



RANDOM HOUSE  BOOKS



The Indiscretions of Isabelle

Penny Birch writing as Cruella

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About the Book

‘Right over their knees with your pretty panties at half-mast, that’s where the Rattanners would have had you, young Isabelle.’

Isabelle is a Sapphic young student at Oxford, versed in the arts of Flagellation. When her ageing scout, Stan Tierney, lets slip that he knows about a long-established society of lesbian dominas, Isabelle is drawn in. As Isabelle investigates together with her girlfriends Jasmine and Caroline, it becomes clear that she will have to endure a comprehensive round of sexual humiliation if she is to get close to the mysterious society.

Also By Penny Birch

THE INDIGNITIES OF ISABELLE
(writing as Cruella)

PENNY IN HARNESS
A TASTE OF AMBER
BAD PENNY
BRAT
IN FOR A PENNY
PLAYTHING
TIGHT WHITE COTTON
TIE AND TEASE
PENNY PIECES
TEMPER TANTRUMS
REGIME
DIRTY LAUNDRY
UNIFORM DOLL
NURSE'S ORDERS
JODHPURS AND JEANS
PEACH
FIT TO BE TIED
WHEN SHE WAS BAD
KNICKERS AND BOOTS

THE
INDISCRETIONS
OF ISABELLE

Penny Birch
writing as Cruella



Dedicated to BE, RM, JG and all other Isabelle enthusiasts

One

Oxford has yet to come to terms with the idea of girls spanking each other for pleasure. Lesbianism is fine: there are societies dedicated to it. Corporal punishment is just about acceptable, at least among the more traditional elements of the university, so long as it is never mentioned. Combining the two is definitely beyond the pale.

However, it is an essential element of who I am, and so long as it remains consensual, I defend my moral right to do it. Besides, girls ought to be spanked. There is something about the shape of the female bottom which simply cries out for chastisement. Sex is sin, especially for women, or so my parents and a string of preachers did their best to instruct me as I grew up. So if sex is sin, what better way to precede it than with a good spanking?

Thus the crime is absolved before it takes place. Not that either my parents or my preachers would see it that way. Then again, if they can twist logic to suit their ends then I can do the same. So, as I sat in my tower room in the beautiful and ancient St George's College at the beginning of the Hilary term with my slave girl, Jasmine, bent bare-bottom across my knee, I was entirely happy with the situation, but also cautious.

The question was: how noisy could we afford to be? She takes it well, quite well anyway, not squealing too badly, although she does rather wriggle about. The problem was the spansks, which were going to be noisy even with the window closed, and being square and surrounded by buildings, the quad does tend to echo rather. I could take

care of the squealing at least, and with luck nobody would understand that the smacks were the result of a palm being applied to a bottom.

‘I think we had better have these right off,’ I told her, taking hold of the silky black panties I had already adjusted to the level of her upper thighs, down just far enough to show the little blood-red ‘I’ tattooed on her bottom to mark her as mine.

Her response was a sigh. She knew full well where her panties were going. In her mouth.

The panties were the reason she needed to be punished. She knew she was supposed to wear full cut, white cotton underwear, which she finds hideously embarrassing. Turning up in a black set with the panties barely more than a thong counted as deliberate provocation. She’d known she would be inspected, and not to have spanked her would have been out of the question.

I’d made her take her bra off too. Not that it made much difference with her elfin figure, but it was cold enough outdoors to make her nipples perky and they showed through her jumper. The jumper was now up, her top too, leaving her little apple shaped breasts dangling forlorn under her chest, a detail I find always adds a certain something to a girl’s feelings during a spanking.

‘Open wide,’ I instructed as I began to strip her lower body.

Boots, tights, panties, it all had to come off. If that left her in just her rucked up skirt and lifted top with not a stitch besides, then that was all the better. Generally I prefer a girl not to be fully nude during punishment, to make her more aware of what is showing. That doesn’t mean she should be allowed to hide anything – just the opposite.

Jasmine was hiding nothing. Her natural shape, slim thighs and her bottom, twin eggs of firm, only slightly cheeky girl flesh, means that even when she is just casually

bent across my knee her pussy shows from behind. Her bottom hole shows too. She has a very rude bottom hole, pink and slightly everted, like a woman's lips puckered up for a kiss. Making her show it is particularly satisfying, although I could wish she had a little more modesty to break down.

