

A taste of

The Spanking Writers

"The Spanking Writers" is one of the web's most popular and longest-established literary fetish blogs, written by a married couple active in the UK spanking scene.

This short selection brings together some of the best posts from the site's first four years. Enjoy it, pass it on to kinky friends – and do come over to the blog and join in the fun!

Abel & Haron

Abel and Haron
spankingwriters.com/blog

A TASTE OF "THE SPANKING WRITERS"

Abel and Haron

My birched girl: a real-life story

By Abel on 5 April 2006

If you go down to the woods today...

...you'll find that spring is sprung. So Haron was dragged off into the local forest at lunchtime, scissors in hand, to cut the first switches of the year from the birch trees. It took about eight of them to make a robust birch rod (a couple of firm rods to give it backbone, the rest lighter and more whippy), neatly trimmed then tied firmly with string.

She was Violet. Her parents were working abroad, so she'd been sent to stay with her father's best friend (now a schoolmaster) for the Easter holiday. Her behaviour since she'd arrived had been typical of stropky teenager: at turns argumentative and sulky. Breaking a vase, on purpose, was the final straw.

We talked: I was disappointed. It was a shame, I said, that such a lovely young girl was growing up so defiant; I reflected on how sweet she'd been when she'd been little. I asked how her father dealt with her when she misbehaved (knowing all too well that the slipper was his implement of choice); there was even a confession of being caned at school. I used the birch on students in my house at school, I explained, and that was how I was going to deal with her now - with her father's full permission.

Her trousers and panties came down, and up she went over the pillows on the middle of the bed. And then she was birched. Slowly, firmly. A birching breaks her very easily: by the third or fourth stripe, the young lady's insubordination is long gone.

I'd awarded her ten strokes. If the girl starts to struggle by the fourth, "six of the best" allows her solace from the fact that her whipping is almost complete; with ten, on the other hand, her punishment has hardly started. A meek, apologetic Violet struggled her way through the flogging: yelping, shamed. Brave, very brave.

We talked before the final blow: she assured me that she would be the proverbial "good girl" in future. And then the last stroke was laid, and Violet was climbing up from the bed, wincing as she pulled up her clothing, obediently returning the birch to its home in my study.

And then Haron was back, and we could cuddle...

A licking for a licking

By Haron on 4 June 2006

We had a friend with us over the weekend, a sassy girl with quite an appetite for being spanked. The three of us didn't just stay home all the time, swinging implements (or having implements swung at us): we went to see how the Duchess of Northumberland was getting on with her new garden in Alnwick.

The garden is looking great: it has lots of fun things in it, like the world's biggest treehouse, a poison garden (we were particularly impressed by healthy-looking cannabis plants growing in their own individual cages), and the most fabulous fountains and water sculptures.

Obviously, our friend and I couldn't help speculating whether Abel could be improved by being dropped into a fountain. We didn't exactly discuss it out loud, but winked and gestured at each other behind his back, and reached the decision that he could definitely use a dip. Alas, Abel - in an uncharacteristic flash of insightfulness - crushed our scheme.

He turned around, took us by the shoulders - a shoulder each - and said: "If you make me get even a little bit wet, you will both get the cane when we're home." Our friend gave him a bright, innocent smile, then poked out her tongue and gave him a long, wet lick on the arm. Abel stayed serious for long enough to say: "You're getting a caning." After that we collapsed in giggles.

I congratulated myself for being out of the line of fire - because surely, nothing I did would live up to the licking our friend gave Abel, and the one she was going to get at home - but it wasn't all over for me. In the wooded part of the garden, we wandered upon a secluded clearing with a handy seat in it. The benches there are all very pretty, and are begging to be sat on. So, Abel did that. Characteristically, instead of letting me sit next to him, he pulled me over his lap and set about spanking me - quite hard, I'll have you know. I had been careless enough to wear a skirt; Abel reached underneath it and tugged down my panties.

Our friend, a very shy girl, looked more horrified than I felt. She helpfully stood guard on the path while I got my first bare-bottom spanking in a public garden. It was short, stingy, a little scary and very tasty. A few smacks later Abel pulled my panties back up, smoothed down my skirt, and we continued our walk. (And if you're wondering how outrageous Abel's behaviour was, bear in mind that this garden gets over a hundred thousand visitors a year, and many of them appeared to be there on the day.)

