of a shovel and could almost fit across both buttocks at once.

The old man first approached the boy from behind, then covertly moved to the side to take in the full view of one of Philip's curved cheeks. Mr. Gregory raised his hand ready to strike.

Quickly, catching himself before he disgraced himself, he turned away ashamed and almost bolted to the other side of the store. Safe among the dairy cold counter he paused to catch his wind. The sight of Philip's backside, seemingly offered submissively for a spanking, had literally taken his breath away.

His attempt to continue with his shopping as usual was frustrating. Did he need sugar, how many eggs did he have a home? None of this mattered any more. All he wanted to do was to return to dry goods and stand once again by the boy in the black trousers.

Trying not to be obvious he meandered around the aisles, seemingly haphazardly, but, like a marine on manoeuvres, he was headed for one destination only. At last he was in the adjoining aisle. He was wheezing. Why? There had been no physical exertion. It was a sedate journey from one end of the store to the other.

But he did know why but could not admit it, not even to himself. He wanted that boy. He wanted him bent over before him touching his toes, asking,

no demanding, that Mr. Gregory beat his buttocks black and blue.

Then, but only when Mr. Gregory gave the order, Philip would rise and very slowly and deliberately peel down his trousers, before in one fine athletic movement, once again bending forward knees straight, fingertips on his toes, offer up his bum again, this time wrapped in the soft white cotton of his underpants.

There would follow a bottom scorching whacking. Mr. Gregory thought one of his old worn bedroom slippers would do the job very well. Two, no three dozen, whacks across those tight cheeks would do it.

The boy would take it bravely. There would be no howling like a hyena. Instead the punishment completed the boy would gaze into Mr. Gregory's eyes lovingly. "Thank you, Sir," he would say, "I thoroughly deserved that."

"Yes you did," Mr. Gregory would reply, "and if I have to deal with you again, make no mistake you will get it with your trousers and your pants at your ankles." And then for emphasis, he would add, "On your bare bottom."

His mouth dry and his tongue almost hanging out, Mr. Gregory turned into the aisle to drink in the

sight of the wonderful boy who had become his imaginary spank slave.

But, he was not there. In his place were two middle-aged ladies discussing the merits of instant porridge.

Oh no! Where could he be? In distress Mr. Gregory darted from aisle to aisle, bumping into housewives going about their lawful shopping.

“Hey! Where’s the fire!”

“Will you watch where you’re going!”

No, he would not watch where he was going. All he cared about was finding Philip. He must be in another aisle, filling shelves. Somewhere on this supermarket floor, he was bent over straight knees, straight back. Showing off his perfect, spankable bum.

He searched in vain and then calming a little he completed his shopping. He must stop making a fool of himself, he admonished himself. You deserve a damn good spanking yourself, what disgraceful behaviour, and in public too.

Waiting his turn at the check-out he once again saw Reginald. Reginald was some kind of store supervisor and wore the cheap mid-blue suits the company made them wear to prove it. He could not be much more than twenty-one, twenty-two maybe, Mr. Gregory had supposed.

He was tall, fair and rather chubby. Mr. Gregory fell in hate with the young man the first time he had seen him, two weeks previously. It had been a small matter. A loose cap on a sauce bottle. It had not been noticed until the customer was ready to pay. Reginald intervened. A shop assistant was called, an elderly man, and directed to go fetch a replacement. You would have thought the man, who was old enough to be Reginald's grandfather, was his personal slave.

“And be quick about it!” he ordered as the old man scuttled off.

Reginald was far too young to be a boss. He had no idea how to treat people properly. The way he spoke to the shop assistant was disgraceful; he was far too haughty. For nine pence Mr. Gregory would throw the wretch face down across one of the counters and thrash his fat arse to pieces with a cane.

Right in front of ‘his’ staff; that would bring him down a peg or two.

Mr. Gregory had a fitful sleep that night. Philip, oh Philip! He dreamt of him so often, He was naked and bent submissively across his knee. With his left hand Mr. Gregory ruffled his hair, to let him know he was loved. His fingertips caressed his back as he followed the spine from the boy's neck to the

hairless crack in his buttocks. Mr. Gregory's right palm hovered above each cheek, and then with a circling motion, massaged them gently.

The boy breathed easily; he was submissive and ready for what he was about to receive. Mr. Gregory raised his right hand to shoulder height and brought it down with a hearty SMACK! into his right buttock. He felt it, it smarted, and his bottom started to glow. He smacked him twelve times, slowly, so that his creamy white bottom turned to bright, bright red.

Then there was the time Philip was in school uniform, bending over, touching toes, as Mr. Gregory smacked a gym shoe into the seat of his stretched grey Terylene trousers. Philip was across his knee as a soccer player for a spanking on the shorts (in the days when they still were 'shorts'). Then dressed only in swimming trunks (he had been in the sea beyond the 'danger line') he was whacked (for his own good, of course) on his soaking wet bare arse.

Mr. Gregory's favourite was the boy in those lovely trousers bent submissively across the check-out counter for him to be thrashed with a traditional whippy crook-handle rattan school cane.

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There was a timid knock on the office door. Mr. Gregory looked up from his paperwork, expecting the door to open and his unexpected visitor to enter. But, nothing happened. The old man returned to his list of figures; perhaps he had imagined it. He was finding it hard to concentrate. There was a lot of noise from traffic on the estate that morning. And, his temples were throbbing a little.

Tap, tap. No, it was definitely a knock on the door.

“Come in,” Mr. Gregory was surprised how hoarse his voice sounded. It was Monday morning and he had rather overdone it the night before, demolishing one bottle of whisky and starting on a second.

The door edged open slowly and it seemed like an age later when a young head with shaggy light brown hair poked around. Beneath the shock of hair was a cherubic face. Mr. Gregory took in the vision: hazel green eyes, tanned, almost glistening, skin, a firm chin and the cutest button of a nose the old man had seen in many a long year.

“Come in, come in,” Mr. Gregory tried joviality, but his alcohol-fuelled headache turned his intended warm smile into a threatening grimace.

He could see the young man blanch; his eyes darting down to the floor.

Someone had to break the silence. Mr. Gregory assumed as he was the boss it had better be he.

“Can I help you?” Again the attempt at warmth failed dismally.

The boy startled. “I’m the new work experience boy,” he blurted in confusion and even with the deep sun tan Mr. Gregory could tell the boy was blushing.

