

RANDOM HOUSE  BOOKS



Confession of an English Slave

Yolanda Celbridge

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Yolanda Celbridge

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BELLE SUBMISSION
STRAPPING SUZETTE
THE ENGLISH VICE

Excerpt

My Mistress sprawled at her ease, inspecting me with half an eye while she sipped her drink and dangled the leash emerging between my parted thighs as I faced her. My erection throbbed mercilessly. She ordered me to lift my left foot and then locked a short silver chain around my ankle - my slave bracelet, never to be removed.

'Do you usually get stiff when you are tethered - and know a thrashing awaits?' she murmured.

'I - I am to be thrashed?' I swallowed and gasped as she tugged on the leash and my balls were squeezed.

'Of course you are to be thrashed. Answer the question.'

'Yes, Mistress. O, yes -'

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Epub ISBN: 9780753543023

Version 1.0

www.randomhouse.co.uk

This book is a work of fiction.
In real life, make sure you practise safe, sane and
consensual sex.

First published in 1999 by
Nexus
Thames Wharf Studios
Rainville Road
London W6 9HA

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www.nexus-books.co.uk

ISBN 0 352 33861 X

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Typeset by TW Typesetting, Plymouth, Devon
Printed and bound by Clays Ltd, St Ives PLC

CONFESSION OF AN ENGLISH SLAVE

A NEXUS CLASSIC

Yolanda Celbridge



Contents

- Prologue
- 1 Whipped in Disgrace
- 2 Bondage
- 3 Tethered and Trussed
- 4 On Parade
- 5 Practical Nursing
- 6 Miss Bainbridge
- 7 Robotnik
- 8 Miss Birch
- 9 Scum
- 10 Harnessed in Rubber
- 11 Product
- 12 Smoking Zone
- 13 Punishment Ward
- 14 Knickers Lowered
- 15 The Dungeon
- 16 Fourfold Slave
- 17 Family of the Knout

Prologue

It is with trembling hand and shameful heart that I pen these memoirs, for I cannot boast of great deeds, only of abject humiliation. Yet I have pride and joy in daring to confess the truth of my submissive nature.

I hope that my story will inspire other males to look into their own hearts and admit their own truth: that they, too, desire nothing so much as to be the slave of a cruel, capricious and selfish lady; that they long to be the slave of a Mistress, and feel her whip on bare flesh at her slightest, sacred whim.

No joy equals that of serving a lady; of living wreathed in the scent of her furs and silks, her robes and intimate things, her boots ever ready to crush her worthless servitor!

No beauty can equal the pain of her instrument of discipline, be it cane, whip or supreme birch, as it descends on her slave's helpless and squirming bare buttocks, without respite and without mercy. No comfort can equal the thongs that bind her slave's limbs as his bare body writhes in his merited agony.

So I trust my story will help the reader understand that shame in one's true submissive nature is overcome a thousandfold by the joy of its fulfilment. For a male to worship and obey a lady, to bathe in her aura of cruel disdain, and kiss her boots in abject humiliation as she crushes him underfoot – this is the true manly joy.

1

Whipped in Disgrace

‘In Russia, we are a large family.’

I think I shall never forget those words, for they have taught me so much truth. The sentence continues:

‘The ladies of a family must be strong and not afraid to discipline their menfolk.’

Those words, too, stay with me and make me shiver with fear and delight . . .

But I must begin my curious tale with a short explanation. How did a young Englishman find himself on the Trans-Siberian Express, travelling across the steppes and tundra of vast Russia?

That part is simple. My glittering future as a Royal Naval cadet lay in ruins – I shall explain how in due course – and disgraced in the eyes of the Royal Navy, I found the only position open to me was in the merchant marine: I was to join a Norwegian shipping line, my vessel based in the Far East, in the Russian port of Vladivostok. My training at Shoeburyness Naval College stood me in good stead despite my disgrace, and I was to have an officer’s grade, even at my tender eighteen years of age. The cachet of a Royal Naval cadet, whether in disgrace or out of it, wields considerable power among foreigners. So I embarked for Vladivostok, looking somewhat uneasily forward to being Third Officer Philip Demesne, of the Royal Norwegian Stavanger Line.

Uneasy, because a merchant seaman, however senior in rank, does not progress to His Majesty’s ship of the line – yet excited, as it was, after all, to be my first ship, and I was to be a proper ship’s officer.

