

RANDOM HOUSE  BOOKS

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# Blushing at Both Ends

Philip Kemp

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## About the Book

**'Oh please monsieur, no more,' she pleaded, but still let herself be drawn back down into the classic position. Once again, her ripe young globes lay invitingly across Charles's lap, plump and defenceless but now yet more beautiful, adorned as they were with an opulent glow. Enchanted, he stroked the radiant cushions. They felt fiery hot and even softer than before, twin tender targets perfectly prepared for the hairbrush's burning kiss.**

Full of surprises, funny and always arousing, this brilliant collection of stories is exclusively dedicated to innocent young women who find themselves faced with the delicious, scary, and sensual prospect of a sound bare-bottom spanking. Half against her will, each is inexorably drawn towards the moment when, bent over lap, desk or chair, and trembling she awaits that punishment for which her rearward curves were so perfectly designed.

# BLUSHING AT BOTH ENDS

*Philip Kemp*



## Room Service

*'AH MERCI, MONSIEUR. Bonsoir.'*

The hotel porter pocketed his two euros and departed, leaving Charles Kenyon to survey his room at the Hotel de la Poste.

It was all much as Mme Hubert had led him to expect. Plush, nineteenth-century comfort, a touch shabby, but solid. At least he would sleep well; none of those intrusive voices through paper-thin walls that he'd suffered from in swisher, more modern establishments. Good sleep was some consolation for four days in a town where he knew nobody. Nobody, that is, except Mme Anne-Giselle Hubert, née Carignac - known to history as La Giselle.

Mme Hubert was a find: one of the last living links with the fabled Paris of the 1920s. While yet in her teens she had been the friend, and probably the lover, of Picasso; the lover, and possibly the friend, of Hemingway; the intimate, in different ways and to differing degrees, of Braque, Cocteau, Modigliani, Colette, Jean Renoir, Scott Fitzgerald, Josephine Baker, Gide, Ravel, Diaghilev - you name them, La Giselle had known them, had shared their joys and their sorrows, and very often their beds. And now she was old, very old, long since retired back to her native Arles, and Charles was determined to interview her for his book on that glittering era before she departed, as she soon surely would, for the great salon in the sky.

She had replied to Charles's letter in a touchingly shaky hand. Yes, she would be happy to see Monsieur Kenyon: but she hoped he would understand that, at her age, to talk for more than an hour would tire her greatly. If he would be so kind as to extend their conversation over a few days? And, alas, her apartment was small, she regretted she could not offer him hospitality. But the Hotel de la Poste was a *bonne vieille auberge* with a sound *chef de cuisine*. For the rest, she would do all in her power to make his visit worthwhile.

Mme Hubert was right about the hotel chef. Charles enjoyed an excellent, if solitary, dinner before retiring to his room. Once in bed, he picked up the novel he had bought in London just prior to departure: the fifth in Eve Howard's 'Shadow Lane' series, invitingly entitled *The Spanking Persuasion*. For several minutes he lost himself in Howard's cool, sensuous prose, in her seductive world of pretty provocative brats and stylishly dominant men, of sweet soft female bottoms lovingly bared and yet more lovingly spanked to a hot stinging blush; then he turned out the light, brought himself to a fast rippling climax and fell contentedly asleep.

The next day Charles returned to the hotel around six in an excellent mood. The first session with Mme Hubert had gone swimmingly; hesitant at first, the old lady had become increasingly fluent and animated as the memories returned to her. The years seemed to drop away and Charles could glimpse the kittenish charm that had so enchanted *le tout Paris*. The little apartment - shared, she explained, with her granddaughter who was out at work - was crammed with souvenirs, letters and other invaluable stuff that Monsieur Kenyon was welcome to borrow as he wished. His book, Charles happily realised, would be hugely enriched. To celebrate, he treated himself to a superb lunch, washed down with a fine Aloxe-Corton, in one of Arles' Michelin-

starred restaurants and spent the afternoon exploring the town, its ancient stones mellow in the late autumn sunlight.