“Oh, yes of course.” Now, it was Mr. Gregory’s turn to sound confused. He knew the boy was coming. Mega Fastenings took two business students each year from the polytechnics. They stayed for a year, a sandwich course they called it. He had a file on the boy somewhere; what had he done with it?

“Clive. Clive Weston” the boy’s nervous smile was really rather scrumptious, Mr. Gregory thought as furtively he ran his eye over the boy. Oh, yes, he thought, a definite improvement on Ian, the intern who had just left the company to return to his college. You will do very well.

Mr. Gregory was practising his small talk with the office staff. He had been on a course. Say nothing of any consequence, nod repeatedly and smile a lot: that was the gist of it.

There were two easy chairs in the office but the boy did not have the confidence to sit uninvited.

Instead, he stood in front of Mr. Gregory's desk, his hands clasped awkwardly behind his back.

"So this is your first morning?" Mr. Gregory started on the small talk.

"Yes, Sir," Clive replied, still not quite able to look Mr. Gregory in the eye.

Sir! Yes, Mr. Gregory liked that. He also very much liked the way the teenager was standing, awkwardly in front of him. He felt a fantasy coming on. It was a sweltering hot day, but Clive had dressed formally for his first day. He had left his jacket behind, but wore dark grey trousers, a plain shirt and a striped tie.

He supposed it was the kind of thing office workers wore. It was, but in Mr. Gregory's imagination it was a school uniform and Clive was a very naughty boy, sent to the headmaster's study to be dealt with.

He could not see Clive from behind, but if what was on show in the front was a guide, he would look fabulous draped over the back of a low easy chair; or maybe even better, stood in the centre of the office, feet apart by a yard or so, bent over, knees straight, fingers stretching into the toes of his shoes.

Mr. Gregory asked more inane questions but did not listen to the answers until, "So I have nowhere to live at the moment."

Mr. Gregory came back to earth. “Oh, so where did you stay last night?”

Clive gave the name of a local ‘hotel.’ Mr. Gregory was not sure if the called itself a hotel, but if it did the new Trade Description Act would soon put a stop to that. It was a place for down-and-out tramps. It was entirely unsuitable for such a good-looking boy.

“But, I am looking for something else,” Clive trailed off.

It was an hour or so later that a germ of an idea lodged in Mr. Gregory’s mind. It might work, he thought. Why not? He should take more initiative.

He had a spare room at his house. Clive could stay there. Why not? There might be gossip; he did not want the neighbours to get the wrong idea. Maybe, just temporarily then, to get him out of the doss house; until he found somewhere more suitable.

The heat, his self-inflicted headache and this wonderful new idea he had, was too much. He needed fresh air.

He fleshed out the plan as he slowly walked the length and breadth of the industrial estate. There would have to be rules of course; a curfew, keep the house tidy; set times for watching TV and so on.

He could see it now. It is a sweltering hot afternoon: will this damn heatwave never end? Clive is sprawled on the sofa in the living room glistening, dressed only in skimpy satin running shorts and a singlet. Mr. Gregory enters.

“What are my rules about smoking in the house?”

Clive is startled; he did not know Mr. Gregory was at home.

“What are my rules?”

“Eh ...” Clive knows the rules and that he has broken them, but he will not give in without a fight.

“But, it was only in my room,” he says a little too defiantly.

“What are my rules?”

Clive flushes. He is in big trouble and he knows it. Mournfully, he replies, “No smoking.”

“Yes, no smoking. I’ve spoken to you about this before.”

Sorrowfully, Clive nods assent. Yes, he has been told. There is no excuse.

“And you have been told the sanctions.”

Clive gulps. No, surely not. He had not meant it, had he?

Mr. Gregory strides further into the room. “You know my methods. Stand up.”

Clive flinches, trying to sink further into the padded cushion of the settee.

“Come here,” Mr. Gregory reaches forward and grabs the boy by the left arm. He gives little resistance; he is scared but instinctively he knows he cannot get out of this. Matters have to take their course.

Releasing his grip on Clive’s arm, Mr. Gregory snatches a clump of his unruly hair and pushes him face down over the back of the armchair. The boy’s singlet rides up his back revealing an expanse of golden tanned flesh.

Mr. Gregory grabs at the elastic waist of the provocative shorts and they are soon at the boy’s knees: followed by his underpants.

Clive seems resigned to his fate. He whimpers a little, his now bared bottom twitches as he hears Mr. Gregory unbuckle his belt and remove it through the loops of his trousers. Then he doubles up the wide, thick, heavy leather belt and brings it crashing down across the centre of Clive’s bottom.

In a frenzy Mr. Gregory puts six sunset stripes across the boy’s cheeks.

“Ow, ow, ow,” he wails. “I’m sorry Mr. Gregory. I won’t smoke again. Ow! Ow! Ow! Please let me off!”

But, Mr. Gregory carries on lashing.



Then he doubles up the wide, thick, heavy leather belt and brings it crashing down across the centre of Clive's bottom

“Nooo! Please,” the wailings and pleading continues.

“Be quiet. You deserve this. You’ve had this coming for a very long time.” Sweat is pouring from Mr. Gregory as he raises the belt again and again, swiping it down into the upturned buttocks.

“You miss curfew, your room is a disgrace, you smoke in my house.”

“Please! I’m sorry! Please,” the pleading continues, but so also does the bare-arsed leathering.

Maybe, Mr. Gregory reflected that evening, as he poured himself more whisky, it was for the better that Clive had found a room with the Rev Crick at Aston Budleigh where Ian used to lodge.

...

Back at the office Mr. Gregory was on tour. He did this every day; he had been taught to do it on a management course. Be seen by the staff, stop and chat for a minute, let them know you are there. Mr. Gregory was not a natural ‘talker,’ but he practiced a lot.

He loved walking through the offices of Mega Fastenings; it gave him the excuse to ogle the boys’ backsides. The office was pretty typical of its type

there were upwards of 250 employees; many women with families; one or two older men; but mostly younger boys and girls in their teens and twenties.

Most days Mr. Gregory would find Adrian working busily at his desk. Adrian was not an accounts clerk in real life; he was a general administrator in the order office. Mr. Gregory had no idea if Adrian was good or bad at his work. He rather suspected he was good, he always seemed to be hard at it when Mr. Gregory passed by.

Once, Mr. Gregory had tried to talk to Adrian; to chat, just as the management course had instructed. Which of them had been the shyest? Mr. Gregory reflected sullenly that evening. The boy blushed scarlet as if he had been caught in some naughtiness when his boss stumbled over an inane question.

