

RANDOM HOUSE *e*BOOKS

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# The Indulgences of Isabelle

Penny Birch

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## About the Book

In her third year at Oxford, Isabelle Colraine, is still indulging her private obsession with dominating girls. Unfortunately for her, others are aware of her predilection and are determined to spoil her fun. There's Portia, an upper-class brat, who refuses to accept Isabelle's dominance. Then Sarah, who believes the right to dominate another woman has to be earned with age and maturity. But, and worst of all, Stan Tierney, an older man, wants to take advantage of her and won't take no for an answer.

*Also by Penny Birch*

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AMERICAN BLUE  
A TASTE OF AMBER  
BAD PENNY  
BARE BEHIND  
BRAT  
BRUSH STROKES  
BUTTER WOULDN'T MELT  
DIRTY LAUNDRY  
FIT TO BE TIED  
IN DISGRACE  
IN FOR A PENNY  
JODHPURS AND JEANS  
KNICKERS AND BOOTS  
NAUGHTY NAUGHTY  
NURSE'S ORDERS  
PEACH  
PENNY IN HARNESS  
PENNY PIECES  
PETTING GIRLS  
PLAYTHING  
REGIME  
SLIPPERY WHEN WET  
TEMPER TANTRUMS  
TICKLE TORTURE  
TIE AND TEASE  
TIGHT WHITE COTTON  
UNIFORM DOLL  
WHAT HAPPENS TO BAD GIRLS  
WHEN SHE WAS BAD

THE INDIGNITIES OF ISABELLE  
THE INDISCRETIONS OF ISABELLE  
THE INDECENCIES OF ISABELLE

# THE INDULGENCES OF ISABELLE

*Penny Birch*  
writing as Cruella



## THE INDULGENCES OF ISABELLE

'I'd like to be spanked, please,' Katie said happily.

Tiffany gave her a dirty look, but Katie barely noticed, bouncing happily across to Duncan's chair and draping herself across his lap. He made something of an exhibition of it, applying a dozen firm swats to the bulging seat of her jeans before pulling them down and repeating the process on the pink polka-dot panties beneath.

By then Katie was warm, with the soft bottom-flesh sticking out around her leg holes glowing distinctly pink, but she was still blushing as Duncan pulled her panties down. She was given another two dozen on the bare, hard enough to set her kicking and break down her self-control – and to make sure we all got a glimpse of her pussy from behind ...

# One

'OH, ALL RIGHT!' Portia snapped, and took down her knickers.

'You broke the rules, so you are to be punished,' I pointed out.

'Yes,' Sarah added, 'and do take that whining note out of your voice.'

Portia didn't answer but clearly she didn't agree. Her face was full of consternation as she got into position, kneeling in the old library chair with her bottom pushed out towards the rest of us. She'd pulled her knickers down as far as her knees, and the undergarment showed just beneath the hem of the loose white summer dress that she was wearing.

'Lift your dress,' Sarah ordered.

'I know what to do,' Portia snapped. Then she'd done it, exposing her bare bottom to the room.

I was always a joy to see her bare herself, partly because of her beautiful bottom but mainly because she was always so resentful about exposing it. Her bum cheeks were full and her tiny waist made them seem fuller still. They were also firm and as pale as cream. Every little movement made them quiver slightly and I could already see a hint of her pussy lips peeping out from between her thighs. She knew full well what she was showing and that knowledge was reflected in her angry, shame-filled expression. I've always found it particularly satisfying to see an upper-class English girl have her panties pulled down in readiness for



spanking, and she knew that too, glaring at me as Sarah got up.

‘You needn’t look so smug, Isabelle. You might get it too.’

‘I think not,’ I told her.

Portia was about to answer, no doubt with some snotty comment. But whatever she’d intended to say gave way to a squeak of protest as her dress was tucked up higher still to leave her breasts dangling down in an expensive silk bra that matched her knickers.

‘Sarah, you said a spanking!’ she protested.

‘That’s what I intend to give you,’ Sarah answered.

‘Isn’t it humiliating enough with my knickers down?’ Portia demanded. ‘And in front of everybody. I only—’

Again she broke off with a squeak, this time because the cups of her bra had been flipped up, leaving her plump little breasts swinging under her chest like a pair of small pink udders. Caroline giggled.