His room had been tidied, the bed neatly made. Eve Howard's novel lay where he had left it, on the bedside table; Charles had meant to stow it discreetly in a drawer, but it had slipped his mind. But his bookmark now lay beside the volume and another, of a different colour, peeped from the pages. What on earth -? Intrigued, he opened the book and found a brief note, in a neat feminine hand:

Monsieur, Do such things interest you? I too. I am off duty at 5.00 p.m. If you would wish to talk with me about these matters, please leave a reply in same place. Most respectfully, Claudine, your chambermaid.

Charles's heart leapt. Could this be a hoax? But if not . . . That morning, leaving his room, he had glimpsed a chambermaid along the corridor. At a distance she had seemed young and shapely, and Charles had been pleased to see she wore the old-fashioned maid's uniform of short pleated black skirt, white frilly apron and black stockings, that Alan Bennett once so aptly termed 'spanking costume'. But whether she would appear as attractive close to, or whether indeed this was the mysterious Claudine, was another matter.

Still, the possibility was too good to miss, and in any case what had he to lose? The next morning when Charles left to see Mme Hubert, another note lurked in the book.

Dear Claudine, I am amazed by your impertinence, and I think we should certainly discuss it. Kindly come to my room at 5.15 p.m. precisely. Do not change from your hotel uniform. Yours sternly, Charles Kenyon.

That day Mme Hubert was on even better form, and it was as well that Charles had brought his trusty cassette recorder, since he had trouble concentrating on her lively and colourful memories. Images kept distracting him – images of a short black skirt to be lifted, of lacy knickers to be lowered, of rounded white globes that bounced and jiggled and took on a rich roseate glow beneath stinging spanks. In the afternoon he again tried to distract himself with the sights of Arles, but impatience got the better of him and he was back at the hotel soon after four. His note was still in place, but a few words had been added.

Monsieur, I have indeed been most impertinent. I am sure you will know how to reward me as I deserve. *A bientôt.* Contritely yours, Claudine.

In a fever of anticipation Charles settled himself to wait. Another chapter or two of Eve Howard would put him in the mood, he thought, but he couldn't settle and found himself constantly glancing at his watch. Slowly, slowly the hands crept round to 5.15. No Claudine. By 5.30 Charles felt like kicking himself with disgust. Of course it had been a hoax, how could he have been such a fool as to think otherwise?

He had all but decided to go and find consolation in a friendly bar when there came a shy tap on the door. '*Entrez!*' called Charles. And she did.

As a teenager, Charles had harboured a crush on Leslie Caron, seeking out such films as *Gigi* and *An American in Paris* to lust wistfully after the actress's gamine appeal. Far more than Bardot, with her blatant sexiness, Caron had always seemed to him the epitome of sensual French allure. Her dark-haired beauty, her full mouth, her dancer's grace and her figure, at once petite and delectably curved, had fuelled many of his secret adolescent fantasies. Now, gazing at Claudine, he felt himself transported back to



those hot randy nights of fervent masturbation. This girl could have been the young Caron's sister. Something else about her was familiar, too, though he couldn't think what.

'Oh, monsieur, I am desolated to be late.' Her voice was husky and musical. 'There was *une crise* - I could not get away sooner. Please do not be too angry with me.'

After closing the door, she came and stood before him, her hands clasped behind her, the picture of obedient submission. She was a delicious sight. The old-fashioned uniform fitted her perfectly, emphasising her pert breasts, the slimness of her waist and the lush swell of her hips.

Charles became aware that he was gaping, and recalled himself with an effort. 'Ah - yes, Claudine, your lateness will be taken into account,' he said, adopting a tone of stern reproof. All day he had been mulling over the words of a speech to initiate this little piece of theatre, and now they recurred to him. 'But it's your impertinence that we must talk about first. Is it normally your practice, mademoiselle, to pry into the books in guests' rooms - let alone dare to leave them provocative notes?'

'Oh *non*, monsieur! Never before have I done such a thing. I am desolated - I beg you to forgive me!' Claudine hung her head. Everything in her posture and expression conveyed humble contrition, but she couldn't quite conceal the mischievous sparkle in her eye. This girl, Charles realised, knew exactly what game she was playing - and was enjoying it hugely.

'Forgiveness is all very well, young lady. But before you can be forgiven, I think you deserve to be punished. Don't you?'

