

## 1963 April: Imogen, A Flower Child Tamed (April 2026)

It was just after 5.30, the pub had just reopened, and I was relaxing, watching as it filled up. Easter was over; it was some ten days until the start of the summer term; the weather outside was unseasonably balmy; the pint of half and half in front of me was almost full, the headline on the third page of the *Times* was that the *Sound of Music* had won an Oscar. Yes, well! My thoughts were suddenly interrupted when a dapper young man of about my age came up to me and asked, "Mr. Thurston?"

I looked up. "Yes?"

"May I join you, Old Man. Got a request."

I beckoned to the spare chair by me. "Sure, but less of the Old Man bit, please."

He smiled and sat down. "The chaps over by the bar said that you are a school master?"

"Very true."

"I was wondering if you could tell me where I could buy a cane."

"Our stationary shop sells them.

Why?"

"I think my fiancée needs some discipline. We are getting married in three months. I think she's drinking too much, and she's certainly smoking too much. She's still a flower child at heart, I suppose. I thought a good hiding would buck her ideas up."

I did not want to get into this debate. "Pop up to college and buy one. The stationery department is near..."

Just then he stood up and a stunning young lady approached us. "Imogen, darling, so glad you're on time. This is Mr. Thurston, a friend of mine."

"Dr Thurston actually, but please call me George." I suddenly realised that I did not even know her fiancée's name.

"What can I get you to drink?" he asked her.

"I'll have an Old Fashioned with a twist [of lemon]."

The mysterious man left me with this even more mysterious lady. She was immaculately dressed, with a cream silk blouse, a white tennis jersey around her neck, and very tight, pale blue designer

jeans finished off with a fashionable flare around her shoes. Her full breasts strained against the blouse while her jeans showed off a trim, low slung, perfectly shaped bottom. Her sandy blonde hair framed her face, though the slight darkening along the central parting gave away that she was a bottle blonde. Her face was pretty but lacked those perfect features that distinguished Hollywood stars.

Her blue eyes drilled into me as I asked her to take a seat. "How do you know Conrad?" she asked as she sat opposite me, eyeing me up with lust, or so I thought.

"I've just met him. He came and sat by me, and we started chatting."

"Ah, I thought he was up to something. He's not about to break it off?" she asked in a worried tone.

"You better ask him."

When he returned, I made a tactical visit to the gents. I was not sure what I was being dragged into. When I returned, she looked a bit stunned. "He wants you to give me a good hiding. If you won't do it, he'll do it himself."

"Do you deserve one?" I asked defensively.

She looked me in the eyes, thought for a moment and said, "Maybe from you," she cooed seductively. "If he lays a finger on me, our engagement is off," she snarled at him.

I did not like the situation one bit. Conrad snarled back at her. "Ok, go with him. I'll see you tomorrow evening, with a well thrashed rear end, and you better be a reformed woman." He took a little box out of his pocket and opened it. By any standards, it was an expensive engagement ring, diamonds galore. "You better change or you don't get this back." He stood up, glared at me, turned around and marched out of the pub.

She smiled at me, what could only be described as a lustful smile. "My last fling before the wedding, I suppose. Are you really going to give me a walloping?"

"That's the deal, isn't it, and I must say you have the bottom for it."

"Well, you'll have to console me afterwards. I hope you're a better lover than he is. His family are dripping in money, but I think

nights are going to be pretty boring after the wedding. Will you be my secret lover?"

"It's very tempting, as long as I get to smack that shapely rear end each time."

"Ooooh, you are awful, but I like you."

"I'm no Dick Emery."

"Ok, lover for the night. Where are we going?"

"Well, do you want six of the best in my study in College, or we can just go back to my house."

"The idea of your study gives me the shivers and makes me wet between the legs. Do I get whacked on my bare bum?"

"Yup, six of the best on the bare. With a bottom like yours, anything else would be criminal. But I think we'll start with a good spanking. I'm looking forward to feeling my hand land on your bottom."

