

A New Maths Teacher

April 2024

September 1966: The new Christmas term was ten days away. We were one Maths teacher short and there was no sign of one being recruited. The headmaster's refusal to pay a Maths supplement, like other top schools, was not helping. The three of us could not cover the vacancy for ever. I headed over to what was called the Maths faculty office, behind the Science labs. I unlocked the lumbering door, switched on the light, looked around the former storeroom, then headed to where the recruitment box file was kept. I opened it and, to my surprise, there was one application in there, dated three months previously! To my even greater surprise, the application was from a woman. When I read it, I was quite impressed, especially the double first from Cambridge. She had gained it before the war, taught at a top girls' public school for ten years before marrying and having two daughters. She had kept her hand in by private tutoring, until her marriage collapsed. Her daughters, after their 'O' levels, moved to West Cambridge to live with their father. It was then that Esther Partington had applied to us for a job.

I picked up the phone and dialled Arnold Western's extension.

"Arnold, as head of the maths faculty, what are you doing about this application for the free maths post?"

"We haven't got any," he curtly replied.

"What about this application in the file?"

"Oh, that," he spat out scornfully.

"A woman. The head will never wear it. Anyway, she'd probably get pregnant in a few months, and we would be back where we started."

"Have you read it?"

"Of course!"

"You are a liar. She is 47 years old. Bit late for another child. She has a double first from Cambridge."

"Whippersnapper, don't call me a liar."

"Why don't you take early retirement? You've only two years to go."

I put the phone down, furious. It was not established protocol to just ring the headmaster, but I did. His secretary answered and to my surprise put me straight through to the headmaster. "Afternoon, Thurston, ready for term."

"No," I snapped and started to spell out the situation in words of one syllable. When it came to the fact that Esther was female, the usual stalling started. I suggested

that he pay the Maths teacher supplement instead. That pushed him into agreeing that a female maths teacher was not impossible. He gave me the authority to interview her then talk about it to him again. Then he put the phone down. It was interesting what the second son of a duke could get away with!

Two days later, she arrived at the porters' lodge by taxi. My phone rang, "Dr Thurston, there's a Mrs Partington here to see you. Should I send her over?" There was a suppressed giggle in his voice as he spoke, which puzzled me. As I opened the door to her, I realised what had caused it. She was straight out of Carnaby Street, and a 25-year-old hippie at that. Her hair was the only thing that was conventional. The fringe and shoulder length sandy brown hair fitted around a cheeky, pixie face, despite her age. From then on, her outfit could only be described as outlandish. She wore a tight white sweater with clearly no bra underneath. It held her smallish breasts, in place while the hard nipples seemed to be trying to escape. Her short, bell-shaped skirt ended at least six inches above her knees. She wore long leather platform boots which ended just below her knees. The part of

her legs that were visible were covered in tights or nylon stocks. She handed me a long black coat with a fox fur neck. "Where do you want me to sit?" she asked.



As she sat down, I saw her rear view for the first time and could only describe her bottom as substantial and delightfully curvaceous. I offered her coffee and we discussed everything except her outfit for the next half hour. I was impressed by her sharp mind. She was frustrated that, despite her qualifications and experience, she was having difficulty getting a job. After half an hour's discussion, I had decided that I wanted her to meet the headmaster. It was time to bring up the issue of her outfit. "So did you dress like that for every interview?"

She paused, gave me a wizen smile and said, "Well, Miss Demure has got me nowhere. I'm sure that all those suits that you are interviewing are all immaculate. I'd thought I'd give you a thrill and see if it would work."

"You know, I'd like you to meet the headmaster. You're the best

candidate so far, but I cannot forgive the outfit. Corporal punishment is the dominant disciplinary method here. Your bottom needs a good smacking for coming here dressed like a rich, 25-year-old socialite.”

She pouted. “I’ll do anything to get this job. To me, it’s really prestigious. If that’s the price I must pay, so be it. However, I’ve been a man-free zone for years. I hope you will say something about that.”

“Have you got a demure outfit? I can’t take you to meet him like that.”

“I’ve got a change in my case. It’s with the porter.”

I picked up the phone and rang the headmaster. His secretary was very firm that we could not see him until 10am tomorrow. “So where do I stay?”

“You can have the spare room at my house. I want you to go back to the lodge and get the porter to arrange a taxi.” I handed her my personal card. “Tell the driver to take you to that address. I’ll meet you there and will take pleasure in reddening your bottom. Might even put some neat cane stripes across it. Now go.”