'Punished, monsieur? But how?'

'Well,' said Charles, as if mulling deeply over this difficult question, 'I suppose I really should report this to the hotel management. I'm sure they wouldn't be amused. But I would hate to put your job at risk. So I think, all things considered . . .'

He paused, savouring the moment,

watching as the girl shifted uneasily from foot to foot. 'All things considered, Claudine, I think it would be best if I put you over my knee and gave you a good sound spanking.'

'A spanking, monsieur?' The young woman looked convincingly shocked, for all the world as if such an idea had never occurred to her. 'You mean . . . to smack me on my bottom?' She pronounced the last word with an equal stress on each syllable - *bot-tomm* - as if to emphasise the roundness and ripeness of that part of her anatomy.

'I do indeed. Very hard - and very thoroughly.'

'Oh, but, monsieur - I am not a child! I am twenty-two years old - much too old to be spanked on my bot-tomm!'

'Do you think so, Claudine? Well, you're about to learn otherwise.'

The maid pouted, swaying her hips mutinously. 'But it will *hurt* me, will it not?'

'Oh, I expect it will,' responded Charles happily. 'In fact I'm sure it will. Especially since I intend to spank you on your bare bottom, young lady.'

Claudine's brown eyes widened in well-simulated dismay. 'On my bare bot-tomm? Oh, *non*, monsieur, that would be shameful! Please, I beg you, do not offend my modesty! Spank me on my *culottes*, *je vous en prie* - see, they are only light.'

Turning, she bent forwards slightly and flipped up her skirt at the back, presenting to Charles's gaze a heavenly prospect: beautifully rounded twin globes jutting enticingly towards him, their ripe curves hugged by cream silk drawers discreetly trimmed with lace.

Gulping almost audibly at the alluring sight, Charles reached out to pat the proffered roundnesses. The silken fabric felt enchantingly soft. The plump mounds over which it was stretched felt softer still.

'Very pretty,' he murmured. 'So pretty, in fact, that I would hate to risk damaging such an exquisite garment. No, my dear, we must remove it from harm's way.'

So saying, he slowly eased the silk drawers down over Claudine's rearward curves, revealing pale flawless bare bottom-cheeks that trembled charmingly at being robbed of their last protection. As she felt the drawers descend, Claudine uttered a reproachful little 'Oh, *mais non!*', but made no move to prevent him.

Taking the girl by the hand, Charles drew her towards him. 'Time for your spanking, young lady,' he said gently. 'Across my knee with you, now.'

Claudine gazed at him appealingly. 'Oh, monsieur, please - you will not smack me too hard?'

'No harder than you deserve, my girl,' Charles retorted as he arranged her face-down over his lap in the time-honoured position and turned back her brief skirt. 'And no harder than you can bear. This pretty bottom is very nice and plump; I think it's quite well upholstered enough to take a good sound spanking.'

'Ah, cruel!' murmured the maid, but she lay submissively across his thighs, making no attempt to escape while Charles stroked and squeezed the lovely orbs of her naked *derrière*, relishing their succulence, savouring the exquisite moment of anticipation.

'You have a superb bottom, my sweet,' he told her, 'absolutely made to be spanked. I've only one criticism: at present it's rather too pale for my tastes. But we'll soon change that.'

Joyfully Charles raised his hand and brought it down hard on the pouting bare bottom, connecting with a crisp juicy smack. The girl caught her breath as it stung her defenceless flesh, and gasped again as a second spank, equally sharp, stung the other cheek. Charles paused to admire the matching pink handprints that now adorned the creamy mounds, then settled down to spanking her with a steady rhythm, gradually increasing the force of his smacks, distributing them across every inch of the glorious rump placed so invitingly at his mercy.

He hadn't exaggerated; Claudine's bottom was truly made to be spanked. Full and peachy, the sweetly rounded globes swelled provocatively upwards, begging to be smacked; the pale sensitive skin coloured readily, and the whole target area was soon suffused with a becoming blush that deepened as her punishment progressed. At each spank Claudine gasped and wriggled, kicking her black-stockinged legs and causing the frothy tangle of her drawers to descend from knees to ankles until, catching on one of her high heels, they were sent flying, like a tiny silk parachute, into a corner of the room.

