

Student Games - Part1 - 1966 July. (Written July 2026)

While many university towns burnt at the hands of revolting students in 1966, other students were continuing with their day-to-day business, especially in the sports arena. The European student games came to London, and many large institutions were commandeered to help with accommodation and facilities such as swimming pools. Being some forty miles away, we were roped in, despite the distance. So it was that, in the middle of the summer holidays, we suddenly filled up with students, some recently from the Rome Summer Olympics, but all aspiring to fame. Eight Houses were allocated to male students while two were for females. For some unknown reason, the headmaster insisted that, as the youngest housemaster, it was appropriate that my House was used for females. Thus, my House suddenly echoed to the shrill young voices of fit, voluptuous, young ladies for the best part of ten days.

In actuality, there did not seem to be much for me to do, other than my official function, to look after the chastity of my young charges. Given the snippets I overheard, most had long lost their innocence and cherished the pill as their number one friend. The European girls found it much easier to obtain it than single British girls but most of the English girls had still seemed to find a way to obtain a supply. Most Countries attending had a "mother hen" to look after their girls, and the organisers had wanted these women to take over the House master's accommodation for the duration, but a problem with the insurance precluded that. So, the mother hens moved into the College's guest accommodation and took over when the buses arrived to shuttle the student to their sports venues.

Saturday

The first full day, Saturday, passed off peacefully. One rather shapely student called out to me while she was boarding a bus, "Hi, Dr Thurston, remember me?" I waved back blankly, but all I could see was the rather nasty sneer as she realised that I didn't remember her. After the opening ceremony, the buses duly brought them all back in the evening. They all demolished a substantial amount of food in the Hall and by nine most of the students were back in their dorms waiting for the 10pm curfew. At nine o'clock I sat down to watch my new favourite programme, a trendy new science fiction series call Star Trek. Unusually I was uninterrupted

and I could savour my extravagant new colour television. The ten o'clock news faithfully followed but, just before the end, there was an extremely loud bang in the Quad outside, followed by a girl screaming. I looked outside to see the magnolia tree over the other side had pulled off the wall and was swinging wildly, while a girl halfway up it held on for dear life and screamed at the top of her voice. Soon there were people running everywhere, while the night porter appeared with a long ladder. With quick reactions, he used the ladder to push the tree back against the wall, and waited until a junior master arrived with another ladder to help the hysterical girl return to earth.

Anyway, the College equivalent of hell broke loose. Two girls had already climbed into the male dorm before the accident happened. Inside Archie Hamilton had rushed into his fifth form common room to discover four male students and two female ones, humiliatingly from my House. One couple was already in the throes of full sex while one of the male students was trying to help the girl in the tree. Interestingly, the only people completely absent were the mother hens who had demolished two full bottles of gin, and slept through the whole incident, to everyone's relief. The question was where we all went now, the students fretted that they would be reported and, possibly, sent home. Matron comforted the German gymnast, Maria Finka, who had been swinging around in the tree, but who regained her composure remarkably quickly. I told my other two students to report to my study at 10am next morning. I had no idea how the headmaster was going to view the damage to a sixty-year-old plant in the main quad.

Sunday

Archie collared me at breakfast, more than a bit worried. He had been a housemaster much longer than me, but this whole incident had left him a nervous wreck. The four male students involved were petrified that they would be reported. They had offered to take a beating, instead of being reported. Archie just did not know what to do, even though he had a fearsome reputation with the cane. "Do you want me to beat them?" I asked.

"Would you? I've never beaten 20-year-old Germans before."

"Send them over at nine o'clock." He visibly relaxed.

On the dot, there was a sharp rap on my study door, and four fit, handsome Germans walked in, dressed in their running kit. They admitted their stupidity regarding the assignments that they had arranged, in view the moralistic attitudes of the organisers. Then one dropped a bombshell. "Lillian McReddy said it was a safe way for the girls to get into the dormitory. She said boys use it at night to get out the House." Suddenly, it all made more sense. It was Lillian who had waved to me the previous day as she got on the bus. Her father was Alan McReddy, the school's bursar.

"Well, that was a mistake, wasn't it," was all I could offer.

The German continued, "Mr Templeton said that, if take our punishments, that is the end of the matter."

