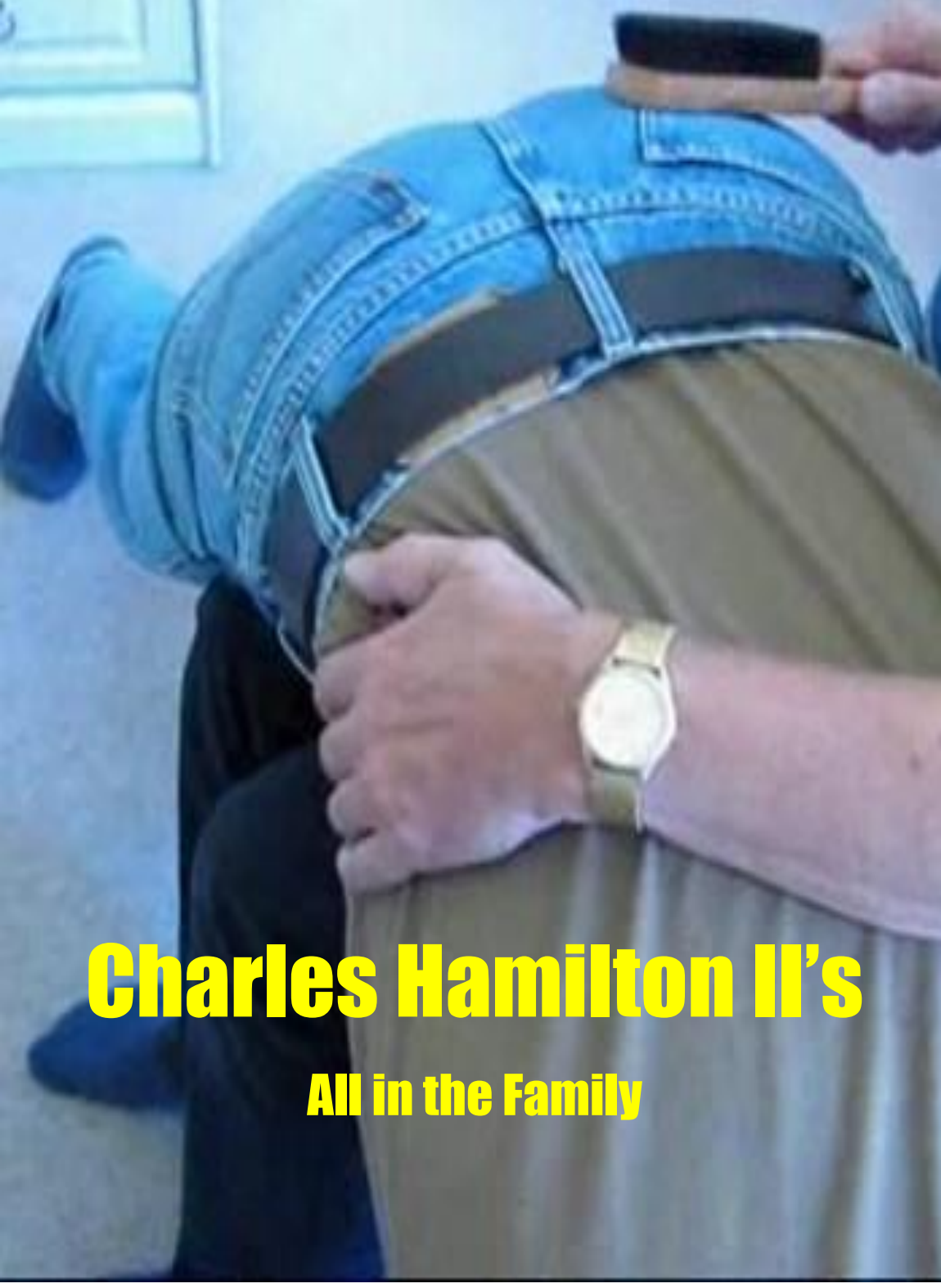


**Male-on-Male Discipline**



**Charles Hamilton II's**

**All in the Family**

## 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.

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

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

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## 1 My drunken nephew

“WHAT THAT BOY needs is a damn good spanking!”

That’s what the Police Constable said to me as he delivered my eighteen-year-old nephew drunk as a skunk to my doorstep the other week.

The police officer told me Denny had been out around the town with his mates and they all had a skin full of beer. That’s when the trouble started. They were running and shouting through the town centre, urinating in shop doorways and just making life as unpleasant as possible for everyone.

The police officer explained that kids like Denny were a right pain in the arse, so they should be given one in return. I got the feeling he used that line on a lot of the parents he delivered drunken kids to. He told me the problem was that there wasn’t much the law could do with louts like Denny. The youths who stole cars or beat people up could get arrested and go to court. They were proper villains. But the courts were too busy to deal with the likes of Denny and there wasn’t much they could do at the police station except give the lads a good telling off and that was no use at all. The only people who might do any good were the parents. I wasn’t Denny’s father, but I was his guardian. Denny was the son of my brother Alan and his wife Sarah. They

had moved with Alan's work to some god-forsaken place in Africa that nobody had ever heard of, but because Denny was in his final year at school, they all thought it was better if he stayed behind.

It seemed to me like a good idea at the time, and my wife was thrilled. We have two kids of our own. Susan has left home and is working in London and my son Paul is in his second year at university. He's staying at a small guest house run by a married couple. I met the landlord, Mr. Jarvis, once when I dropped off Paul at the beginning of term. Jarvis told me Paul was a delightful tenant and he enjoyed having him at the house. Jarvis reckoned it was all down to discipline. I think he thought I must have tanned Paul's bottom a few times as a kid.

I didn't think much of what the policeman said to me about spanking Denny, until a couple of days ago, when I had to suffer a repeat performance. It was a different officer who brought him home this time after Denny and his pals had been up to their old tricks again. This time the officer just dumped him and left, without offering parenting advice.

Maybe they were right, maybe Denny did need a belting or something, but let's be honest it was hardly likely to happen. Even if I wanted to teach him a lesson, he's eighteen years old and hardly likely to let me put him across my knee.

Even so, I couldn't get the idea out of my head. He definitely needed discipline. What could I do? I couldn't stop his pocket money, I didn't give him any. He had his own money from a Saturday job at the supermarket. And, I feared that if I tried to 'ground' him and stop him going out at night he would only defy me and where would we be then?

No, if there was to be discipline, it needed to be a spanking. But how could I do it?

I knew the basics of how to do it, of course. Who doesn't? My dad spanked me when I was a kid, but not when I was eighteen. I loved my dad (I still do) and he loved me. I deserved the spanking and I genuinely believe it did me some good.

Just as I genuinely believe a spanking will do Denny some good. He deserved a spanking without doubt, but the problem was how could it be done?

I've never spanked anyone in my life. Both my children were well behaved and they were hardly ever naughty. Even as teenagers they didn't give me and my wife a hard time. Paul was a scholarship boy at a posh grammar school, so maybe they taught him how to behave. His landlord Mr. Jarvis was quite wrong to think I had too much to do with Paul's discipline.

So, how would I go about spanking Denny? Most people know by instinct how to whack an

eight-year-old, but how do you do it to a young adult?

I surfed the Internet to see if I could find an answer. You won't believe this but there are lots of websites out there about spanking. It seems there are adults spanking each other all the time. Often they are about wives spanking their husbands for not doing the chores and such like. Some people do what they call 'role play' where one person dresses up as, say, a 'headmaster' and another is in short trousers and school uniform ready to get six-of-the-best. Who would believe it?

I didn't get very far in my search for help with spanking Denny. The websites were for people who wanted to be spanked, not for out-of-control teenagers who definitely did not.

There was one site that gave advice on how to get someone across your knee who didn't want to go. It seems you stun them by slapping them across the face and while they are figuring out what happened you pull them down over your knee.

Alternatively, you pull them by the hair and drag them over the knee that way. This wouldn't work with Denny, it looks like it would be test of strength and I'm not betting man but I'm sure Denny would win that one hands down.

But, I could try I suppose. The only other thing would be to get someone strong to help me and we



could drag him across a table and then beat his backside black and blue.

But supposing I do get him ‘in position,’ how would I spank him? Whacking him with my hand would be a waste of time and for it to have any chance of being effective the spanking would have to be administered on the bare.

So, I needed an implement. As I say I never used corporal punishment on my children, so I don’t have canes, tawses, paddles and so forth about the house. I would have to use something whose main purpose in life was not to put bruises on buttocks.

The belts I have to hold up my trousers are all thin and no use at all. Slippers are no good. Modern ones have plastic soles and won’t hurt a fly. These days you couldn’t even buy plimsolls, they’re all trainers or ‘sneakers’ as the Americans insist on calling them. They have thick soles and they are so big it’s impossible to get a grip on them so you can take a swing.

We had plimsolls at my school and we feared them. We were a secondary modern and teachers didn’t use the cane, but every one of the male teachers kept a plimsoll ready to whack your backside. You were likely to get it any time up until the end of your fourth year, but after that you got away with bad behaviour. Maybe the teachers were

scared of trying to hit the older boys, in case they hit them back.

I think it was different in the physical education classes where the slipper was used right up until a boy left the school. I did hear tell that the sixth-form boys used to whack each other on the bare bum with the slipper as punishment if they played badly in a match: missed an open goal at football, that kind of thing, but that might just be a rumour.

So I needed to find something at home. After walking around each room of the house looking in cupboards and drawers, I found the perfect thing: a clothes brush. It's about nine inches long, including the handle. It's a kind of oval shape and two inches wide at its broadest point. I picked it out of the drawer and was disappointed it didn't feel very heavy. But, after making sure, my wife was nowhere near to see me, I tested it out by bending over and whacking my own backside with it a couple of times. Even wearing trousers and pants I could feel the thwack of the brush hit home and a warm glow appeared where it connected with my bum.

Good, it could hurt Denny a lot, even on his trousers, but only if I could get a good swing at him. I reckoned if he went across my knee I would have an excellent opportunity to give him some serious buttock-pain.

So, that was the plan, Denny across my knee for a spanking with the clothes brush.