It was not a meeting of great minds, but that night as he lay in bed his head spinning, Mr. Gregory as he always did, went through the activities of his day, trying to focus on a moment that he could turn into a fantasy. He tried to conjure up Adrian, but instead got Robert and Pat.

Pat was a forty-something mother with the figure of a woman who had delivered four children. Advertisers had started saying such people had the

‘fuller figure.’ Mr. Gregory arrived at the section of the open-plan office given over to purchasing in time to catch the tail end of a conversation.

Pat was cheerfully berating Robert, a twenty-something clerk.

“I should take you cross my knee, but you’d probably enjoy it!”

“Ha!” Robert replied backing off and returning to his work station, “You should be so lucky.”

What did it mean? Mr. Gregory flushed and walked on pretending not to have heard.

Would she spank Robert. Across her knee? He was a burly lad, a rugby player type. She would have her work cut out forcing him face down.

But, what if he submitted himself to her.

“I’m sorry Pat. You’re right. I do deserve a spanking.” And then he prostrates himself across her lap. His chubby bum in the air and his sweaty face staring down at the hard nylon floor covering.

What would she do? Would she smack the palm of her hand into his tight bulging trousers?

No, Mr. Gregory supposed, she would have a hairbrush in her drawer, that would be a perfect weapon. She could whack that with great vigour into his fat arse. Even with his trousers and pants on he would feel it.

Why had she threatened to spank Robert? Back in his office, breathing heavily, Mr. Gregory cannot get the image of Robert out of his mind. What had he done? He should be told; he is the boss. It is his job to enforce discipline, not Pat's. He should call the boy into the office right now and deal with him.

Mr. Gregory sat behind his desk and stared intently at the space between it and the door. Mr. Gregory is sat on a wooden straight backed chair. Robert stands in front of him, crestfallen. The boy's hands are trembling. He knows he has done wrong. His boss has found out and now he must face the inevitable discipline.

Mr. Gregory grips a stout wooden ruler. It is only twelve inches long by an inch wide, but it is half an inch thick and made of solid wood. It packs one heck of a punch when lashed down with force across a boy's bared bottom.

Mr. Gregory's instructions are calm. "Take off your jacket and place it on my desk. Then please lower your trousers and underpants."

Robert hesitates, but not for long. There is nothing he can do. He has broken the rules and he must be punished.

Not daring to look at Mr. Gregory, sitting, legs splayed, back straight, sweat patches forming under his armpits, Robert unbuckles his belt, pops the but-



*Mr. Gregory grips a stout
wooden ruler in his hand*

ton on his trousers and unfastens the zip. The weight of the bunch of keys in his pocket makes them hurtle to his ankles. Then, he puts his thumb in the waistband of his pants and with the merest flick of the wrists he sends them to his knees.

His shirt is long and covers most of his manhood and buttocks. Mr. Gregory affects a lack of interest that he does not feel.

“Lift up your shirt and bend over my knee.”

This is the first time that Robert looks at his boss. Has he noticed before how old and ugly the man is? His skin is pale grey, even in the height of the heatwave, the deep lines cut across his face; the beak of his nose reminds Robert of a witch in a fairy tale.

With his shirt lifted and buttocks and genitals duly exposed, Robert flops forward, his considerable weight taking Mr. Gregory by surprise. Robert is not as lithe as Adrian and his buttocks are huge and flabby.

Mr. Gregory is fascinated at the way the narrow heavy ruler sinks deep into the fleshy globes, before emerging, leaving behind deep pink stripes against the whiteness of his flesh.

Mr. Gregory works methodically; no inch of the vast buttocks is left unscathed. Robert remains impassive, enduring the increasing pain. His bottom

starts to tingle and this turns to real pain. His bottom is getting hotter and hotter. Ouch! This is real, not like when Pat spanks him.

The phone rings. Robert dissolves.

...

Adrian lumbers up the stairs towards his bedroom, the scolding words of Uncle Gregory still ringing in his ears. Already tears are welling up in his sparkling grey eyes and uncle has not even started yet.

“Hurry up, be quick about it!” Uncle Gregory is standing outside the living room. Adrian quickens his pace. Inside the bedroom, sorrowfully, Adrian looks at himself in the mirror. “You’re for it now, me lad!”

His face is wringing with sweat: the damned heatwave mingled with the boy’s fear. His deeply tanned face anxiously stares back at him. “Oh well, I’d better get on with it.”

In one movement he pulls his loose fitting shirt over his head, revealing a nut-brown chest. Then down come his shorts.

His tight bright green micro briefs hug tightly, bulging at the front. Some hair is poking out over the top. Adrian is no longer a little boy.

Should he keep his pants on? Would Uncle Gregory notice?

“Who am I kidding?” Adrian talks to himself in his head. He knows what Uncle Gregory has in store for him; underpants will not be playing a part in the action. He whips them down, releasing his cock and balls.

His pyjamas are tucked neatly under his pillow. He loves these pyjamas; he hunted in shops all over town for them. He steps into the grey-and-white striped bottoms, and pulls the long white drawstring tight before tying a perfect bow. The pyjama jacket is just a little bit too big; the sleeves reaching halfway down the palms of his hand.

Dressed, he turns once again to the mirror and sees the image of a small boy reflecting back at him. Ready, he leaves the room and trudges down the stairs to face Uncle Gregory.

Uncle Gregory has prepared a straight-backed chair which now dominates the centre of the room.

Adrian shuffles in and stands facing his uncle. He knows the drill; he has been through this many nights before.

Uncle Gregory loosens and then removes his tie, before taking hold of the cuff of his right shirtsleeve and slowly rolls it up to his biceps, all the while rebuking Adrian.

“I told you if I got any more complaints from school I would give you a damn good spanking.”

It was true. Many times, his uncle had made the promise, and now he would deliver.

Adrian’s eyes flicker wildly as his gaze follows his uncle across the room. He stoops and retrieves a bedroom slipper from a shelf under the television set. Fully armed, he walks over to the chair and plonks himself down.

“Come here.” Uncle reaches forward and takes Adrian by the left arm and pulls him forward. He does not need much force; Adrian is not resisting. The boy has been raised well. He knows rules are rules and if he breaks them he gets punished. And, in Uncle Gregory’s house that means a spanking.

Adrian cannot stop his eyelids fluttering. His breathing becomes laboured and he can feel the blood rushing to his face as the moment draws nearer.

Uncle places the slipper on his lap and with two free hands he sets about untying the perfect bow. Once done, the pyjama trousers fall of their own accord down to the boy’s knees.