She kept her mouth open, as obedient as ever, while I stripped her lower body. Her panties were sticky, no doubt because she'd been anticipating what she would get for wearing them, but that wasn't going to stop them going in her mouth. Wadding them into a ball, I pushed it in, leaving her gaping, with a little scrap of black material hanging out between her lips.

'There we are,' I told her, laying my hand on one neat little bottom cheek, 'all ready. Stick it up.'

Her bottom lifted immediately, making the display of her anus and pussy more deliciously indecent still. I could smell her excitement, and the flesh between her sex lips was puffy and moist, tempting me to slip a finger in. I resisted. Punishment comes first.

I began to spank, firmly, but using just my fingertips to make it sting as much as possible without being too noisy. She immediately began to make little muffled sounds through her panty gag, and to squirm, wiggling her bottom in a way that put a grin straight on my face. I adore the reaction of a spanked girl, all that chagrin and shame, helpless sexual arousal and yet more shame because of it. She wasn't the only one getting aroused either, and as I laid in harder I was thinking of how I'd make her strip off her last few clothes and go down on her knees to me, licking pussy in the nude at my feet ...

The knock at the door came as a dreadful shock. I hadn't given her more than fifty or sixty, and she was just starting to colour up nicely, and to kick about properly as well. I stopped, my heart hammering, answering diffidently and

wondering who it was. A male voice answered, coarse, local and suggestive.

‘Best stop that, Miss Colraine. I can hear you down in the quad.’

It was Stan Tierney, my scout and an unpleasant side effect of my determination to express my sexual dominance. He was a dirty old man, no question, in looks and in behaviour. He stood maybe five foot seven, four inches less than me, and had a dreadful shabby look about him. He was always leering and making suggestive comments, and I was sure that while clearing girls’ rooms he took every opportunity to have a good rummage through their underwear drawers. He’d found out about my tastes while I was still trying to find my feet, and had reacted just the way you’d expect a dirty old man to. Just thinking about it made me blush.

Fortunately he now knew I didn’t stand any nonsense, and could be relied on to keep quiet so long as I had Jasmine or her friend Caroline help him with his cock occasionally, something they would do just as long as I kept them in role. Inevitably that was what was going on in Jasmine’s mind, and she had stiffened over my lap. If she’d kept quiet she would have got away with it. She didn’t, immediately spitting out her panty gag to plead with me.

‘No, please, Isabelle, not Stan, not again.’

There was a catch in her voice, deep, genuine humiliation. He was still outside my door. I paused, my hand on her warm bottom, feeling the subtle trembling of her body. She would do it, I knew, however much it disgusted her. I had the power, and it was just too tempting to use it.

‘Well, if I can’t spank you ...’

‘No, please Isabelle ... Mistress ... please?’

‘How would you suggest you be punished, then?’

‘Take me home. You can do as you like!’

'I'm sorry, Jasmine, I'm not sure I heard that correctly. Do you seriously expect me to walk halfway down the Cowley Road for the sake of your modesty?'

'No, but ... OK, but don't let him do it in my mouth, please?'

I just laughed and stood up, dumping her on the floor. She stayed put, curled on the carpet, looking wide-eyed from the dishevelled bird's nest of her pretty blonde hair. I pulled the door open, revealing a grinning Stan, and quickly shut it behind him, pushing the catch to. He licked his lips at the sight of her, and squeezed his crotch.

'Hello, Jas, been a naughty girl, have you?'

She didn't answer, just biting her lip. Her skirt was still up behind, but she had pulled her top down, and even if being bottomless made her cuter than ever, I wasn't having it.

'Top up,' I ordered.

Her jumper and top came back up, lifted shyly over her little breasts as if she had never shown her chest to a man before. It was an act, at least in part, but her embarrassment was real.

'Sit down, Stan,' I offered, indicating my armchair. 'Could you really hear us from below?'

'Loud enough,' he answered, 'but not that any what didn't know would think you were up to spanking.'

The way he said 'spanking' was so lewd, so dirty, that I felt the blood go my cheeks and had to turn to the mantelpiece to hide my reaction. However much I do it, I can never get used to that word, said aloud, and still less the way he said it.