It was only at this point I remembered Alan, my brother. He was Denny's father, not me. Maybe, he should be the one to administer the spanking; it's a father's job (a duty some would say) after all. But that was physically impossible; he was on the other side of the world in Africa. Even so, it was only right that he should know what was going on with his son.

I emailed Alan and told him all about what Denny had been up to: the drunkenness, the urinating in shop doorways and the obnoxious behaviour. I told him what the policeman had said about Denny needing a damn good spanking. I stopped short of telling him I had resolved to do just that the next time there was a ring at the doorbell and it was the police with Denny in tow.

I didn't hear from Alan for three days and then I received an email from him that astonished me.

Alan was appalled to hear my news; Denny had been in trouble like this before and had promised his dad it would never happen again. It was only because of this promise of better behaviour in the future that Denny had been allowed to stay in England and not accompany his mum and dad to Africa. This was news to me, I hadn't realised that the family wanted Denny to go with them, but he

had resisted, and was only allowed to stay with me on the strict understanding he would be a good boy.

But, it was what Alan wrote next that stopped me in my tracks. Yes, Denny most certainly needed a spanking. He, Alan, had spanked him in the past, and here's what took my breath away, the most recent spanking was earlier this year after Denny had been drunk and obnoxious.

And, Alan, continued, would I mind awfully spanking Denny now for the past two offences. He knew I probably hated the idea and never spanked my own kids etc. etc. but, obviously, Alan couldn't do it himself.

I should, Alan, said, make Denny take down his trousers and underpants and bend across my knee. He then advised that I whack the bare backside until it was a dark shade of cherry. Don't be worried, he advised, if Denny's buttocks bruise, they did this quite easily, but the bruises went away after a day or two.

And, the implement I should use: a bath brush. A bath brush? That idea hadn't occurred to me, but I knew that the one we had was a flimsy plastic effort that would break in two the first time I whacked it across Denny's hide.

Alan, finished his email by saying that if I consented, he would send an email to Denny instructing him to accept whatever punishment I

chose without fuss, or he (Denny) would be on the next plane to Africa.

Emails flew across continents at the speed of thought and later that day Denny and I were in the lounge of my house. It's a modern room, dominated by a picture window affording a view of a typical English garden: that is a lawn with flower beds. All very conventional, as was the room itself which had a suite made up of a Chesterfield couch and two gargantuan leather chairs, with footrests and rockers.

None of the chairs were particularly suitable for the job in hand so I brought one in from the kitchen. No arms, a straight back and just the right height for me to take Denny across my knee.

Denny stood in front of me, head bowed, choosing not to meet my eye. I hadn't realised it until now, but I had never really looked at the boy before and it was as if I saw him for the first time. He was about five-eight or five nine, slim in build, probably a bit of an athlete since he didn't appear to have enough spare fat on his body to fry a sausage. With his head bowed, I had a perfect view of the top of his head. He had very dark hair, slightly waved and it looked a mess. It probably cost a small fortune at the barber to affect such a style.

Quietly I told him to look at me and I began to tell him all his misdeeds. He looked at me square in

the face and told me he was sorry; he had been a bad boy; he would mend his ways. His open face was almost angelic. I wondered if the girls called him 'cute'. Butter would not melt in this boy's mouth. Who would not believe him? I nearly fell for it, but I knew he had probably said all of this before to his dad and the moment dad was out of the way Denny was back in the pub and causing mayhem. Either he was congenitally unable to keep a promise, or he told bare-faced lies. And as boys over the centuries have learned: bare-faced lies can lead to bare-bottomed spankings.

I let him say what he had to say, all the time looking at him standing, hands behind his back, every inch the contrite naughty schoolboy. But there was something a little odd about him. It was the way he was dressed. He wore short trousers about two inches above the knee, tight at the waist (he needed no belt to keep them up) in some kind of military green colour. He wore the shorts with long grey socks pulled up to an inch below the knee. The outfit was completed by a dark blue and light blue checked shirt, with long sleeves and unbuttoned at the neck.

It made him look younger and more boyish than he really was. It also looked like he had stepped out of the pages of history, maybe from the 1940s. He

was in all probability dressed in the height of today's fashion, what would I know?

And me? I'm not quite fifty, thickening up a bit at the waist, but not gone to seed. My hair is receding, but you couldn't say I was bald. I was dressed as I always am when not at work in brown corduroy trousers with turn-ups; a white shirt with a military striped tie, topped off with a jacket from an old suit of mine where the trousers had long ago worn away and been discarded. Light blue socks and brown brogue shoes completed my ensemble. Come to think of it, sartorially Denny and I were probably made for each other.

The preliminaries were over. I sat in the kitchen chair back upright and feet planted firmly on the ground, just as illustrated in one of the websites I had visited.

"All right let's get on with this," I said calmly. I'd read you weren't supposed to bark out orders like a sergeant-major. Denny looked up at me, with no real change of expression. He was still contrite and not seemingly in any way afraid.

"Please take down your trousers," I said, maybe taking the website instructions a little too literally. Denny looked down at his midriff and found the clasp that was fastening the waistband of his short trousers and unhitched it. To my surprise the short trousers had a four buttoned fly rather than a zipper.

The short trousers fell to his feet. He wasn't wearing shoes and I could see that he wasn't sure if he should step out of the short trousers altogether.

“You may leave them where they are,” I said. I noticed he was wearing white briefs, presumably part of the ‘1940s’ look. “Now come here please and bend over my knee.” Denny did as instructed without hesitation. He approached from my right took one step, put his hands forward and leaning against my left leg lowered himself over. I was surprised how heavy he was. Not that he was fat, but I suppose I had forgotten that no eighteen-year-old boy was going to be featherweight in this position.

*I raised the brush and brought it down on his left buttock*





Denny settled himself into position without instruction. He was clearly more experienced in this situation than me. He placed both palms about three feet apart on the parquet floor in front of him. He leaned forward making me lower my left leg to accommodate him. He wiggled slightly, not in an

attempt to escape punishment, but in order to raise his bottom higher, with the groove below his stomach resting on my right leg. I noticed his white briefs fitted him like a second skin, there were no wrinkles. A combination of expensive designer pants and a pert and muscular bottom combined to make the perfect target for a spanking.

But we weren't ready yet. The spanking was to be on the bare. I learned from the websites that the spanker should always be the one to bare the bottom (don't ask the lad being punished to pull his own pants down). You had to 'talk' the underwear down. That is you grasp hold of the waistband and when the lad realises its bare bum time you say something like, "Oh you weren't expecting this? Well. I hope you're feeling ashamed," Or, "But it's not a proper spanking unless it's on the bare."

I went for the first option. It must have sounded daft to Denny who knew all along he was going to get it on the naked bum.

I took hold of the top of his pants, but with him prone on top of me it was harder to remove them than I expected. I tugged at them until it was clear that I could move the back of the pants down a bit, but if I was going to take them down to the knees, which was my intention, I would need to pull the front of the pants down too. I was beginning to wonder if I should order him to stand up and pull

down his own pants after all, when Denny came to the rescue. He lifted his body up enough from my knees to allow me to slide the pants down. Mission accomplished.

And, now I had Denny bare-bottomed across my knee. I am far from an expert on men's bare bottoms, but I did think something was wrong here. It was just too smooth. The skin was smooth and the bottom round and there wasn't a hair to be seen. Without thinking I placed my right hand on his right buttock and caressed it. No, I was sure there was not a hair to be felt.

As my hand moved across his bottom I moved the flesh a little and there, hardly visible at first I saw something suspicious. With my curiosity aroused by this I rubbed a little bit harder on both buttocks and it was unmistakable: there were some very faint thin lines running the width of his buttocks. Surely, only one thing could have caused such marks: Denny had been given a caning some time recently and the welts had not quite cleared away. At first thought this was probably not unexpected given Denny's record as a naughty boy, but caning was abolished in schools here about twenty-five years ago, long before Denny was even born.

I decided now was not the time to ask questions about previous punishments, I had my own task to

perform. With my left hand I reached for the tail of the boy's shirt and pushed it four or five inches further up his back. His pants were resting at his knees and he was naked from there to almost his shoulders, I had my target.

I raised the brush and brought it down on his left buttock, then again on the right. I had learned that you should start a spanking softly and build up a momentum until the whacks were reigning down hard. I couldn't quite remember why now. I did know that Alan had told me to beat him until he was the colour of deep cherry. WHACK! WHACK! I set about my task.

Denny held his position steady. His bum was resting high on my right leg and his back and head were sloped at a near perfect forty-five degree angle towards the floor. His buttocks were perfectly placed for my aim and I had no difficulty slapping away with the brush. Six on the left, six on the right, then one in turn on each; two at the top and two at the bottom of each buttock.

Denny was taking it magnificently, I thought. His bum was turning a darker red now and his breathing was harder. He was in some pain, I assumed, but he wasn't about to show it to me. I'd read that once you started the spanking you had to keep on going silently until you were ready to finish. By 'silently' I mean you didn't keep scolding

the naughty boy, he might want to be noisy, hollering for you to stop and so on and that was to be expected, encouraged even. But apart from the breathing Denny was taking it stoically.

From my vantage point way above him I looked down at his head. His hair was flopped over his eyes, a fringe falling towards the floor. I saw a silent grimace as my brush hit his buttocks time and again. He screwed his eyes a little in pain, but no sound came from his lips and no tear from his eye.

I remembered what I'd read on the websites: start gently and work your way up to a climax (so to speak). Now was the time to move up a couple of gears. I raised the brush as far above my head as I could and with all my strength brought it crashing down.

“Yeowwwwww!” Victory. I repeated the move. Again, and again and again. Bruises were forming on both of Denny's buttocks. Bang! Bang! Bang! Now it was his thighs, then the tops of his buttocks, then the fleshy bit in the middle. Denny was yelping in genuine pain. His legs were kicking out and he was wriggling from side to side across my laps like he was trying to do the crawl swimming stroke.

At last I had him. I just kept on whacking. I thought at any moment he would break free and probably run from the room. But, I hadn't realised

how much he did not want to be sent off to Africa. I whacked him and whacked him. It hurt, he hated it, he was in agony now, but he stayed in position the best that he could.