If the reader will forgive me a little philosophical musing – we become accustomed to such un-English ways in Russia – a ship is like a woman, a womb protecting her menfolk from harm, as they sail the vast mystery of the ocean (which is also a woman). And in my nineteenth year I knew as much of women as I did of the sea and ships, despite three years' schooling at Shoeburyness: a little, and a mysterious little at that.

Schooling is never the same as the real thing, and my schooling in the mystery of the female had been mere fumbling or vainglorious imagination – until I was unfortunate, or fortunate, enough to be ignominiously expelled from the college.

I was a foundling, probably abandoned by an unhappy serving wench. Perhaps that is why serving girls were kind to me, as I was sympathetic and (I hope) kind to them. I have learnt that however cruel or spiteful a lady may be, and whatever her situation in life, one must always be kind to her: a man is a fool to begrudge the ocean.

I was to take the train to Vladivostok simply because the maritime brokers who got my position for me (at the fee of half my first six months' stipend), Messrs Rundle and Rodd of Limehouse, deemed it cheaper than the sea passage via Singapore and Tokyo, and shorter, too. Also, at that time there was some trouble at the Suez Canal, which meant that ships were cautiously travelling east via Cape Town, thus lengthening the journey considerably.

My journey therefore took me from London to Dover, across to Calais, then to Paris, where I should take the Moscow Express, and in Moscow join the Trans-Siberian. Messrs Rundle and Rodd laughed heartily at my mortified expression as I explained my expulsion and said it was a trifle, and that east of Suez no one gave a fig for such scandals. This cheered me up.

Sea captains do not like waiting for their crew: if I had to rough it on board some barbarous Russian train in 'hard

class', then so be it. I had never left England before, but what of that? As a seaman I should spend most of my life out of England; as an orphan and foundling I had nothing to keep me there. I must admit that after the rigours of Shoeburyness, hard class on the Trans-Siberian proved not uncomfortable. And chance arranged that I did not spend too much time in hard class . . .

When I embarked at Dover in the November of 1909, not yet having seen my nineteenth birthday, I was as inexperienced in love as my tender years would suggest, but nevertheless not a virgin. I was proud in my crisp new officer's uniform of navy-blue wool (but without gold stripes as yet), my peaked cap worn jauntily; I imagined my tall person attracted admiring looks from ladies, who love a sailor, as popular wisdom has it. For a sailor is experienced with ladies and has a girl in every port.

Youthful imaginings!

Much is made of the drama of losing one's virgin status; ladies pretend it is a matter of wild passion, swooning, crashing waves and lightning followed by dazzling sunlight and the blossom of beautiful flowers; males prefer the more martial image of a conquering hero howling his triumph amid thunderbolts.

The truth is humbler and more prosaic in almost every case, as in my own. However, it was nice – I think that if one can look back on the occasion of one's defloration and remember it as nice, that is no small satisfaction. And, looking back, I see now what a powerful and sweet influence my first loving had on my subsequent happiness with ladies.

There were three sisters who lived in a cottage by the shore, not far from the college, and who served in the establishment as maids or 'skivvies' (an ungallant and ungracious term to describe any lady). We were nearly fifty young males, all accommodated in a draughty and uncomfortable dormitory, where we slept in hammocks, as though on board an old-fashioned square-rigger.

Most of the tasks attended to by Becky, Jessie and Jane were those, such as cooking, which involved too much delicacy to be left to coarse males. For cleaning and polishing, swabbing the deck (as we had to call the stone floors) and other muscular tasks, we cadets were required to acquit ourselves properly on pain of punishment. Yet, however much we strove to acquit ourselves, punishment was never tardy in visiting our young persons.

Punishment meant corporal punishment: the most severe, brutal and ruthless torment I thought I could ever imagine, delivered with implacable frequency and with rod, whip or even cat-o'-nine-tails on the naked flesh of the alleged miscreant for the most trivial of offences, whether a tarnished button, a loose bootlace or even an insufficiently docile expression on parade. It was as though the various Acts of Parliament mollifying the discipline of seamen had never been passed at all, or their passage had not been communicated to Shoeburyness.