When we got home, our friend's licking turned out to consist of 24-of-the-best with three different canes, but we shall keep from posting details of that to spare her modesty.

Left (kinky) luggage

By Abel on 17 August 2006

Checking a couple of bags into storage at a railway station en route home from holiday, I was reminded of my previous experience of said facilities.

They scan every bag these days using airline-style X-ray machines; I'd just returned from a weekend with a spanko friend.

"Do you have any electrical items in your bag, sir?"

"Yes, an alarm clock and shaver."

And then the guy behind the counter looked extremely puzzled as he studied the silhouettes of my belongings on his screen.

"What are these items, then?" (pointing to X-ray).

Politely: "That one's a cane, and that one's a whip" (OMG I can just imagine having said *that* a few years ago. Not).

Shock on his face: "Can you open your bag for me to have a look, please?" (Was he asking out of sheer disbelief, or rigid adherence to company policy – 'all spanking implements must be inspected?').

"Sure," I smiled back.

Cue very embarrassed-looking left-luggage attendant, especially as I took out the large paddle to get to the other two items and laid it on his counter.

Honestly, these vanillas...

Still, he accepted the bags into his store; it's good to know that – in the words of their notice – spanking implements don't class as "dangerous weapons".

Naval floggings: the girls take their turn

By Abel on 13 December 2006

One could enjoy the thought of a press-gang, roaming a port in search of fit young men for the navy, making the mistake of rounding up a boyish young woman in a new batch of unwilling recruits. Her protests would be ignored, and once at sea, self-preservation would be the order of the day amidst so many sailors far from home comforts.

Condemned, though, to a caning for failing to strip at wash time, the truth would then be discovered. To maintain discipline on board, the captain would decree that her whipping should continue "as if she were one of the men", before taking her to the supposed safety of his private cabin.

An alternative naval scenario presented itself in a report of a Parliamentary Petition from 1659 describing the conditions facing "white slaves" transported to the colonies:

Elizabeth Dudgeon, had dared to talk back to a guard. She was trussed up to a ship's grating and mercilessly whipped.

One of the ship's officers relished watching her whipped: "The corporal did not play with her, but laid it home, which I was very glad to see...she has long been fishing for it, which she has at last got to her heart's content."

Time for a trip to the seaside. I wonder if any friendly captains would take us to sea for a day, and look the other way politely whilst Haron was stripped and tied to a mast?

Of schoolgirls, end-of-term reports and canes

By Haron on 22 December 2006

This afternoon I got an email from Abel: "This is your end-of-term report: print it and put it in an envelope, but don't read it. Tonight you will come to collect it from the Headmaster."

Oooh, I thought. Ooooooh. I sent the attachment to the printer with my eyes shut.

In the evening, after Abel had arrived home, I jogged upstairs to change into my school uniform. This time it was a maroon skirt, white shirt, maroon-and-silver striped tie and white cotton knickers; it's my oldest uniform, and I'm quite fond of it. I

pulled my hair into a neat pony-tail, and made sure I got rid of all nail-polish and cosmetics. (You can never be too careful when going to see the Head, unless you want to be in trouble deliberately.)

Abel carefully opened the document: an end-of-term report. And not a good one. I - or rather this girl called Helen Watson - was in a lot of trouble! She got a long lecture about academic integrity, applying oneself to one's studies and so on, after which she - and I - had to bend over and grasp the edge of the desk.

Up went my skirt, down came my knickers. I was to get five strokes, one for each subject in which I had, quote, underperformed, unquote. Abel had picked a cane that isn't my favourite by any means: a short, straight, very stiff reformatory stick. Each stroke felt like an individual cut. I howled my way through the final three, barely aware of the admonishment to control myself. (My usual thought at moments like this is: "If you don't like the volume of my screaming, you don't have to hit this hard". Not that I ever *say* it - not at the time, anyway.)

Even pulling up my knickers afterwards was incredibly painful, as the elastic brushed against each double welt. I smoothed the skirt back down, and shuffled out of the office - only to come back a second later for my cuddles, now as myself. Abel looked terribly pleased with himself for composing the report.