The buttocks were cherry now – all over, apart that is from the bits that were deep blue with bruises. Whack! Whack! on and on I went.

He was sobbing now, uncontrollably and it seemed at least without shame. We were on the home straight but not at the finishing line quite yet.

I broke the Internet rule and started scolding him. Whack! That's for all the people you insulted when you were drunk. Whack! That's for the people who had to clean up your filth after you urinated in their doorways. Whack! Whack! Whack! Whack! That's for all the police you swore at. Whack! Whack! Whack! That's for bringing police to my front door and shaming us with the neighbours. Whack! Whack! Whack! That's for all the bad things you have done, that I never got to find out about.

Whack! Whack! Whack! That's to remind you that I have permission from your father to spank you whenever I feel you need it and if you don't obey me you're on the next plane to Africa.

Whack! Whack! Whack!

He was gone. Sobbing into the parquet floor. Broken. I stopped, but I didn't let him stand. I left

him there across my lap, his once lily-white bottom scarred, bruised and blistered. He was still kicking his legs, I'm not sure why. I'd stopped hitting him some time ago.

I left him there a few more moments and let him up. His face was as red as his backside. Snot was running down his chin. Unsteadily on his feet he reached down and pulled up his pants and short trousers.

I sat in my chair the clothes brush still in my hand. How were you supposed to end a session? I couldn't remember reading anything about that. My father would have walked silently from the room and next day told me he loved me.

I didn't have to worry about this for long. As soon as he was dressed, Denny was straight out the room and I could hear him running up the stairs to his room.

I rose, picked up the chair and took it back to the kitchen where it belonged. I put the brush in the drawer of the kitchen table and put the kettle on. I needed a cup of tea.

Later, I would email Alan to tell him how it went.

But, I wasn't sure if I'd mention the cane marks.

## 2 Rules of the house

JOE WINTERBOTTOM WAS a middle-aged divorced man and he enjoyed a comfortable life in the suburbs; until his idle, disobedient, waste of space son, came to live with him.

Joe was happy to be divorced and even happier when his son Martin went to live with his mother. She could keep him, as far as Joe was concerned. The lazy good-for-nothing.

As Joe had predicted Martin left school as soon as legally possible when he was sixteen and was out of work more often than he was in. When he did work they were dead-end jobs; mostly labouring or factory jobs. Now, he was out of work again.

Joe could not care less. He did not like his son and the feeling was mutual. They rarely met these days, the boy was twenty years old and an adult, he could take care of himself, Joe thought.

Except that he couldn't. Martin still lived with this mother, who did everything for him. It wasn't that she doted on him, because she didn't, but she had just got into a routine of cleaning, cooking and waiting on him hand and foot; the way mothers did.

But, her life was about to change, she was going to remarry and move home; and Martin was decidedly not invited.



Joe said, “No way. Definitely not. Over my dead body,” when his wife suggested that Martin moved in with him.

But, the reality was different. For Martin it was either move in with his dad or sleep on the streets and against his better judgement, Joe agreed he could stay with him temporarily until he found another place to live.

It was a disaster from the start. Martin wasn’t going to change; he expected everything to be done for him; he rarely got out of bed before the afternoon and he messed up the house with unwashed cups and plates. And, if that wasn’t bad enough, he didn’t mind helping himself to Joe’s whiskey: the good stuff.

Joe reckoned he needed a plan to get his son on his feet and out of the house for good. First, he needed to find the boy a job where he could earn enough money to rent a room of his own; then he had to make Martin clear out.

The job was easier than he imagined. A colleague at work told him about a burger bar in town, they were always hiring; his own son worked there for a while. His boy had learned a lot of discipline at the bar, he reported rather enigmatically. Joe wasn’t so sure, working at a burger bar was a dead-end, it wouldn’t lead anywhere; it was the place students worked for

extra cash while they were studying, it wasn't a real job.

But, another night of unwashed cups and Martin lazing around the house while he was still wearing yesterday's shirt changed Joe's mind.

Joe knew he would have to take the initiative and went to the burger bar himself. The manager said he would be happy to try the boy out and that was how Martin joined the world of the employed.

His first shift started at 9am on Tuesday, but no way was he going to make it. It was already 8.15 and he was still under the bed clothes stroking his penis.

Joe burst into the room. "Come on Martin. Up, you'll be late for work!"

Martin didn't care; he ignored his dad, rolled over and faced the wall, "Fuck off it's too early."

When he thought about it later, Joe could not understand what came over him. It wasn't planned and it wasn't something he had ever done before.

In a fury, he ripped the bedclothes off his son's back, and grabbed the boy's arm. Martin was too startled to realise what was happening, or to resist.

Before he knew it Martin was on his feet and his dad was sitting on the bed, then without a word, Joe pulled his son face down on top of him, ripped down the boy's underpants, and spanked his bare bottom like he was eight years old.

Joe had the advantage of surprise and held his son firmly around the waist while he pummelled away at his buttocks. It was a furious barrage of slaps all over both of the boy's cheeks. Martin cursed his dad and tried to struggle free, but Joe had him across his knees so high that his upper body was face down on the bed; he could wriggle left and right over his dad's lap but he couldn't lift himself free.

Joe put all his effort into the spanking; this was for all the slovenly behaviour, that's for the laziness, the rudeness, stealing his malt whiskey and most of all for disrupting his quiet life.

Eventually, he released his grip and Martin sprang to his knees. Humiliated that his dad could see his genitals he stooped down to pick up his underpants and covered himself up. His bottom was bright red and stung like mad.

"Quickly, get washed and I'll give you a lift into work," Joe said, and meekly his son obeyed.

Martin avoided his father at home that evening; and that suited Joe very well. He hoped it meant the spanking had worked and his son would be better behaved in future. The next morning Martin was up in good time to take himself to work and Joe was very pleased, but the boy soon slipped back into his old ways.

Maybe I should give him another spanking, Joe thought. He probably couldn't though; last time he had the element of surprise, if he tried again, Martin would be ready and put up a struggle. He was a fit lad and could do his dad some serious damage in a fair fight.

The only way it would work was if Martin was submissive and agreed to be spanked.

Martin went out clubbing on Friday and missed work completely on Saturday. That's it, Joe decided, he will have to accept discipline, or go.

When Martin eventually got out of bed, Joe called him into the living room and put it to him simply. He had rehearsed it once or twice, until it didn't sound so silly; he was asking a grown man of twenty to accept a spanking from him and to agree that unless his behaviour and attitude improved there would be more like that to come.

"So, that's my decision, Martin," he said. "I am going to spank you for staying out late and for missing work."

"No, you're not," it was simple defiance. Joe had expected it and knew he couldn't force the issue, but he tried one more time.

"Either, you take a spanking, or you can pack your bags and go."

"Yeah, right," and with that Martin stormed off to his room.

It was the easiest thing in the world to get a locksmith and when Martin arrived at the house from work on Monday he discovered he was homeless.

Joe let him scream and holler on the doorstep; who cared what the neighbours thought. He opened a new bottle of whiskey, turned up the volume on his music centre and waited. Eventually, Martin went away and Joe really didn't care where to.

The phone rang and he knew it would be his ex-wife, so he didn't answer. A little drunk – that's what you get for drinking whiskey on an empty stomach – he went to bed.

He couldn't ignore his wife's calls forever. She wasn't going to take Martin back, it was Joe's turn to look after him.

No it wasn't, he was twenty years old and he could look after himself. Their argument went nowhere and eventually Joe hung up on his wife.

Martin was stuck, his mother's new husband was adamant the boy could not stay with them, and since it was his house and he paid the bills, his word was law.

Martin asked around at work but no one could help; they mostly still lived with their parents. The boss, Billy, said he had a spare room; he lived in a council flat on a run-down estate, but it wasn't as bad as it sounded.

Martin was about to jump at the chance; but one of the lads took him to one side. Billy had a reputation. There was this story about the student who worked there one summer and messed up once too often. The boy was made to stay after the burger bar was closed. Billy thought everyone had gone home but he was wrong. That's how people knew he made the eighteen-year-old take down his jeans and bend across his knee. By all accounts he gave him one heck of a spanking.

Martin blanched, "No, you're kidding; you're winding me up." No way, he spanked that kid. No way. It was just one of those stories people made up about their boss.

But, Martin decided to pass on Billy's offer.

Joe was still getting grief from his ex-wife. She was scared for Martin; was he sleeping in a shop doorway at night? To get her off his back, Joe agreed to go visit his son at the burger bar to see what was going on.

Martin was feeling desperate; he was scared witless for the future, he had no real friends, no money and now nowhere to live. He was very pleased when his dad turned up, but wasn't about to let him know.

Joe felt forced by his wife into taking Martin back, but no way was he going to retreat. The boy had to accept his discipline.

Then there was an unexpected turn of events. They had shared a drink in a nearby pub and suddenly Joe mellowed to his son; but not by much.

He heard himself saying, “The offer is still open. You take a spanking.”

A man at the next table pretended not to hear, but listened intently.

“Dad!” Martin was embarrassed to be talking about this at all; but he didn’t want to discuss it in the middle of a crowded pub.

“Let me know your decision,” Joe drained his glass and went home.

Martin was very drunk by the time he rang the bell of his dad’s house. Joe let him in anyway.

The next day Joe stopped off at little shop he knew, tucked away off the town centre. He had bought magazines there in the past and noticed they also sold “adult toys.” The paddle he purchased seemed authentic enough. It was about eighteen inches long by three wide and about a quarter-inch thick.

Joe thought he would be more embarrassed than he was, but the shop assistant knew how to wrap a toy discreetly.

Martin knew what was waiting for him when he got home, but he didn’t delay his return. He knew it would hurt, but he was no stranger to corporal punishment. He had been punished by the teachers

at school many times. Yes, Martin hated his dad for it and he knew the spanking from him would hurt, but he had no choice, his father was in control. If Martin wanted to stay living under his dad's roof, he had to obey his rules.

Joe couldn't work out why exactly, but he seemed to be looking forward to this. If only he had given the boy a dose of the paddle years ago, they wouldn't be in this mess now. He needed to make up for lost time and Martin's bum would have to suffer – a lot.