‘You can laugh!’ Portia retorted, her face now scarlet with embarrassment. ‘Imagine how *you*’d look.’

Caroline merely stuck her tongue out, but she made a small, self-conscious adjustment to her far larger breasts. Portia turned her face to the window, struggling to hide her feelings as she gazed out across the rooftops of Oxford. We were too high up for anybody to see what was being done to her, although someone on the roof of the Radcliffe Camera would have had a fine view. But that was highly unlikely, so unlikely that not one of us was in a hurry to see Portia’s punishment completed, except Portia.

‘Spank me, then, if you have to!’ she demanded, although it was barely a few seconds since her bra had been pulled up.

‘All in good time,’ Sarah said calmly. ‘A dozen each, ladies?’

‘That’s not fair!’ Portia retorted. ‘The rules say a spanking!’

‘The rules say six of the best with a cane,’ Eliza pointed out. ‘You should consider yourself fortunate.’

‘Fortunate!’ Portia gasped. ‘I don’t think a bare-bottom spanking in front of everybody is very fortunate. I’m not even ready for it!’

‘Exactly,’ I told her. ‘Which is what makes this a punishment.’

‘Well ... maybe. But anyway, I’m not sure it’s safe. What if somebody comes upstairs?’

‘To go where?’ I laughed. ‘This is the only room and we’ve booked it.’

‘What if one of the librarians came up?’

‘Why should they?’

‘Do try and take it like a lady, Portia,’ Sarah ordered.

‘But it’s not fair!’ Portia wailed. ‘I only told Tiffany—’

‘We’ve heard it already, Portia,’ Jasmine interrupted. ‘And Eliza is right. It should be the cane.’

‘That doesn’t make it any fairer,’ Portia went on, now twisted back with her breasts and bottom flesh quivering with emotion as she began to defend herself again. ‘I spent the night with Tiffany, and spanked her, and she enjoyed it, and—’

‘We know,’ Sarah pointed out. ‘But telling outsiders about the society without the members’ agreement is against the rules. Besides, there’s still the issue of you taking other girls to bed behind my back, which we’ll discuss in private.’

‘You’ve already punished me for that!’ Portia whined.

‘I may have started, but I have not finished,’ Sarah retorted.

Portia’s lower lip pushed out into a sulky pout, but only for a moment before she began to complain again.

‘Do be quiet,’ Sarah ordered. But Portia took no notice, still protesting bitterly that her punishment was unfair.

She only stopped when her knickers were tugged down past her knees by Sarah.

‘What are you doing?’ she demanded.

‘Taking your knickers right off,’ Sarah replied.

‘I’m already bare, aren’t I?’ Portia whined. But she lifted her legs one by one to allow the panties to be removed.

‘I want you to be quiet too,’ Sarah said.

‘Sarah, no!’ Portia protested as she realised where her discarded underwear was going. ‘They’re silk, Sarah, and —’

Her voice cut off as the panties were wadded firmly into her mouth, leaving her expression sulkier than ever.

‘That’s better,’ Sarah said, and turned Portia’s head to face the window once more. ‘Stick that bottom out.’

As she spoke she had pressed down on the small of Portia’s back. Portia let out a little sob through her mouthful of panty silk as her bottom cheeks spread to show off the tight wrinkle of her anus and her freshly shaved pussy lips. She held the position, though, the flesh of her bottom trembling and her face dark with blushes for what she was showing. She was already breathing deeply, while a bead of juice at the mouth of her vagina betrayed her arousal.

‘Katie?’ Sarah offered.

Katie got up, flushing with pleasure at being chosen first, which brought me a twinge of jealousy. I gave her a smack on the seat of her jeans as she stepped towards the library chair, and she gave me a brief apologetic look before addressing herself to Portia’s bottom.

‘I’ll be gentle,’ she promised, and began to pat at Portia’s cheeks.

It can’t have hurt, but that allowed Portia to concentrate on the humiliation of receiving a punishment spanking in front of the rest of us, as Sarah knew full well. For all her arousal there was nothing fake about Portia’s shame. Over the previous year she had been growing gradually more dominant, increasing tensions between her and Sarah and making it ever harder for her when she had to have her bottom smacked. Now was no exception: her face was full

of resentment even as the flesh of her bottom began to flush pink and her pussy grew slowly puffy in response to Katie's gentle slaps.