I garaged the car and walked around to the front, when I heard the taxi draw up on the gravel. I paid the taxi driver and watched

him as his eyes were glued to her bottom as she walked to the front door. Moments later, I showed her into the spare bedroom next to mine. “You’re overdressed for a spanking. I want you naked from the waist down. My bedroom’s next door.”

It was ten minutes later that she came, naked from the waist down but still wearing her white polo jersey. Her nipples seemed even larger under the material, but her legs caught my attention. Muscular, neatly tapering to her ankles, they could only be described as exquisite. “Is this place all yours? The view down to the river is fabulous.”

“It belongs to my family trust.”

“Boy, you are lucky.”

“You are changing the subject.”

She smiled and turned around, to reveal a firm round, exquisite bottom. “Is it spankable enough for you?” I hung up my jacket, took her arm, sat on the bed and pulled her across my knees. My left hand held her in place while my right leg pushed between her ankles to keep her legs apart. My right hand slipped between her legs to find a very wet area between them.

I raised my hand and brought it down with resounding whack on her left buttock. The red handprint on her skin accompanied a yelp and a

trembling bottom. I repeated the action on her right buttock, with same effect. Now she had a rounded, reasonable sized bottom and it was quite hard work to make the entire area a glowing red, but I did my duty. But after several minutes my began to hurt. I stopped spanking and pushed my hand between her legs. My thumb slipped inside to touch her G-spot. My index finger found her clitoris. I rubbed the two spots simultaneously for a couple of minutes. The resulting orgasm was spectacular. Her body stiffened, shuddered violently and then flopped. I took my hand out and rubbed the exquisite globes, feeling their warmth. What could I do but resume the spanking, hard as I could but unfortunately my hand let me down. The sting eventually made me stop and restart the fingering, with identical results as the first time.

Four times I spanked her hard, four times it gave her a dramatic orgasm, but my hand was not up to the job. I lifted the sobbing red-faced girl onto my knees and took off her jersey, rendering her naked. I pushed her into the middle of the bed, face up. I stripped naked while she opened her legs wide. I mounted her. "Yes, at last," she almost screamed. But quickly her

long nails were cutting into my back, which could only be described as extremely painful. I pulled her wrists above her head, which seemed to excite her even more. During each orgasm, her eyes rolled up until I could see little more her whites. Her legs straightened out each side of me, reached for the ceiling and shook quite violently. Two hours later, we collapsed from exhaustion. "My, what have you done to me. That was the wildest experience of my life."

"I'm not finished yet. If the headmaster approves your appointment, I'll give you six of the very best in my study tomorrow."

"Do I deserve it?"

I smiled. "A bottom like your always deserves it." She pouted. "Anyway, I think that we have earned something to eat."

"Do you think I'll get the job?"

"As long as Arnold Western does nothing to sabotage it, I think you have a good chance. He's the head of the Maths faculty. He didn't like your CV because he thought you would get pregnant. Didn't even bother to check your age."

She went pensive again. "Come on, I'm hungry."

We enjoyed the salad that Mrs Pearson, my housekeeper, left for us. However, I felt that Esther's real interest was returning to the bed.

After a couple of hours of uninhibited sex, we collapsed and took some well-earned sleep as the church clock in the distance rang midnight. I woke about seven to a strange sensation, a substantial weight on my groin. I opened my eyes to see Esther astride of me, my member deep inside her, her hips swaying back and forth. Eyes closed; she was in the early stages of an orgasm. My hand moved between her legs parted her pubic hair, allowing my thumb to rub her clitoris. Moments later, her body started to tremble violently, her eyes rolled upwards, and she put her hands on my chest to stabilise herself. Then she suddenly flopped down onto me, her head on my chest panting heavily and her legs stretched out beside mine. My left arm wound round her to stop her sliding off; my member was still deep into her and the spasm inside her vagina kept me hard.

“Good thing the headmaster cannot see us now,” she said between pants.

I smiled. “I hope you are going to be fit for the interview.” My right hand slid down her back and caressed her bottom. Round, firm, a touch large and slightly pointed, it was a joy to caress. I slapped her right cheek hard a couple of times, but unfortunately, I could not reach

the left cheek.

“I’m sure a nice warm rear end will improve your interview technique.” I stretched my hand out to the bed side cabinet and, with a little difficulty, opened the drawer. Feeling around, I soon found a small leather paddle, shaped like one of my shoes. The leather felt cold, but I was sure her bottom would soon warm it up. Now I could reach both cheeks! I entwined my legs around her and held her more firmly with my left hand while the side of her head pressed hard against my chest. I applied the leather to her bottom as hard as I could in that position; left, right, left, right. She grunted at each stroke and the muscles of her vagina clamped together hard at each stroke. This time it was me that fired first, deep into her inner recess. As I did, the slaps eased off as my concentration moved. Then I heard pleading in my ear, “Don’t stop, please, don’t stop, I’m nearly there.” My concentration moved back to the paddle, which I applied with enthusiasm until her whole body stiffened, began to shake uncontrollably.

