

Alice Turner; a wobbling ambition April 2024

The Turner family had been in the service of the College for the best part of a hundred years. This had made it inherently conservative. Their boys were required to leave school at sixteen and contribute to the family income. The girls were expected to marry young, perhaps with a few years of employment first. The mould was bent when Harry Turner spent nearly ten years as a British soldier with the BOAR. (British Army on the Rhine.) When he returned to College, the family were welcomed with open arms, but young Alice had become fluent in French and German. So, when she declared that she wanted to go to university, to train to be an interpreter, all hell broke loose. It took the intervention of the headmaster, as well as the offer of a generous bursary, to make her parents relent.

So, two months ago, at the end of the summer term, Alice returned from Reading University to announce that she was not going back. As the weeks wore on, she refused to change her mind. Harry Turner was fully aware that, at least officially, her bursary was repayable if she did not complete her degree. In desperation, he went to see the headmaster. In a hurry, he glibly told Harry to send her to see me, "Thurston has a way with women. He'll sort it out."

I was not best pleased. Even if I were the youngest housemaster, I failed to see how he came to that conclusion. The autumn term started in a week, and I was busy allocating studies and common rooms to the boys. Like it or not, Alice was inked into my diary for Tuesday afternoon. Given the queue of elegant ladies that I met in this job, I was not best pleased when she came in. She was a shapely young lady of 23 but looked nearly thirty with her scruffy appearance. She wore a white T-shirt, a dark blue pullover and pale blue trousers. Her elfin face was ruined by cheap NHS spectacles with heavy black rims. Perhaps even worse, her shoulder-length hair was dyed blonde, but dark lines of black showed where the roots had grown. Oh, what a waste.

I bid her to take the seat opposite me. "So, you don't want to go back to university?"

"Nope, just had enough," she growled at me.

"For any particular reason?"

"You know, I'm going back as a second year, and they want me to do O Level Latin next summer."

"What's wrong with that?"

"It's a dead language. What good is it to me? I want to be a translator."

"Maybe, it will help to understand the origins of the languages that you speak."

She looked at me perplexed. "Either you speak the language, or you don't. End of story."

"Then why on earth did you go to university?"

"To get anyway from this stifling place, and I thought I might get some free travel from translating."

"What about pride in your work? Being able to translate in different areas – science, literature, business. They all have different requirements. An understanding of the language would help greatly." Now she looked even more perplexed, and she thought for a while. "Translation is a valuable skill. It'll give you a career. The better you are the more important the jobs you'll get. You could be translating for presidents and prime ministers."

"Maybe, you are right. I'll think about it."

"You haven't much time. Your term starts next week."

"And if I don't go back, what are you going to do? Beat me?"

"That's the plan. Here and now, in fact."

"But I haven't made up my mind."

"Then it will help you decide."

She looked straight into my eyes for the first time. There was fire in those deep brown eyes. "My father used to beat me when I was teenage. Never really changed me."

"I'll beat you as an expression of our deep displeasure in your actions, especially if you give up. Both the college and your parents will be disappointed. A good beating will remind you how disappointed we are."

"Not sure about my parents. I think that they would value grandkids more than a degree."

She looked around the room. "Where will you beat me?"

"You'll bend over a couple of chairs from the Conference table."

"How many strokes?"

"Given you age and attitude, ten would be appropriate."

"Would I have to take me trousers down? You know, on the bare."

"No, you can keep them on. Your modesty and all that."

"Not sure about that." She stood up and went over the conference table and looked at the chairs.

“Why don’t you spank me?”

“A bit intimate, isn’t it?” I replied with curiosity.

“Exactly, when a handsome guy is going to give you a hiding, shouldn’t it be intimate.” I was not sure where this was going. “You can spank me naked. I’m told that I have a nice bum.” With that, she started to strip, removing her clothes, like peeling a banana. Suddenly, all the scruffy clothes, including her glasses, were deposited on the floor and this rather ravishing young female had appeared. She was right about her bottom.