'Do I get a piece of the action, then?' he demanded, speaking to me but with his eyes on the naked curve of Jasmine's hip where the reddening of her skin showed.

'You're not spanking her, no,' I answered.

'Let me watch, then,' he answered immediately, 'and you can both give us a toss after.'

‘No,’ I answered firmly. ‘You know I don’t, Stan, and I’m going to postpone her spanking if it’s that noisy.’

Relief and gratitude washed over Jasmine’s features. Stan gave a disappointed grunt and was going to say something, probably a veiled threat, but I got in first.

‘She can do it on her own. In her mouth. Go to him, Jasmine, on all fours, and get sucking.’

Her face fell, her mouth coming wide in horror at my deliberate crushing of her will. She went, though, throwing me a single resentful look as she began to crawl across the carpet, her red bottom showing behind with the glistening pink flesh of her aroused pussy on plain show between her thighs. I sat down again, cool and poised but trembling inside as she began to undo his fly, her face set in utter disgust.

His cock came out, balls and all, with him helping her ease it through the opening of his fly. She stared for a moment, gave me one last, imploring look, which I ignored, and went down, her cheeks sucking in as she took his cock. Then she was sucking, a truly revolting sight, with her beautiful, delicate face working up and down on his wrinkly old penis. He was actually quite big, fleshy and a good shape, but that only made the sight of her sucking him all the more obscene. So did her nudity, with her showing everything and him with just his cock and balls bare, the minimum amount needed for her to attend to, while she was left without the slightest scrap of modesty. I wanted to come, but I was not going to, not in front of him. That would happen later, once he had finished and I could picture the whole, repulsive spectacle in my mind as she licked me to heaven.

‘You’re to swallow,’ I instructed, ‘every drop.’

Her expression of disgust grew just that little bit fuller, but she kept sucking, now bobbing her head up and down on a fat, pink erection. His cock skin was glossy with her saliva, and his balls were moving sluggishly in his scrotum

as it grew taut, fat and round within the ugly, hairy, wrinkled sac, something that definitely belonged in Jasmine's mouth.

'Suck his balls,' I ordered.

She gave me one heated, sidelong glance and pulled her head up. His helmet was so swollen it looked fit to burst, with bubbles of pre-come already mixing with her spit at the tip. A few more good sucks and he'd have come in her mouth, but she dutifully went down on his balls, gaping wide to take in the full bulk of his scrotum, her eyes screwing up as she began to work her mouth on it. He wrapped a hand round his cock, nursing it, his face set in a slack leer as he watched her work on him.

The temptation to just pull up my skirt and stick a hand down my tights and panties was almost too much. It took all my will-power to hold back, but I was determined to be aloof, cool and dominant, my body inaccessible to him. I almost broke, but he came, the whole experience suddenly too much for him as he finished himself off with a flurry of quick jerks.

A fountain of thick white come erupted from his cock, all over the top of Jasmine's head. She jerked back with a squeal of revulsion, which was exactly the wrong thing to do. His second spurt caught her full in the face, in one eye, across her nose and into her open mouth. Then he had stuck his erection back in, milking himself down her throat, his hand on the back of her head, smearing sperm into her hair as her face worked in horror at what she was doing.

I was trying not to laugh, because I knew it would break the moment for her, her soiled ecstasy in being made to degrade herself by me. Sure enough, the moment he let go of her head she rocked back on her heels and twisted, spreading her sex to me. Her fingers went to her clitoris and she was masturbating, utterly shameless, rubbing at herself with his come rolling slowly down her face, one eye shut with it, the other wide and moist. It took just

moments, and then her pussy and bottom hole were in contraction and she was coming, her mouth wide, showing off the pool of white sperm inside, and at the very peak calling my name.

The instant it was over she was in my arms, cuddled close, sobbing her heart out at the sheer emotional intensity of what I'd put her through. I held on, soothing her by stroking her back and trying not to think about the mess she was making of my top. She was close to tears, and would have let them go if only Stan had left, would have cried freely as she licked my pussy, something I find so loving.