He seemed surprised that I wasn't keen to continue the scene by bringing the report home to my father, but there was no way I could take any more lecturing, never mind spanking. What does he think I am, a masochist?

Creating the Headmaster's study

By Abel on 27 March 2007

A dear friend was discussing a possible move into a new home. She was working out how to furnish it, and would love a room devoted to her spanking interests. The problem, I guess, is what you'd do if family or friends inadvertently wandered in. "We were wondering why you need a school desk and a blackboard?" might be a tough question to answer!

My suggestion was to furnish a room in the style of a Headmaster's study. Imagine the fun you could have finding a grand oak desk just wide enough for a girl to hold onto - reaching up on tiptoes, fingertips clutching the far side.

Leather armchairs, slightly careworn, could be angled towards the desk, awaiting parents craving news of their daughter's progress, or over whose arms girls could be positioned. A high-backed wooden chair could rest against the wall to one side.

Think of the old school photographs, and the slightly worn trophies handed out to victors on the sports field. The bookcases: a fair selection of volumes in Latin, I think, together with histories of famous scholarly establishments. Perhaps the Headmaster's degree certificate, framed on the wall?

The gown hanging behind the door. A mortar board? A punishment book on the desk, or in a drawer? Would the canes be out on display, propped against the wall, or locked away?

Oh, the hours of interior design fun one could have on eBay. And all perfectly suitable to be converted back into an ordinary home office before guests arrive!

Where the Tudor daughters were birched

By Abel on 1 June 2007

Ever been to Hampton Court Palace? It's one of my favourite places, a palpable sense of history surrounding one's every step. I was there recently, and hope the young lady in authentic Tudor dress realised quite how much inspiration she provided.

The attendant in Henry VIII's great hall explained how the décor was designed to intimidate visitors and inspire fear and loyalty. Each tapestry, it seems, is made with so much gold and silver that it weighs a ton; each cost the equivalent of a warship.

In the kitchens, there's a wonderful model of the palace as a royal banquet takes place. My mind wandered, as it's oft to do. The king was presiding over the feast; he was in a less than festive mood, having been kept waiting as the more tardy guests arrived. Indeed, there were still two seats empty as the meal began.

Two immaculately-dressed young women - beautiful, head-turning - arrived in the hall, curtsying and heading for their seats. "Come forward," His Majesty bellowed. "What do you mean by turning up late and keeping me waiting?"

They apologised, profusely: they'd got lost in the gardens, they'd lost track of time, they were so sorry...

"And what do your excuses matter to me? I do not expect to be kept waiting. By any of my subjects." The King turned to the girls' father. "I hope that you will punish them for such insolence and disrespect, Baron?"

"Of course, Your Majesty."

"And I'm sure that you will wish to demonstrate your loyalty to your King, by dealing with the matter with the severity it deserves, Baron?"

"Yes, Your Majesty."

"Then I shall ask the courtiers to set up the flogging block in my private chambers," glancing across at his own daughters, "where the princesses are punished if they misbehave. I shall come and watch after lunch, to show how seriously you treat such disrespectful behaviour to your monarch."

"Thank you, your Majesty."

"You are a good and noble man." The King turned to the other diners, all listening intently. "A true test of a gentleman's loyalty, passed with honour. Girls: sit down: you've kept us waiting quite long enough. Now, on with our feast...."

Not all canes are scary

By Haron on 27 July 2007

Abel's father has been suffering from back problems recently, but yesterday he was talking about going back to the office, where they've missed him for the last couple of weeks.

"Perhaps you should take a cane," said Abel to him on the phone.

"Oh, yeah, that would scare them!" replied his dad with enthusiasm.

Abel's jaw dropped. He finished the conversation, then turned to me and said: "I actually meant he should get a walking stick, but it's not what *he* meant, is it?"

... Yes, the interest is definitely genetic.

Watching my girl's caning

By Abel on 17 August 2007

Haron took a pretty hard thrashing from a friend recently.

Actually, strike that. Haron took quite the hardest caning I've ever seen her get. Stripped, tied in position, an improbable number of strokes laid on in rapid succession at full strength from a hard, experienced, unforgiving player.

Whilst I stood silently to the side, and watched.