"As far as I am concerned, yes. No one wants a scandal. Right first one bend over the back of that armchair," I said pointing to a large red Chesterfield seat. I went to the cupboard and took out the cane. I turned round and saw that the first one had lowered his shorts, for reasons I was unaware of, and bent over. Two very muscular naked buttocks, framed by the straps of his jock strap, were available to be thrashed. I told him to grip the far edge of the seat and pull himself forward. This ensured his bottom was his highest point, enabling me to raise the cane to the ceiling and bring it down very hard.

Not wasting any time, I lifted the cane high and brought it down, full force, on the muscular rump, with a loud swish. The boy yelped immediately after the resounding thwack but otherwise kept his composure well. I allowed the angry red line to appear, before applying the next stroke. Over the next fifteen minutes, I applied six more angry red lines across each student's naked rear end. They watched each other being beaten stoically, and kept their reactions to a minimum, all very Germanically. Afterwards, they stood there looking rather flushed, hair slightly dishevelled, two rubbing their bottoms. "Right, you can go now and, please, if you arrange anything else, don't get caught." They smiled weakly as they marched out.

I picked up the phone and asked the porter to put me through to Archie Templeton. "All punishments administered as requested,"

"Thanks, old man. Not happy outside my comfort zone. By the way, the Head came round. No inkling what really happened thankfully. He said

he would tell the gardeners to ensure the magnolias were tied back better in future."

"There's more to it than that, Archie. Did you know your boys have been using it to get out of College at night. No wonder it came away."

"What, you are joking?"

"Nope, Lillian McReddy told the Germans that was the best way to get the girls into the dorm."

"Shit, Alan's daughter?"

"Yes."

"I thought she looked familiar. Does Alan know?"

"Well, I'm not telling him. She has to stand on her own feet. She and the other two girls are coming to see me in half an hour. She's going to have trouble sitting down for a day or two. Good thing her sport is archery; I presume you don't do it sitting down. Anyway, Alan asked me to beat her about five years ago; she's got a track record."

"Well, that's your problem. I need to get the tree sorted before some stupid boy kills himself," Archie said with a sigh of relief.

It was slightly before ten when the next group arrived, led by Lillian. She was accompanied by Maria Finka, looking remarkably composed after her experience, and Ulrika Meyer. Lillian was actually a very shapely young lady, if rather pint sized. What she lacked in height she made up for in curves. Her short copper brown hair was the same as her father's. The one thing that I did not like about her was her tendency to sneer when she disliked something. She turned her lips right up in a very pronounced way. She led her friends in and immediately demonstrated her sneer. "Remember me now, Dr Thurston."

"Yes, I hadn't realised that you had qualified for these games."

"I suppose not. You just prefer to undress me in your mind at College Christmas parties. You probably think you'll get to strip me when you thrash me now, as you couldn't do it last time you whipped my bum."

"Go and take your luck with the mother hens if you prefer. No skin off my nose."

"You'd like that. Get me thrown out of the games." She sneered at me again. How could such a pretty young woman have such an ugly sneer? "Anyway, all three hens look like they have been through a wringer. Don't think it's their interest to get involved."

I turned to the other two girls, both stunners. Both short like Lillian, but with slimmer, more muscular figures, smaller breasts, and exquisite, male-killer type smiles. "Maria, how are you this morning?"

"Sehr Gut," she beamed at me. "It is az if nuzing has happened."

"Anyway, you need to be checked by the College doctor. Matron has made an appointment for you at 10.30. You can go up there now and come back to see me when you have finished."

As soon as she shut the door, Lillian snapped, "I suppose you are going to beat us as well. Our lads can hardly sit down, and we are going to get the same. But then, you'll get your wish to see me starkers," she sneered at me, yet again.

"What about you, Ulrika?" I asked, ignoring Lillian's comment

"I suppose I haf no option. My boyfriend gets beaten and I haf to take same punishment."

"Ok, Ulrika, Wait in the outer office."

"That's right, no witnesses," Lillian snapped again.

I picked up the cane which was still on my desk after the boys' beatings. "Just bend over the back of the armchair."