“Bend over.”

Adrian closes his eyes tight, takes a deep breath and gently eases himself into position, wriggling a little until he is comfortable. Both his palms rest flat



He brings the slipper crashing down into the pert buttocks

in the deep pile carpet, his knees are straight and his toes hover an inch or so above the ground.

Silently, Uncle Gregory prepares the boy. Adrian feels him take hold of the tail of the over-large pyjama jacket and drag it half way up his back. Now, naked from the shoulders to his toes, Adrian feels a very slight breeze cooling his bare flesh.

He cannot help himself as he instinctively clenches his buttocks in protection against the expected onslaught.

“Relax boy, relax.”

Adrian tries, but fails to release the tightness in his cheeks. He tenses more when Uncle Gregory caresses his huge bony hand across the boy’s soft tender cheeks. His heartbeat races and for a moment Adrian is certain he will faint.

Adrian feels a movement in Uncle Gregory’s body as his right arm is raised and he prepares to bring the slipper crashing down into the pert naked buttocks offered up to him.

Adrian twists and turns as sweat pours from his body soaking the bedsheet beneath him, his raging hard-on ready to explode. Something is disturbing him.

An ambulance rushes by the window, siren blaring, on a mercy mission.

5. The expenses fiddle

MR. HARKAWAY SHUFFLED the papers on his desk. Something did not look right. He walked over to the filing cabinet and found last month's returns.

Stupid, stupid, stupid boy! He did not say it out loud as there was nobody in the office to say it to.

He had unearthed an expenses fraud. It was blatant; the work of an amateur. Tony Michaels, a trainee salesman, was writing his own petrol receipts. It was the oldest trick in the book and that was why it was so easy to spot.

Harkaway's heart raced; he would have to report this; there would be trouble; the police would probably be called and there could be a court case. It would all end in tears.

Harkaway hated confrontation. It was bad for his health. Harkaway had joined Alburton's about two years previously. He had taught maths at a local secondary modern school for twenty years. They were tough kids who never understood the value of learning. Every day was a confrontation, but he and the other teachers had one weapon on their side: the cane. Even the toughest boys could be brought to order by a length of swishy rattan.

Then, a new ‘progressive’ headteacher arrived; with ‘ideals.’ Corporal punishment was abolished and the inmates took over the asylum. It was chaos from day one and order was never restored.

Harkaway suffered the inevitable breakdown. Now, he had a nice little job in the accounts department shuffling pieces of paper and balancing columns of figures. He did not have to meet many people in his job, especially not unruly teenagers, and he liked it just like that.

Harkaway had never heard of Tony Michaels, so he made the short journey down the corridor to see his colleague Mr. MacDonald, himself another refugee from modern schooling. Within minutes, Harkaway was reading the trainee salesman’s file.

“Damn!” This time he did say it out loud.

“What’s the matter?” asked MacDonald, although he was not really interested.

“This salesman. He’s nineteen years old. Been here a year since he left St Francis Independent Grammar School. He’s got really good reviews from his boss. Expected to go far,” Harkaway replied.

“So what?” MacDonald sensed his colleague’s distress.

Harkaway told him about the expenses fraud.

“It’s the end of his career. He could even get a criminal record. It’s such a waste.”

MacDonald had never met the teenager, but he felt sad for him. “What are you going to do?”

Harkaway was more distressed than he expected to be, “When I think of all the children at our school who never had a chance. Now, here’s this lad, with all the chances in the world and he’s throwing them away. It makes me so angry.”

Harkaway knew that he was expected to report him to his manager. Those were the rules. Let Michaels explain himself and leave it for others to make the decision.

“I’ll have to report him, of course,” Harkaway said wearily.

“Yes, of course,” MacDonald returned the file to the drawer. “What a pity there can’t be some other way to deal with it.”

Another way? Later, when Harkaway was eating his lunch the germ of an idea entered his head. It might just work, but he doubted Michaels would agree.

Back in his office, Harkaway found a ‘Girl Friday’ and instructed her to tell Michaels to report to his office at once. She was startled by the ferocity of his tone.

Harkaway had many years' experience dealing with misbehaving schoolboys. He was used to hearing their denials and false excuses, but he would break them down in the end. He did it with facts; he presented the evidence.

Michaels was not like his secondary modern pupils. He was smart, well presented and articulate. No wonder he was doing so well as a trainee salesman. It made Harkaway furious. He thought of all those boys and girls at his former school who never had a chance. They were put on the scrapheap. Now, here was Michaels; he had every opportunity to make something of himself and he was throwing it away.

Yes, Michaels agreed under questioning; he had forged the petrol receipts. He had no choice but to confess, the evidence was undeniable. He could have kicked himself for being so obvious.

“Why did you do it Michaels?” The teenager recognised Harkaway's tone; he had heard it many times from masters at his grammar school. He could tell he was in for a ticking off, but at school it would be followed by a caning.

He knew why he had done it but he was not about to tell Harkaway. He wanted the money. He wanted to buy things, like smokes, clothes, records and to go to discos. He wanted to take a girl out and

give her a good time (and later have her give him a good time). All these things cost money: more than he earned.

Instead, in the way naughty schoolboys had done for generations, Michaels stared at his shoes and mumbled, “Don’t know, Sir.”

“Sir,” Harkaway liked that. Maybe there was some hope for this wretched boy after all.

“You don’t know!” Harkaway pretended to fume, “You took a lot of trouble to perpetrate this forgery, you must have needed the money pretty badly.”

Michaels remained silent. If this had been the United States he would have invoked the Fifth Amendment: say nothing, do not incriminate yourself.

“Doh!” Harkaway’s frustration was evident.

“You do know you will be dismissed for this. The police might be called and you could end up with a criminal record?” Harkaway barked.

Michaels blanched. He had not thought of that. He had been so stupid he did not think he would be caught. The consequences of his actions had never occurred to him.

“B... But,” he started miserably, but his famous salesman’s gift-of-the-gab eluded him. Somehow he must save his job and keep the police out of this.

Harkaway was unsure how to turn the conversation to reveal his plan.

Unsteadily, he began. "I see in your personnel file you attended St Francis Independent Grammar School." He paused to see if there was a reaction from Michaels. There was not.

So he blundered on. "It is a school with a very fine tradition for ... err ... for discipline."

Still Michaels remained silent.

"What would your headmaster think about how you have behaved? How you have let down the honour of the school."

Michaels did not give a damn about what the school thought about his behaviour. He was very glad to be away from there. It would suit him very much indeed if he never saw the place again. Why was this lowly accounts clerk lecturing him about school and honour?