Most floggings were delivered in public, before the other cadets, and sometimes before the officers and their wives and daughters. All beatings were delivered on the bare buttocks, except for the occasions when a cadet was strapped to the mainmast (a sort of flagpole in the middle of the parade ground) and whipped on the naked shoulders and back, with never fewer than thirty strokes. Afterwards he was left strapped, to stand with his wounds visible under rain or sun, until third bell. This punishment was meted to me on two occasions. It was not done to cry out, even as the lash wealed bare skin; nor, I pride myself, did I.

The punishment most severe and most dreaded was to 'kiss the gunner's daughter'. Beyond the mainmast stood a five-pound cannon of the Napoleonic Wars, about twelve feet in length and pointing defiantly out to the North Sea as though to warn off an imagined enemy.

A cadet who kissed the gunner's daughter was led in a nightshirt to the cannon, with the college band playing a

funereal march, and watched by the entire company of the establishment, the officers in their dress uniforms and their wives and daughters in their best finery, eyes fluttering with excited mischief behind fans and parasols. Once arrived at the gun, the victim was stretched and strapped to its barrel, ankles and wrists pinioned, and his nightshirt lifted to his neck, but leaving his face exposed so that his expression of agony might be witnessed and relished – not least by the ladies.

His punishment was thirty strokes of a five-foot cane on the bare buttocks, and thirty lashes with the cat on the bare back delivered at the same time. I received this punishment once, and once only, on the occasion of my disgrace and expulsion from the college. My offence was to have acted recklessly in defence of a lady's honour.

If I might digress somewhat – though it is germane to my story – there is a popular legend that ships and naval establishments are infested by the vice of what I must frankly call buggery, that is, the practice of sodomic or anal penetration between young males bereft of the company of ladies. I have no harsh feelings against those whose bent is to indulge themselves thus, although I do find it rather unseemly, and in fact quite stupid: what sane man would desire intimacy with a hairy, smelly male just like himself when there are fragrant ladies to help us overcome our hairiness and smelliness?

However, it is indeed a legend, for the life of a seaman, and especially an officer cadet, is so exhausting that one scarcely has energy enough to sleep, let alone to bugger.

On only one occasion did I encounter, and resist, such advances. It was a boy called Tarker, an arrogant and rather thuggish fellow slightly my senior, and slightly my better in muscular development, though his prowess did not match mine in the boxing ring.

Tarker returned to the dormitory very late one night, much the worse for drink. He stripped entirely naked and did not

don his nightshirt, and sang bawdy songs; no one dared tell the fellow to shut up. He lurched from side to side, and his bawdy songs grew to bawdy talk directed at the persons of his fellow cadets. In the wan light it was evident that his manly organ stood menacing and stiff.

Like many drunks, and especially those of the bugger persuasion, he simply would not be ignored. He stopped at my hammock and lewdly lifted my nightshirt to expose my own organ, which he attempted to touch. I pushed his hand away; he slid it towards my manly orbs. I pushed him away more forcibly with a gentle punch to the stomach, and he tottered and fell. I must admit my rage was kindled and I was tempted to punch him in those very orbs, his balls, but this is a measure so dire that any gentleman shrinks from it even in the fiercest combat.

Tarker lay squirming on the floor, unable to get up, he was so drunk. His ramblings brought the duty officer, who shone his torch. Quickly, I threw my shirt over Tarker's erect member to save him from suspicion of buggery or the attempting of it, so he was punished simply for drunkenness.

The next day he received twelve strokes of the rattan cane, on the bare, in front of the whole company of cadets. Thereafter he bore me a grudge, though my timely throwing of my shirt had rescued him from far more severe punishment.

I was sweet on each of the three sisters in turn! They were delicious coquettes, minxes worshipped by the whole corps of lusty and lonely young males. They flirted outrageously with each of us, causing burning jealousies and hatreds as only a lady knows how. We should all have died for one kiss, one flutter of an eyelash!

Rumours abounded that they would entertain gentlemen and go the whole way in love - or lust - in return for ten shillings, or perhaps a guinea. But no one admitted actually

to having achieved this ecstasy. We had to content ourselves with walking out or holding hands; perhaps a decorous tea at Babington's Tea Rooms in Southend.

Becky was the eldest sister, I think about four or five years my senior, with a lush mane of corn-blond tresses, which she liked to toss in the breeze and brush from her mouth, licking her lips as she mischievously eyed a young man. I was her slave – or wished to be – and would have followed her anywhere or done the greatest of manly deeds for one kiss or one glimpse of her shapely ankle sheathed in white silk above shoes shiny as the brightest mirror, with heels as sharp as daggers. In drowsy reverie I longed for her to trample me with those shoes – to show she cared for me . . .