She seemed to almost orgasm at the idea. "Do I get poked after the spanking?"

"Of course, a bright red bottom will get you right into the mood."

"I think that we better get out of here before I make a fool of myself."

We piled into my car, and I drove her back to her flat to collect an overnight bag. "Give me fifteen minutes," she chirped, and she was as good as her word. Holding a posh leather overnight bag, she had changed into a green micro skirt, which just managed to cover her bottom. But the paisley still design could only be described as psychedelic. The flower child was back.



"And I'm not wearing panties," she added to my rather aghast expression.

I gave her a whistle stop tour of my house then we walked across the gently sloping lawn to the bank of the river and sat on the bench, side by side, watching the boats drift up and down the Thames.

“Conrad’s got a bigger house than yours but I like yours better. His garden is half the size of yours and has a six-foot brick wall all around; rather like a prison. I just love the freedom of the river here.”

“Yes, it is rather spectacular.”

“Have you had it long? It must have cost a pretty penny.”

“My family trust bought it for me when I got the job at College.”

“Wow, mega-bucks! Old money or new?”

“Old, my father’s a duke. We’ve had it for centuries.”

“WOW, if I marry you, I’m a duchess sometime?”

“Sorry, I’m the spare, not the heir.”

“Oh, pity,” she said looking crestfallen. She took a packet of cigarettes out her handbag.” She offered me one.

“To ease the disappointment,” she said.

“No, thanks. Anyway, I thought you were here to kick the booze and fags?”

“Get real. I’m here because Conrad needs to get a bit jealous.”

“Well, I don’t like smoking either.”

“So you are going to cane me like your naughty boys?”

“If it makes you stop. The evidence is increasingly suggesting smoking is a killer. You look better alive.”

“So are you going to get your cane?” she sneered.

“No, but I can smack your pretty bottom right here”

“What, in front of these boats? You wouldn’t dare.”

That was it. I grabbed her left arm and pulled her across my knees, her cigarettes flying towards the water, but not quite making it. I gripped her waist with my left hand and pinned down her left leg with my right leg. Slowly, I raised her skirt of her bottom. “Get off me, pig. The boats will see us.” I ignored her. The shapely, trim, creamy white, completely unblemished bottom came into sight. For a few moments, I could do little but admired such a fine rear end. Then I was aware of some fine expletives coming from the other end. In response, I raised my hand and gave her right buttock a resounding slap. She

yelped as the outline of my hand appeared, in pale red. I repeated the exercise on the other cheek, to my great satisfaction.

I ignored her howls and a dozen more slaps began to redden her entire rump. I was not sure if it was the pain or the public location that was mortifying her most. Another half a dozen slaps, and I looked around. At least three river launches had stopped to witness the scene, and some ten people were standing on the towpath across the river watching. "Now look what you have done. Your chastisement has an audience," I told her.

"Beast, monster, bastard, how could you humiliate me like this?"

"Easily, you should give up smoking"

The next words were unprintable. I raised my hand again, and it landed with resounding whack. The smacks were harder, and a few minutes later my hand began to hurt. By now at least four boats had stopped and the crowd over the river must have grown to a couple of dozen. Some were even taking photos. I hoped none were journalists. But I decided to give value for money.

My hand slipped between Imogen's legs to discover a large wet patch under her pubic hair. "Don't you dare," she screamed.

"Well, I told you smoking was bad for your health. Now you are finding out how. I thrust my thumb forward, keep into her. My forefinger parted the hairs to locate her clitoris. Gently, I rubbed her G-spot and clitoris simultaneously. She just lost control. Suddenly the audience did not matter as her body convulsed in a prolonged orgasm. I noticed the crowd still growing and boats multiplying, so I decided I'd better up the level of the show. I raised my hand again and restarted the spanking, Her bottom was going a deeper and deeper red, and my hand began to sting even more. So, time for another session with my fingers. After a couple more orgasms, I decided that the show had to end before someone did call the police or something else unwanted happened.