"I was myself a schoolteacher for many years. Not at such a fine school as St Francis, of course," Harkaway was losing his thread. This was too embarrassing; why did he care about this boy? He was a thief; he deserved to be sacked and to be prosecuted. He should let events take their course.

He was about to dismiss the teenager from his office when Michaels piped up. Suddenly, he had

realised what this was about: discipline ... school ... honour.

“I am sorry Sir. I have behaved badly,” he said. Then he took a deep breath. “I deserve to be punished severely, but could it be without losing my job. I will never do it again. I promise.”

It was a lie and Michaels knew it. He enjoyed the clothes, the clubs and the girls too much to give them up. He would lose the lot if he was sacked. But if he could stay with Alburton’s, later when the heat had died down he would find another more successful way to steal from the company. But, for now he would have to take what was coming to him.

Harkaway flushed. Had he understood the boy correctly? “What would your headmaster have done if he found you stealing?”

It was now or never, Michaels realised. He took a deep breath. “He would have thrashed me,” and then for dramatic effect he added, “And I should have deserved it, too.” And, for good measure he added, “Sir!”

And, that was how four hours later, Tony Michaels, a nineteen-year-old trainee salesman, came to be standing in Harkaway’s living room at his home. He had had plenty of time to change his mind, but he knew he had no choice; he had to go through with it.

Harkaway flexed a long, yellow, rattan cane thoughtfully between his hands. He could not get the measure of young Michaels. He seemed impassive to his fate.

“Have you been caned before, Michaels?” Harkaway swished the rattan through the air to try to intimidate the boy.

“No, Sir,” it was another lie. There was no reason to tell it, but Michaels seemed incapable of telling the truth. He had been caned. It hurt like crazy, but it did not kill him.

If he had thought being a caning novice would make Harkaway go easy on him, he was much mistaken.

“Then, young man this will be an awesome experience for you. I do not intend to be lenient at all. This will be a thrashing you will never forget.”

Michaels’ heart raced. Exactly what did this jumped-up accounts clerk have in mind?

Harkaway eyed the teenager. He wore a smartly-cut dark suit. His buttocks would make a perfect target in those trousers, he thought.

But, he would never find that out.

“Take off your jacket, Michaels,” he swished the cane, “and place it on the table there.”

Only now, did the magnitude of this sink in. This could turn out to be one hell of a thrashing.



Harkaway flexed a long, yellow, rattan cane thoughtfully between his hands

With trembling hands, Michaels undid the two buttons on his jacket and slipped it from his shoulders. Then he tidily folded the immaculate jacket and put it on the table.

“Now, stand behind that armchair,” the cane swished again for emphasis.

Colour was draining from Michaels’ face as he took two or three steps to cross the room.

He breathed deeply, waiting for the final instruction: bend over.

“Now lower your trousers, Michaels.”

The teenager’s mouth gaped open, but he just stopped himself voicing an objection. He had not expected this: Harkaway had not said it was to be on the pants; or God forbid on the bare.

Michaels looked pleading at Harkaway, but the ex-schoolteacher was not to be moved.

“Do it immediately, boy,” he intoned quietly, “or you will receive extra strokes.”

Michaels closed his eyes and cursed silently. Then he unbuckled his belt, and popped the buttons on his trousers before he guided them across his buttocks and down his thighs where they came to rest at his knees.

He could feel a cool breeze against his now bare legs. Please God, he prayed, please let me keep my pants on.

“Bend over the chair, Michaels.”

Oh thank you God! Michaels placed his hands together as if in prayer, rubbed the palms, took a deep breath and dived forward over the back of the ugly vinyl armchair.

His face came to rest on an old worn cushion. The odour of stale sweat filled his nostrils.

“Feet further apart boy.”

While the teenager manoeuvred himself into the required position, Harkaway approached him from behind, grabbed at the tail of his shirt and carefully rolled it up until it rested half way up his back.

Then he grabbed the waistband of the boy’s gleaming white underpants.

“Oh, no! God, you have deceived me!” Michaels would have words to say the next time he attended his church.

The pants were soon reunited with the trousers.

Harkaway did not announce the number of strokes he intended to deliver, so it came as an almighty shock to Michaels’ system when a dozen hard cuts lashed into his naked buttocks and each one laid on with the greatest force.

Harkaway had never caned a boy with such ferocity. Later, recalling the incident to his colleague Mr. MacDonald, he would say he did not

remember much of what happened. He did recall the anguished shrieks from the boy as lash after lash whipped into his buttocks. And, he remembered the squirming as the boy's body thrashed from left and right and up and down as if it were being tossed about on a heavy sea.

After the boy had dressed and left the house, Harkaway found a tea towel soaked in his blood.

If Harkaway's memory was blurred, Tony Michaels remembered every second of every minute.

My arse is tight and open, all my muscles in my legs and buttocks are tense, and I cannot flex my backside. I can also feel my cock touching the top of the chair.

I hear some swishing sounds which send tremors all through my body. Next I feel the cane touch my backside, right in the middle. It rests there, for a moment. There are a few taps, which sting.

Before I have time to think any more there is a zip sound, followed by absolute agony. I could not believe how much pain I was in. It was sharp, but then it built up like a burn going deeper and deeper into me. Just as it started to fade the next stroke landed.

I had been caned at school – many times, it was that kind of school – but I had never felt such pain in my whole life as I did under Harkaway’s cane.

I could feel burning lines across my bum, the first across the fleshiest part and each stroke that followed cut just below the last. I was screaming, sweating, gasping and gripping the chair with both hands desperately trying to stay in position. I so wanted to run away, but some schoolboy code of honour must have kicked in: I knew I must take my punishment like a man.

Mr. Harkaway waited a little longer before delivering another stroke, which left me in intense agony. The bastard laid it diagonally across previous welts, raising the heat and burn in all of them again. I could feel blood oozing from the wounds which felt very deep.

Slash number eight was the same and so were the final four but they were diagonals laid on the other way round.

Throughout, I shrieked out in agony and shock, my legs kicking up automatically as a merciless shower of mighty whacks followed in unbelievably quick succession. My bum, hips, shoulders all wriggled frantically in a futile attempt to escape the flashing cane which scorched into my buttocks.

By the time he had finished, I was sobbing. My bum was burning like I had sat on a lit coal fire.

After what seemed like hours, Harkaway instructed that I should stand up. Gingerly, I did so, but this sent fresh waves of agony through my injured bottom. Harkaway was breathing heavily, gasping for breath. He seemed to be in as bad a state as I was.