Charles was no novice at this game, but rarely had he had the joy of punishing so fetchingly pretty and delectably spankable a girl. Nor did he feel any compunction in spanking her long and hard; for all her feigned distress, it was clear she was enjoying the experience no less than he was. Her breathless little cries of 'Oh - oh - oh!' sounded not so much plaintive as ecstatic, and as the heat built up in her nether regions she ground herself shamelessly against his thigh. So he took his time, relishing every stroke and feasting his eyes on the lively dance of her bouncing bottom-cheeks. For fifteen minutes or more his hand rose and fell, turning the soft quivering globes from warm pink through rich rosy red to a glowing scarlet.

Finally he paused and helped the girl to her feet. There were tears in her dark eyes and she stood pouting at him reproachfully as she rubbed her blazing curves, but her eyes were sparkling and the hint of a mischievous smile played around her lips. 'Oh, monsieur, you spank a poor girl so terrible hard,' she murmured. '*Oh mes pauvres fesses!* How shall I ever sit down tonight? It is cruel of you to spank me so hard!'

'Is it now?' retorted Charles, grinning wolfishly. 'Well, that's just too bad, young lady, because we're not through yet. We still have the small matter of your lateness to deal with. Were you not ordered to be precisely on time?'

'Oh, but, monsieur,' protested the maid, 'that was not my fault!'

'Maybe not. But it's your bottom that will pay for it, *ma chérie*. Go to the dressing table and fetch me that hairbrush - and keep your skirt well raised. I want to admire my handiwork.'

Claudine pouted mutinously again, but obeyed, and Charles was treated to the delicious spectacle of her rosy well-spanked bottom-cheeks trembling and undulating as, holding her skirt high above her waist, she sashayed to the dressing table on her high heels. She picked up a black wooden-backed hairbrush, brought it back to Charles and held it out doubtfully.

'You will not spank me with this, monsieur? It will hurt most fearfully!'

'I'm sure it will,' said Charles calmly. 'Now, back across my knee with you, Claudine.'

'Oh please, monsieur, no more,' she pleaded, but still let herself be drawn back down into the classic position. Once again, her ripe young globes lay invitingly across Charles's lap, plump and defenceless but now yet more beautiful, adorned as they were with an opulent glow. Enchanted, he stroked the radiant cushions. They felt fiery hot and even softer than before, twin tender targets perfectly prepared for the hairbrush's burning kiss.

Charles rubbed the broad wooden back of the brush across the girl's rosy mounds, making her wriggle with apprehension. 'You were fifteen minutes late, my sweet,' he reminded her. 'So you're going to get four hairbrush spanks for every minute of tardiness - sixty spanks in all.'

'Oh *non*,' wailed Claudine, wriggling in alarm and causing her lush, roseate curves to tremble exquisitely. 'Sixty more spanks? It is too many, monsieur!'

'Any more argument from you, my girl,' said Charles happily, 'and I'll double it.' Raising the brush, he took careful aim, and . . .



mouth. Her agile tongue licked and flickered around the head of his penis, while her fingers teased his shaft and balls, tickling his scrotum and tugging deftly down on his foreskin. Within seconds a spectacular orgasm seized and shook him, and he spent copiously into her willing mouth.

A true gentleman, Charles returned the favour as Claudine lay back on the bed with her legs well parted. Her pussy was sweet and fragrant, and he licked deep into her before tonguing and nibbling her clit. His hands squeezed her still fiery bottom-cheeks, one finger slipping between them to explore the puckered rosebud of her anus. She too was quick to climax, writhing on the bed with full-throated groans of joy. (Thank heavens for thick walls, thought Charles.) Then, after swiftly stripping off, they dived together beneath the covers.

Some hours later Charles awoke. It was dark, but the curtains were open and enough light came from outside to reveal that he was alone in the bed. He switched on the bedside lamp. A note was propped against it.

*Mon anglais chéri, Your naughty impertinent thanks you for her lovely spanking - et pour tout le reste. My bottom yet glows deliciously and I think of you each time I sit myself down. I leave a little something for you to remember me by. Bons baisers de ta méchante Claudine.*

His book lay where he had left it, but again the bookmark had changed. His place was now marked by a pair of delicate cream silk drawers. Charles held them to his nose and, with a sense of ecstasy, inhaled deeply.