It happened in the front room; there was a large couch, ideal for a boy of Martin's size to bend over in comfort, but what would happen next would be far from comfortable, Joe would make damn sure of that. Apart from last week, when he did it in a blind fury, Joe had never spanked a person before. Surely there can't be that much to it; the objective was to cause the maximum pain possible and to do that he would whack the paddle into the buttocks. Simple. So long as Martin was submissive and didn't put up a fight and try to get out of it.

Joe needn't have worried; Martin had made up his mind. To be twenty years old and spanked was humiliating enough, he wouldn't make matters worse by yelling and screaming.

“Martin, stand there,” Mr. Winterbottom pointed to the back of the couch and Martin took up



position a couple of feet behind it. Joe had prepared a little speech, to make clear to his son why he was being beaten. He recounted all of Martin's faults: it was a long list.

The boy remained silent, there wasn't much to say. Everything his father said was true, but he didn't feel remorse; he despised his dad and this beating would just make him loathe him more.

Joe picked up the paddle and tested it for weight. Let's get on with it, he thought.

"Pants down."

If looks could kill. Martin silently unbuckled his belt, unzipped, and his pants fell to his knees, revealing he was wearing a pair of baggy shorts.

"Underwear too."

This was too much.

"Dad! No, not on the bare."

Joe's withering stare was enough of an answer and turning his back on his father so he wouldn't see his cock and balls, Martin whipped down the shorts.

"Bend over."

Martin swooped over the back of the couch, grabbed the seat cushions tightly, and presented his bare bum perfectly for the attention of his father and his paddle.

Joe hadn't seen many men's bums in his life, but he reckoned Martin's baby smooth, creamy, buttocks must be exceptional.

Exceptional, they might be, but they didn't remain smooth and creamy for long. Joe brought the paddle down with some force across the centre of both cheeks.

Martin's eyes popped and he gripped the cushions even tighter. He had been beaten a few times in the past, but never on the bare bottom and nothing before had hurt so much.

Whack! number two landed higher and Whack! number three, lower so the whole of the buttocks was stinging red.

Martin gasped and then groaned as the pain mounted across his fleshy globes. He was determined not to let himself down, so clung desperately to the cushions.

*Joe picked up the paddle and tested it for weight.*



His breathing was heavier as Whack! Whack! four and five bit home. He raised his head in agony and let out a silent cry. The cry became a yell as six and seven did their worse. Martin's legs danced up and down in a futile attempt to ease the fiery agony coursing through his buttocks and thighs.

Joe could clearly see the image of the paddle tattooed in red marks across his son's backside. He knew Martin was in torment, but instead of causing him sorrow or regret, the sight of the raw buttocks spurred him on in his mission.

Whack! number eight crashed into the crease where the ass and the thighs meet. Martin raised himself ready to jump up and down, clutching his throbbing buttocks, but at the last second he regained control enough to remain in position. He would not give his dad the satisfaction of witnessing his defeat.

Whacks!! nine and ten walloped down across the centre of the bum, reigniting all the existing wounds. The swats were so hard Martin lost his control. His legs stomped up and down on the spot as he wailed like a little boy. Tears cascaded down his face and he choked for breath. Mr. Winterbottom could see snot rolling down his son's mouth. His whole body was heaving with convulsions.

Joe took a step back to admire his handiwork. Martin's buttocks were red and raw; blood was beginning to seep from some of the bruises. It reminded him of the hamburger meat at the burger bar.

"Stand up," Joe commanded. He felt an unaccustomed sense of authority. Things would never be the same again.

Slowly and in agony, Martin climbed off the back of the couch. He was too distressed even to worry that his father could see his manhood. Gingerly, he put his hands on his throbbing buttocks, but removed them instantly; the pain was like sitting on a hotplate.

"Go to your room."

Without waiting to put on his trousers and shorts (an impossible task in his state of agony) he rushed from the room, took the stairs two at a time and crashed through his bedroom door and hurled himself onto his bed, burying his face deep into the pillow, sobbing his guts up.

Downstairs, Mr. Winterbottom poured himself another whiskey, then took a pen and paper from his briefcase and began to write.

Rules of the house.

Number 1. Curfew .....

### 3 My first spanking – aged 18!

I HAD JUST turned eighteen when my granddad took me across his knee to give me my first-ever spanking. He said I needed to be taken down a peg or two.

I had been living with him and gran for a few months by then and I had driven the pair of them to distraction.

I left school when I was sixteen and worked in a record shop. It was a great job which paid well (for a teenager anyway) and I had lots of money to spend on clothes and other things for myself. I lived at home and gave my mum some money for my keep and lived a selfish life.

Then my dad lost his job when the company he worked for went bust and he had to move to a town 100 miles away. Naturally, the family went with him, but I didn't want to give up the record shop. I didn't want to give up the home comforts, either. On my wages I would be able to rent a room somewhere, but I wouldn't be able to afford all the new clothes and luxuries as well.

Gran and granddad didn't want me to live with them and who could blame them. Their own kids had grown up, left home and started families. Now, it was time for gran and granddad to have a little

peace and quiet: they definitely didn't need an unruly teenager living with them.

Anyway, they took me in (the emotional blackmail that families are famous for probably had a hand in it).

I was happy; I just carried on as I had done at home. I came and went as I wanted to; I was surly and uncommunicative to my hosts and sometimes just downright rude. I made a habit of coming home in the early hours of the morning and staying in bed late. I didn't lift a finger to help around the house and didn't think it wrong for gran to wait on me hand and foot.

Granddad tried to get me to see sense more than once, but he was up against one of the rudest self-absorbed and selfish people he had ever met. He tried to talk to me about coming home late drunk and spending all the next day in bed, but I was not to be reasoned with.

I had always been rude to both of them, but the straw that broke granddad's back was when I gave gran a lot of back-chat. I forget what the row was about, but gran had recently started using a hearing aid, so when in the middle of an argument, I shouted, "Are you daft as well as deaf?" she ran from the room in tears. Granddad had no choice. Of course, he couldn't let me get away with treating his wife like that. If I had been granddad I'd have taken

me across my knee and spanked my backside good and hard as well.

So, that's how I ended up in the sitting room, standing in front of my granddad getting a verbal roasting, prior to getting my buttocks toasted.

Looking back after all these years, I can now see gran and granddad loved me. Why else would they have let me live with them in the first place. They also wanted me to grow up to be a good person, hardworking, kind and considerate. I was none of these things: I liked to think I was a full-grown adult, but my grandparents knew I wasn't quite there yet. Sometimes, and recently far too often, I had behaved like a spoilt little child and I needed to be taught a lesson.

Granddad could have thrown me out on my ear. He even told me I was eighteen years old now and it was high time I stood on my own two feet. But, he said, he was prepared to give me one last chance.

I hadn't been expecting it when he leaned over to the sideboard, opened a drawer and pulled out a small shiny wooden object. He gripped it in his right hand and waved it in my direction. It was light brown and oblong (maybe eight inches by three and half and three-quarters of an inch thick). It had a small shaped handle to hold it by. As he threatened me with it, I could see it had nine neat holes drilled into it. It was a purpose-built spanking paddle.



I probably blanched at the point, because he looked me in the eye and said, “You need to be taken down a peg or two.”

I’d never heard the phrase before, but I immediately knew what he meant. He was going to use that paddle on my backside.

I don’t remember exactly what I said, but it was along the lines of, “You can’t do that, I’m too old to be spanked.” What I didn’t say (and should have done) was “I’m sorry. I’ll be a better person in the future.”

Granddad was not impressed. “Too old! You are not too old to move out and live on your own. You can pack your bags and go.”

He meant it too. He had tried his level best with me over the months and I had thrown all his kindness and hospitality back in his face. And, to top it all, I had been rude and incredibly cruel to gran. Who would blame them for throwing me out? “Or,” he said, and this is where I now realise how much he loved me, “I will take this to your backside and see if I can beat some manners into you.” He waved the paddle at me in case I hadn’t followed his drift.



*"I will take this to your backside"*

I stood dumbfounded. I was eighteen years old, an adult, I had been working for nearly two years and here was my granddad telling me he was going to spank me like I was an eight-year-old kid. And, to top it all, I had no choice but to let him do it.

He pulled a chair away from the dining table and set it down in the middle of the carpet. There was a three-piece suite, a sideboard, the table and four chairs and a TV set crammed into the small room.

He sat down on the chair, keeping his own back straight and planting his feet three feet apart. Just because he was my granddad don't go away with the idea that he was a shrivelled old man. He would have still been in his fifties at the time and was big and strong. He had been a manual worker all his life and after a spell in the Army, he continued to make regular visits to the gym.

I looked at him as I contemplated my fate. He was a thick-set muscular man. He was clean shaven, but I knew much of his body was covered in hair. He was neatly dressed in a collar and tie. For the first time in my life I noticed his biceps were well-developed and his hands were the size of shovels. He would pack one hell of a wallop when the time came.

The legs over which I would soon find myself draped were powerful and from where I was standing looked to be as thick as tree trunks.

My breathing became irregular as my heart raced and my blood pressure went sky high. I could feel my temples pounding as I began to realise just what damage granddad could do to my rear end with his paddle.

“Stand there.” He pointed to a spot right in front of him. As if in a trance, I obeyed. “Hands on head.” I obeyed that command too.

He reached over to the waistband of my trousers. In those days we wore trousers with ridiculously high waistbands. They were those ones that had about twenty-four inch flares to the legs and we wore them with platform-soled shoes that added an extra three inches to your height.

Despite all the material, they were cut tight across the buttocks area and if, like me, you had a flat stomach they showed off your bum to perfection. I was presenting to my granddad a bottom that was crying out to be spanked.

I knew I had a great bum, one of the girls I knew was always telling me so. I didn't fancy her at all, she was chubby and reminded me a bit of a younger version of the district nurse character who appeared in one of the TV comedy shows of the time.

I was very inexperienced and naïve at the time and I didn't understand what the girl was offering me. It was a wasted opportunity: it's true that I didn't lust after her, but she would have been something for me to practice on.