As if in a trance he left the room. I was not sure what to do next, so I tried to get dressed, but the very action of pulling my pants across my flogged buttocks was enough to send shockwaves through my body. I pulled my pants down again and saw the rear was covered in large pink stains. That was when I realised my buttocks were bleeding; Harkaway had ripped me to shreds.

Still in much pain and with my pants and trousers now around my ankles, I waddled to the kitchen and found a tea towel which I soaked in water and eased the flow of blood. The cool water felt good against my throbbing arse and I let it soak for a minute or two.

Mr. Harkaway was nowhere to be seen. I did not want another confrontation with him, so when the raging agony in my arse subsided a little and was reduced to a constant throbbing, I managed to pull up my pants and trousers. I collected my jacket

and left. On the way out, I glimpsed myself in the hallway mirror. I did not recognise the ghostly figure with the snot covered face and the wild staring eyes. I walked the three miles back to my home; I could not risk taking the bus, I knew I would not be able to sit down for some considerable time to come.

At home I whipped down my trousers. The blood had dried against my underpants and I had to take a wet flannel to soak them off my skin.

My bottom was still incredibly painful. There were a dozen deep welts criss-crossed over the buttocks; they looked like Clapham Railway Junction. The cheeks were still swollen and covered in dark blue bruises.

The next day when I returned to work, my bottom was still tender to the touch and I wriggled a bit as I sat at my desk. Mr. Harkaway never mentioned the forged petrol receipts and I kept my job.

That was more than four weeks ago. The wounds have healed and I lived. I submitted an honest expenses claim this month, but I am working on a new fiddle for the future. I hope I do not get caught, but if I do then please don't let it be by Mr. Harkaway.

6. Three thieving days to Christmas

“SO HERE IT is Merry Christmas, everybody’s having fun / Look to the future now, it’s only just begun.”

Ben McKenzie hated that song. You heard it everywhere in the run-up to Christmas. It was a tradition. They played it all the time at the supermarket where he worked. He couldn’t get the damn tune out of his head. It had been released more than forty years previously. Long before he was born. Before his mum and dad had been born too, probably.

Ben was pushing twenty years old. He was what he dad called “bone idle.” He meant he was lazy. It was true. Ben hadn’t had a proper job since he dropped out of school four years previously. There was work out there, even for unqualified kids. Ben preferred to spend his time playing games on his computer or staying in bed masturbating.

Then a couple of his pals told him about the supermarket where they had started working. It was a “cushy” job, especially in the goods-received department. The money wasn’t bad, and it was easy

to skive off and hide from the bosses. There were lots of girls working at the supermarket and they weren't too particular about who they went out with.

And, Toby his best friend told him there was one other big perk. Thieving.

It seemed too good to be true.

But, Toby didn't tell him about Mr. Wolf. Ben had to find out for himself.

The supermarket wasn't too choosy about who it employed. Workers came and went. Many were sixth-form school pupils or students. Others took jobs while they waited for something better to come along.

It turned out his pals were right. The work was easy; and so were the girls. Ben was a good-looking guy, in a pretty-boy kind of way. He was "cute," rather than "hot." In his first week, Tracey, gave him a hand job. They sneaked away and used a disused office at the back of the store. All the kids did it, but it was Ben's first sexual encounter that involved another person in nearly a year.

It was the week before Christmas. A very expensive time of the year. Presents had to be bought and parties attended. It all cost money. Ben was on wages, but they didn't go far. Not after his mum took her share for his keep at home.

No problem, Toby told him. Steal the presents from the supermarket. Everybody did it. It was a perk of the job. The bosses didn't mind within reason. They called it "breakages." They put an extra penny on the shoppers' bills to pay for it.

When they first started in the 1950s supermarkets were a place where you went to buy fruit and vegetables and a packet of tea. But by 2015 they had become a one-stop shop for everything you might ever need. They were a thief's paradise.

"Keep it simple," Toby advised. "Take things you can hide in your pocket or under your coat."

That was the first time that Ben noticed a lot of the lads at supermarket came to work in old-fashioned parka coats or beat-up Barbours. They had lots of hidden pockets.

At home one night Ben wrote his Christmas present list. Keep it simple, Toby had said. So he did. A bottle of tequila or some other expensive booze would do for each of his friends. He didn't know at first what to get his dad, so he settled on cigars. His mum would get posh perfume.

There were only three shopping days left until Christmas. Or three thieving days in Ben's case. The guys at the supermarket had it down to a fine art. (But, you'll have to go somewhere else to find the details, this is a moral story you are reading.)

Mum and dad's presents were sorted first. It's not too difficult to stuff a small bottle of Chanel into your pocket. Especially when your fellow workers pretended not to see you do it.

"Hello, Ben," the teenager was startled. He hadn't heard Mr. Wolf his boss creep up on him. Mr. Wolf wasn't his proper name. His real name started with "Wolf," but was long and had a "C" and a "Z" and a "H" in it somewhere. He was Polish or possibly Lithuanian, Ben wasn't too sure. He wouldn't know the difference. It was somewhere in eastern Europe, he did know that.

Mr. Wolf spoke with a bit of an accent. So did Ben, of course. But they were different accents. English wasn't Mr. Wolf's first language, but he made himself clear.

"This is your last chance. Don't do it again."

And, with that he was gone.

"Don't worry," Toby advised him later. "He's the supervisor, he has to say that. It's his job"

"So, I can still get the booze? I wanted to take it today when I go home."

"Yes, you'll be fine," Toby smiled reassuringly. But, he knew from his own painful experience that he might be lying.

Mr. Wolf thought he was a kind man. Live and let live was his motto. But, when he was at the

supermarket, he had his job to do. He was a proud man. He had left his family behind and travelled half way across Europe to find work. He was honest too. He would never steal. God was his witness.

But England was not like home. The young people here were lazy and selfish. They wanted everything handed to them on a plate. They thought they were owed a living. They didn't expect to work for it.

Mr. Wolf didn't know much about Ben. He was just another typical English teenager. He was one among the hundreds, possibly thousands, who had worked at the supermarket in the two years since he arrived. If the boy stole again, he would treat him exactly the same way he did the others.

It was nearly eight in the evening and Ben's shift was coming to an end. That bloody song was oozing out of the loudspeakers. "*Look to the future now, it's only just begun.*" For two pence Ben would have drowned the whole lot of the Slade pop group at birth, starting with Noddy Holder, the lead singer.