I stood up the crying Imogen, stood beside her, and made bow to the audience. This elicited a round of clapping. Imogen was furious, spun round and strode back to the house. I followed her.

As the sun faded away on the horizon, I watched while she rubbed her stinging bottom and headed towards the house. The spectators started to melt away, as we entered the back door. Door closed, she threw her arms around me and said, "I'm sorry. We shouldn't have done that." She bit her lips for a few seconds. "Are you going to screw me now?" She was insatiable and I think it was past 3am before any serious sleep set in.

The next morning seemed an anti-climax, in both senses. Imogen was purring away in bed, fast asleep. I had a bowl of cereal and started on some work for the coming term. A couple of hours later, a stunning, naked, apparition appeared at my study door.

"That's where you are. You are real. Did we really screw for most of the night?"

"fraid so," I replied with a smile.

"And did you spank me down by the river with all those people watching?"

"Without a doubt."

"That must be why my bottom is throbbing." She turned around so I could see the delicate, low-slung bottom in all its glory. "Is it still

red?" she asked.

"Sorry, back to its pristine state. But we'll soon get some angry red stripes across it."

"What do you mean?"

"Isn't that the deal with Conrad. You get your delightful rear end whipped before you go back this evening?"

"Oh, shit, that was what we agreed?"

"Well, we better get on with it soon."

"I'm not sure."

"I am. You have one of the most spankable female bottoms that I have ever encountered and I'm not missing out."

"You spanked me yesterday. Wasn't that enough?"

"Perhaps, but I am a man of honour. I stick to what I agreed. Conrad is expecting to see a well-thrashed bottom. Who am I to let him down? You better get dressed. We are going up to College for your beating."

Despite her snarls and protests, We headed to College, diverting to a pub for an exquisite steak each. We chatted extensively, with the elephant in the room being her impending thrashing. But I noticed that Imogen kept crossing and

uncrossing her legs. Eventually, she announced that she had to go to the Ladies. Fifteen minutes later, she returned, looking slightly flushed. "Relieved the tension?" I asked.

She blushed and asked, "How do you know?"

"Often happens to young ladies with an imminent appointment with the cane."

"Rotter! You are taunting me. Why didn't we just go there and get it over with?"

"All part of the experience."

"I hope you are going to screw me again afterwards," she asked pleadingly.

I had rung the porters before we left my house to warn them that I was coming into my study; I didn't want anyone nosing around while I dealt with this beauty. We parked behind the House and went up through the back staircase. College was deserted, which suited me. "Wow," Imogen cooed as she looked around. "If anyone asked me to describe a Housemaster's study, it would be this place to a tee." She went to the window and looked across the main quad. "This is how the other half are educated, I presume." She

turned to me, "So where do you cane all these miserable boys?"

I pulled two chairs out from the conference table and placed them back-to-back. Then I returned to my desk and sat down, while Imogen stood on the other side, beginning to look sheepish. "So, Imogen, why are you here?" I asked in my most school-masterly voice. She looked down, coyly, dropping into the naughty schoolgirl role.

"Conrad thinks I smoke and drink too much, Sir."

"And do you?"

"I suppose so, Sir."

"Well, it seems to me that you deserve six of the best for smoking, and six of the best for drinking."

"Oh, no, Sir. That's not fair."

"I don't see why. You are twenty-eight but behave like a spoilt teenager. A well striped bottom will do you good." She mused for a few seconds, not sure of her reply.

"Go over to those chairs. Kneel on the near one and put your elbows on the seat of the other, then grip the far edge of the chair."

"Sounds clinical. Is that what I am expected to do?"

"Certainly, and I suggest you

adopt the position now, before you earn extra strokes.” I walked over to the cupboard and took out the cane. Meanwhile, she knelt on the chair as instructed, but had her hands on the other seat, meaning her back was parallel with the floor. “I said elbows on the chair, hands on the edge.” Slowly she did as she was told and her bottom became her highest point.