He didn't go, as insensitive as a lump of rock, but simply reached down for her discarded panties, wiped his cock on them and sat back with a satisfied noise halfway between a grunt and burp. Unable to let my feelings show in front of such crass behaviour, I pushed Jasmine gently away. She stood, suddenly embarrassed as she covered her bottom and breasts. He watched, managing to seem intrusive despite having just come with her. Then, as she went for tissues, he turned his gaze to me.

'How about you, Isa? Going to make Jas lick cunt or what?'

'No,' I answered, 'not now. Could you ...'

He cut me off with a laugh.

'Well up yourself these days, aren't you? You'd of made a good Rattaner, you would.'

'Rattaner?'

'Yeah. Don't tell me you ain't heard of Margaret Coln?'

'No.'

'I'd of thought she'd be right up your street ... up your passage too, with her fingers, given half a chance, front and back, I reckon. Dirty old bitch.'

'I've never heard of her. She was at Oxford?'

'Sure she was. Lady Maud College she was at, back when it was St George's Hall. I used to be the boots there, I

did. Forty years back, that would be, more, when I first started.'

'So who was she? What did she do?'

'What did she do? Same as you, girlie, only worse.'

'She used to spank girls?'

'The least of it. The cane, that was her favourite, her and most of them others. Not them what got it though. Fuck me, how they used to howl!'

'Slow down, Stan. So this was some sort of society, up at Lady Maud College?'

'Yeah. Old Dr Coln, she had the Old Mill, you know, past St Catharine's.'

'I know, yes. It's accommodation now, isn't it?'

'That's right, changed it over in '82, they did. If some of those students knew what used to go on there!'

'What exactly?'

'Whipping and stuff, what you're into.'

'Yes, you said, but how was it organised? How did you find out?'

'You can't keep dirty stuff like that from the college servants, not easy.'

He was right, as I knew only too well.

'I bet you used to peep,' Jasmine put in from where she was trying to get her tights back on without showing off too much to him.

'Yeah,' he answered proudly. 'Took a bit of guts, that did, 'cause they'd have had me if I'd let 'em catch me.'

'What did you see?' I demanded, fascinated by the idea.

'This and that,' he answered. 'Never too much, 'cept for one time. They were dead careful, they were, and used to do it late at night with the curtains shut and that, and you know how the place is. Noise didn't matter so much, 'specially with the singing.'

'So how did you find out?' I asked. 'And what singing?'

'He was probably sneaking around in the hope of a bit of eye candy anyway,' Jasmine suggested.

‘No,’ Stan answered, ‘I figured out something was going on, I did. I had to do the errands for the butler, and on the first Wednesday of every month I used to take a half-dozen of hock and a half-dozen of claret out to the Mill. When I’d done it I’d get shooed away double quick, and never so much as a farthing to thank me. Then these other old birds would turn up, and one or two young ones and all. Oxford Ladies Choral Society it was, which was what all the singing was about, but really it was to drown out the screams.’

He chuckled, his wrinkly old face creased up with mirth at the memory, then went on.

‘What a sight, eh? Seven mad old bags pumping out ‘Jerusalem’ at the top of their voices, one on the piano, while the eighth gives some poor little scrap of a thing what for across her knee!’

‘You saw this, close up?’

‘Close enough. Like I said, there was just the one night they left a curtain open a crack, but I saw it all. Cunt and arse, every fucking detail. They had her drawers down, they did, and this big dress up over her head so it was like she was in a bag, with her little white arse sticking out and her legs going like fucking crazy! Then they caned her, six each while two others held her down. I forget what they sang to that. That was all I saw, but I’ve heard plenty, other times.’

He started to sing, badly, and to slap the arm of his chair. Only he wasn’t singing a hymn but a slightly smutty American folk-song. It mentioned President Clinton, so it was not from the 50s.

‘When was the last time this happened?’ I queried. ‘It’s still going on, isn’t it?’

It was a suspicion, but he immediately stopped singing and shook his head, looking shifty.

‘Nah, not for years. Not since the 60s.’

‘You’re a very bad, liar, Stan. Tell me the truth.’

'I am!'

'No. The truth, Stan, or no more Jasmine for you.'

He shook his head.

'Can't do, miss. Not any more than I could tell another what you get up to.'

'You know they're still going? For certain?'

He shook his head and smiled.