Ten minutes later, I took her in the traditional missionary position; the woman was insatiable, but we did drop off to sleep. It was just gone nine when we woke up and the rush was on. She put on a sleeveless

corduroy dress; with the same jersey she wore the previous day under it. The taxi picked her up at 9.30 and I drove separately to college. We met up at the entrance to the headmaster's lodgings, as if we had not seen each other since yesterday. The ever-vigilant porter watching us across the Quad, his curiosity unsated. We entered the Master's Lodge, into his reception area. To my disappointment, Arnold Western was sitting there. The headmaster's secretary waved us to some seats, picking up the phone. "Your ten o'clock appointments are here, Headmaster."

We could hear the cackle of the headmaster's voice on the old Bakelite handset. She put the phone down. "Mr Western and Mrs Partington. Would you like to go in, please. Dr Thurston, would you stay here, please." I was not amused as



the other two disappeared. Leaving me to read the Times, which was on the coffee table, totally unused. A

few days before, it had started printing news on the front page rather than long lists of small advertisements. I rather liked the new format, which many other masters did not. I browsed the paper for some forty minutes before the two returned. Both looked rather glum. Western walked out without a glance.

Esther waved a piece of paper at me, not looking that happy. "I have a job, sort of!"

I saw the headmaster's secretary listening attentively. "I think we better discuss the letter in my study. I took her arm and half pushed; half pulled her through the door. We headed back to my study the long way around the quad, to avoid the porters overhearing anything.

Unable to hold her anger, she spat the words out as we walked, "They have offered me £3,200 a year salary. That's what a recent graduate gets. I've 25 years of experience teaching maths. I'm offered a one-year contract instead of a permanent post. I have to go in looking like a frump, and they both nodded approvingly. Aren't I an attractive woman? I have to start work next week. How can I move up here and find a flat in ten days. You can't get a flat around here for less

than 20 guineas a week. How can I live on what's left? It's all because I'm a woman, you know. Are you listening?" By the time we arrived at my study, the diatribe was still in full flow.

"Just shut up for a moment. If you are desperate, you can keep my spare room until you sort yourself out. One condition; either you take a taxi or the bus to get here each morning. I don't want tongues wagging."

"You're ashamed on me," she almost screamed.

"No, I'm just tittle tattle, or even worse, scandal averse. So, are you going to accept the offer or not?"

She paused. "I've no choice. I need the money. If I can stay with you for a while, I think I can manage. Maybe in a year, I'll get a permanent post and a decent salary."

"Oh, good, then I'm looking forward to administering lots of canings to that fabulous bottom of yours."

She looked at me quizzically. "Yeah, you promised you'd beat me to celebrate if I got the job. Give me an idea what the boys have to suffer, I suppose."

"My pleasure. Take that awful dress off." I pulled out two chairs from the conference table and placed them back-to-back. "Kneel there and bend over." She did as

she was told while I fetched the cane from the cupboard.

Now by any standard, she had a superb bottom. Maybe a lady in her forties had some very real advantages. Anyway, I stood and studied the situation. There were some serious parameters to be judged, mainly based on her pain threshold. Apply the cane significantly under it or just tapping had an inevitable consequence. She was likely to stand up, slap you on the face and storm out. Go over the threshold and the whole situation deteriorates as the pain/pleasure interface deteriorates. Furthermore, the threshold rises as the lady becomes more experienced and submits more regularly. I had little doubt that Esther's threshold was fairly high, given her experience. I probably had a couple of cuts to test the water, but after that I had to push her limits or have her storm out.

I applied the first stroke. A gentle red line appeared across her bottom, rather than the angry red line the cane usually elicits. Not a grunt or moan came forth, but I noticed that she was gripping the far edge of the seat almost so hard that her fingers were white. The second harder stroke produced a rather darker tramline across her bottom and a little wiggle of her

bottom. Time to push this. I laid the third on extremely hard. A satisfactory grunt came out of her, and her hands shot around to grip her bottom. After a few seconds, I



snapped at her. "Put your hands back. Do that again and the stroke won't count." I felt that I had, at last, the measure of her.

The next three followed a pattern. Swish, grunt, bottom wiggle! After the sixth, I admired the red lines across her bottom, which were impressively parallel. "Ok, girl. Stand up."

