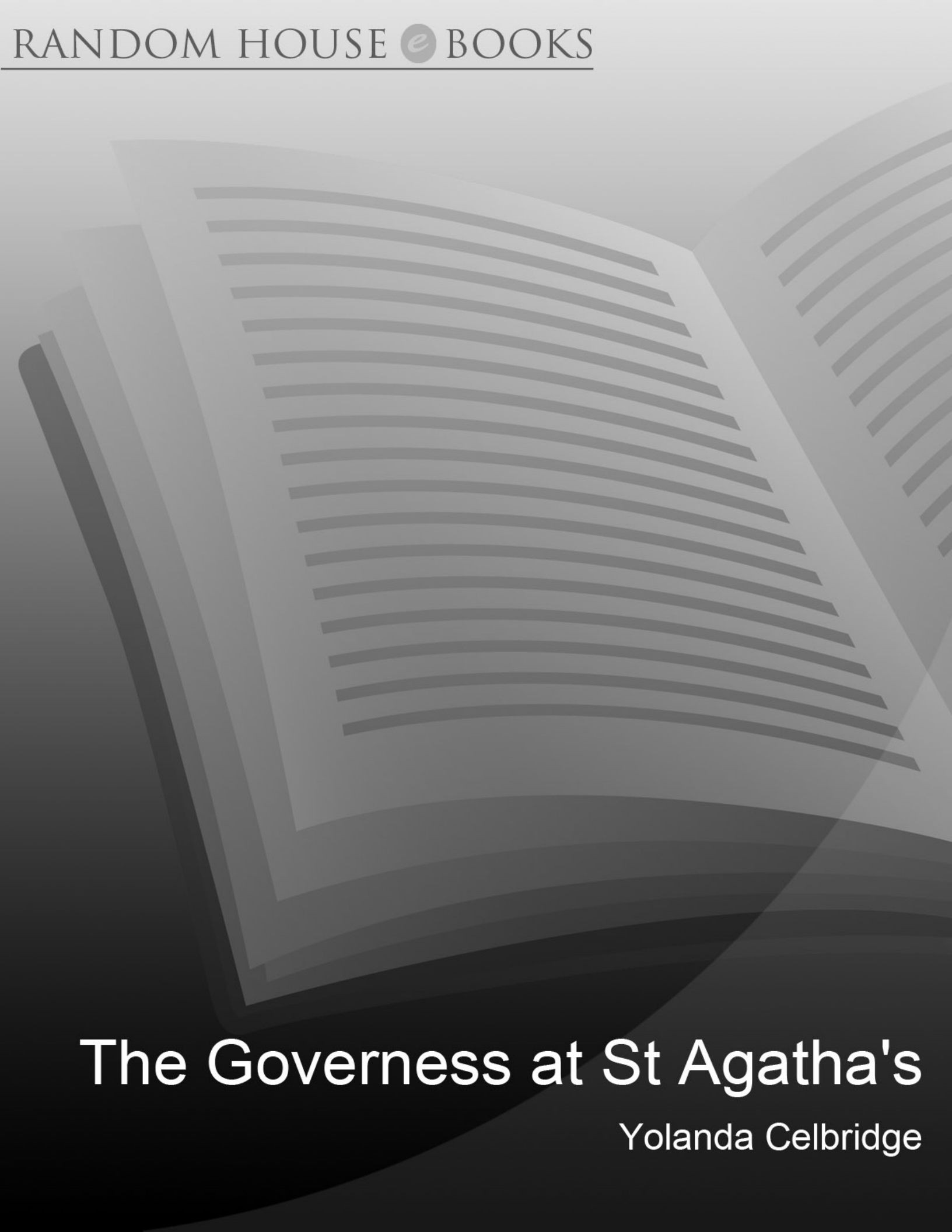


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The Governess at St Agatha's

Yolanda Celbridge

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SOLDIER GIRLS
NURSES ENSLAVED
CAGED!
THE TAMING OF TRUDI
CHERRI CHASTISED

‘Mistress, what are you doing?’ Miss Chytte asked quietly.