I sat on the couch and pulled her across my knees. My right hand caressed the firm, round bottom while my left hand pinned her down by holding her hair. She was right. This was going to be more fun than caning her. My

hand rose and fell hard on the right buttock. There was a sharp intake of breath, followed by what seemed to be a quite moan of pleasure. As the smacks landed, her bottom began to writhe, almost in tune with the smacks. Slowly, her whole bottom went a deep red. I quickly got the feeling that this had happened to her many times before and she absolutely adored it. Suddenly I pulled her up and sat her on my lap. She winced as her bottom landed, but she threw her arms around my neck. She was flushed with her eyes visibly watering. She whispered in my ear, “Screw the hell out of me, please. I haven’t had a man since I got back from Uni.”

I was not going to be rushed. I pushed my hand between her legs, with little resistance. My thumb parted her pubic hair, and dove deep inside seeking her cervix. It was fully dilated and ready for action. I picked her up and carried her to the bedroom. She really was ready to be rogered! Afterwards, she lay in my arms in the ridiculous single bed that housemasters were issued with. “So, are you going back to Uni?”

She smiled at me. “It’s looking more likely. Perhaps if you complete my education on Saturday, I should be ready to return. What did you recommend?”

Ten strokes.”

I smiled, “Would be my pleasure, but I’d prefer it if you came around to my house. Smarten yourself up, ok, and be punctual at two!” She smiled back at me.

What a difference three days makes. I almost did not recognise her in her smart new outfit. Her blonde hair was washed and neatly combed. The white, sleeveless polo-neck contrasted sharply against the black and white, chequered mini skirt, leading down to the shiny white boots. The white horn-rimmed sunglasses gave her an interesting twist. Suddenly, she had escaped from her background. “Wow, what a house!” I gave her a tour, the tension from what was going to happen to her, leaden in the air. Finally, we arrived at the bedroom. She admired the view down to the river. “Blimey, how do you afford this place?”

“My family trust owns it. Rather good, isn’t it?”

She smiled. “And where do you thrash the bottoms of all those beautiful chicks you bring here?”

“They kneel on that linen trunk at the end of the bed, spread their arms along the foot pole, and rest their heads on the blanket.”

“In the nude, I suppose.”

“But of course, bottom in the air, head down, no better position.” She unzipped her skirt on the side, and it dropped to the floor. She wore no panties. She crossed her arms and, in a flourish, pulled the polo-neck jersey over her head. She wore no bra. She knelt on the box and assumed the position, still wearing her white boots and nothing else. I took the cane off the back of the door, admired the fabulous bottom, and asked, “So will this persuade you to return to Uni?”

“Depends how good you are with the cane? Based on your expertise at spanking, it seems likely. How many strokes did you recommend?”

“Ten seems to be a good round number.”

“We shall see. Carry on, Mr Thurston. Carry out your duty.”

“You are a cheeky madame. You might change your tune soon. Oh, and by the way, it’s Dr Thurston” I raised the cane, and, with a loud swish, it raced through the air to land with a loud thwack. Her bottom danced, a grunt was elicited, and an angry red line rapidly appeared across those creamy white globes.

“You’ll have to do better than that,” she snarled, in a rather shaky voice.

“The number has just gone up to twenty,” I snapped back, raised the cane high and placed another angry red line across her bottom. The caning

proceeded clinically and slowly. The lines mounted across her bottom. The grunts became stronger and perhaps shriller. I thought at one stage I heard some sobs. But there was a gritty determination to see the beating through, no hands on bottom or no pleading for mercy. At the end, as she stood up, her body was visibly trembling. She threw her arms around me and sobbed on my shirt. Her privates ground against mine. "Please, please, screw me," she pleaded as she got her breath back. I took her, doggy position, her face on the blankets, bottom in the air, emulating the caning position. I held her wrists firmly and thrust in hard, her striped bottom slapping my thighs. She managed two orgasms before I fired deep into her.

Before we could progress to other positions, I removed her white boots while her body still trembled from the orgasms. Later, both exhausted, but this time in a large comfortable bed, I asked her if she was going to stay the night. She looked at me incredulously, "My father would kill me if I did. He's already wondering why I went out all dolled-up."

"And are you going back to Uni?"

"Of course I am. I just said that to wind up my old man. I'd miss my weekly thrashings from my tutor. I'm not sure who is the better caner, but you are certainly the better lover."