Interest experience, that, observing one's beloved taking such a severe, relentless whacking. The flogging had been long-anticipated: her sentence pronounced by email, the date fixed, the event anticipated with dread curiosity.

My natural instincts, of course, were to rush to protect my girl - especially once she started to struggle. To *really* struggle.

Yet I didn't. I just watched. Saw her writhe, heard her cry out. Observed as he took her into a deep, dark, beaten place.

And then - soon, yet an eternity after starting - he finished: the binds came off, and I could comfort her. Tell her how beautiful she'd looked, how brave she'd been. Held her especially tight. Re-assured; soothed; admired her stripes. And before very long she was bouncing around as usual, a quite spectacular set of marks and a wincing reluctance to sit down the only visible evidence of her recent ordeal.

Hey, hard limit!

By Haron on 5 October 2007

This morning in bed Abel and I were lazily planning a possible scene later.

"You can be a schoolgirl who has done something really atrocious," he said dreamily.

"Mmm-hmm. Like what?"

"Let's say you threw stones at the Headmaster's..."

I thought he would suggest the Head's car, and was ready to agree. Instead, he finished the sentence:

"...the Headmaster's *cat*."

Yeah, right. I'm more likely to chuck a stone at the Headmaster himself. Or better yet, Abel, for suggesting something like that!

No imaginary animals were hurt in the writing of this post.

Remember, remember...

By Abel on 5 November 2007

"A particularly fine bonfire the girls have made for Guy Fawkes' night this year, Headmaster." The two gentlemen peer from the window onto the merriment below in the school's courtyard. "Indeed, Deputy Headmaster. I do wonder what they've done to make it burn with quite such unusual intensity."

Suddenly, the Headmaster utters a disbelieving cry, pointing into the crowd of revellers: "Those girls are drinking vodka from the bottle!" He rushes to his cupboard: "I must go down and sort this out. I'll cane the lot of them."

But, dear readers, he finds the armoury quite bare, its usual fearsome collection of canes gone missing. The Headmaster turns back to his Deputy. And their eyes turn simultaneously back out of the window, to the blazing bonfire below...

No, Haron, don't get any ideas...

I am to be birched

By Haron on 14 November 2007

I've been sentenced to a birching on Sunday, and this has been in my thoughts a lot this week. I'm going to be a juvenile delinquent who has already had a court-ordered birching, and has now been caught for a second offence and sent to a reformatory. A 36-stroke birching is bundled into the sentence - twice what the girl got last time.

It is also, incidentally, twice the biggest number of strokes of the birch I've ever had. Abel mentioned something about fifty when we were first discussing the Sunday girl's fate, but I chickened out of getting that many. Considering that 12 with the birch normally leaves me in tears, I think 36 will be plenty.

I would be more likely to want to step to the edge if I could count on screaming my head off to ease the pain, but even though our walls are thick and the neighbour is deaf(ish), there are limits to how loudly I can yell. Nothing like practical matters to limit your scene-playing...

The reason I'm fretting about this is that until the time of the punishment, Abel is actually away. It's going to be up for me to choose and soak the birch, clear the space in the spare room, set up the school desk that serves as a whipping bench. It seems like a particularly cruel part of the ritual. I mentally walked through it about three times today while I was on the bus into town.

I'm kinda concerned about that number of strokes... Not concerned enough to not do it, but just enough to worry and fidget days in advance.

Do you suppose this was Abel's idea in sentencing me in the first place?

The parable of the good and worthy girl

By Abel on 6 April 2008

I so enjoyed writing the Sunday morning sermon for a school role-play a few weeks ago. With a mix of girls, some religious, some not, there was a fine line to tread lest I cause offence. A spoof parable formed the basis of my preaching, and seemed to do the trick, and I can't resist publishing it here - rather than consigning it to the outer reaches of my laptop, never to see the light of day again. It was taken from the (entirely non-existent) Book of Jonathan, chapter 6, verses 14 - 18:

For the girl didst speak ill words to her father, and this pained her father, and he in turn pained her. "Dost thou not know to honour thine parents?" he spake, solemnly, before sending her out into the oasis to cut a switch from the apple tree that didst bless the family with its fruits. And he didst punish her severely, and the girl wast sorely chastened.