"No, please don't stop, I'm nearly there," she pleaded. I smiled and applied seven more hard strokes across that fabulous bottom in rapid succession. On the last one, she gave out a sound not dissimilar to a loud meow from a cat and her body began to visibly tremble. I put the cane down and watched her total pleasure. I tried to help her up a minute later, but her legs gave way. She grabbed me around the waste, her tears wetting my immaculate shirt. "Bloody hell! What have you done to me. Come on, give me a good rogering," she pleaded.

I had not intended to have sex with her at this point, but clearly events had taken over. I lead her into the

bedroom, made her kneel on the end of the bed, bottom in the air, face on the blanket. She had two more violent orgasms before I delivered deep inside her. The great advantage of a lady of her age was that pregnancy was no issue.

So it was that she spent the coming weekend collecting stuff from the marital home and crowding my house with it. The second guest room looked like a junk shop in no time. Her wretched 1950s Ford Popular seemed to manage the trips, although I was in constant fear of a call reporting a breakdown. Mrs Partington soon proved popular with the boys, to Arnold's disgust. I persuaded her not to go to school in her Popular. It would not do her image any good. She showed little inclination to find anywhere to live, and, I must say, I quite enjoyed having her around. The cane regularly brought her to great sexual satisfaction. I had to spend half my nights in House, my deputy housemaster covering the others. The nights in school gave me a break and some decent night's sleep. There was some compromise of what outfits Esther was allowed to wear, which cheered her up. Life settled down until the sixth week of term.

Suddenly, a boy, Wright, from my house absconded. There were

rumours that he was being bullied but it did not seem out of control. My House was searched, then much of the school. Three days later, he was picked up by police at Exeter station. A couple of days later, a Saturday, his mother, Lady Wright, arrived back in school, her wayward son in tow. Initially they went to the headmaster's lodge. The headmaster beat the boy while her mother waited outside. Then he sent them over to see me. Lady Wright complained bitterly that her precious son was being bullied. It took some time to elicit who the bullies were. It took the threat of another beating to concentrate his mind. Finally, satisfied that I had the whole story, I sent the boy off to play in the house rugby match while I talked to his mother. I assured him that we would be along to join him on the touchline soon.

Lady Wright moaned, after he had gone, that her husband, Sir James Wright, blamed her for the son's rather mousey nature. "He thinks that I have brought up a whimp. In fact, he thinks that we are both wimps."

"Sounds a bit unfair?"

"I suppose I pamper him. Anyway, my husband says that whatever punishment my son received, I should get the same, so are you going to beat me?"

I looked at her in amazement. "Are you serious?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Arnold used to beat me quite a lot, but we always had fantastic sex afterwards. Now he sometimes beats the kids, but my rear end is untouched."

"And you want to change that?"

"Only if you give me a good rogering afterwards." She stood up. "Where do you want me?"

For the first time, I took in the outfit



she was wearing. It was a rather formal, black matching dress and jacket.

But to break the stark look, there was a broad white trim on all the edges of the jacket, including the pockets. She took off the jacket, and I realised that, under it, it was a pencil dress, closely hugging her bottom. It was not as large as Esther's, but it was very shapely anyway. She was a bit younger than Esther, but I suddenly realised that there was something attractive about slightly older women who looked after themselves. "I would hate to ruin that dress," I commented.

Slowly, almost suggestively, she removed the dress and stood in front of me. That left her in a white bra, holding some smallish beasts, a white garter belt and straps and black stockings. The absence of panties was interesting. I told her to bend over the back of my armchair, making an unusual position to apply the cane. I was tempted to caress her rather fine bottom but decided that she was mainly on a seduction routine and things should be in accepted order: Anticipation, disrobing, thrashing, comforting, and finally copulation. Anticipation often started at least twelve hours before the time of the beating. The lady in question might well have to visit her bedroom or toilet two or three times in this period to relieve the tension of the sexual anticipation. Disrobing or the baring of the ladies' bottom is a key part of the ritual. Almost invariably, the lady will arrive with panties removed, and the chastiser has only to remove the outer garment to reveal her bottom. The thrashing elicits a mixed reaction. To the inexperienced lady, it is probably the inevitable couple of minutes in the process, to be taken with gritted teeth. To the experienced lady, it is the pinnacle of the process, often achieving an orgasm or taking her much of the way towards it.

Comforting is the short predictable period after the thrashing when the caner hugs the canee. She invariably puts her arms around the caner and probably ruins his shirt with mascara-soaked tears. When the sobs ease off, she offers her lips for the first kiss. This leads naturally to the bedroom and quite aggressive copulation, giving the lady in question's repeated orgasms.