Glancing to left and right to make sure the bosses weren't around, he skipped into the alcohol hold, grabbed a bottle of tequila and tucked it under his coat. He didn't break sweat. Nobody cared.

He swiped his ID card at the exit. Home and free.

Not quite.

“Ben,” it was Mr. Wolf, “Come into the office.”

He was an angry man. He had given the teenager fair warning. The brat had taken no notice. He had insulted him. Tried to make him look a fool. He showed no respect.

Ben stood impassively in the office as Mr. Wolf told him all these things.

“Yeah, yeah, blah, blah.” He didn’t say it out loud.

But he did say, “Who cares? It’s just company property. Everyone does it.”

“Not on my watch,” it was an American idiom, Mr. Wolf had learned from the movies. It meant he had standards.

A frown spread across Ben’s bright open pretty-boy face. He didn’t understand what Mr. Wolf was saying.

So, his boss spelled it out. He had been warned not to steal, but he had ignored it. Not only was he a thief, he deliberately disobeyed an order. He had tried to make a fool of him.

“But...” Ben blustered, not sure what to say.

Mr. Wolf cut him short. “I am going to call Security and they will inform the police. You will spend Christmas in jail.”

The teenager felt tears welling up in his eyes. Police. Jail. This wasn't how Toby said it would be.

“But...” Ben tried again, but still he couldn't form a coherent sentence.

Mr. Wolf glared at the boy, his face like thunder. He had no intention of involving the police. He hated the police. They had been so cruel in his homeland.

Mr. Wolf had a plan. He had used it before on young thieves. He would use it again. Back home if a boy stole, his father would thrash him. Even young men in their twenties could expect a sound caning. Of course, such action was seldom necessary. The thought of a whipping was enough to deter them from crime.

Mr. Wolf leaned over to a table and opened a drawer that ran along its length. Ben's eyes followed him as he put his hand inside the drawer and rummaged around. Seconds later he withdrew a straight yellow stick.

Ben had never seen such a thing before. It was dark yellow and more than three feet long. Black tape had been wound around one end to form a simple handle. It was not quite straight. Constant use had warped it slightly.

The teenager's jaw fell slightly when Mr. Wolf flexed the stick between his hands. It was as thick



"Ha, so you have never seen a cane before"

as a man's little finger, but it easily curved into a bow. Mr. Wolf swished the cane through the air, missing Ben's face by inches. The boy felt a breeze against his cheek as it whistled by.

"Ha, so you have never seen a cane before." Mr. Wolf was not surprised. None of the young men he had dealt with previously at the supermarket had either. That explained a lot, Mr. Wolf thought. They were totally lacking in discipline. The schools had abandoned corporal punishment decades ago. Look what good that had done.

He swished the cane once more, delighted at how much it intimidated the young thief.

"The choice is yours," Mr. Wolf tapped the cane against his own right leg. "The police ... or this."

"But ..." Ben had not regained his power of speech. He choked back tears.

"You cannot go unpunished," Mr. Wolf growled. He swiped the cane through the air, terrifying the teenager.

"It's my way or the highway." That was another phrase he had learned from the television. It meant he was in charge.

"You should take off your coat." Mr. Wolf spoke gently. He knew that young men about to be thrashed for the first time needed to be guided

through the process. He would take it one step at a time.

In the days that followed Ben tried without success to remember exactly what happened in that office. Somehow, unconsciously he had erased it from his memory. What he did know for certain was that his backside had been cut to ribbons. The welts from the cane were so deep and thick it would take more than a week for them to clear. Even then, when he was in the shower and he let hot water pour across his buttocks, thin cane marks reappeared.

Obediently, Ben slipped off his coat and placed it on an old wooden chair.

“Stand by the table.” It was a cheap, topped with Formica and hardly three feet wide.

Mr. Wolf studied the boy before him. He was nearly six-feet tall and lanky. His arms fell awkwardly at his side. The teenager’s eyes shone, glistened by the tears trying to force their way through. He had a blank far-away look.

“Trousers down.” Ben was wearing dirty cream-coloured cotton chinos, held at the waist by a wide leather belt. He made no attempt to move.

“Trousers down.” It was a sterner command this time. Still Ben did not move. It was as if he had not heard.

“Pah!” Mr. Wolf exhaled air through his half-clenched teeth. He stepped forward and grabbed the boy at the waist. Ben did not resist. In seconds Mr. Wolf had the belt buckle loose and the chinos were at Ben’s knees.

“Bend over the table.” This time Ben did hear. As if in a trance, he gently lowered himself forward. He made no protest.

Ben was so tall and the table so narrow that his body easily fitted across the Formica top. Instinctively, for Mr. Wolf gave no further instruction, the teenager reached forward and grabbed the two table legs ahead of him. One in each hand.

Mr. Wolf had thrashed many of the boys at the supermarket. They came in all shapes and sizes. Some were short and squat, others tall and gangly. Many had too much body fat. The flab on their stomachs spread out beneath their body. Their buttocks were so plump they would wobble like jelly each time the cane made contact with the mounds of flesh.

Ben was leaner. He took no exercise, but was naturally thin. His bodily metabolism dealt with the hamburgers and copious amounts of beer he consumed most days.

Mr. Wolf took hold of the tail of Ben's shirt and tugged it up the small of his back. Just far enough to leave the target area clear. He was wearing loose-fitting boxer shorts, so Mr. Wolf spent a moment smoothing them out. He wanted all the creases removed. It hurt a boy much more if the underwear fitted snugly against the buttocks. It should be like a second skin.

By now, Ben had closed his eyes tightly shut. It seemed to Mr. Wolf that the boy was determined to take his just punishment without a fuss. He hoped so.

He was distressed when a young man couldn't take his beating passively. Sometimes one would refuse to bend over and there would be an unseemly fight with Mr. Wolf. The boss was somewhere in his forties, but he had worked hard all his life. Youngsters were astounded when he was able to force them face-down over the table. He kept some small pieces of rope in the drawer. They could be used to tie the wrists of the boy to the table legs.

Ben's breathing was shallow. He had remained almost entirely silent from the moment the two men had entered the office.

Mr. Wolf tapped the cane across Ben's buttocks, just to get his aim. The bum cheeks

responded by tightening, as if preparing themselves to ward off an almighty battering.

Thwip! It was a wicked slash. Mr. Wolf might have been beating a carpet. The cane broke through the surface of the boy's cheeks and through the sheer force of the slash continued onwards into the meat of Ben's bum. A thick white line appeared across the centre of Ben's boxers where the cotton had been disturbed. Mr. Wolf knew from experience that a thick red line would already have formed in the flesh.