I walked over to her, and slid her slightly weird dress over her bottom, and up to her waist. The position had raised her bottom cheeks, making the low-slung bottom, now, perfectly curved. I stepped back to admire her, the naked bottom, shapely legs and full breasts straining against the dress. Her creamy white bottom now completely unblemished again, she made a perfect target for the cane. I raised the cane to measure my distance and stepped back a foot or so; I wanted to make sure the tip did not whip around the other side, causing ugly marks and nasty bruising. I tapped the side of my trousers gently with the cane, while I savoured the situation. Her offer to dump Conrad and move in with me was increasingly attractive.

I raised the cane high, gave it a flick, and brought it down with a whoosh followed by a loud thwack. She yelped and I saw her knuckles go white as she gripped hard on the edge of the chair. Her bottom danced vigorously, while a couple more sobs emanated from the other end. But to her credit she held her position well. I waited as a bright red line appeared across those beautiful nates. Moments later, I added a second red line across her gluteus maximus, the target area of her nates.

From then on things became more routine. I carefully counted the cuts, and by the sixth stroke the lines were beginning to merge into a broad red band across the centre of her bottom. By the twelfth strokes, she was sobbing loudly but still gripping the chair hard. “You can stand now.”

She stood up and I put my arm around her comfortingly. Her arms slipped around just under my arms and hugged me tightly. She sobbed onto my immaculate white shirt coving it in lipstick and makeup, but who was I to complain, even if I had trouble breathing easily. A couple of minutes later, her head tilted

upwards, demanding a kiss. The passion in her lips told its own story. My hands moved down, pulled up her dress and stroked her neatly curved bottom. When the tips of my fingers slid across the stripes across her bottom, she flinched. "Bastard, but I love you. Now screw the hell out of me."

Her desperation for sex was such that I had little control of events. I wound up on my narrow bed, naked and being made love to by a beautiful nymphomaniac. It was only over an hour later, when her energy had begun to flag, that I took her doggie style, giving me my first view of the large number of neat tram lines across the gentle curves of her bottom. I fired into her, her body shuddered yet again, and she flopped onto the bed. I wished that we were in my comfortable bed at home.

I glanced at my watch. "It's five o'clock. Your boyfriend will be expecting you back soon."

She turned her head to face me and snarled, "You must be joking. What boyfriend?"

"You promised him you would be home this evening."

"He just got outclassed. I'm in the middle of the most fantastic erotic

journey of my life, and you want me to go back to that loser!"

Slightly taken aback by her vehemence, I persuaded her to get dressed so we could at least go back to my home, before the porters came to see if I had left the lights on. It took even harder persuasion to make her ring Conrad to say that he had lost his fiancée. I almost felt sorry for the man.

I began to wonder what I had got myself into. The next few days became a pattern. I worked in the mornings, while we copulated and ate, in turns, for the next few days. She demanded regular canings, which set the fuse paper each time for her insatiable sex drive. She bent over the bar at the end of my bed for each beating and then made full use of my large comfortable bed, in contrast to the uncomfortable single bed in College. Her bottom toughened up quickly, but that did not stop her demanding a large shot of her aphrodisiac several times a day. I was happy to oblige.

The days crept into the next week, and I began to be concerned. In four days' time, boys would be

arriving in College. I would not be able to enjoy my resident beauty without restraint for much longer, when she solved the problem.

“Lover boy, this has been the best week of my life, but we have to move on. Will you be very offended if I go home tomorrow?”

A weight lifted from my shoulders. “As long as I see you again sometime?”

“Oh, you will, you will. But I’m a schoolteacher and I’ve got to get ready for term. Unfortunately, work trumps lust.” I hid my utter surprise.

So it was that I took her home the next day, tears welling in her eyes.

“We’ll meet up again soon,” I reassured her.

“Yes, but I’ve got to come down from this plateau, or I’ll just be lusting after you right though giving my lessons.” I wanted to see her again, but I never did. My calls would always end with excuses, and slowly she faded out of my life. I never even found out if she made up with Conrad!