One day she invited me to her cottage for tea! I was sleepless, overjoyed, terrified, proud . . . my organ stood ramrod stiff as I sat at her table and drank in her sweet voice, though I was oblivious of her words. She wore a lovely dress of white satin with a pink bodice, and underneath there were pink petticoats; white stockings and those devilish gleaming black shoes, mirrors like the sea itself. I grasped her waist, begged for a kiss – was granted a chaste peck on her cheek – tried for her lips – she disengaged, laughing with the adorable cruelty of a beautiful coquette.

'O, sir! If I let you go too far you will want to see my petticoats – you will have your hand on my stockings and try to touch me in my private place, on my very drawers. I know you males – you'll feel my breast and pretend it was an accident – my derrière, my thighs . . . your hand will be inside my garters. O, don't deny it!'

I did deny it – in vain, of course. A lady's lustful words inflame us quite as much as the scent and sight of her body. I could not hide my manly arousal.

She teased me and said that I should be whipped for my insolence if the officers found out. I responded that I was no stranger to whipping and would take the harshest flogging for her sake and smile under the lash. She invited me to

prove my bold words; I asked in genuine confusion what she meant.

‘Why, sir, you may lower your own drawers – in complete decorum, mind, and avoiding all offence – so that I may inspect your derrière and see if you are truthful and bear the marks of which you boast.’

My heart leapt. I was to show her my bare buttocks so that she could see my stripes. I had taken twelve with the cane only the day before, for smoking, and my bottom was still well raw, so, scarcely believing her command, I did as I was told.

She stood at a decorous distance from my exposed and well-striped nates, and I heard her gasp, and then, very briefly, I felt her cool fingertips brush up and down my welts and across their ridges, and heard her gasp and sigh.

‘So cruel . . .’ she murmured, ‘so brave . . .’

I replaced my clothing and grinned rather cheekily at her discomfiture then shrugged and said it was nothing. We were both flushed, and at last she consented to an embrace that was less than chaste, and a kiss, a long, lingering one, full on the lips. I felt her waist press against me, and her skirts billow round my straining uniform trousers; I felt hot, wet silk against my throbbing member!

Her protests grew fainter, and her palms gently stroked my buttocks, with little simpering sighs from the back of her throat. Her cheeks were moist, as though from tears.

At last, gasping, she forced me away and, not flirting now, said like the sweetest and most abashed schoolgirl that I was hurrying things; that she felt strongly for me; but I must respect her lady’s confusion, and her need to ponder.

I composed myself and begged her for an assignation on my day off the following week, to which she blushingly assented. I left the cottage still stiff, and the proudest cadet in Shoeburyness. Unfortunately, I was spied on by Lemenson, one of Tarker’s unpleasant toadies, and feared the worst. The worst duly came.

In the dormitory that night, Tarker made loud remarks about Miss Becky, seemingly to Lemenson but in reality directed at me. Of course, the whole company knew by now of my assignation; I could not tolerate Tarker's false bragging how he enjoyed Miss Becky's person on numerous occasions for the princely sum of two shillings, how she liked being buggered in the hayloft, and sucking his member to spurt, which she loved to swallow . . .

My blood boiled. I leapt from my hammock. Suffice it to say that I quite forgot myself and gave Tarker a veritable thrashing with fists and feet, continuing to kick and pummel him when he lay squirming in deserved agony on the floor, agony which I hoped was unfeigned. I rained kicks to his loathsome face and stomach, and, on reflection, I think it possible that the sodomite, in sodomites' mysterious ways, actually enjoyed his drubbing.

At any rate, the inevitable happened. I had just made Tarker howl with a vigorous kick to the stomach when the duty officer intervened. Tarker clutched his manly parts and writhed in an agony which was entirely feigned now, sobbing that I had kicked him in the privates.

Now, the code of honour of Shoeburyness was as strict as the discipline for its infringement. Fighting was forbidden, but a Nelsonian blind eye was turned provided it took place ostensibly in secret and according to Marquess of Queensberry rules. To kick a man in the privates was heinousness exceeded only by the crime of taking a lady's name in vain or lewdly.