The next day was his last in Arles. In the morning he had his final session with Mme Hubert before taking an afternoon plane back to London. It was tempting - very

tempting - to prolong his stay and seek a further rendezvous with the enchanting Claudine. But it would involve an exorbitant additional airfare - and, besides, how could any repeat performance, however delicious, be quite as intoxicatingly sensuous as last night's? Best, surely, to leave it as a perfect glowing memory.

Mme Hubert was on fine form, happy to prolong their talk beyond the allotted hour, and Charles's cassette recorder reaped a last rich harvest of anecdote and reminiscence. In every way it had proved a superbly successful trip, and as he rose to leave he thanked the old lady effusively.

'Believe me, monsieur Kenyon, for me also it has been a pleasure. I love to revisit these ancient ghosts, and with your help I have recaptured much that I thought lost for ever. If I live so long, I shall be enchanted to read your book, and I am glad if I have aided you a little in the creation of it.' She smiled, and there was a hint of some secret laughter in her eyes. 'I trust that my granddaughter too has contributed to the pleasure of your stay in Arles?'

Charles stared. 'Your - granddaughter?'

'But of course; my little Claudine. She works at the Hotel de la Poste - as a chambermaid.'

As realisation dawned, Charles's eyes strayed to a photo of Anne-Giselle, all of seventeen years old, strolling arm in arm with Picasso on the Pont des Arts. Of course! No wonder Claudine had seemed somehow familiar. 'Then - then you knew?'

'Oh, monsieur Kenyon!' The old lady was laughing openly now, but not unkindly. Once again the years seemed to drop away, revealing the mischievous gamin who had captivated Paris all those decades ago. La Giselle smiled. 'At my age there is little one does not know. And besides - did I not promise to do all in my power to make your visit worthwhile?'



## Blushing Bride

THERE SHE STANDS at the altar, my lovely Jenny, my golden girl, the close-cut ivory satin wedding dress outlining her superb figure, its sleek fabric hugging the curves of her beautiful bottom. And there beside her stands . . . someone else entirely. Not me.

Do I feel bitter? No, not now. Not since last night. Because I know a few things that fat oaf standing beside her doesn't know, maybe never will. And one of them is that his blushing bride, not twelve hours ago, was blushing far more vividly, and in a very different fashion . . .

I read Jenny's letter on a scruffy little Greek steamer somewhere in the further reaches of the Aegean. I'd picked it up from *poste restante* at Piraeus the evening before and thought I'd save my pleasure in reading it until the next day, relaxing on deck with a glass of rough raki in my hand. So I opened it against an idyllic backdrop of impossibly blue sea, soaring gulls and tiny deserted grey-brown islets.

Jenny and I had been together four years, since I was twenty and she two years younger. My golden girl, I called her. Long honey-blonde hair, skin that glowed like sun-warmed stone, a sensuous mouth, liquid brown eyes and the kind of body men dream about. The only reason she wasn't with me now, exciting lecherous glances on a Greek beach, was that she had her final exams to finish. The letter, I assumed, would tell me how they went.

'My darling, beloved Paul,' it began, 'I don't know how to tell you this . . .' and ended three pages later, 'My sweet darling, please, please forgive me.'

In between came the dagger stroke. She'd dropped me. To marry - my howl of fury panicked the gulls - Leslie Porchester.

Leslie Porchester. A fat, balding slob - I speak, of course, quite objectively - with no redeeming features whatsoever. Except that his father, some pompous City pinstripe, was stinking rich.

The nickname 'golden girl' bore an ironic side-meaning. Jennifer had a fatal weakness - for money. She'd been comfortably brought up - 'spoilt rotten' was my taunting version - despite her dad's heroic attempts to pour his wife's fortune down his throat. She liked to be comfortable, and a bit more than that. And she knew - we both knew - that I'd never be a good steady provider. We'd had plenty of discussions and more than one row about what I called wanderlust and she called irresponsibility. A few settled months, and I got restless. I'd take off, travelling light and sleeping rough, wherever the fancy took me. I wasn't, as Jenny's mother would put it (and often did) - ideal husband material.