'You do, don't you. Come on, Stan, it's not as if I'd disapprove, or that they need know you told me anything. I ... I could pretend to stumble across them by accident. Do you think they'd have me?'

He laughed.

'Oh, they'd have you, all right, Miss high-and-mighty Isabelle Colraine. They'd have you, right over their knees with your pretty panties at half-mast, that's where they'd have you.'

I was blushing immediately.

'What do you mean? If they were a society of dominant women, surely they would recognise me as one of their own?'

'Oh, no, not that lot, they didn't believe in all that bollocks. Young and pretty and over you go, skirt up, drawers down for a smacked arse, that's the Rattanners' way.'

'Yes, but presumably the girls who are punished want it?'

'Don't think so.'

'How would they get away with that? I mean, didn't any of the girls ever complain?'

'Nah. They wouldn't dare, would they? I reckon some of them was tarts from the town, but more than half was students. Little favours, ain't it? You want a good result in your mods, whoops over you go. You want a few shillings extra to see you by, whoops over you go. You don't want Pater and Mater to find out what you've been up to with the

boys from town, whoops over you go. Oh, she had plenty, did old Dr Coln. Nowadays ...'

He stopped again, at the brink of revealing more than he was supposed to.

'Nowadays what?' I demanded. 'Come on, Stan, you've no right to keep this from me! It's me ... it's who I am! I need to know!'

'Oh no you don't. I've said too much already.'

He got up, now looking more than a little irritable. The moment he'd gone I turned to Jasmine.

'So what do you think?'

'He's full of shit.'

'Why should that be?'

'I'd have heard of them, or Walter would.'

Walter Jessop had introduced us, another dirty old man, but with more refined tastes.

'Just because they're into corporal punishment doesn't mean they're into corsetry, or Victorian underwear,' I answered her.

'How do they get their girls then?' she retorted. 'Caroline would have heard if they were after submissive women in Oxford.'

'From London?' I suggested. 'On the net maybe?'

She shrugged.

'I still say he's full of shit.'

'Maybe,' I admitted, 'but I love the idea. Just think, I could take you, and Caroline too. I'd have you passed around for spanking, or make you serve tea and cakes in just your corsets, stockings, suspenders and gloves maybe, but bare chested, and with your red bottoms showing.'

I chuckled, thinking how wonderful it would be to show the two of them off, and to indulge myself with other submissive girls too. Between Jasmine, Caroline and my cousin Samantha I'd only ever spanked three women, and it wasn't enough. She didn't answer, but she was looking wistful and I could tell that even if she didn't believe Stan

Tierney the idea still appealed to her. I turned to check that the door was on the latch, then beckoned to her.

She smiled and once more got down on all fours, not needing to be told what I wanted. I tugged up my thick woollen skirt and pushed my tights and panties down as one, a bit undignified, but I was too aroused to bother about poise. Not that she minded, now kneeling at my feet like a good little puppy, all eagerness as I slid forwards in the chair and let my thighs come apart.

‘Show yourself,’ I ordered.

She quickly pulled her top up, pushed her tights down at the back and lifted her skirt, baring her breasts and bottom.

‘That’s better,’ I sighed as she went down, her face between my legs, to kiss my pussy mound, then my lips. ‘Make it slow. I want to think what I could do with you.’

She began her task, teasing me with her lips and tongue, kissing and dabbing at my sex, and lower, on the tuck of my bottom and where my cheeks meet. I knew she would lick my bottom if I told her to, an act that to her was the final, deepest submission, but I wanted her to do it by choice, when she needed to. I closed my eyes and let my thoughts drift, to her spanking, to her sucking on Stan Tierney’s cock, to a girl in a full dress, held down, her bottom on show, kicking helplessly under some stern old matron’s cane ...

It was good, very good, an idyll, really, and with clothing almost as appealing as Victorian wear was. I could imagine their victim’s shame as her great big panties were peeled down, strong even compared with what Jasmine suffered. Modern girls don’t mind showing their bottoms, even if most do mind being spanked. For a girl in the 50s, some proper, well brought up student, highly intelligent, highly sensitive, it would have been agony.