Ben's yelp confirmed that the cut had bitten deep. It was agony. The teenager kicked his legs back as the pain seared through his backside. He stamped his feet up and down and gripped the table legs as if his very life depended on it.

Mr. Wolf was not a cruel man. He delivered punishments, not torture. But, a beating had to hurt otherwise what was the point of it all?

Ben received the second cut surprisingly well, Mr. Wolf thought. It was slightly harder than the first and landed a half inch or so lower. Ben repeated his military dance and his hips wriggled from left to right. His yelp was more intense and his shallow breathing was heavier now.

Mr. Wolf heard footsteps approach from outside the office. Then they stopped. The door was

closed, but not locked. The visitor had hesitated. Mr. Wolf's reputation was well-known among his fellow supervisors. Rather like the shop-floor workers, they preferred to turn a blind eye.

Slashes number three and four cut the lower part of Ben's buttocks to shreds. The yellow-coloured boxer shorts had turned orange in places. Blood was seeping from the wounds inflicted by the mightily-effective cane.

Ben bounced his forehead up and down on the table top. It was a natural reaction to the intense suffering he felt. Tears flowed freely and his throat was full of bile. He choked the vomit back down, provoking a fitting cough.

Yes, the boy was taking his thrashing rather well, Mr. Wolf thought. When he had dealt with Ben's friend Toby last month the boy howled the office down after only two strokes.

Mr. Wolf gave Ben a few moments to settle. His throat was now clear and he was ready for number five.

Although the thief prostrated before him was a tall young man, his buttocks were quite small and tight. Unlike with the fat, almost obese, youngsters Mr. Wolf often caned there was not much to aim at. It was inevitable that at least one cut would land on

a weal, extending the already deep cut and intensifying the agony.

Mr. Wolf had not meant to do it. It was a hazard of the job. Ben positively screamed. Instinctively he jumped to his feet jumping up and down on the spot while rubbing away furiously at his behind. It did nothing to relieve the pain. Instead by pressing down on open wounds it intensified the soreness.

Then, Mr. Wolf watched in astonishment as Ben did something that no other youngster had ever done before. Unbidden, the nineteen-year-old thief lifted his shirt clear of his underwear, before leaning forward across the desk and submissively offering himself for the sixth and final stroke.

Mr. Wolf had not intended to land the fifth stroke across an existing welt. Not so the sixth. This was what Mr. Wolf thought of as his “trademark.” He repositioned his cane so that it aimed from the lower half of the left buttock across to the top half of the right. Then he let fly. The swipe landed diagonally across all previous five cuts.

Ben was on his feet again. Howling and howling. He ran on the spot, doubled up like a pocket-knife and then ran again. Nothing could extinguish the intense agony in his bankside.

There was no reason for him to compose himself and go back over the Formica top. It was

over. He had taken his punishment. It was, Mr. Wolf believed, what the English used to call “six-of-the-best.” That was in the days when schools still believed in discipline.

Kindly, Mr. Wolf handed the punished boy a fistful of paper handkerchiefs. Ben was composing himself. The tears had eased to sobs and would quickly dry altogether. The agony in his buttocks had turned to an intense throb. He did not yet realise how scarred his buttocks were. He would find out soon enough when he returned to his home.

Mr. Wolf gave Ben a few minutes to recover and sent him on his way, clearly understanding the consequences of any future thieving.

Ben had barely left the office before Mr. Wolf picked up the telephone and called Ben’s dad to tell him what he had done to his son. Mr. McKenzie listened impassively, thanked his caller and waited for his son to arrive home.

Ben hobbled through the goods-received section towards the exit. That flaming Christmas song was still coming through the loudspeakers.

“Look to the future now, it’s only just begun.

“Merry Christmas everybody!”

Illustrations and photographs

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Summer at Uncle's



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

[Available to download free-of charge here](#)

The Private Tutor



What can fathers do when their sons fail their school exams because they spend too much time out with girlfriends, clubbing and playing in a rock band? all for The Private Tutor. Using traditional educational approaches, he will soon lick them into shape. The whippy rattan cane, the taws, the paddle and the gym slipper are some of methods he uses as he guides them towards their A-levels.

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Tales from the study

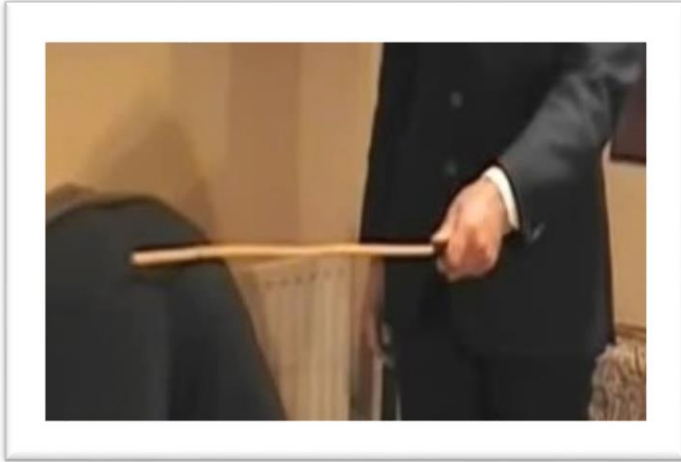
1 St Francis Independent Grammar School



St FIGS is a traditional school – traditional curriculum; traditional sports; traditional uniform and traditional discipline. Meet John Allison, eighteen years old and a new boy at school, as he discovers just what that means. The thwack of the cane against stretched buttocks echoes through the passageways. No naughty sixth-former is spared a throbbing backside. As John himself will soon find out.

[Available to download free-of-charge here](#)

Paul and his landlord



Young men who are away from the parental home, often for the first time, are apt to stray from the straight and narrow. How lucky that responsible adults in the shape of landlords are on hand to show them the error of their ways, even if it means delivering sound spankings and other corporal punishment.

It might even be a life-changing experience for them – it certainly was for Paul.

[Available to download free-of-charge here](#)

All in the Family



“What that boy needs is a damn good spanking.” It was a policeman speaking about my drunken nephew. He was right, of course. But the police can’t use corporal punishment. So it is up to the family to instil discipline. These tales demonstrate that up and down the land fathers, uncles, granddad’s – and even older brothers – don’t shirk their duty.

The cane, the brush and the paddle are much in evidence as young men learn the painful way how to behave.

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