Granddad had trouble undoing all five buttons on my waistband, but eventually the job was done. It was easier for him to pull at the zipper at my fly and open up the front of my trousers to reveal my tight multi-coloured mini briefs.

He slipped the trousers over my bony hips and down my slim thighs until they fell in a heap on the floor at my feet.

Granddad paused. He seemed to be debating with himself about what to do next. The decision reached, he took hold of the elastic waist of my garish mini-briefs and gently pulled them down over my trim buttocks until they settled at my knees. I still had my hands on my head so the old man had every opportunity to observe that I was indeed a fully grown man and not a small boy.

I was kept standing with my trousers and pants down and my penis flopping for what seemed like hours, but I don't suppose it was more than a minute. During that time I thought I heard voices coming from the flat next door. Absurdly, I realised the family next door would be able to hear me being spanked and that embarrassed me much more than

my present predicament; standing naked from the waist down in front of my granddad.

“Come here and bend across my knee.” It was a quiet instruction, not a barked order. Once again, granddad was showing me that he loved me.

I hesitated for a split second. I had never been across someone’s knee before and I wasn’t quite sure how it was done. I took my hands from my head and turned to face granddad from the side. Looking down I could see the massive expanse of grey flannel trousers encasing his legs. Slowly, I lowered my body, first reaching out my hands so they held onto his left knee so I could then cautiously let my stomach rest across his huge thighs. Then, it was a simple matter to stretch my arms out in front of me so the palms of my hands sank into the pile of the carpet.

In this position, my legs were straight behind me, bent a little at the knees and my toes just about touched the carpet. My bared bottom lay across the centre of my granddad’s laps.

I was completely humiliated, bent across granddad’s knee offering him my naked buttocks. I knew he could see right into my crack. But, I wasn’t positioned to granddad’s satisfaction. His strength surprised me as he was able to place his arm round my middle and lift me to manoeuvre my body an inch this way and another inch that way until he had

my bum just where he wanted it to receive the spanks from his paddle.

But, he wasn't quite ready to start. As I stared into the fading pattern of the carpet: it was a dirty grey now, but had once, I think, been green, I could feel him grab the tail of my shirt and pull it up my back until it rested just below the shoulders.

There I was an eighteen-year-old man submissively bent across his granddad's knee, trousers and underpants at his feet, shirt at the shoulders and naked between the two points. My bared backside was resting over his right thigh, pointing up at a forty-five-degree angle and twitching a little in anticipation of the onslaught to come. Granddad was gripping the square black spanking paddle so tightly that his knuckles were beginning to turn white.

I remember feeling the cool wood of the paddle rest on my right buttock cheek and then without warning granddad whacked it down with maximum force; again and again and again. First on one cheek, then on the other, then right in the middle across both buttocks at once.

Then he went high, then low, high, high, low, low. Then on the crease where the bum meets the thigh, then right in the middle of my globes. On and on and on.

I howled from the very first smack and didn't stop yelling and screaming until what seemed like half an hour (but I later discovered was closer to five minutes) he finally laid down the paddle and released me. I struggled this way and that, pounding my feet and kicking my legs about. I was astonished by my granddad's strength: he wrapped his left arm around my middle, pinning my body to his lap while with his right hand he continued to assault my bared backside with the paddle.

I tried to reach my arm back to protect my bum from the searing slashes of the wood, but granddad had me so effectively pinned facedown that I could do nothing except flail my arms and legs about, as if I were trying to swim doggy-paddle style.

Granddad kept whacking into me. He beat at a rhythm: I was in too much agony to keep count, but it must have been about forty swats to the minute. Later I would see that dark blue bruises covered the whole of my buttock area and my inner and outer thighs. I had so little meat on my bum there was not enough padding to absorb the shockwaves from the wooden paddle.

There was no sound in the small room apart from the whack! whack! whack! of the paddle hitting my bum and my howls of agony. Not a word was exchanged between granddad and me. He gave



me no sermons on changing my behaviour and I in turn made no pleas for mercy.

I wailed so much I was choking and breathing became difficult. My heartbeat was racing and I thought at any moment I would pass out. But on and one, granddad spanked me: calmly and methodically: he knew his duty was to reform me and this was how he would do it.

Satisfied that he had made a sufficient impression on me and my bum, granddad stopped the spanking. I was exhausted: the pain had started at my roasted buttocks and travelled at high speed across my whole body: my chest ached and my head throbbed almost as much as my bum.

“Get up son.” I think this was the first time granddad had ever called me son: could that be true, or am I after all these years being sentimental?

He released me and I was able to pull myself off his legs. Just as I had done so when presenting myself for the spanking, I rested my hands on his knee, but this time rather than lowering myself into a face-down position, I hauled myself up to my feet.

I couldn't help it, but I found myself jumping up and down on the spot performing some crazy spanking dance. These days commentators in football matches on TV often say that a player who has been injured can “run off” the pain. Believe me

it certainly didn't work for me after granddad's spanking.

Nor, did rubbing away at my toasted buttocks with my hands. Actually, contact with the by now raw nerves in my pert bottom only increased the pain.

I bent double, gasping for breath, trying to regain some composure. Tears and snot poured down my face and chin. I rubbed myself clean with the sleeve of my shirt only to find more tears and snot falling. I actually howled in agony again when I tried to pull up my tight mini briefs. They were designed to fit snugly against my bottom and they had the same effect on my pain level as my hands had earlier. Quickly I pulled them down and off and stood semi-naked not sure what to do next.

“Pick up your trousers and pants and go to your room.” It was the obvious solution. So, I rushed from the living room and dashed up the stairs two at a time with my naked blistered buttocks on full display. Thankfully my gran was not around to witness this.

I didn't know at the time that she had been in the kitchen during my spanking, fully aware or what granddad was doing to me (and fully supportive that he should do so). She could have witnessed my spanking herself, but she loved me too much to make me endure that additional humiliation.

Once in my bedroom, I was able to inspect the full horror of the damage caused to my buttocks. The bruises were deep and as I twisted my body this way and that in order to get a good view in the mirror I detected what looked like dozens of squares branded into the flesh. It would take a couple of weeks before the bruises finally cleared.

The pain mostly cleared in a matter of hours, but some parts of my lower bottom and thighs remained tender for days; so that when I sat on the shop assistant's high stool at the cash desk in the record shop I was reminded of the humiliation granddad had put me through.

I'd like to be able to report that my behaviour changed after that spanking and I became a model citizen. But "attitude adjustment" doesn't work like that. Behaviour modification is incremental; it changes one step at a time and so although this was the first spanking I had ever received, it did not turn out to be the last.

## 4 The sling-shot

JIMBO STARED OUT of the bedroom window as the grey cold drizzle ran down the pane. The twelve scolding lines of pain emblazoned across his rear end burned and throbbed.

He could hardly believe what he had done. He was in such big trouble. What an idiot he had been. The police could have been called. He might have ended up in prison.

He had not meant to hurt anyone. He just had not thought. He was so stupid. The girl was almost killed. If only he could turn back the clock.

Hidden in a drawer was the weapon he had used: an industrial strength sling-shot. He had been bored, that was the only explanation. So bored, he had gone to the back garden for target practice. He lined up a few tin cans and shot stones at them. He was not very good, to tell the truth.

So, he became even more bored, he tried shooting stones into the trees, aiming wildly at birds, but they were too quick for him. Then, he went to the garden shed. Why had he done it? He still did not know; he never would know.

He found a packet of steel ball-bearings. He had no idea how they got there or who they belonged to. Seconds later he was back in the garden, loading the heavy balls into the sling-shot. He did not aim at tin

cans or at birds in the tree. He just pulled at the enormous sling and sent the balls high into the air.

Three streets away, Mr. Harris was turning his car into his drive when a missile whizzed from the sky, crashed through his windscreen and missed his three-year-old niece's head by a whisker.

Jimbo launched six of the balls into the stratosphere, before, once again becoming bored, he went back to his bedroom to flick through a pornographic magazine, oblivious to the drama he had created.

A neighbour, Mr. West, out tending to his roses, witnessed some of it. Only later when word spread around the estate about Mr. Harris, his car and his niece's close escape, could he fill in the details.

It was the talk of The Avenue. That Anderson boy. The thug. The brat. He needs locking up.

"He needs a damn good thrashing, that's what he needs." This was Mr. Featherstone at number twenty-four. A group of neighbours were standing in the street; talking. Gossiping. They had already fingered Jimbo for the crime.

"Someone call the police," said Mrs Titterington, the lady who worked at the nearby newsagent. "It shouldn't be allowed."

"Let's talk to his parents first. See what they have to say about it," said Mr. Rillington, the aged

pensioner who did not like the police. Never had done. Not since he was a nipper.

That's when Mr. Featherstone chimed in. "He needs a bloody good hiding. A dose of the cane, that's what he needs." The others lapsed into an embarrassed silence.

Just the sort of thing the pervert would say, Mr. Hindcroft, who was a motor engineer when he was actually in work, thought. He did not say it out loud, but he was not the only one thinking it. Hindcroft had his doubts about Featherstone. He was a bit too fancy, too lah-de-dah. Always immaculately turned out in smart suits and tightly-knotted neck ties. He was a bit of a you-know-what, if you wanted Mr. Hindcroft's opinion.

Jimbo's dad Peter always got on with the neighbours. He sometimes worked behind the bar at the local social club; he knew all the men by name and they knew him. Many of them knew Jimbo, although they knew him as Jimmy, the name he was called since he was a toddler.

He had reinvented himself as 'Jimbo' at school. It made him more modern, he thought. And more like a tough lad. Jimmy was what you called a little kid; someone still in short trousers. Jimbo had left kid's stuff and short trousers behind, a long time ago.

Peter could tell something was up when he turned his car off the main road into the suburban avenue where he lived. There were too many adults on the street and he knew that quite a few of them did not live there. He recognised ‘Harry’ Harris; he lived two or three streets away, what was he doing there?

Peter hardly had time to get out of the car and lock it before a gang of neighbours was on his doorstep.