It was but three moons later that the Feast of Archibald fell upon them, and as is set out by the scriptures, the young women of the village gathered in the temple to hear the Elders speak. Yet the girl didst not gather with the others at the anointed hour. She made her way tardily to the temple, and lo, she didst there gossip with another girl whilst the Elders taught. And the preacher became mightily annoyed. "Dost thou not know to honour thine Elders?" he spake, solemnly, before sending her to the front of the temple to bend over before the other girls, and taking out his rod. And he didst punish her severely, and the girl wast sorely chastened.

It was but three weeks later that the girl wast riding a donkey through the village when she didst pass a fruit grove, full of the ripest, juiciest and most tasty pears imaginable. She tied her ass at the side of the track, and didst climb into the hidden orchard, gorging on the forbidden fruits. But lo, the fruit owner didst catch her, and didst take her before the judge. "Dost thou not know to honour thine neighbours?" he spake, solemnly, before sending her to the village square, and beseeching the local boys to make haste and cut a bundle of birches. And he didst punish her severely, and the girl wast sorely chastened.

And the girl returned home, and didst lie on her front on her bed, weeping. And as she wept, and reflected on the lessons that she had experienced, she vowed that she would be a good and worthy girl henceforth. And she became loved by all, and much praised, and lived happily until the age of four hundred and seventy three.

Best maid in show

By Haron on 9 July 2008

The Great Yorkshire Show is in full swing today, with all the flowers, cattle and local crafts shown off on its huge grounds.

I wonder if in years past it was customary for the great houses to enter the competition for the best maid.

The girls in their tidiest, cleanest uniforms would stand in a line on a raised stage. The judges would call up each of them by turn to ask a few questions. The winner would be determined in a secret, heated debate. Most maids would consider it an honour to be entered into the County Show, but there would, of course, be an odd sullen girl, who would have to be threatened with a switch by the housekeeper, before she could be pushed onto the stage.

"What do you like about working in Ravenwood Hall?" one judge would ask.

She would glower at him: "What would you like about getting up before the crack of dawn, fetching and carrying all day, and being slapped around by an old witch?"

(Somewhere in the crowd, the housekeeper all but explodes with rage.)

It isn't just a switching that's in store for her now, but a sound birching at the hands of the butler, with all of the servants present, and the master himself supervising the event.

The house in Vienna

By Abel on 11 July 2008

We're going on holiday to Austria in a few weeks' time. I can't wait. But we have one slight problem: we're travelling in a small group – with the "would overhear any activity in the neighbouring room in the suite" type of fellow travellers. So I can tell now that Haron's not going to get spanked all week.

It's made me daydream. Some grand old Viennese house: tall, imposing, high ceilings, ornate. Very Habsburg.

Haron, despatched on her own at the agreed time, "to meet one of her distant relatives who lives in the city". ("No, it's OK. I won't go with her. I don't speak the language." Excuses, excuses, to cover the real reason for her trip).

She's smartly dressed. She checks the address carefully, knocks on the door. A young woman opens, all blonde and neat, in a crisp uniform. "Miss Haron? You are expected."

She is shown along a corridor, to a closed door. The maid leaves her: "You should knock at the door, and wait until Herr Professor calls you."

She knocks. He makes her wait.

Minutes later, a strongly-accented voice. "You may enter."

He makes Haron stand before his desk. Looks at her, over his glasses, studying her intently as if trying to read her mind. Peers down, picks up a letter from his desk, reads it carefully. "Your husband informs me that your behaviour here in our city has been most disappointing. He has sent you to me to be punished. You understand that?"

A quiet confirmation.

"I can't hear you, young lady."

"Yes, sir." Louder, voice still trembling.

The gentleman stands, reaches up to the bookcase. The implement he takes down comprises three long, straight, thick switches, tied together at one end. "I had my maid make this freshly this morning. Now undress."

As Haron strips, shyly, for punishment, he rings a bell; the maid re-appears, almost instantaneously. (Later, he will question her; will find that she was listening at the door; will birch her).

"Miss Haron, please bend over the end of my desk. Liesel, please go to the opposite side of the desk, and hold Miss Haron's hands, firmly. She is not to move during her punishment."

And so the gentleman whips my wife, her cries quite lost between the thick walls of the mansion, as Liesel pins her tightly in position.