'That's at least three dozen, Katie,' Caroline pointed out.

'Oops, sorry,' Katie replied. She stopped spanking.

'You can go next, then, Caroline,' Sarah offered.

'Yes, please,' Caroline answered, jumping up.

Unlike Katie, Caroline was far from gentle, applying hard smacks to Portia's bottom and pausing after each to fondle the plump cheeks and tickle between them. Soon Portia was squirming and kicking her feet, which only encouraged Caroline. As a townie and part-time stripper, Caroline had always felt resentment at Portia's privileged background. To get Portia's knickers down for a spanking was a rare treat and not one that she intended to waste. She gloated over her victim's helpless excitement and nudity as she dished out her share of the punishment and rather more. That was all very well, but I knew that Portia craved attention and the best way to really humiliate her was to ignore her during her spanking.

'Even if she did break the rules,' I said, 'we do need to consider new members, especially now that Laura and Pippa have gone.'

'Seven seems enough to me,' Sarah replied. 'After all, we don't want to draw attention to ourselves. Do we, Portia?'

As she finished speaking she planted a firm smack on her girlfriend's bottom. Caroline moved aside, allowing Sarah to take over.

'So long as we are discreet I see no objection to new members,' Eliza put in. 'Besides, now that Isabelle is fully trained and both Portia and Jasmine seem to prefer to take dominant roles we are in danger of getting out of balance.'

'That's true,' Jasmine agreed. 'Especially when there are men around.'

'We can't really expect to use Dr Treadle's house unless we invite him,' Sarah pointed out, still spanking Portia but

otherwise paying no attention to her at all.

They continued to discuss membership and premises, and I hid a smile at the ever-increasing resentment on Portia's face. Our discreet female-only society, the Rattanners, had now been in existence over a year. We had met once a month during term time, either at Laura's remote cottage – until she and her girlfriend had moved away – or at Dr Treadle's house, which was detached and also near the ring road. The noise of the traffic drowned out the cries and the sounds of smacked female bottoms, but of the seven of us only Jasmine and Caroline actually liked men. My own feelings were ambivalent, but I knew that private locations were always useful.

For the first meeting of the Michaelmas Term we had booked a private reading room in the Bodleian, ostensibly for a meeting of the James Malcolm Rymer Society. Rymer was a Victorian author so obscure that we could be confident that nobody else was likely to apply for membership, while the reading rooms on the top floor were sufficiently secluded for spankings to be dished out in them, especially the Latimer Room, which was up a little staircase of its own. I had run a series of tests with the aid of Katie and Caroline, spanking one while the other listened, and concluded that we were safe as long as the girl on the receiving end was quiet about it, a problem easily solved by stuffing her knickers in her mouth.

Portia's were about to fall out, and Jasmine stuffed them back in again as she took over. Like Caroline, she considered Portia somewhat stuck-up, adding to the pleasure of spanking her, while there had been ever-increasing rivalry between them during the Summer Term. She spanked hard, avoiding Portia's now-red bottom-cheeks in favour of the girl's still-pale thighs, which soon had her victim wriggling more violently than ever and sobbing with pain. Eliza followed Jasmine, applying twelve no-nonsense smacks to the tearful Portia's bum.

I rose as the last one landed, ignoring the pleading look from Portia's wide, moist eyes as I took her firmly around the waist. She was soaking wet, and her bottom-hole had begun to contract rhythmically in her excitement. I knew what she wanted, but she was supposed to be being punished and I intended to keep it that way. That didn't stop me stroking her to feel the heat from her hurt skin and the texture of her bottom, so full and fleshy and completely feminine that just to touch it made my own pussy tighten with desire. I could smell Portia too, the musky scent of her arousal and the perfume she used mingled together in an intoxicating fragrance, making the temptation to slip my hand between her thighs almost too much to resist. Suddenly she was pushing her bottom up, her dignity gone completely as she offered herself to me.

'Oh no you don't,' I said with a laugh, and gave her a hard spank.