Did he know? What was he going to do about it? The girl could have been killed. A flurry of voices all wanted to speak at once.

“What are you talking about?” Peter was irritated; he was hot and tired and he needed a cup of tea and a sit-down.

They all started talking at once.

“Stop! All of you! What’s up, what do you want?” Peter was losing his temper.

Mr. Harris started. He talked about the steel ball crashing through the car’s windscreen. His daughter could have been killed.

Mr. West provided the details about Jimbo. “Six balls, shot in the air. No consideration for anyone.”

Mr. Featherstone stopped himself in time from saying, “He needs a good caning.”

Peter Anderson was dumb-struck. He did not believe a word of it. He did not want to believe a word of it, but the evidence was there and so was the witness.

“I’m sorry Harry,” he said to Mr. Harris, “I’ll make sure he pays for the damage.”

“Is that all? He should pay a damn site more than that.” This time Mr. Featherstone could not stop himself. “He needs to be ...” he trailed off, fearing that he might be drawing attention to himself.

“Come inside Harry,” Peter unlocked the front door, “Let’s talk about this inside.”

He had meant just himself and Harry, but half the neighbourhood pushed their way into his house. Upstairs, oblivious to the commotion he had caused Jimbo unzipped his jeans and opened the front. His pants were soon over his thighs as he tugged away with his right hand imagining what he would do to the sexy young minx in the magazine he was holding in his left.

Calm now, the neighbours discussed what to do.

“Call the police, he needs locking up, he’s a lunatic,” Mrs Titterington had not changed her tune.

“No, not the police,” Harry Harris spoke softly.

“He needs to be punished,” somebody that Peter did not know, said.



Yes, Peter thought the boy needed to be punished and he knew just how. It was none of his neighbours' business and he did not want to broadcast the fact, but Peter Anderson believed in corporal punishment and he was not shy of using it on his own boys.

“Do you want me to beat him?” it was a simple question, calmly asked.

Mr. Harris pondered; was there an alternative?

“What do you propose to do?”

“You should cane him,” Mr. Featherstone chirped. “And, I think I know where I can get you a cane to use.”

I bet you do you bloody shirt-lifter, Mr. Hindcroft thought but did not say aloud.

“No, that won't be necessary,” Peter replied absent-mindedly.

“Shall we, then?” he asked Mr. Harris so matter-of-factly he might have been suggesting making a cup of tea.

“Well, if you think so,” Mr. Harris was embarrassed. He did not want to be the one to decide.

“That's settled, thank you everyone we'll take it from here”, he said and began to usher people out of the room. Reluctantly, for they really wanted to stay to enjoy the show, they drifted onto the pavement outside.

“If you want me to ...”

“Thank you Mr. Featherstone, I can handle it,” Peter replied, irritated by the suave gentleman’s interest.

Moments later Peter and Harry were alone.

“Let’s get this over with shall we.”

He stood at the foot of the stairs and yelled, “Jimmy come down here now!”

Startled, Jimbo released his grip, but his soldier still stood to attention.

“Now!”

Jimbo knew his dad’s tone of voice. He was in trouble, that was for certain; but he did not quite know why. Which of his many misdemeanours committed in recent times had he discovered? He hoped it was not that misunderstanding he had with Mandy Malcolm. Had she told her dad? Had he complained to his own father?

He tucked his cock back in his pants as best he could and zipped himself up. It would soften of its own accord pretty quickly he reckoned.

No, it was not to do with Mandy Malcolm, he quickly discovered. It was much worse than that.

“Another half inch to the left and the ball would have killed her. What were you thinking?” Peter’s father was genuinely distressed.

His distress was nothing compared to his son Jimbo’s. The teenager was a fool sometimes, often

lazy and neglected his schoolwork and the chores he was meant to do around the house. He had all these faults, but he was not a bad lad at heart.

“I.. I..” he began but he could not find the words to express his sorrow. And it was genuine sorrow; he had meant no harm. He just had not thought.

Jimbo missed most of his father’s lecture about responsibility; how he was eighteen years old now. He was an adult and he should start behaving like one. Jimbo’s mind was somewhere else. He had a vivid imagination and could see the little girl with her head smashed open, her brains oozing onto the car dashboard.

“You know you have to be punished for this, don’t you?” his dad spoke so softly that Jimbo missed what he had said.

“I said,” he almost shouted this time. Jimbo had no choice but to hear it.

Punished. Christ, he knew what that meant. The last time he could not sit down comfortably for a day and it took two weeks for the bruises to clear. He had to truant from school to avoid the PE classes; there was no way he was going to let his fellow pupils know he had been beaten black and blue with his dad’s cane.

“You are a big boy now, Jimmy. You are an adult. I cannot force you to take a caning; you must do it of your own free will.”

Jimmy blushed deeply. He did not want to take a thrashing, especially if Mr. Harris, a stranger to him, was to be a witness. It would certainly be barearsed and the agony would be excruciating. But, he could not get the image of the smashed brains out of his head. He had screwed up royally and he needed to be punished. Perhaps, the beating would be an end to the matter; some kind of closure. He could put the girl out of his mind and move on with his life.

“OK dad, I’ll do it.”

There was no more to say.

Mr. Harris looked on a little astonished at what was happening.

“Fetch the cane, you know where it is.”

Jimbo did indeed. It was always kept in the cupboard under the stairs. It felt light and innocuous as he handed it over to his father, but he knew from painful experiences that in the hands of his dad this



*Jimbo knew the whippy cane could take his arse off*

thick, whippy curve-handled dragon cane could take his arse off.

“Err, should I?” Mr. Harris indicated towards the door.

“No, Mr. Harris please, you should stay. I might need you.”

It was not the answer Mr. Harris had hoped for. He had instigated the teenager’s thrashing, but was now not so sure he wanted to witness it.

“Take down your trousers and pants and bend over the armchair.”

It sounded to Mr. Harris as if such an order was regularly made in this house: and just as regularly obeyed.

Jimbo was relived his erection had died. It would be humiliating enough to be naked from the waist down in front of a stranger without the added embarrassment of displaying a raging hard-on.

A distraught Jimbo Anderson tugged his jeans and pants down in a single movement and he leaned forward over the back of the soft leather armchair. His nose touched the back of the chair and a faint smell of sweat invaded his nostrils.

The posture arched his teenage buttocks out to receive correction, buttocks that now quivered with the anticipation of feeling the harsh sting of the whippy cane.

“Take hold of his hands, please Mr. Harris.”

How he wished he had not got involved. His daughter was fine, she had not been injured. The boy had not meant to do harm. Why had he not let it be? Now, not only was he being forced to witness this flogging, he was being made to take part.

“Please Mr. Harris.”

With a very heavy heart, he walked to the front of the chair and gripped the boy’s wrists. He closed his eyes and turned his head away; he did not want to see this.

Jimbo’s father stood to the left of the waiting youth, cane in his hand. Jimbo’s bare buttocks were presented submissively over the back of the armchair. His trousers and underpants bunched around his ankles and his shirt rolled clear.

Peter drew his arm back. The cane whistled. Crack!

“Owww...dad!” A red stripe appeared across the cute teenage bottom. Again the cane struck. Crack! Another stripe matched the first.

“Yeoww...dad! Please!” He looked over his shoulder, pleading.

“You hold still and take your licking,” hissed his father.

Twelve times the stout cane whistled and cracked across Jimbo’s tender bottom. With each one, the teenager yelled in anguish and shifted from

foot to foot. Mr. Harris held on to the boy's wrists like his life depended on it.

Outside on the pavement all the neighbours except Mr. Featherstone had dispersed. He nodded to himself in quiet satisfaction as Jimbo's yells echoed around the small sitting room and escaped outside through the window.

Slowly, ever so slowly, Jimbo got up, the change of the contours of his arse seem to make the pain worse as the biting strokes burned deep across his rear end, his hands went back and gently massaged the burning welts.

He stood up and hoisted his briefs and trousers back into place. The material rubbed against his injured flesh. All the same, it was a not unpleasant sensation. He felt cleansed. He smiled at Mr. Harris and sighed, "I am so sorry, Sir. I deserved that, didn't I?"

Mr. Harris gasped. The teenager's demeanour shocked him. His eyes were blazing and his face was as red as his backside. His breathing was shallow and clearly he was in considerable agony.

The thrashing was severe and Mr. Harris had expected the skin to break and blood to fall, but Jimbo's bottom remained intact, though the colour of the bruising became an ever-more spectacular display of black, purple and cobalt blue. This might have proved the old adage that a boy's bottom gets



tougher with regular punishment, and that you cannot beat a boy's arse too often.

Mr. Harris looked away from the boy across the room to his father. He was calm but breathing heavily. Sweat stained the underarms of his shirt. He had put all his energy and then some more into the strokes.

“I.. I ..” Mr. Harris could not find the words to express the disgust he felt at the spectacle he had been forced to participate in, so he rushed from the room, and was through the front door before either Jimbo or his father realised he was gone.

## 5 The Colonel takes control

“SEND MASTER GEORGE to me!” Colonel Thompson flexed the cane between his hands thoughtfully. It was an ideal specimen. A crook handled ashplant, fully three feet in length, and as thick as a pencil. It would do the job admirably.

Gripping the ashplant just below the handle he swished the cane up and down and then in an arc to left and right through the air.

The Colonel knew he had a duty to perform this evening and he had prepared thoroughly. His gamekeeper had secured a number of ashplant canes from a man in the village. Old Mr. Hardacre was an expert in making walking sticks, but he also performed the task of producing ashplant punishment canes, which were effective at correcting any miscreant boy. Indeed, there was probably not a house in the village that did not contain one or two examples of Mr. Hardacre's handiwork.

The Colonel had dined, and he was alone now in the old, dark, oak-panelled dining-room at Thompson Lodge. A bronzed, grim-visaged old soldier was the Colonel, and under the rugged exterior there was a man of iron.

The door of the dining-room opened, and the Colonel compressed his lips slightly as he looked at the boy who came into the room.

He was a handsome, well-built lad, finely-formed, strong and active. He was eighteen years old and stood no taller than 5ft 7ins. His face was handsome but there was a cloud upon it and in his dark eyes was a glint of defiance. The whole manner of the boy was one of suppressed opposition, and the Colonel realised it keenly enough without words being spoken.