‘... think of how she would have felt,’ I breathed, letting my thoughts become words. ‘Even if she had agreed to it

she might not have known it was going to be on the bare. They'd have had to hold her down to get her stripped, two big, strong women on her arms. Imagine her feelings as her dress came up, the awful helplessness of not being able to do a thing about it as she was put on show. She'd have had a girdle, I suppose, and stockings held up by suspender straps, and big white panties, thick cotton, with a gusset, ones that hid everything, at least until they were pulled down.'

My pussy tightened as her lips found my clitoris, just briefly, bringing me a hint of the glory of orgasm, no more. Her hands came up under my hips to take hold of my bottom, kneading gently as she once more began to explore my sex with her mouth. I pulled my jumper up, taking my bra with it, to free my breasts into my hands, teasing my stiff nipples just as she was teasing my pussy and bottom.

'Think how she'd feel,' I sighed, 'as those big, big panties were peeled down over her bottom, her cheeks coming bare, her bottom hole, her pussy. Think how she'd fight to stop it, how she'd struggle and beg and whine, but they'd come down all the same, right down, showing every rude, secret detail of her body. She'd know it wasn't just for her own good. She'd know they wanted her, to see her, to relish her body, her exposure, her pain ...'

I broke off with a gasp. She had pushed her face between my cheeks, to plant a firm, willing kiss on my anus. Now she was licking me, no longer teasing but right on my clitoris, intent on making me come, on giving me the ecstasy I so badly needed. I'd hit a soft spot, I had to have done, to make her kiss my bottom hole, and I knew what it was. She liked to feel helpless, physically subdued, the way she can be with me. It was good for me, too, and as my orgasm began to rise I was babbling.

'I'd love to do that to you, Jasmine, to hold you down while a dozen women you've never met stripped you, spanked you, fingered you ... Stan said she fingered the

girls, didn't he? Up their pussies ... up their bottom holes too ... Think of it, Jasmine, held tight in my arms, women you've never met before, maybe whose names you don't even know, stripping off your clothes, pulling off your panties, spanking your bottom, sticking their fingers into your body, and last ... last ... holding you down so the biggest, the strongest, could sit on your face and make you kiss her anus ... her bottom hole, Jasmine ... her ...'

I broke off, crying out in ecstasy as I came under her tongue, my fingers flickering over my erect nipples, my back arched tight, my thighs locked hard around her head. Her thumbs found my pussy just as I began to contract, and slipped in, one finger tickling my bottom hole at exactly the right moment. It left me on a long, glorious high, holding her in tight, forcing her to lick me and lick me until at last I was done and could allow myself to go limp.

She came up bright-eyed and smiling, her face wet, with a little white moustache of pussy juice on her upper lip. I had already decided that I was going to find out everything there was to know about the Rattanners.

Two

There had to be the possibility that Tierney was lying, but I didn't think he was. One or two things didn't ring true, but in general the story made sense. After all, people have always been into corporal punishment and, with enough determination, will always find an outlet for their passion. I knew, because I had.

One anomaly was that 'Rattanners' seemed an odd name, old-fashioned, yes, but too obvious for a secret society dedicated to corporal punishment. It sounded more like something from one of the old Victorian underground magazines Walter Jessop collected, but while it was unlikely that somebody with Tierney's education, or lack of it, would have read *The Pearl* and so forth, I could easily imagine Dr Margaret Coln doing so – assuming she had ever existed.

Another question was whether the society still existed. Forty years is a long time for any organisation, especially a secretive one in which new members would have to be very carefully selected. Against that, Oxford boasts dining societies dating back to Regency times and learned ones from earlier still. Also, a don like the supposed Dr Coln, with life tenure, might well be in residence for over thirty years, maybe even forty. Therefore, in order to survive with around eight members they would only have to find a new one every five years or so. That seemed feasible, especially as there were sure to be girls among their victims who would in time want to be members. Indeed, some might even have been willing to endure the suffering in order to dish it out at a later date. Again I knew that was possible

because I'd taken the same route. Regardless, if Tierney had been lying, then the stage had lost a fine actor when he decided to become a college servant.