Everybody had seen the movement, leaving Portia red-faced with embarrassment and trembling badly. I stepped back.

'Did you know that these rooms are sometimes used for tutorials?' I asked.

Portia gave me a wild look, the frustration burning in her stare.

'You wouldn't, I suppose, you being a scientist?' I went on as I walked across to where a tall blackboard was fixed between two bookcases. 'But they are, and have been for ever so long, which I suppose is why they have these.'

Portia's eyes went round as she saw what I'd picked up: a pointer, about two feet long, slender and made of some hard dark wood.

'I imagine that's Victorian,' Eliza remarked.

'Probably,' I agreed. 'But I dare say it can survive being applied to Portia's bottom, and the rules *do* say six of the best.'

The expression on Portia's face was close to panic, her eyes wide and her lower lip trembling. Streaks of eyeliner marked her cheeks where she'd been crying and her skin was flushed right down to her neck. Her nipples were stiff and her pussy had begun to open, but there was real fear in her eyes as she threw a pleading look to Sarah, who merely shrugged. I smiled, twitching the stick in my hand as I approached Portia once more.

She hung her head, powerful sobs now shaking her body and making her dangling breasts jiggle. I spent a moment fondling one of them, enjoying the soft, heavy feel, the stick resting across the flesh of her bottom. She was making it worse for herself, her anger and the power of her sexual reaction bringing out the sadist in me so strongly that it was hard to retain my poise.

'Six,' I told her. I stepped back a pace to measure my stroke.

I had every spectator's full attention, all five of them: Eliza calm as always, Sarah with one corner of her mouth twitching up into a smile, Jasmine openly delighted, Caroline grinning and half-consciously stroking herself through her top, Katie wide-eyed and frightened but perhaps the most excited of them all. As I lifted the pointer Portia flinched, her bottom cheeks tightening, her eyes closed tight. I made her wait, until her self-control began to break down and she started to sob. Then I brought the stick down hard across her bottom. She jerked and gasped at the impact, which left a long pale line across her flesh - a line that quickly turned to red.

'One,' I told her.

Portia could no longer control her shaking. Her breasts were shuddering, while the muscles of her tummy and sex had begun to make slow rhythmic contractions, as had her bottom-hole, which looked exquisitely rude. Again I lifted the stick and again I applied it to her flesh, a little lower, so that once she'd stopped wriggling about and clutching at

her hurt cheeks she was left with two parallel welts marking her skin.

‘Give her a five-bar gate, Isabelle,’ Sarah instructed, ‘and do it hard. I’d like her to be wearing her welts for a couple of weeks to remind her not to go behind my back.’

I nodded, ignoring an instinctive touch of pique at Sarah for giving me an order. Portia had hung her head lower still, her dark curls now tumbling down to hide her face, but I could imagine what she was thinking – about how it would feel to have to go about with her bottom decorated for the next few weeks. I was smiling as I lifted the stick once more, taking careful aim before bringing it down to lay a third stripe across her cheeks.

‘Three,’ I said. ‘You’re marking up rather nicely.’

Portia said something through her panties, maybe a rude word, maybe a thank-you – it was impossible to tell. I ignored her anyway, content that she already had her bare reddened bottom stuck up in the air. My third stroke had landed a little higher than I’d intended, so I gave her the fourth low down, across the meatiest part of her cheeks where they bulged out to either side of her anus.

‘Four – and *do* try to keep still.’

I was trying hard not to laugh. Portia had begun to make little treading motions in the chair, making it hard to aim, and I waited until she’d managed to get herself under control again before giving her the fifth stroke. It was the highest, leaving her with five lines decorating her bottom. Once more I waited until she’d calmed down. Then I applied the last stroke, angled down across the others to create the five-bar-gate effect, making it absolutely obvious that she’d been caned – and by an expert.

‘Six,’ I told her. ‘You may get up now.’

Portia stayed as she was, motionless for a moment before she broke. Her hand went back, clutching at her sex to masturbate herself even as the tears streamed down her face and her body shook with sobs. We watched in silence,



allowing her to do what she had to, and to humiliate herself in front of us. That was the best thing about Portia. She knew she was a stuck-up little brat, and what ought to be done about it.