So now Jenny - nudged, no doubt, by dear Mummy - had made her choice. And *what* a choice. I aimed a few further curses at the innocent gulls and headed into more raki. Lots more raki. By the time the boat dropped anchor at Amorgos I was stinking stupid drunk. Gathering from my boozy ravings what afflicted me, the Greek crew, with infinite compassion for the lovelorn, carried me ashore and bedded me down in a room above a tiny taverna, where I awoke the next day to a Wagnerian hangover.

\* \* \*

When I got home the card was waiting for me - stiff, embossed, gold-edged. Rather like the people it came from, in fact. 'Mr and Mrs James Cunningham request the pleasure . . .' The fuck you do, I snarled, hurling it into the wastebin. But later I reconsidered, retrieved it and sent my acceptance. Maybe I can show up pissed, I thought, and puke all over the wedding cake. Childish? Sure. But then, jilted lovers aren't known for their mature restraint.

The next few weeks I moped, growling and licking my wounds. There were one or two girls who might have been ready to console me, but I wasn't ready for consolation. Not just yet.

On the eve of the wedding I set out on a solitary pub crawl, but my heart wasn't in it. After a couple of pints I dropped the idea, and started to wander aimlessly. Guess where my feet led me.

The house stood well back from the street, and as I approached it I could clearly hear Jenny's dad. Unlike me, he'd evidently had no trouble sinking a few. Then, at an upstairs window I knew well from the inside, a white-clad ethereal figure. My lovely, faithless Jenny - trying on the wedding dress, no less.

I'm not sure what I planned, or if I had anything as coherent as a plan in mind, but before I knew it I'd circled round to the side door. It was locked, but I'd crept surreptitiously in, and out, too often for that to present any problem. I dug the key out of the geranium tub, let myself in and listened.

James's slurred bray and Isobel's contemptuous contralto echoed faintly from the sitting room. They enjoyed their rows - it was the only activity they'd shared for years - and would be at it for hours yet. I made for the stairs and had just reached the landing when a door opened and a slim teenager came out. She started when she saw me. 'Paul! What on earth - why are you . . .?'

Felicity, Jenny's seventeen-year-old sister, was as dark as her sibling was fair. We'd always got on well - in fact, I think she rather fancied me, as girls often fancy their big sister's bloke. Now she gazed at me, half-alarmed and half-gleeful at my inopportune presence. 'You shouldn't be here. What if someone sees you?'

'It's OK. Your mum and dad are well into one of their screaming matches - they won't surface for ages.'

Felicity gave a mischievous grin. 'Unless I tell them.'

'Don't you dare, Flicky! Look, here's a tenner to keep quiet.'

She took the note, still grinning. 'And if I do all the same?'

'Then the next time I catch up with you, young lady, I'll turn you over my knee and spank you till you can't sit down for a week.'

'Oooh!' said Flicky, her eyes sparkling. 'That might be rather fun.'

'Don't bet on it,' I said grimly. 'And don't think I wouldn't do it, either.'

'I bet you would, you sadistic beast. But don't worry, I won't tell. You go and tell my stupid dumb sister where she gets off - it's the least she deserves. Oh, Paul!' Her eyes suddenly filled with tears. 'How *could* she? Leslie Porchester - *yeuucch!*' To my surprise, she suddenly threw her arms around my neck and kissed me full on the lips. 'Oh, Paul, I wish it was you tomorrow!' she whispered, and vanished down the corridor.

Moving quietly, I approached Jenny's bedroom door and pushed it gently open. Though she was facing me, she didn't see me. Her wedding dress was over her head, and she was easing it carefully off to avoid creasing it. Knowing its rustling would drown the noise, I closed the door behind me and locked it, dropped the key in my pocket, then sat down in an armchair and crossed my legs.

'Hello, Jenny,' I said.

There was a muffled shriek from under the dress and Jenny's face, slightly flushed and totally horrified, appeared abruptly from beneath it. 'Paul! What the hell are you . . .? You shouldn't be here! Suppose someone finds out! It's my wedding tomorrow!'