"Huh," she almost spat at me and started to strip. "There, you want me naked. What do you think?" She held her arms out straight so I could admire the full breasts, firm round bottom, suntanned skin and generally voluptuous figure, but I was not going to tell her that.



"Just bend over. You started all this and you could have got all of you thrown off the games."

She grunted and bent over. "Grip the far edge of the seat and pull yourself forward a bit." The crest of her bottom was now the highest point and ideal to take the cane racing down from the ceiling. She had irritated me no end and clearly disliked me. I saw no reason to go easy on her, so raised high and brought it down hard, just like her boyfriend had received it. She yelped, her bottom danced but she held her position firmly. She was not going to give me the satisfaction of pleading with me to go easy on her. I

brought each stroke down hard, the stripes steadily increased in number across her shapely bottom, but her stoicism never faulted.

She stood up stiffly after the last stroke, took a moment to marshal her thoughts and snarled at me, "You've stripped me, whipped my bum, but you haven't broken me." With that she dressed rapidly and headed for the door.

As she opened the door, I called out, "Come in, Ulrika." I had been so focused on Lillian that I had not really thought much about Ulrika, the pretty young girl. Her shorts lead to shapely, sun-tanned legs, her tight shorts emphasised her small, firm rounded bottom, the tank-top clearly indicated small firm breasts with erect nipples, tightly cut dark hair framed a cheeky urchin face. Without being asked, she started to strip off to reveal the muscular athlete's figures which took her around the racetrack with such success. "Ver do you want me," she ask innocently. I pointed to the armchair with the cane. "Pleez be kind to me because I want to be kind to you afterwards. I badly need a man."

I rather ignored the unexpected comment as she bent over, as instructed, and I realised what a trim, fit girl she was. The bottom on offer was quite small, at least compared to Lillian's, but rounder and firmer. I needed to be accurate with this beating, but I certainly was not going to lay it on very hard as I had with the irritating Lilian. I pulled the cane backwards in the more traditional manner, flicked it and brought it down across the crest of her bottom. An angry red appeared almost instantly while her legs kicked up and down. More I thought about, more certain I was that this was a means to an end; it was the price that she was willing to pay for sex, rather than the price of an escapade gone wrong. I laid the third stroke on harder; the price had gone up. She gritted her teeth, metaphorically, but took the remaining strokes well. By the last stroke, it was difficult to tell if she was shaking from the cane or an orgasm.

"You can get up now," I told her. Instead, she pushed herself forward and opened her legs wide, exposing her most intimate parts, which clearly very wet.

"Pleez, you promise me. I take beating. Du scheisse mich." The offer was irresistible. I undid my fly buttons.

"Do you take the pill?" I asked her cautiously.

“Natürlich. Fick mich jetzt!” Well, who denies a lady in these circumstances. I plunged deep inside her. “Ja, endlich,” she almost screamed. I held her elbows and lived up to my duties. She had two massive, quite violent orgasms before I fired deep into her. Ten minutes later she was dressed again. “You can meinen Po auspeitschen (whip my bottom) jederzeit,” She tossed over her shoulder as she headed for the door. I opened it for her and kept it ajar.

Lillian was still outside waiting for Ulrika. “What happened to you” I heard her snarl at the other girl.

“He screwed me,” Ulrika replied breathlessly. “I think I’m in love,” she purred breathlessly.

“Rubbish, I hate him. You’ve let me down.” Then heard scuffling as Lillian almost dragged the helpless girl out of the outer study.

It was over an hour later when Maria Finka returned and tapped



nervously on the door. “Come in.” She entered and stood in front of my desk, in her white gym outfit, looking as pretty ever. Petit, with a cheeky, impish grin, one could but like this Swedish beauty. “So, how are you? Any problems from your harrowing experience?”

“Harrowing? What is that?” Like most Swedes she spoke excellent English but there were limitations.

“Ok, Frightening.”

“Nah, it was nothing. Look!” She ran towards the red Chesterfield armchair, jumped onto the arm, took one pace to the other arm, jumped down to the floor for one step, jumped on the arm of the matching sofa, took two pace along the seat, onto the other arm, almost leapt to the other armchair, back onto the ground, sprinted round the back of my chair, then repeated the entire circuit. I stood up and, on the third lap, grabbed her as she ran over the couch. Holding her firmly by the waist, I sat down and hauled her across my lap.