“You sent for me, uncle.”

In the tones of George Thompson, too, was a half-hidden hostility and defiance, as if he knew that he had not been sent for in a friendly spirit, and was ready to meet anger with anger.

“Yes, George.” Colonel Thompson’s voice was very mild, but it betrayed the anger that was raging inside of him.

“Stand there boy. I want to speak to you.”

George Thompson did not move. The Colonel raised his eyebrows.

“Stand there boy.”

“I suppose you are not going to keep me long.” said the boy doggedly. “I want to go out before dark.”

The Colonel half rose from his seat, a flush of anger darkening his cheek.

“Stand there!” he thundered.

For a moment it looked as if the order would be disobeyed, but the Colonel’s thunderous face impelled obedience. George Thompson slowly and sullenly moved to the spot indicated by the Colonel.

“Now, George,” said the Colonel, “I want to speak to you seriously. I am your uncle: you are the only son of my only brother, and you should understand that I have your truest interests at heart.”

The boy’s lips slightly curled, but he did not speak.

“I have come home from India,” resumed the Colonel, slightly raising his tone, “to find that you have run completely wild under the charge of my sister, and I should not be doing my duty to my dead brother if I did not take you in hand and make at least an attempt to put you on a better road.

“You have done exactly as you liked, and you have not the least idea of discipline. During the month that I have been at home I have tried to improve you...”

“Perhaps I don’t want improving,” George interrupted the Colonel, a dangerous thing to do.

“You probably think so,” said the Colonel. “But I think otherwise, and, as your guardian, I have my duty to do. You are obstinate and wilful, and inclined to be insolent to your elders. All that must

cease. You have run wild too long. That must come to an end.

“You are determined to have your way, and I am determined that you are not to have it.”

George Thompson smiled slightly. He knew perfectly well that the old man had undertaken his reform and he had set himself against it. The Colonel would find his reform thankless task, but he had not been quite prepared for what was to happen soon.

The smile on the boy’s face irritated the Colonel, and he had to make an effort to speak calmly and dispassionately as he went on, “You are indeed in need of discipline and this evening I shall take it upon myself to teach you a very important lesson in life.

“I shall thrash you most severely. It is the very least that you deserve for your constant insolent behaviour.”

George bristled. He had not expected this turn of events.

George had not seen the ashplant lying on top of the shiny dining table. The Colonel strode across the room and picked up the cane.



*“You are obstinate and wilful, and inclined to be insolent to your elders”*

“Go and bend all the way over that chair!” The Colonel thundered pointing to a dining room chair he had previously strategically positioned.

George knew he was in for the thrashing of his life. It would be excruciatingly painful. It was to demonstrate beyond all doubt that the Colonel had complete control over him.

But, George was not going to give in. He would not show the Colonel he had won. No matter how severe the flogging, George would not give his tormentor one indication that he was suffering.

Boldly, but it was with false bravado, George marched up to the indicated chair and without hesitation put himself over its back. He lowered his head and raised his bottom high, ready for the lashing. It might look to an innocent onlooker that George’s had taken up a position of submission.

On the contrary it was a position of defiance. No words needed to be spoken, but George said to the Colonel, “Go ahead! Do your worst. I don’t care. I can take it. You’ll never break me.”

The Colonel heard the unspoken defiance. He despised the boy and the boy hated him back. The Colonel would rip the boy to shreds; he didn’t have a mind to what condition George’s backside would be in at the end of the thrashing.

The Colonel was a military man, he lived by obedience. He also lived by duty. It was the

Colonel's duty, he knew without question, to ensure that George understood the meaning of obedience.

The Colonel had never thrashed a boy before, but that did not trouble him. In the case of George there could be no such occasion as lashing too hard. It did not matter one jot to the Colonel that by the end of the punishment the boy's backside would be torn to pieces. The boy must be broken: all hint of defiance vanquished.

The Colonel's knuckles whitened as he gripped the cane, ready to start his task. He looked across at George draped over the chair awaiting his attention. George let out the air of one who was untroubled. That innocent bystander would not know by George's demeanour that this was the prelude to a whipping that could leave him unable to walk in comfort for days.

George's outward demeanour was one of calm, but inside he raged. He was outraged that the Colonel had the power to put him in such a position. His rage was such that he determined no matter how hard the lashing was to be, he would remain outwardly unconcerned. He would not let the Colonel see he was a beaten boy. He would not let the Colonel win.

Still gripping the cane tightly, the Colonel marched the five paces across the room to the chair. He raised the cane high into the air and with all the



powerful force a military man possessed, he lashed it into the seat of George's britches.

Not a murmur came from George.

The Colonel repeated the swipe. He hit George so hard it was as if he were beating a carpet.

Pain shot through George. It started at the point of contact on his buttocks and within seconds touched every nerve in his body. He wanted to yell; to scream; to shake the rafters of the huge dining room. But, something, call it stubbornness if you will, refused to let him do this.

The Colonel's face, quite red to begin with, now turned purple. This was an outrage. The boy had shown no contrition for his crimes and now he was showing no reaction to his flogging.

The Colonel stepped forward to view George's face. He saw the handsome young eighteen-year-old was pale, so white that even a ghost would look grey beside him. George turned his head away.

He did not want the Colonel to see his eyes, for if he did, the Colonel would have known immediately that George was indeed broken. They were the eyes of a boy whose body had been crushed, but who was fighting against odds to determine that his spirit would not also go the same way.

The Colonel was not a cruel man, but he believed in duty and as he had previously

determined it mattered not at all if George was whipped to shreds.

He raised the cane high again and jumping a little from the floor slashed two swipes into George's posterior. The boy jerked as the impact of two lashes, one immediately after the other, hit their intended target, almost exactly on the same spot.

George's bottom was a mess of cuts, he could feel welts rising under his britches and he knew instinctively that blood was seeping from them.

Slash! Slash! Two more cuts landed and the sound echoed round the room like rifle shots.

The Colonel stood back. His heart was racing, the rage inside him, rather than subsiding as he had expected as the boy succumbed to his punishment, increased. The boy must be in agony, the Colonel knew this but he showed no sign. George was physically beaten, that was certain, but his spirit remained whole.

George, still across the back of the dining room chair was breathing heavily. Both hands gripped the seat in front of him. His fingernails had dug so deeply into the wooden chair that they were trickling blood.

But, as yet there were no tears, no vocal expressions of sorrow, or of contrition, no begging for mercy, or promises to mend ways, if only the thrashing would cease.

The boy was not yet broken.

“Stand up!” With great difficulty George tried to rise. His body did not wish to respond to his brain’s commands at movement. Eventually George was on his feet, but unsteadily. His movement had disturbed the contours of his buttocks, which rubbed gently against his underclothes and britches. It was a gentle kissing of flesh on wool, but its effect was to send waves of agony from the welts and shoot pain through his whole body.

George stared straight ahead; he could not bear to look the Colonel in the eye: he knew if he did so, he would break down and the Colonel would have won.

George heard the sound of the cane swishing through the air behind his back. The Colonel put as much effort into these practice strokes as he had done to the thrashing itself. The action was intended to intimidate George and the plan was working.

Was George’s ordeal not yet completed?

“Lower your britches.”

It was a barked order from the Colonel. He was a military man and he had the voice of command.

George hesitated, but just for a part of a second.

He was agonised by the thrashing and was broken, but he would not, could not, let the Colonel know this.

He fought hard to steady his hands and fingers as he unbuttoned his britches and their weight alone took them down as far as his knees.

“Bend over!”

A simple order. To the point.

George did as commanded. Again his fingers dug themselves into the wooden seat of the chair.

Once again George submissively offered his rear to the swish of the ashplant. The Colonel hated this boy. He hated his behaviour to his sister. He hated his insubordination. He hated his refusal to give in.

The Colonel took three steps backwards, raised the cane high above his shoulder and rushed in at George, slashing the most almighty swipe into his backside.

Again and again, the Colonel rushed and slashed into George. Blood was now freely flowing from wounds and George’s woollen drawers were stained red.

George very nearly bit off his tongue in an effort to stifle a yell. He wanted to, he wanted to express the agony he was feeling. It was a physical emotion. Any person suffering so much pain would want to howl like a banshee.

But, to yell and scream, would not seem like a natural physical reaction, it would, to George, be an

admission, of defeat. He would have lost and the Colonel would have won.

The Colonel gave George six on the drawers, making twelve good cuts in total.

The Colonel could see the boy was physically beaten, but his spirit was not.

Purple with rage, the Colonel marched to the opposite end of the room. He was a military tactician and he was regrouping. He must consider his strategy. The enemy was injured, but not defeated. What should he do now?

Step up the punishment? Make one final push to see off the enemy's defences. What should he do?

He looked across at George's body. George lay still across the chair. The Colonel could only see him from the rear end, and the scene appeared one of quiet serenity. But had the Colonel ventured forward to see his enemy from the front, he would see from George's face that this was a defeated enemy.

The next assault: the drawers should come down and six stingers, no a dozen lashes, should be administered with maximum severity on George's bared buttocks.

But no, this, even the Colonel could not contemplate. He cared nothing that the lashes would rip the boy's flesh and expose meat below. No, the baring of the buttocks would be immodest.

He did not care what others said on the matter, nakedness of this sort was not godly. He did not have to be told that as a magistrate in the district he often sentenced miscreants to the birch rod, and he knew the circumstances in which a birching was administered.

No. George would be spared removal of the drawers.

The Colonel took on deep breath, and again strode towards George. The Colonel gave George twelve almighty swipes at pace, one after the other, like a machine gun.

At one point George's body rose from the back of the chair, but his hands remained gripping the wooden seat. Lash! Lash! Lash! The Colonel's cane bounced into George's backside. The blows were so rapid, George had no time to react to one, before the next flayed into him.

That innocent onlooker might have supposed the Colonel was out of control. But, far from it: he knew what he was doing and he set about his task with relish. If the boy's spirit could not be broken this evening, his body most certainly would.