'I know. Dear Mummy sent me an invite, remember? Probably saw it as a twist of the knife, the old bat. But I thought I'd like one last look before you turned into Mrs Leslie Porchester. So here I am.'

Jenny looked flabbergasted. She also looked gorgeous. Her slip had come off with the dress, leaving her in just a white lace-trimmed bra, matching white silk knickers, tan stockings and white high-heeled shoes. Her tousled honey-blond hair had fallen loose in sweet confusion down her back. She had never seemed more desirable. Lust rose in me, along with anger.

'You've got to go,' she exclaimed frantically. 'I can't talk to you now, you know that.' Her expression softened slightly. 'Oh, Paul, I'm sorry, really I am. But it was the only way. You never offered to marry me, did you? And anyway you'd have made a lousy husband.'

'Maybe so. But did it occur to you to find something better than that lump of rancid sheep's turd you're shacking up with tomorrow? How did you think I'd feel, imagining him running his greasy fat fingers over your body, sticking his slimy little dick into -'

'How dare you!' Furious, Jenny hurled her wedding dress over a nearby chair. 'Who the hell are you to say who I can or can't marry, you . . . wastrel? What do you know about Leslie, anyway?'

'I know you don't love him. You don't even like him. You wouldn't so much as tolerate him and his sweaty pawings if it wasn't for his dad's money!' I stood up, seething with anger. 'Shit, Jenny, you always had your mercenary side, but I never thought it went this far. You really are just a greedy, callous, spoiled little bitch, aren't you?'

Her eyes blazed. 'I don't have to listen to this! Just fuck off, why don't you? Get out now - or I'll scream for help!'

'Go ahead, no one'll come. Your parents are squabbling downstairs, they'd never hear you.'

'Flicky's in her room - she'll hear me.'

'Sure she will, but she won't do anything about it. She knows I'm here; I met her outside on the landing.'

'I don't believe you! What did you do - bribe her, threaten her?'

'Both, since you ask. I gave her a tenner, and told her if she said a word I'd spank the living daylights out of her. And I will, too, if she does. Although, come to mention it, my girl -' for a glorious intention was rising like the sun in my mind '- I can think of someone who deserves a damn good spanking far more than young Flicky. And it would relieve my feelings no end to dish it out.'

Horrified realisation dawned in Jenny's face. 'No! You wouldn't dare! I'll scream!'

'Too right you will,' I said, advancing upon her. 'And before I'm through with you, young Jenny, you'll have plenty to scream about, believe you me!'

'No!' she shrieked and turned to flee, aiming to take refuge in her bathroom. But high heels are treacherous things, and she teetered off-balance just at the opportune moment.

Grasping her wrist, I sat down on the bed and with a sharp tug brought her sprawling across my lap, face-down in prime spanking position. She kicked and struggled wildly, calling me every obscene name under the sun, but I captured both her wrists in my left hand and held them out of the way, while with my right hand I tugged the silken knickers down over her ripe curves, well clear of the target area.

And what a target area it was. Full, white and shapely, Jenny's glorious rearward curves swelled delectably upwards, bare and rounded and lusciously spankable. Her

struggles made the tender flesh quiver enticingly – as well as providing further stimulation for my already rampant erection. With joyful anticipation I stroked and squeezed the smooth plump globes; they felt deliciously cool and soft. ‘Such a gorgeous bottom, my sweet,’ I told her, ‘it fairly begs to be spanked. And it’s going to be, too – hard and very thoroughly. Because a damn good bare-bottom spanking is the very least you deserve for being such a spoilt mercenary brat. And, since I’ll probably never get the chance to do this again, I’m going to make the most of it now.’

‘No! Help! Let me go, you bastard! Help!’ yelled Jenny, writhing indignantly. ‘I’ll kill you! Don’t you dare!’

‘Oh, I dare, my sweet. In fact, it’ll be a pleasure. A very special wedding present, from me to you with lots of love – the finest spanking of your young life!’

‘Ooooooh!’ wailed Jenny apprehensively as I raised my hand and, with a feeling of sheer sensual delight, brought it down with stinging force on the lush curve of her right bottom-cheek. I was rewarded with a loud yelp of protest from Jenny, followed by another as I smacked the left cheek just as vigorously.