“If you are fit enough to do that, you are fit enough to have your bottom smacked.” I pulled up her short skirt, pulled down her panties in one double sweep to bare her firm, round trim backside. It was so attractive

that I could not resist a quick rub. Then, I lifted my hand high and brought it down hard on that shapely rump. "Du är en skitstövel."

I gave her two more hard slaps then asked her, "What does that mean?"

"You are a bastard!"

"No, I am not!" With that I blasted her bottom with smacks until my hand hurt. I stopped and looked at my handiwork. It was dark red! I heard



sobs coming from the other end, so changed tack. I slipped my hand between her legs; my thumb entered deep inside her. I could feel her extended cervix and rubbed its rim. My index finger found her clitoris and got to work there. Boy, did things change; her body thrashed around in orgasm moments later. After her body settled, I gave her a few more hard

spanks, and my fingers repeated their work. It was only after the fifth orgasm that she pleaded with me to stop.

"I'm getting sore." As I released her, she stood up, stripped naked and kissed me passionately. In the next few minutes, I learnt just what an expert she was at sex. She used her hands, her mouth, before lowing herself on the Eiffel Tower that she had created. She worked her hips exquisitely, but I noticed that her pleasure seemed the priority. Suddenly she collapsed on me exhausted, without giving me the release that I had expected.

But she was such a lovely girl to enjoy that I did not begrudge her. "You better get back to the dorm. The others will be wondering where you are."

"What, without a set of stripes across my bottom, no way. I don't leave here without my beating." So, it was minutes later that she was bent over the same chair that she had been running over and her friends had had their bottoms thrashed over. Slightly frustrated at her selfish form of sex, I brought the cane down on her rear with the same downward strokes as the others had received. Like Ulrika, her small bottom meant that the red lines merged into one angry red band, her badge of honour. Of course, the beating turned her on no end, and, as a gentleman, had to do my bit. I parted her legs, and penetrated her, as I had Ulrika a couple of hours earlier. I held her arms folded behind her back and thrust

in hard. She managed three quite violent orgasms before I fired deep inside, satisfying my formerly unrequited urges. Then the mood turned; she just lost interest. Dressed and gone in five minutes, suddenly, the day went quiet.

Most of the girls took the 2pm bus to do what they did best. My role as guardian of the chastity of my charges looked absurd. In fact, I suspected that there was very little chastity around; the pill had seen to that. I sat in the comfortable armchair, the one that had supported so many rear ends for chastisement that morning and read the Sunday papers. I went to the masters' common room for lunch then returned to the papers. Unusually, I dosed in the afternoon, until a gentle rap on the door woke me up around four o'clock. I called out to come in, and a completely unknown, but deeply sensual black-haired girl came through the door, dressed in her athletics outfit like the other girls, but she sported a French team badge on her top.

"Doctor Thurston," she enquired nervously.

"Yes, what can I do for you?" I asked.

"I have come to make a confession," she said with a distinctly French lilt, but rather good English.

"What about?" I asked rather puzzled.

"I was the fourth girl last night. When the tree fell with Maria in it, I ran away. I could have been in that tree."

"So why, the confession? Why not just shut up?"

"The other girls are not happy. They got beaten and I escape la Punition."

"So what are you saying? That you should be punished as well?"

"Oui, M'sieur. C'est juste, n'est-ce pas?" Nervousness taking her back into French.



I asked, studying her carefully, "Have you been beaten before?"

"Non, M'sieur," she admitted nervously. "What's your name?"

"Rosalie Chastain."

"Well, Rosalie, you are rather overdressed to have your bottom striped." I walked over to the cupboard to take out the cane. By the time that I turned around, she had stripped naked. Standing

there, hand on hips, almost arrogant but dripping sensuality, she was very different from Maria Finka, who had that standard issue beauty that



so often graced the pages of *Playboy* magazine. This girl did not have the fine features that would get her into *Playboy*, instead broadcast the message “Take me to bed” a lot louder. In fact, the silent message was for me to do my worst with the cane, but she could take it. I told her to bend over the armchair, but what she did next almost baffled me. She turned around for me to see her trim bottom. She put her hand on her head and ask, “Nice bottom? Do you like it?”