It took just moments, her hand snatching at her pussy roughly at first, then to a rhythm, her fingers slapping at her flesh, faster and faster, until her vagina and anus went into spasm and she was coming. I could imagine the strength of her feelings as she did it, masturbating openly in front of the six women who'd punished her, a demonstration of absolute surrender and also an acceptance of the justice of her beating. That wasn't going to change her attitude, though, and the resentment was coming back into her expression even as her orgasm faded.

'Go and stand in the corner, Portia,' Sarah ordered as her girlfriend's shudders finally died down. 'Pull your dress up and put your hands on your head.'

Portia gave Sarah a sulky look but obeyed, scampering quickly into the angle of two bookcases and adjusting her dress so that both her smacked bottom and her breasts were bare. Her breathing was heavy and even, and she was still shaking, but we ignored her as Eliza spoke.

'We must at least consider new members. Does anybody have any suggestions?'

'We do,' Jasmine answered, with a quick glance at Caroline. 'Our friend Yazzie.'

'Only there's a bit of a problem,' Caroline put in. 'She's Mo's daughter. Mo from the Red Ox.'

I winced. The Red Ox was one of the pubs where they stripped. I had some extremely unsettling memories of it – and of Mo, a big half-Chinese man with a primitive attitude to women.

'She's really cute,' Jasmine was saying, 'and well into it, mainly bondage, but she doesn't mind having her bottom smacked. There's no need to look so worried, Isabelle. Mo doesn't know we're into her.'

'I should think not!' I answered. 'But what if he finds out?'

'Exactly,' Caroline agreed. 'He'd kill us!'

I nodded. Given his own behaviour it would be hypocritical of him to object to us playing with his daughter, but I knew he wouldn't see it that way. Men seldom do. Besides, it would give him a hold over me. I'd put a great deal of time and effort into breaking away from him and his friends, a group led by the truly filthy Stan Tierney who'd taken advantage of me during my first year.

'I'd rather not risk it,' I said.

Portia was making urgent gestures from the corner.

'Do take your knickers out of your mouth, Portia,' Sarah said.

'I didn't want to give you another excuse to punish me,' Portia explained, after taking the now-soggy scrap of silk out. 'What I want to say is that we should at least meet her, and Tiffany.'

I hesitated. I knew that if I put it to the vote I would probably lose. Sarah was likely to vote against me on principle, and Jasmine and Caroline were the only ones apart from me who had to worry about Mo. Katie would support me, maybe Caroline, but not Eliza, who was keen to find somebody for herself now that I was no longer under her discipline. I was quite keen to meet Tiffany as well, so the best bet was to arrange for Yazzie to be vetted by whoever was least likely to accept her. She'd be Jasmine's playmate, which would make Portia jealous, while Katie would be indifferent to another submissive woman.

'Katie and Portia can meet Yazzie,' I suggested. 'Jasmine and I can meet Tiffany.'

There was an immediate exchange of calculating glances, but nobody spoke up.

Tiffany Inglehurst was a first-year at Erasmus Darwin College, where Portia herself had been an undergraduate

and where Sarah worked as the catering manager. She was also an out and proud lesbian, having joined the university society in freshers' week, which was apparently how Portia had met her. They seemed to have gone more or less directly from the UOLS stall to bed and had stayed there until Sarah's unexpected arrival, a scene that I was very sorry to have missed.

After her initial spanking for going behind Sarah's back a tear-stained Portia had admitted to telling Tiffany about the Rattanners. This confession had led to her group punishment. Given what Portia and Tiffany had got up to in bed together it all seemed fairly safe, and at least there was no difficulty with the introduction. Portia simply told Tiffany that two girls would be coming to interview her for membership, and that was that. It was really only a formality anyway, because as she knew about us already we could hardly turn her down.

It was going to be harder with Yazzie because she hadn't been told about the Rattanners. Katie and Portia were going to make out that they were customers for the corsets that Caroline made, which was true in a sense, and so pretend to meet Yazzie as if by accident. I was still half-hoping that they'd turn her down, but only half. Jasmine had shown me a photo that had seriously weakened my resolve. Because she was Mo's daughter I'd been imagining her as some sort of shapeless hulk with a huge round head and little piggy eyes, much like him. The truth was that while she was obviously Chinese, there the resemblance ended. She was tiny, and very compact, with great melting eyes and dark hair that hung down below her bottom, a bottom that Jasmine assured me was extremely spankable. Just looking at her photo was enough to make me want to put her across my knee.