If I had truthfully accused Tarker of the latter offence, agreed by my fellows, then my rage and alleged mistreatment of his manly parts should have been viewed quite leniently; it would have been Tarker who kissed the gunner's daughter for insulting a lady. But to blab or sneak was the most heinous crime in our cadets' unwritten rules, and so I did not blab. It was I who was condemned to kiss

the gunner's daughter and be expelled in disgrace at once after my punishment.

The whole college, womenfolk and all, witnessed my humiliation. On the parade ground, an officer ripped my cadet's uniform to shreds with the point of his sword while I stood trembling to attention trying to hold back my tears. Then I donned my nightshirt, to the ladies' smirks and titters, and removed my underthings so that I was naked underneath it.

As I was led in my nightshirt to my flogging, I saw a pair of blue, wide eyes blink from the kitchen window: Miss Becky's! I felt cruel thongs strap me tightly to the cold metal; my nightshirt was raised, the wind chill on my bare body – my thighs were wide apart, exposing my privates quite shamelessly (or so I imagined) – yet the thought that *she* might witness my shame had the effect of hardening both my resolve and my manly organ!

I took full thirty with cat and thirty with rattan on naked back and naked bottom without crying out once, though my shudders of pain heated the gunmetal to roasting under my squirming belly. Only when the torment eased, and I was unbound, did I permit myself a long, sobbing wail of agony.

In my civilian clothing I was cast out of Shoeburyness, with only my suitcase, my savings – enough to get me to London and to live on for a few weeks, I thought – and without a word of farewell from officers or fellows. I felt the most wretched creature on earth, and the smarting of my weals, which I thought I had borne manfully, now tormented me as evidence of my wretched shame. Tears coursed down my cheeks; I wandered aimlessly in the streets of Shoeburyness until it grew dark.

Suddenly I felt strong fingers grasp my arm and pull me towards a brightly lit doorway. It was Miss Becky, as bright-eyed, flushed and fragrant as I could have wished to imagine her. I had unconsciously directed my steps to her cottage, and now she pulled me inside.

I spent that night in Miss Becky's bed. It was the time of my defloration, and the sweetest, kindest night I had ever experienced. I felt I dreamt . . .

She made me strip and bathed me, naked, in her own bath; she anointed my wounds with soothing unguents, fed me and kissed me and begged me to tell her my story, which I blurted to her in every detail. I saw in her eyes, and by her moistened cheeks, that her heart melted for me.

My own heart melted when she led me to her chamber, lit only a single dim candle, and in its flickering light disrobed – the first time my eyes had drunk in the beauty of a willing, smiling lady, eyes misted heavy with love.

With the purring grace of a cat, she dropped her skirts to the floor, then her petticoats, and I saw her white silk stockings held by gleaming straps to a tight jarretière of pale white satin which bit adorably into her smooth belly-flesh. She wore no drawers and whispered shyly that I must think her a proper slut. I fell to her feet and kissed her toes, then her ankles, licking her stockinged feet until they were quite wet. She laughed and told me to rise.

'To your feet, I mean,' she said, tenderly pressing my engorgement, 'for I see you are well risen already, sir.'

I babbled that her beauty could provoke no less in me, and she drew me to the bed. Soon, we were both naked and underneath the cover; then the cover was thrown off and we clutched each other in the sweetest of embraces. I pleased her with eager fingers, then, at her gentle insistence, with tongue and lips, which drank the love-juices that flowed from the swollen lips of her haven.

Her practised thighs straddled mine and showed me how to enter and how to pleasure her wet, silky temple of Venus, and reach the little button of delight that she called her 'boatman'.

I plunged inside her as her pumping, muscled thighs straddled me; how can words express the glory of her pale creamy teats as they swayed above me, the nipples stiff

and serene like proud young plums – the swell of her mound as its fleecy hillock danced over my belly – the ecstasy as I gave my seed to the sucking wet embrace of her naked womb?

We made love until daybreak, and Miss Becky whispered that she had watched my punishment and had been wet between her thighs as she saw my naked body flogged, just as her cheeks had been wet with tears of sympathy. Then she coyly confessed that she loved to see a male's croup dance under her lady's lash, to prove his devotion, and had planned to beat me herself, to test my bold promise; a birch was already fashioned for my bare buttocks. I was astounded, but my heart beat madly in a strange new dance.

My member stiffened at her words! She said that I must not think her a blushing virgin, yet no trollop either. She had beaten males and got a curious satisfaction from it, I sensed as a kind of revenge for her low situation in life and the taunts a 'skivvy' must endure from louts.