Haron dresses afterwards. Thanks the gentleman through her tears. And then the maid shows her out into the bright Viennese sunshine.

Preparing for the public flogging

By Haron on 15 October 2008

Abel left me in our hotel room to go to a work appointment. I stuck my head out of the window to watch him leave, and noticed that the hotel ballroom, directly underneath me, was being prepared for some kind of event: a red carpet unrolled, a couple of TV vans parked outside, barriers set up to keep the onlookers from spilling onto the reserved area.

I wondered if this would be how a town square would be prepared for a public flogging.

I didn't foresee a red carpet for that occasion, of course, but there would be a temporary explosion of activity around the normally lonely whipping post.

A barrier would certainly be erected, leading all the way from the door of the jail opposite. The TV vans would be here early, trying to glimpse the arrival of the executioner for work, still in his street clothes and looking safe and normal.

And, I think, there would be a small contingent of long-time fans, the type of folks who make it their business to be present at every flogging, no matter how rare. They would bicker politely over the best spots in that sliver of space where not only can you see the lash land onto the exposed buttocks and back, but where you can catch a glimpse of the agony on the convict's face.

The convict – me, of course – would be watching all this from a tiny barred window in the jail cell. There would be a clock on the wall, too, counting down the minutes until it's time to make that walk along the path between the barriers, under the glare of TV lights.

Towards the whipping post. Towards the executioner, no longer casual-looking in his sleeveless shirt with sweatbands and biceps exposed.

Towards the lash.

Selling Daddy's paddle

By Haron on 18 November 2008

An implement hunt on eBay has once again proved that a few well-chosen search words can get you pretty much any source of pain you may wish for.

I imagine that one paddle in particular was offered up by someone other than its rightful owner. The girl's Daddy is away on business, but he's had a call from school about her slipping behaviour.

"It's the paddle for you, young lady," he told her. "As soon as I get home on Friday." With a few days to spare, she makes a swift decision: her father's paddle is up on eBay, with a cute description of its 'novelty value' and a friendly price tag. Within a day, it's gone.

Daddy comes back to discover the loss. He doesn't buy the girl's protestations that she hasn't a *slightest* idea where the paddle has disappeared to. He proves to her that a father's chief implement is always with him, as he turns her over his knee for a scorching interrogation. Weeping, she admits to the theft.

"Very well," Daddy sighs. "In that case we will have to bid on a new paddle. Your original punishment if deferred until it arrives. And in the meantime, you're grounded. You have earned yourself a bedtime spanking every day from now until the day the matter is resolved. Go and change into your pyjamas now; we shall start right away."

The Christmas round-robin

By Abel on 23 December 2008

We received one of those horrible documents inserted into a Christmas card the other day, in which a vanilla acquaintance described the travails of their past twelve months in immensely boring detail.

I started giggling after a few moments, though, and Haron asked why. "Just imagine if these things were really honest," I said. Like...

Our garden was particularly lovely this spring. The joyous sense of spiritual renewal at this time of year was clouded, though, when Sophie was called before her Housemaster for truancy and given her first caning. Sadly, the three strokes he administered across her skirt were insufficient to drive home the message, for she found herself back in his study in October for a further taste of corporal punishment. This time, he gave her six of the best on the bare, and we are pleased to report that her conduct has been impeccable ever since.

Public shame

By Haron on 20 March 2009

Today Google has launched its new feature in the UK: Street View, which allows you to type in an address and browse through pictures of street scenes taken in that place.

A representative of Google was talking about this on the breakfast show, when the news person asked him:

There'll be people who say, "I don't want my image on the site, particularly not doing what I was doing in that street on that day."

Too right! Imagine a queue of girls outside the punishment centre on a quiet morning, burning in quiet shame, when a Google camera car snaps a picture of their predicament for all the Internet to see.

And I won't even mention the public floggings, now forever associated with a postcode of an otherwise innocuous town square.

Google has no sympathy towards punished girls.

Caned before the fire

By Abel on 8 April 2009

After a few days away in London, the house was so cold when we returned home last night. I crept into bed first, shivering; Haron came upstairs a few minutes later.