All I knew about Tiffany was that she had red hair and was reading Politics, Philosophy and Economics. She'd also managed to get one of the first-floor rooms in the main

quad at Erasmus, which suggested that she was pushy and not short of money. As we stood in the Victorian red-brick cloisters at the bottom of Tiffany's staircase Jasmine gave a little snort, conveying jealousy rather than the contempt she was hoping for.

'She's going to be another stuck-up little bitch, isn't she?' she suggested.

'Let's at least give her the benefit of the doubt,' I replied.

The rooms opposite Tiffany's belonged to a don, a Dr Welsh, while the one directly next to hers was an SCR guest room. I was in college myself, on the top floor of Old Quad, which was about the best that a third-year could hope for, and St George's was at least venerable and beautiful. Still, I couldn't help but feel a touch of jealousy at Tiffany's surroundings. As I knocked on the door I was telling myself not to be silly, but the pure English arrogance of the voice that answered made it hard to suppress my feelings.

'Come in.'

We entered to find Tiffany seated in a large leather upholstered armchair. There was an open fire in the grate, which I was sure was illegal, and she was toasting a crumpet on the end of a long brass fork. She was small and slim, with an oval face framed by copper-coloured curls held back with an Alice band. Her expression suggestion absolute confidence, even a little disdain, making me wonder what Portia had told her.

'You must be Isabelle and Jasmine,' she said. 'Do sit down. I can give you ten minutes.'

'Ten minutes?' Jasmine responded. 'We really need to talk to you properly.'

'My PPE group are coming for tea,' she explained.

I'd assumed that she'd been making tea for us, but I realised now that there were too many cups, saucers and plates.

‘Portia’s told me all about it anyway,’ she went on, ‘so I know this is just a formality. But I do love to be spanked, especially by rough girls. Portia tells me that you two strip in pubs?’

I felt Jasmine stiffen beside me. I was still trying to find my voice to refute the accusation without actually telling a lie when Tiffany spoke up again.

‘So I’m thoroughly looking forward to it and, hopefully, to dishing out a little as well. Be a sweetie and butter this crumpet for me, would you?’

She’d finished toasting the crumpet and put it down on a plate. I shut the door behind me and quietly slipped the latch into place, took three swift paces across the room and grabbed hold of her by the collar of her blouse. Tiffany hadn’t even been looking and she dropped the toasting fork with a squeal of surprise and alarm, followed by a second yelp as I forced her down over the arm of her chair.

‘Get her skirt up, Jasmine,’ I ordered.

Jasmine hadn’t needed to be told – she was already hauling the struggling girl’s skirt high. It was tweed and quite tight, which made it difficult, and all the while she wouldn’t stop kicking and protesting.

‘No! Stop it, you idiots! My friends are coming ... my friends!’

‘Shut up,’ Jasmine snapped, hauling hard on Tiffany’s skirt to expose a pair of lacy black knickers.

‘Unless you want Dr Welsh across the corridor to see you like this,’ I advised, ‘and your precious friends.’

I’d got Tiffany firmly by the scruff and Jasmine was holding her legs, allowing me to whip down the black panties and expose her small freckle-covered bottom to the air. The door was locked but she didn’t know that, so I gave her a moment to imagine the humiliation of having her friends walk in to find her taking a spanking.

‘Please, I’m begging you!’ she pleaded. ‘You can do anything you like to me, just not now. Not now, please ...’

please ...'

'Shut up,' I told her. Then I began to spank.

Tiffany's bottom was very soft, the flesh squashing out under my hand with every smack. She couldn't take it either, wriggling in our grip and begging us to stop, in a state of blind panic that only made it all the more fun. Jasmine was enjoying herself too, and after a moment she changed her grip, hauling Tiffany's legs wide to display the rear view of a sweetly turned little pussy covered with thick ginger fur. From between the lips hung the string of a tampon, and she was so slim that her anus showed too, a fleshy pink dimple in a nest of crinkly hair. My bottom-hole looks the same, which brought home to me just how unfair we were being, so I gave her a final hard smack and then let go.