What I had to do was check the facts. Had there ever been a Dr Margaret Coln at St George's Hall? If so, had she lived in the Old Mill? Had she run a choral society? If all the answers were yes, then it pretty well had to be true. Tierney was what the Irish so delightfully call a 'gobshite', but he was no genius. If he'd made it up, then it had to have been on the spur of the moment, and any tale made up by him on the spur of the moment would have more holes in it than a Gruyère cheese.

Reason aside, I wanted it to be true. I also wanted to become a member, very badly indeed. There was so much I wanted to learn, about my sexual feelings, about the way I am, and I really had nobody to talk to. Jasmine and Caroline were more experienced, but not all that much so, and with them as my slave girls I needed to maintain my authority. Stan Tierney was just a dirty old man, Walter Jessop little better. The last member of my little spanking clique, Dr Duncan Appledore, was far more intelligent but little more experienced, and ultimately a man. I needed a woman, older than me yet prepared to accept my equality in terms of dominant sexuality. If the Rattanners did exist, the senior members would not only fill that role for me, but also have the collected wisdom of the society over perhaps as much as half a century.

Then there was the prospect of punishing new girls. Not that I could approve if it wasn't done with the victims' consent, but undoubtedly that would be a thing of the past. Certainly no modern student was going to allow herself to be physically disciplined, not unless she wanted it. Then again, there had to be those who did, and the internet would have increased the scope for finding new girls enormously.

That led to my first avenue of research. From what Tierney had said the Rattanners were discreet in the extreme, but it had to be worth feeding a few key words into a search engine. I drew a blank, but that only left me feeling mildly disappointed. After all, in their position I would never have made it so easy to find out about my activities.

The other person I could ask was Dr Appledore, who had the advantage of being my tutor. He had been around Oxford for a couple of decades and might have picked something up, but it was not very likely. After all, I had manoeuvred him into spanking me in order to escape Tierney's malice when the scout had first discovered my predilections rather than the other way around. He still spanked me, too, something I was very keen to keep from Jasmine but could not easily put an end to.

I had managed to avoid it since the beginning of term, but I could see he wanted to do it. Nor could I very well deny that I enjoyed it, physically if not mentally, but I did feel it was no longer part of who I am, and that therefore it should stop. I had also decided to become fully lesbian, so being spanked by men was out of the question. So I had to tell him, but in such a way that I didn't upset him or lose his trust and friendship.

It was not easy, and I had been putting it off, always finding an excuse for why I couldn't be dealt with after our tutorials, which had been the traditional time for my panties to come down. Yet if I was going to present myself as a serious candidate for the Rattanners, strictly lesbian and strictly dominant, then I had to do it.

My tutorial was on Thursday afternoon, the last of the day. Duncan greeted me as ever, with a big smile. He was like a bear, huge and hairy, only more of a teddy-bear than the grizzly variety, at least until he got me over his knee. Then his sheer power came into play. I'm nearly six foot, strong and fit, but he handled me physically as easily as I

handled Jasmine, and that was both appealing and disconcerting. It is also very hard not to feel submissive to a man who has held you squealing and kicking across his knee, but I was determined.

The tutorial was the usual, a purely academic discussion of my latest essay, this time on the emergence of the Dutch banking system. His detachment was real, but it made no difference to his underlying feelings, or mine, and as the hour drew to a close I had one eye on the fine old clock on his mantelpiece. He didn't, but as it chimed six he sat back in his chair and offered me a sherry. For the previous three weeks I had always made an excuse at that point and the temptation to do so again was close to overwhelming. I fought it down, telling myself not to be so cowardly and that it was best to get the unpleasant moment over.

'Please, yes,' I answered.

'Not in a hurry this evening?' he queried, moving for his sideboard and the collection of decanters on it.

'No, not at all,' I answered him. 'I was hoping to talk to you, in fact.'

His sideboard was just a couple of paces from the door, and he paused to reach out and slip the catch before taking up the glass. There was no mistaking his intention in locking the door. He wanted to spank me. It was time to speak.

'I ... I'm really not sure we should ... should do this,' I said, putting on an embarrassed smile and praying he would take it well.

He simply passed me my sherry and sat down in the middle of his settee, his favourite place for disciplining me. For one awful moment I wondered if he might not be going to just do me anyway and to hell with my prissy objections, but he was smiling and relaxed, taking a leisurely sip before speaking.

'The college does rather a good Amontillado, don't you think?'