I admired the exquisite and completely unblemished bottom. “Yes, but I told you to bend over.”

She got down on all fours, looked up at me, then said, “Like this?” Her face still had that haughty elegance which said do your worst. Then she lowered herself onto her elbows making her bottom the highest part of her body. OK, I said to



myself. Let’s see how this works. I walked over to her and measured the cane against her bottom. A first or not, I was a willing participant.

I raised the cane; it came down with a loud swish and landed with a loud thwack on the firm bottom. An angry red line appeared diagonally across her bottom, her head dropped onto her heads, and I could almost hear her gritting her teeth. She just held her position; she had chosen it so I presumed it was one she could cope with. The second stroked landed, even harder as I became more confident in the position. I produced a small yelp, and her bottom began to tremble violently. I gave her bottom time to settle before applying the next stroke. By the sixth stroke, there

was a broad, angry red line across her bottom at 45 degrees. "Right, girl, stand up." As she stood up, I saw the tears in her eyes. I put my arms around her shoulders to comfort her, and she threw her arms around me, squeezing me tightly, so tight in fact that I had difficulty breathing. My right hand moved down her smooth back until my fingertips ran across the stripes on her bottom. She flinched and held me even tighter.

We held the position for a while until I realised that her hips were gyrating against mine. It was soon clear what the girl wanted, indeed demanded. We went to my bedroom and its ridiculous single bed. She threw herself on the bed, on her back and opened her legs wide. Before I knew it, it was five thirty and noises, some loud, were coming from the dormitory next door. Busloads of competitors were returning. We dressed hurriedly, before someone came in.

"Are we meeting up again tomorrow?" I asked my beauty as she restored her long black hair to its former glory.

"I wish but we are competing tomorrow."

"What's your sport?" I puzzled as she was not as muscle-bound as some of the girls.

"I'm an archeress," she said with a straight face.

"That's a bit of an old-fashioned word. Both men and women are now usually called archers."

"Oh," she said, followed by an extended pause. "La salope. That's why Lillian is always laughing at me. Why she did not tell me?"

I had forgotten that Lillian was also an archer, and it explained why the two girls were together trying to visit those boys. "She's not the nicest of people."

"No, she is not." With that, my shapely Rosalie stormed out. "See you day after tomorrow," she threw back over her shoulder as she closed my study door.

Monday

Suddenly I had a quiet day. The buses collected most of the girls, and the dorm became eerily quiet. I dressed, breakfasted and nearly finished *The Times* when the phone on my desk rang. It was just gone noon, as I picked up the black, Bakelite phone, "Hello."

"Porter here, Dr Thurston. I have a Lady Amanda Downes for you."

Should I bring her over?" A former lover, I had not seen Amanda for over ten years. Trying to sound natural, I replied, "By all means." The last time I had talked to her was at her wedding, where I was trying to avoid her husband. Our affair had been so intense that I had to buy a large box of condoms from my hairdresser every time I had a haircut; Amanda had two interests in live sex and hockey. Even so, the wedding had been a major Cheshire social event.

I wondered why she had suddenly turned up. Always after money, she had suddenly dumped me for Barry Downes, a self-made millionaire, now Sir Barry to Amanda's delight. She had hoped to marry my elder brother, but who showed no interest in her. He, in turn, was more interested in doubling our already considerable family fortune by a successful career in the City. Fortune hunting Amanda was of no interest to him.

Her ladyship breezed through the door, dressed in full referee outfit, and very smart at that; immaculate cream jacket and knee-length skirt, with purple trims at all the edges. Still tall, elegant, pronounced aristocratic features including a strong chin, slim and fit, a sandy blonde ponytail sprouting from the top of her head, it was only the aging lines on her face that indicated she was ten years older than when I had last seen her. I poured some sherries and we sat at the opposite ends of my large Chesterfield couch, where Maria had so recently been running over. "So, what can I do for you?"

"I overheard some girls talking about you. Apparently, you are giving some of the female-students wet dreams. Then they mentioned your name. I rang a friend who looked you up in *Who's Who*, and, Bingo, here I am."

"For any particular reason," I enquired.

"Do I need one? You were a great lover."

"But easy to dump when you found your millionaire. You wanted lots of money and he wanted respectability. You were made for each other."