'You ... you horrible big bullies!' she sobbed. 'Portia said you were bitches, but ... but that was so good! Do me again ... please, just do it quickly.'

I glanced at Jasmine, who shrugged. Tiffany hadn't tried to get up, so we took hold of her by her panties and the waistband of her skirt and set to work, slapping a cheek each. She was wearing stockings, which made the sight even more alluring as her legs pumped in her lowered underwear, with her thighs and cheeks parting to treat us to glimpses of her pussy and anus as she wriggled under the spanking. We only stopped when the clock on her mantelpiece chimed five, which presumably meant that her fellow PPE students were due to arrive. She jumped up, grinning and rubbing at her bottom, her pretty face set in an expression of bliss.

'Ooh, that was nice!' Tiffany sighed. 'Now my bum will be lovely and hot while I'm serving tea. Come on, you'd better go.'

'OK,' I agreed, 'but a couple of things first. Everybody in the Rattanners is equal, whatever their background, and by

the way I'm a Scot, and I've been through public school and finishing school, as I suspect you have yourself?'

She made to reply but thought better of it, pulling up her knickers instead.

'And I locked the door, by the way,' I continued. 'We do try to be discreet.'

Tiffany's response was a rather nervous nod. She smoothed her skirt down and began to sort out the tea things, not speaking but with her movements full of energy, like a mad imp. What I was saying didn't seem to be getting through to her at all but the warmth between my thighs provided the answer to what we'd come to find out. She could definitely be a Rattaner.

I didn't manage to see Katie until the weekend, when her blonde head and freckled face poked shyly around the side of my door just as I was putting the finishing touches to my essay. We'd spent part of the summer in Scotland, as well as two weeks backpacking in the Auvergne, and we slept together regularly, yet she still hesitated before kissing me, almost as shy as she'd been on the day we'd met. I pulled her close and made her open her mouth, allowing my hand to stray to the seat of the tight white trousers she was wearing so that I could cup one chubby bottom cheek as she melted to my kiss.

'How did it go with Yazzie?' I asked when I'd finally let her go.

'Great,' she answered, full of enthusiasm, only to start to look worried. 'Oh, I forgot. You're not that keen, are you?'

'I'm worried about her father, that's all. You know what that lot are like.'

Katie gave a sympathetic nod, then went on.

'Yazzie's really gentle and polite, and she takes the whole domination and submission thing really seriously. She even calls Jasmine *Kyou*, which is a suffix meaning "Lady" that Japanese submissives use.'

‘I thought she was Chinese?’

‘She is, or at least her mum is, and Mo’s half and half. Apparently she was brought up by her mum, in London, but moved in with her dad a few months ago after he married this Jamaican woman.’

‘Mo’s divorced, then? That’s no surprise. So what do you think?’

‘I think she’d be all right. She loves to be tied up so that she’s helpless and then to be spanked – or anything, really. It’s being helpless that’s important to her.’

‘Eliza would appreciate that, and so would Sarah. What does Portia think?’

‘She wasn’t too keen at first but she changed her mind.’

I was instantly suspicious, wondering if Portia might have some ulterior motive, only to dismiss the idea. Yazzie was cute and no doubt she appealed to Portia’s cruel streak, just as she did to mine. I was still doubtful, because the thought of Mo’s reaction if he discovered that I’d been tying his daughter up and spanking her didn’t bear thinking about. But everybody else seemed to want her, and it was important to keep Jasmine and Caroline firmly on my side.

‘I suppose we’d better let her in, then,’ I said. ‘Now come and sit on my lap.’

Katie sat, and I was treated to the delightful sensation of her bottom settling on my leg. Just to have her with me made me relaxed, and also aroused because of the smell of her and the feel of her flesh – and the way her rounded breasts pushed out the front of her blouse, which I began to undo.

‘Isabelle!’ she squeaked. ‘What if somebody comes?’

‘They’ll knock first,’ I assured her, ‘and the stairs creak. Now hush. I want to see you.’

Katie’s top two buttons were already undone and she didn’t try to stop me, although her mouth had come open a little and she’d begun to shiver with embarrassment and arousal. I undid a third button, allowing me to open her