At the completion of twelve lashes, the Colonel was breathless. And, so in his way was George.

Without ceremony, the Colonel commanded that George rise from the chair.

The boy tried to do so. The Colonel could see the boy could not stand on his own. The Colonel's one regret was that he had not arranged for a servant to be present to carry George off at the end of the ordeal.

At last, George found his feet. He had to hold on to the chair to stop from toppling back to the floor.

The Colonel saw no need for ceremony now. "You are dismissed."

He turned his back on George and returned the ashplant to a place in the cupboard. As he did this, George, clutching on to furniture as he went, made his exit from the room.

Such was the pain in his buttocks that he could not walk across the great hall to the staircase and was obliged to crawl on hands and knees to the staircase, and hang on to the bannisters as he edged up the stairs to his own bedroom.

When his rage had subsided and later after a glass or two of red wine, the Colonel relived the encounter. He could see that he had won the battle, but maybe not the war. George made a remarkable adversary and there would surely be many more encounters before the war was over.

And, the war would have to be fought to a conclusion: no amnesty could be made.





## 6 Don't bully our mum

BARRY HAD JUST ended the phone call. It was his mum. She was in great distress. She hadn't stopped crying. It was because of his kid brother Don.

Barry paced the room, he could feel the anger rising inside of him. It was his responsibility. He was the man of the house, even though he had moved out of "home" years ago. He had to be the one to deal with this.

He switched the kettle on. He would make a cup of coffee while he figured out what to do.

Don was nineteen years old and the only one of the three Donovan boys still living at home. Dad had moved out years ago and there was only Don and his mum left. Don was way out of line. He couldn't be bothered to get a job, he was spending all his welfare money on weed and he was giving his mum one hell of a time.

"I can't control him," she had wailed to Barry on the phone. "I don't know what to do," she gulped through sobs. She was at her wits' end, she said. Barry had to help her.

Barry didn't know what to do either. How could he tame his kid brother?

Then he had an idea.

Barry was twenty-two years old and a successful semi-pro boxer. He couldn't have been more different to Don. Where Barry was big and strong; Don was thin and puny. The solution was simple, Barry thought. He would go see Don, tell him he had to mend his ways with mum and start doing what she said. He had to get a job – there were plenty of burger bars in town – and start acting responsibly.

If he didn't, Barry would punch his face in. He could do it; easily. And, he would do, if that's what it took.

That was how the next night Barry came to have Don by the throat. The younger boy's eyes popped as he gasped for breath. He was choking. If Barry didn't let go soon, Don would pass out on the floor.

Barry was no thug, he was a pugilist. A boxer. An athlete. He set his brother free and watched in quiet satisfaction as his kid brother sank to his knees, gulping in great draughts of air, his face scarlet.

Barry had already decided not to punch Don's face in. He deserved it that was for certain. But, Barry realised his mum would be in great distress when she saw her little baby with a bloody nose and a black eye.

There was another way to rein in his brother. A few months ago a pal had told him about his friend

John. John was the same age as Barry and he had an out-of-control kid brother too. The eighteen-year-old had been caught stealing at the newsagent where he worked. So John took a whippy school cane to the brat's backside. That sorted him out.

Barry had no idea where to get hold of a school cane. If he had known this John guy personally he could have asked for a loan of his. But he didn't. So he couldn't *cane* Don's backside, but that didn't mean he couldn't give him one hell of a spanking.

Don sat on the floor regaining his composure. Barry knew the look of fear in the teenager's eyes. He had seen it many times before. The boy knew when he was whipped. His brother dominated him; he could punch his lights out anytime he wanted.

"Stand up!" Barry didn't give his brother a chance to do it under his own steam. He gripped the boy's shirt and hauled him to his feet. He held on tightly and pulled the boy forward so their faces were only inches apart. Tears welled behind Don's eyes.

"Right. You want to act like a brat, I'm going to treat you like a brat." Barry stared blank-eyed at his brother. It was a look he had perfected in boxing. It scared the shit out of opponents; they thought it was the look of a crazy man.

It worked on Don. His body shook uncontrollably.

“This is what you are going to do.” Barry pulled his brother even closer. He could smell his stinky breath. “You are going to take down your trousers and pants. Then you are going to bend over my knee. Then I am going to spank your arse black and blue.”

“No way.” It was a natural terrified reaction, not a statement made with confidence. Don couldn’t fight off his brother.

“Yes way.”

Barry released his grip and rushed around the room, hurriedly opening and closing cupboards and doors. He quickly found what he was looking for. A large light brown clothes brush. It was nearly a foot long if you included the handle and the bristle side was easily four inches wide. It was heavy enough to inflict real pain; especially if whacked down with great force across a bared backside.

Don was rooted. If he tried to run, his brother would catch him. Then what? His brother was built like a brick outhouse. He’d probably get a good kicking. And then the spanking ...



*Without ceremony he raised the brush and brought it crashing down*

The nineteen-year-old watched as his brother grabbed a dining room chair and set it in the middle of the room. Barry sat down and glared at Don.

“B..b..” Don was already blubbing like a little kid. “I’m sorry, I won’t do it again. I promise.”

His brother sneered. His contempt for his wimp of a brother was total. “Too right you won’t. Not after I’ve finished with this.” He waved the brush in the air. “Now, get over here.”

Don was a bully to his mother. He had terrorised her for years. Like so many bullies, he was also a coward. He stood his ground. He was too chicken to submit himself for his deserved punishment.

“Ahhh!” Barry rose from the chair, reached forward and dragged his brother forward. Then resuming his sitting position, he unbuckled the boy’s belt. Don was too terrified to resist. The button and zip on his jeans were soon open and the denims slipped down his legs. His Calvin’s quickly followed.

Barry’s strength was so great Don practically flew over his lap when he gripped his arm and propelled him downwards.

Barry had never spanked anyone before, nor had he seen it done. But he reckoned it couldn’t be that difficult. Without ceremony, he raised the brush and brought it crashing down in the middle of

Don's left buttock. A dark pink mark, a perfect match of the oval head of the brush, immediately appeared.

Spankings come in many shapes and sizes. At their best the one lying with his face down in the carpet accepts his wrongdoing. He is a bad, bad boy. He deserves to have his buttocks toasted. He agrees to take his hiding with fortitude. He will make as little fuss as possible.

At their worst, the one on the receiving end resists. He fights. He struggles. He kicks and punches. He yells and screams. He threatens every kind of retribution to the guy pounding away at his buttocks. He makes as much fuss as possible.

Don did not take his spanking well. Barry with his vastly superior strength was more than capable of pinning his kid brother over his lap. The boy was going nowhere. That didn't stop Don kicking his legs and wriggling his body and flailing his arms. He desperately tried everything to break away.

It was Barry's first time as a spanker, but he was a quick learner. To do the job effectively he needed unencumbered access to the target area: the buttocks. The kicking and flapping around of arms was impeding his access.

Barry pulled Don further forward over his lap to give him the room to swing his own right leg across his brother's calves. That dealt with the legs.

Then he grabbed the boy's right hand and forced his arm up his back. There would be no more flailing and flapping. Don's bare buttocks were now at the mercy of his brother. But Barry was showing none of that.

Bang! Bang! Bang! the sound of wooden brush connecting with stretched buttocks resounded around the room. Up and down, up and down, the brushed bounced off the boy's by-now red-raw bum.

It was unrelenting, relentless, vicious, brutal. Barry's huge muscular arm bulged with the effort. Don's squeals turned to yelps; then increased to yells and grew to shrieks and screams. The pain started as a slight discomfort, became a dull throb and quickly turned to agony.

The teenager bawled his eyes out. Tears and snot cascaded down his face. He could scarcely breathe. His heartrate was off the scale, blood rushed through his body at speed; he felt sure it would burst through his ears.

Barry had the strength of the semi-pro boxer that he was. He could keep this up all night. On and on he whacked. His kid brother's bum had once been creamy white. It soon turned deep pink, then red followed by dark claret. Now, it was mauve and soon it would be dark blue. Not one square inch of



the boy's buttocks or thighs had been left unscathed by the severity of the spanking.

When fighting in the ring, Barry never knew when to stop. Even when he was being beaten. He would never give up. Someone would have to throw in the towel. Only then would it be over.

Barry would have gone on all night. He didn't care. He was on a mission. His duty was to protect his mum from his bullying little brother.

"Barry! Barry!" It was his mum. He heard her voice as she rushed into the room even over the screams of his brother. "Enough!"

She had consented to the spanking. When Barry told her his plan, she thought it was a jolly good idea. Someone should have given Don a good hiding years ago. But this was too much. He had had enough.

Sheepishly, Barry released his grip. Like a dog out of a trap, Don sprang from his brother's lap and without even taking up his jeans and pants he rushed from the room and headed up the stairs.

Barry and his mum were silent; neither of them knew what to say. Barry put the brush down on the dining room table and stood awkwardly.

What should happen next, he thought. How should this end?

"I'll make a nice cup of tea," his mum whispered and went to busy herself in the kitchen.

## 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

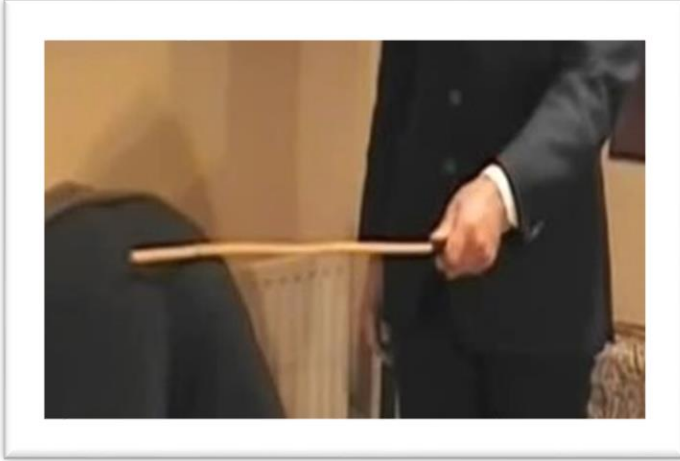
## 1 St Francis Independent Grammar School



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.

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## 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.

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