Our conversation turned to a grand country house, on a similarly chill evening. The gentleman owner had been working late in his library; when he found that the fire in his bedroom was unlit – again – he rang for the butler.

"Fetch me the maid and a cane," he instructed. Both appeared within minutes, and the butler was dismissed for the night.

It was little more than two weeks since the previous such incident. "And what did we agree then would happen were there to be a repetition?"

"That you would punish me, sir."

"Indeed. Then light the fire. And then I will honour my word."

He watched her as she arranged the wood. Her hands trembled – whether from the cold, or the fear of the punishment, he knew not. The flames crackled into bright life.

"It appears to be fine now, sir."

"Well. Let's be sure, shall we? You can stand in front of it for five minutes to make sure it's burning well, and once you're confident that it is, I shall cane you."

She was crying by the time he chose to walk across to her, instructing her to touch her toes. He lifted her nightdress, baring her, and picked up the cane. He drew it back high into the air: the six strokes were administered hard, at full strength, each stripe vivid across her pale skin.

OTK vs. OTF

By Abel on 2 May 2009

I found myself reflecting the other day on the relative merits of giving a spanking OTK (over the knee, as most kinky types will know) and OTF – over the furniture.

See, my spanko interests originated in the world of school fantasies. And, in those, it would have been quite unacceptable for there to be any physical contact between master and pupil. Bending over a desk or the back of a wooden chair were thus the oft-imagined punishment positions in my emerging kinky reveries. There were occasional diversions to the arm of a solid leather sofa in the headmaster's office, or to the end of a dormitory bed. But spanking – or more specifically caning – was very much an OTF affair.

The only exception was bending over... well, over nothing, as some girls found themselves touching their toes. And as my kink developed, and the schools morphed into castles and prisons, whipping benches appeared on my scene – still with the girl at the end of a cane or birch. That one could collect such a variety of implements added to the attraction.

And then I started spanking more folks for real, and found the women with whom I was playing draping themselves over my lap. What on earth? From a role-play perspective, I rather struggled: my schoolmasters still couldn't bring themselves to

touch their naughty charges, and as for fatherly spankings... well, uncles or guardians were as far as I could comfortably go. But even then, I was more likely to unbuckle my belt.

Then, of course, my playmates started to misbehave, getting themselves into trouble – and I found that real-life misdemeanours requiring punishment lent themselves more naturally to instructing a girl to assume the position across my lap. And the fact that a good, firm hand spanking could make a lass writhe so (and trust me, my hand spankings are usually pretty firm) meant that the absence of an implement wasn't a problem. Fingers could even leave marks, just like a cane stroke!

At this point, I rather blush. For, of course, spanking at this point can (with the right and willing partner) take on a more overtly naughty dimension. Hands might stroke and caress, to comfort a girl's sore behind – and they might tend to stray. But god forbid that she would sense any, erm, rising interest on my part as she lay draped across me. (Shy, me, see!)

So now I find I can enjoy both, in almost equal but quite different measures. My deep-down loyalty lies with positioning a girl OTF, but the attractions of OTK do rather appeal. I'm still left with struggling to reconcile the idea of combining the two, though – for me, it needs to be either OTT *or* OTF, and combining them feels somehow wrong. Warm-ups before (say) a caning are therefore a challenge – I can never quite mentally justify how to integrate them into a formal punishment scene.

And then, of course, there's TTAB (Tied To A Beam), but that's another story...

Parental consent

By Haron on 20 May 2009

A couple of days ago we witnessed an interesting scene at a train station. Two young ladies attempted to go through the ticket barrier using "child" tickets, and were challenged by the ticket inspector.

"We're 15!" they assured him in chorus.

I shared his obvious mistrust. I wouldn't have been surprised to see those girls on a university campus; they may have belonged at school, just, but children they were not.

The inspector was sceptical. "What if I called your parents?" he asked. "What would they say?"

The girls assured him that their parents would confirm the story. Although the inspector didn't look at all convinced, he let them through in the end – they were, perhaps, more trouble than they were worth, and there was a queue building up.

I imagined a different outcome. The inspector would buzz for a colleague to watch the gate, and would take the two girls to the station office. From there, he would call their respective parents. Dejectedly, the girls would listen to his side of the conversation. "I see. Yes, I thought seventeen was a more likely age... The fine is £50. Of course, they can wait here until you bring the money. Hmm, that's an interesting alternative, sir; I agree, very fitting."