"Bastard," she screamed at me and gave me a resounding smack across the face. My head spun for a few seconds. It took a good shake to restore normality.

"You know, there is only one place a man can hit a woman and remain a gentleman."

“Oh, yes,” she sneered at me.

I grabbed her upper arm and pulled hard until she was over my knee. Her head was near the floor. Her small firm round bottom accurately fell into the perfect position to be soundly smacked. I lifted her skirt onto her back to reveal a trim round bottom covered only with loose silk panties. At the other end, her slim muscular legs stretched away along the couch. I raised my hand high and brought it down with a resounding smack on proffered panties, something perhaps I should have done ten years earlier. “Here,” I snapped at her. Now smacking a clothed bottom does not sting the spanker’s hand as much as a bare bottom. So, I applied my hand with gusto, ignoring the struggles and yelps. It was only when the yelps gave way to sobs that I relented. I turned her round, her chastised rear landing on my lap, inducing another yelp. I held her while she sobbed on my shoulder.

“I’m sorry. The truth hurts.” She paused. “You’ve had your fun, now screw the hell out of me.”

“Not here, lady. My college bed is not big enough. If that’s what you want, we can go to my house.”

It was no more that twenty minutes later that we headed up to my bedroom; no tour of the house, no drink, just lust. She stripped off, and threw herself on the bed, dressed only in her diamond earrings and pearl necklace. I remembered that her favourite position was me resting on the back of her legs, her ankles either side on my head. Offers the deepest penetration, she told me several times. This time was no exception. The only difference was the lack of a condom.

A couple of hours later she flopped down on her back. That should do the job. “What job, I asked.”

“Get me pregnant of course. Why else would I want you to screw me?”

“You’ve got a son and two daughters. Isn’t that enough?”

“No, I wanted six, but they just stopped coming after three. No idea why? Barry does his best, but I reckon he’s firing blanks. He gave me a good poking a couple of days ago, so I reckon, if you get me pregnant, he’ll think it’s his.”

“You’re inscrutable.”

“So give me another good rogering, to make sure.”

“Not until I’ve given you six of the best. You are very naughty.”

“Deal. I get beaten and screwed?”

I positioned her at the end of the bed, bent over the foot bar, kneeling on the linen chest which lived at the end of my bed. The solid box has a dual function; as well as holding clean linen, it was excellent for canes to kneel on to take their due chastisement. Given Amanda’s long legs, I had to push it away to lower her tummy onto the bar. I made her stretch her arms out along the bar and tied her wrists to the bar with old ties. I want to convey the message to Her Ladyship that her behaviour was really unacceptable. I walked over to get the cane from the cupboard. Her trim, muscular bottom seemed to tremble. Currently, completely unblemished and quite small given her slim figure, I was going to make sure that the six of the best was well applied.

I raised the cane and laid the first set of parallel lines neatly across the middle of her bottom. A grunt came from her other end, muffled by the blanket, but her tough bottom hardly moved, just flinching a couple of times. I applied the second stroke even harder, her bottom began to dance gently, and I saw her wrists pulling against the ties. Waiting until her bottom was steady again, the third stroke whooped down and landed with a loud thwack. The muscular bottom seemed to make to make to impact noise louder. By the fourth stroke, the lines were beginning to merge into a broad band across her bottom. The last two were applied hard and well apert, but she still gritted her teeth and said nothing. I presumed her mother had advised her to bend over and think of England.

I helped her up and her pearls flopped down onto her full, firm breasts, hard erect nipples. “You bloody bastard,” she spat at me. “Now screw the hell out of me to take away the pain.” She went round and knelt on the edge of the bed ignoring, the tears on her cheeks. Head on the blanket, bottom in the air, I stood behind her and plunged deep inside. But Amanda liked to control events in every situation. I just provided the erection, and she rocked herself back and forth until her body started to shudder and I had to hold her hips before she fell off the bed.

The sun was fading when we adjourned for a quick, delicious steak each. I then drove her to her hotel, before returning to College at least

an hour later than I should have. As I returned, I wondered what chaos my charges were indulging in.

End of part one.

Part Two: Tuesday onwards - A mass caning, during an extraordinary week.