I applied the first stroke, the swish and the whack eliciting the customary yelp. Given that the beating was being administered on her husband's instructions, I did not pull the strokes in any sense. On the second stroke, her hands shot round to her bottom and grabbed it hard. "Take your hands away. That stroke won't count." Slowly but surely, she returned her hands to the arm of the chair. On the fifth stroke, it happened again. "What did I tell you? That one is disqualified as well." So, one by one, eight very angry lines appeared across her bottom, most virtually parallel to my satisfaction. The sobs and the yelps increased in intensity as the thrashing continued. Her legs kicked at various points, and I could easily see that she was becoming very wet between her legs. But there was no sign of any orgasm at that point. After the whole eight were completed, I dropped the cane

on my desk with a rattle. "Stand up. Girl." Slowly, gingerly, she straightened up and I gave a few moments to rub her bottom, while the sobbing continued.

I put my arms around her and said, "Ok, time to compose yourself." Predictably, she did the same, squeezing me so tight I could hardly breathe, and, as was inevitable, her make up was smeared over my white shirt. Fortunately, this time I had remembered to put on an older shirt. Mascara was very difficult to remove! The honoured process than commenced. I took her doggy style and then in the missionary position. Time was against us. The ruby game that her son was playing in had little more than 75 minutes to run. I had to give her a good rogering, get dressed and take her to the rugby pitch in that time. We made it with less than five minutes to spare. Luckily, there was a good crowd, and we could pretend to that we had been there for some time. Half an hour later, son had gone off to show his stripes to his fellow rugby mates in the showers while mother was driving home to show hers to her husband.

My deputy house master was rostered on that evening, so I returned home, wondering what reception I would get from Mrs Esther Partington. I was sure she

would know about the Wrights, mother and son. She was waiting in the sitting room in what could only be described as a skimpy skirt and blouse. "Take a seat, while I get you your whisky dry." I sat down the couch while she made the drinks, a Campari and soda for her." Our glasses chinked together. "Give me all the gory details. What happened to Wright. Has he been rusticated?"

"No, the Head beat him, then he went off to the House rugby match. We won six-three," she looked a bit blank. "Two tries to one."

"And you screwed his mother, I suppose," she almost sneered at me. "Did you find an excuse to stripe her bum?"

"Actually, her husband said she should have the same as her son, so I didn't need an excuse."

"Did she take it as well as I do?"

"Nope, blubbed her eyes out." I could see Ester was getting more and more excited by this conversation. Unsurprisingly, the sound of the cane soon rang out around the bedroom as her bottom danced, yet again, to the tune of the cane.

It was back to normal soon with Ester. Neither of us could complain of a boring sex life. It was one Friday evening in the middle of the following summer term that Esther walked into my study in college and

threw down a folded copy of the Times on my desk. It was one at the Births, Deaths and Marriages section. One entry was ringed in red. "Sir Archibald and Lady Wright are delighted to announce that a daughter was born to them at 8pm last night in the St. Marina Nursing home."

"So what?" I replied. "Young Wright seems to be behaving nowadays."

"Can't you count. Nine months ago, Daddy."

"Ah, don't silly."

"That's why she wanted you to screw her. Archy couldn't deliver the goods. She took advantage of the situation."

"You're just jealous. Don't tell me you are broody."

"You're just a bastard."

"That's enough of that. I'm going to make your bottom dance for that."

"Oh, yes, how? Thanks to you it's as tough as concrete."

"Go into the bedroom and lie flat on the bed. Put the pillows under your tummy and bare your bottom." I stood up and went to the cupboard for the cane.



When I entered the bedroom, she had done as she was told. The pillows raised her tummy creating a delightful target of her bottom. Her grey skirt was pulled up to her white blouse, her black panties were pulled down just below her bottom, the garter belt her stockings firmly in place and she still wore her black high held shoes. I just went to side of the bed, without saying anything. I admired the fabulous bottom for a couple of seconds before raising the cane almost to the ceiling, before bring it down as hard as I could. The loud whoosh was followed by a yelp, and she threw her head back. It was the only noise she made throughout the beating, although she did throw her head back at every cut of the cane. But she was right! The marks on her bottom were fairly mild, despite of my best efforts. Her bottom clenched and relaxed after each stroke, but she handled it well. It must have been around the thirtieth stroke that she had her first orgasm. "Oh, boy, how will I survive without you?"

“Why, where you are going?” It was then that she dropped her bombshell. Another school had offered her £6,000 a year salary plus accommodation. She was apologetic, but very firm. “I’ve loved this year. You have been a brilliant friend, and what we have together is also brilliant, but you can have too much of a good thing. I love what you do to me. My bottom loves it even more. But frankly, all good things must come to an end!”