‘Owww!’ yelped Jenny, wriggling desperately. ‘Stop it! That bloody well *hurts!*’

‘I should bloody well hope so,’ I retorted. Strangely enough, the thought uppermost in my mind was ‘Why the hell did I never do this before?’ And who knows, maybe if I had, things might have been very different.

But, meanwhile, there was a job to do, and I had every intention of doing it thoroughly. So, taking a firm grip on my struggling perfidious darling, I administered several more ringing spanks to her ripe young bottom, while her language grew steadily more unladylike. It’s always good to have your work appreciated, and Jenny’s squeals and shrill invective were a pleasure to hear.

‘Owwww! Shit! I hate you, you fucking bastard!’ she yelled. ‘Stop it! Let me *go!*’

But I hadn’t the least intention of letting her go, not for a long time yet. For a start, I was enjoying myself far too much, relishing the feeling of my palm smacking down on those tender trembling cheeks; the ringing sound of each spank, and the gasps and yelps it drew from the wriggling victim; and, above all, the supremely erotic sight of the warm pink blush that was beginning to enhance Jenny’s squirming, bouncing flesh-cushions. Already, after only a couple of dozen spanks, a rosy glow suffused every inch of her beautiful bottom, contrasting delectably with the whiteness of her back and thighs.

‘I always said you had a sexy bottom, my love,’ I told her, still smacking her hard and steadily, ‘but you know what? It looks even sexier when it’s all nice and red. And it’s going to be much, much redder than this before I’m through, my sweet. Brides are supposed to blush, aren’t they? Well, you’ll soon be blushing like no bride’s ever blushed before!’

‘Owwww!’ wailed Jenny, her blonde mane tossing and her long legs kicking frantically as the heat built up in her spank-warmed rear. ‘Help! No! Stop it, you bastard! I’ll – yowwww! – *kill* you for this! Help! Mummy! Daddy!’

True to her word, she yelled at the top of her lungs as my vengeful hand continued to crack down across her squirming rump, each spank ringing round the room like a pistol shot. For all my confident assertions, I was a little worried that somebody might hear. But no one came. Poor Jenny, the moneyed comfort she so enjoyed had become her trap. So large was the house, so opulently solid its doors and walls, that no sound reached the ground floor. Young Flicky was in earshot, of course – gleefully listening at the door, I guessed. But no hint of the punishment being meted out reached the ears of Jenny’s parents – not the sound of a merciless male palm smacking rhythmically down on soft pampered female bottom-flesh, nor the desperate yelps and



squeals of the owner of the reddening jigglng bottom in question.

So how could James and Isobel Cunningham, bickering sterilely in their luxurious drawing room, have guessed that Jennifer Anne, their beloved elder daughter, the lovely blonde bride-to-be, was no longer as they imagined, coolly admiring the image of her shapely self in all her wedding finery? That, instead, to her great surprise and indignation, the nubile young beauty now found herself turned ignominiously over her disreputable boyfriend's knee - humiliatingly bare-bottomed and face-down across his lap, her knickers down around her knees and her luscious rear end squirming and blushing beneath the stinging strokes of the first real spanking of her young life?

No, there was no help for poor Jenny. No Seventh Cavalry, no protective father or adoring mother riding gallantly to her rescue. It gave me an intoxicating sense of power to know that this delicious young creature was wholly at my mercy. I could go on spanking her just as long and as hard as I liked, working off all my anger, grief and jealousy on those soft, smarting bare bottom-cheeks.

So I took my time, spanking her steadily and deliberately, pausing to let the sting of each smack sink in to her quivering rosy mounds. For a good ten minutes I spanked Jenny to my heart's content, smacking alternately left and right, taking care to cover every inch of her peachy twin globes and paying special attention to the sweet soft undercurve where bottom meets thigh. With every smack the blush deepened on her bouncing flesh-cushions, until every inch of her ripe rearward curves was mantled with a sunset glow. She was still kicking and squirming at each spank, but no longer made any serious attempt to escape, and her indignant yells gradually gave way to gasps and wails and increasingly tearful pleas to be let off.

And when at last I finished - for I had to stop sometime, if only because my arm was getting tired - Jenny lay