He would thrust the phone at one of them: "Your father wants a word."

The negotiations wouldn't take very long: both fathers would be in agreement that a sound whipping would benefit the two girls, and the ticket inspector would agree to do the deed and to waive the fine.

With the door of the office locked, he would make them take turns bending over the small desk. His uniform belt would make a most effective implement, slicing through the air, cracking against unprotected skin. The girls would do their best to keep their cries from reaching the busy station on the other side of the door.

... Or perhaps, the story would be completely different: upon reaching the girls' parents on the phone, the inspector would find out that they were, indeed, fifteen years old. He would apologise and let them go. But at home, they would have to face their irate fathers. "Have I not told you before to dress your age? What's this on your face, make-up? Go to your room, young lady, and wait for me in the corner."

The temple whippings

By Abel on 22 August 2009

One of the nicer features of our Cypriot resort was the cave area at the end of one of the pools. (Yes, 'cave', for those perverts amongst you who just instinctively read that as the 'cane area'). Swimming through the stone arches, one found oneself in a sheltered area, with waterfalls, ledges on which to sit, and a large mosaic of some Greek god. This, needless to say, sparked my imagination, for surely this design must have been inspired by some ancient Greek site?

Let's suppose that some misfortune had befallen the locals – a poor harvest; a drought; an outbreak of sickness, perhaps. Clearly, this would have to have been caused by the gods expressing their displeasure.

The remedy would be clearly set out in the learned books. A maiden from the town would be selected by lot and sent to swim out (naked, of course) across the lake to the temple. There, the high priest would be waiting for her, taking her into the cave. He'd tie her before the high altar, and would whip her until he thought that the gods would be pleased by the demonstration of their subjects' submission. And then the girl would be untied, and made to swim back across the lake. The waiting crowd would compliment her on bravery; she'd be given wine and food and massaged with soothing oils.

And what if the gods had not been placated? Well, naturally, the next maiden would be sent across the pool the following day, whipped harder and sent home – and so on until the gods chose to spare the village from whatever disaster was befalling them.

Summarily caned

By Haron on 29 September 2009

I got out of bed at my normal weekday hour of 7am, except it was Sunday, so I didn't have to actually be properly up. I padded to the bathroom, waving good morning to Abel (who gets up at the crack of dawn no matter what day it is), and then, coming back, I told him that I wasn't, in fact, up: I was still in bed.

"Why are you not in the dormitory in the middle of the night?" he demanded, getting up from his chair. "Wandering around the corridors like that is not acceptable. Come with me."

He escorted me to the bedroom, where he picked up a conveniently available cane. "Over the bed," he said.

I leaned over the edge of the bed, bit on my lip, not wishing to wake the neighbourhood, and winced through a swift, stinging caning. "Ow, sir," I said meekly when it was over.

"Don't let it happen again," he said. "Get back into bed, young lady."

And so I did. The rest of that morning's dreams were very pleasant.

Cane, birch; birch, cane?

By Abel on 17 November 2009

I'm puzzled.

Let me explain. I had this rather lovely scene idea a while back: one girl (a maid in a big country house) with two gentlemen: the lord of the manor and his butler.

The 'house rules' determine that maids are spanked by the housekeeper for minor infringements and caned by me, as butler, for more serious misdemeanours. For the gravest offences, the girl in question is sent to be birched by his lordship. This only happens rarely – but earlier in the day, I'd had cause to send my favourite maid for such a flogging.

She'd returned to the servants' quarters some half-hour later: quiet, tear-stained, contrite. And, out of politeness, I'd apologised to his lordship when I'd next seen him next for the inconvenience he'd been caused.

He'd looked puzzled – understandably so, since "I haven't seen any of your girls today."

We'd call her forth, of course. She'd confess that she'd hidden away, evading punishment; that her tears had been pretend.

And here lies the dilemma. A caning from me for her dishonesty would clearly be called for, in addition to the birching already due from his lordship. But which way around – cane her then birch her, or vice versa?

Thoughts welcome. And any votes for "let her go and play with the fluffy bunny rabbits in the garden instead" will be disregarded...

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