Before I could make my manly assurances and protests, she put a finger to my lips, writhed on my stiff member until I was breathless and thought I should faint with pleasure, and said this disparity in our situations meant we should never meet again. I was to venture forth and make a name for myself in the world – it was Miss Becky who directed me to the maritime brokers – while she was to stay in Essex and hope to find 'a good man, an obedient man' . . .

Women's wisdom is not to be disputed. I begged only for a parting favour to remember her by.

'A lock of my hair?' she teased as she brought me to a gasping, shuddering spend, the like of which my own feeble stimulations had never approached.

'That, too, if you please, miss,' I panted, 'and a lock from the forest that adorns you so thick and wet *down there* . . .'

'Granted, my brave flogged officer – but what else?'

'The birching you had planned, to test me.'

‘What? –’ she rubbed the welts that ridged my bottom ‘– why, I think you have passed your test, sir.’

‘No, Miss Becky,’ I cried fiercely. ‘I beg you, test me – make me worthy of *you*.’

She smiled, almost sadly despite her flushed and happy face.

‘You poor boy. It will hurt very much,’ she murmured.

‘As hard as you can, miss,’ I said.

‘A birching of thirty strokes . . .’

‘Twice that, miss! Three times that! From your rods, on my bare bottom,’ I pleaded. ‘It shall be my honour.’

‘Well . . . before breakfast, then, before my sisters rise,’ she said finally.

Her sisters! I had quite forgotten them!

‘Won’t they hear the crack of the birch?’ I said, anxious for her own modesty.

She grinned with a lovely impish sparkle in her eyes and placed my hand on the lips of her temple, which gushed with new love-oil.

‘O, they’ll hear all right . . . every lash and every squirm you make. That’s part of the fun. You see? I’m wet just thinking about birching your bare bum . . . sir.’

I slept fitfully. In the morning she birched me for an hour and laid forty strokes on my naked, squirming buttocks before it was time for breakfast. I took my beating bent over and touching my toes, like a humble schoolboy, and my legs wide apart so that my balls, tight under my stiff member, hung clearly visible. The thought that her birch twigs might brush my balls by accident, or even by design, made me stiffen to bursting in my excitement at this test of shame . . . the joyful shame of being in a lady’s thrall and possession.

I had never felt such agony, not even when kissing the gunner’s daughter; nor such joy, even inside her silken wet slit. She flogged me naked, and was naked herself.

Every person, I think, remembers the moment of defloration; a lover of a lady’s discipline always remembers

his first whipping from a female hand – more specially his first birching. I have taken many and far more severe birchings from far crueller ladies, until my naked buttocks were wealed raw to the bone, but still I recall with shivering fondness the implacable and practised severity of Miss Becky's birch on my bare bottom. She knew how to make a male squirm – she was expert! And her expertise thrilled me.

I know now that true ladies are born to take whip to the male; that their expertise is as perfect and natural as their breasts, or their croups, or their sweet quims . . . I have always dreaded, and never sought, corporal discipline from a lady. Yet if a lady desires to impose her will by this fearful means, a male must submit to her, always.

My fesses are no stranger to punishment from a lady's hand – from tawse and cane, from the cat, or the heaviest bullwhip, to the fearful knout itself – yet the birch is always the cruellest and most sensuous of disciplinary instruments, for the birch is most truly alive: she is a woman. Her twigs crack and cling and claw at a man's buttocks, embracing them with darting tongues of white-hot fire, as though reluctant to leave his skin even in preparation for the next and crueller stroke.

Miss Becky's first cut was truly fire; the second more than fire; the third – O, how can I describe my sobbings and wriggings, my pleas for mercy as my foolhardy challenge was visited on my naked person, and her sweet, soft voice intoned, counting:

'Ten . . . eleven . . . twelve . . . my, that made you jump, sir! . . . twenty-three, twenty-four . . . only two dozen yet, and you are bucking like a stallion! You were so brave when you took your flogging on the gun, sir. I think Mistress Birch shall have to tickle your soft bare bum that bit harder, for its impudence in squirming so. And the impudence of your manly organ – I gave no permission for John Thomas to stand so insolently.'

How I regretted my foolish boasts – and yet, under the steady stroking of her birch, how I longed for it never to stop, and for her to reduce me to the most abject and utter humiliation! It was as though I were alone with my Mistress and the sweet agony of her birching, and all cares and troubles had fled from me. There was only the stinging and smarting and burning of my wealed bare flesh, both our panting breaths and the perfume of her body, scented with the proud sweat of flogging.

On and on the birch hissed and crackled, while my lashed buttocks danced in spasms of trembling, helpless surrender, and she halted only when it was quite denuded of twigs.

I fell to my knees, clutching her heaving calves and thighs, and kissed the birch's stump, then Miss Becky's bare, sweating feet, her belly and sodden hairy mound, the lips of her temple, and the stiff plums of her breasts.

After my birching, my member was rock, and she obliged me to enter her once more, this time from behind, with her bending over and touching her toes, in imitation of my own schoolboy's flogging posture. I plunged my member into her silken wet purse of treasure and spurted almost at once, hearing her cry, 'O! O! O!' as I felt her belly flutter and her hand directing my fingers to caress her stiff little boatman. I slowly disengaged, rubbing my helmet against her engorged fount-lips, and sobbing with pain and joy.

'There!' she said brightly, tapping my softened organ. 'We've both spent, so now you'll be decent for breakfast, sir, and won't be embarrassed on the train to London . . .'

Her sisters giggled as I squatted stiffly to eat my bacon and eggs. They knew! They had listened to my agony, and I loved them for it. At the station I showered them all with kisses of gratitude before I boarded the train.

I bore Miss Becky's weals! And that is why my walk was jaunty, if a little stiff, as I embarked on the ferry to France, as proud as if I were master of the ship myself.

Bondage

A gentleman who has newly known the love of a lady finds his thoughts filled with her, and his whole being becomes alive and bright; yet her beauty also awakens him to the beauty of all ladies . . .

My journey was a joy: there were so many ladies to – I must not say ogle or inspect – to gaze on with adoration. I did not feel guilty towards Miss Becky's memory in my new-found lustful curiosity. Had she not ordered me to go out into the world and make myself a man?

One lady in particular drew my attention, and everyone else's. The travelled reader may be familiar with the Dover Marine station, where the passengers disembark from the London train and proceed through a labyrinth of dank corridors directly to the ship. All the passengers were obliged unaccountably to wait for a good five minutes. As we chafed, the reason for our discomfort became apparent. From the first-class train carriage emerged a female figure of the grandest and most mysterious beauty, swathed in dark sable fur and white silk, and glittering with gold and diamonds.

Her face was delicately veiled, under a mane of blonde tresses, lustrous as gemstones, and a discreet hat of tiered black silk. She was tall, I estimated nearly six feet, and under her furs a lithe tiger's agility was sensuously and irresistibly apparent. Oblivious of our angry or envious glances, she stepped over the cobbles with sure foot, and I noticed that her feet were encased in boots with the sharpest of toes and highest of spiked heels, gleaming

brighter than Miss Becky's, yet the piercing click of her steps did not falter.

Beside her gleaming feet tapped another implement – she carried a walking-stick. On close examination it was thin and springy, and I guessed it to be of whalebone encased in black leather, with the suppleness and strength of a corset's rib.

This was no ordinary walking-stick but a powerful cane, and with my new and practised eye I saw that its only use was not support but chastisement. This made the lady even more beautiful and mysterious to me. I looked into her piercing, luminous green eyes and for a second I was *sure* – youthful vanity! – that she met my gaze, stabbing me with her eyes and making me tremble.

She was accompanied by a servant, I assumed. A veritable man-monster, well over six feet, and with a completely shaven head gleaming in the pale gaslight, which gave his darkly handsome and slightly oriental features a sinister look. He was not much older than myself but looked as though his muscles were whipcord toughened beyond his years.

He carried her trunk, an enormous thing of brass and mahogany, over his shoulder, as though it weighed no more than a feather. Under his tunic, his muscles rippled clearly, for the tunic was a uniform of tight, almost skin-tight shiny leather in battleship grey. I was filled with an unreasoning hatred of this man!

She and her servant embarked first; the officers and crew bowed to her; only then were we mortals permitted to go up the gangplank, by which time the supply of bowing and scraping had been used up. The ship was not very crowded, and I scoured it in search of her, not quite knowing why, but she had disappeared. When I gave up my search, I chose the fresh air and found a wooden bench on the deck.

The beauty of the English Channel is often ignored by ferry passengers too intent on the stuffy pleasures of the