‘What do you think, Miss?’ I bent over the sofa and lifted my skirts, then lowered my wet panties so that my bare bottom was raised high. ‘I am to blame for the spoiled uniforms, Miss Chytte,’ I said faintly. ‘The whole thing was my idea. You will please fetch my new birch and deal with me.’

Miss Chytte smiled thinly and obeyed. ‘I am sure that every one of us girls would be only too happy to deal with you, Mistress,’ she said as she raised the flogging instrument. ‘Don’t you agree?’

The cruel twigs hissed through the air and lashed my naked rump, sending streaks of white flame across my skin.

‘Oh, yes, Miss,’ I grinned fiercely, squirming as my clenched buttocks smarted with pure, beautiful fire. ‘Yes!’

THE
GOVERNESS AT
ST AGATHA'S

A NEXUS CLASSIC

Yolanda Celbridge



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

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Veronica's Chastisement

'Well, Veronica,' I said in a stern but kindly voice. 'It seems you have been a naughty girl.'

Veronica Dove bowed her head, her raven hair cascading prettily over her white starched blouse.

'Yes, Miss de Comynge,' she murmured.

'Only the second week of term, and already Madame Izzard has occasion to send you to the governess. Tut, tut, Veronica!'

I looked at the note from the French mistress, its delicate lilac script familiar to me from the days, not so long before, when I too had received my instruction at St Agatha's. It seemed an age! Yet, outside, the playing fields and the broad expanse of Wimbledon Common beyond lay as familiar as ever under their crisp white carpet of snow. A silent, beautiful world whose stillness was interrupted only by the occasional bicyclist criss-crossing the dazzling canopy like a slow insect. It was warm in my study and I felt an inner glow too, at the satisfaction of being the owner and governess of the institution which had nurtured me.

It was three years since I had taken control of St Agatha's. As I watched my girls exercising on horseback, or at tennis, I felt a glow of satisfaction at what I had achieved. For they were no longer girls, they were young women. I had used my ownership of the place to turn it into a finishing school for young ladies who, though they piquantly wore the traditional blue skirts and knickers of schoolgirls, nevertheless boasted the ripeness of grown-ups. Most were not that much younger than my own twenty-three years, yet my stern black governess's costume - usually of the purest

shantung silk – emphasised the difference in rank that a governess enjoys; as did the governess's cane which I carried proudly as a symbol of office.

My girls were generally obedient, although sometimes a governess must be obliged to chastise, as will become apparent.

'Hmmm . . . for three days running you have neglected your French studies, Veronica,' I said.

'Yes, Miss,' said Veronica, biting her lip.

'Any excuse? Although you know how I hate excuses.'

'I . . . I try to do my best, Miss.'

'At St Agatha's, we require more than a girl's best. Your papa, Major Dove, is keen for you to gain a place at Girton, or Somerville, or one of these new ladies' colleges which have lately embellished our ancient universities. A St Agatha's girl aims at higher things in life than mere housewifery, Veronica. A command of the French language is an entry into the world of diplomacy, culture, art, and society in general. How will you flirt with a rich young beau in Biarritz or Monte Carlo if you cannot tease him in the language of *amour*? Why, you are almost nineteen, and it seems you cannot attend to the simplest studies!'

Veronica's face was pink with embarrassment as I, although not five years her senior, roundly upbraided her. In this life, as I constantly remind my girls, clothing makes such a difference in the demarcation of social station. Veronica stood humbly before me in her crisp school uniform: white blouse, against which her very full young breasts swelled most fetchingly, with a dark blue necktie; dark blue pleated skirt, flowing to the ankles; sturdy black boots with white socks peeping coyly above. I, her tutor, was fiercely resplendent in shiny black satin, frilly white ruffs at my neck and wrists, and my waist pinched in by sharp laces, as though I were wearing a most severe corset, although to my secret pride I had need of none. Neither did my *derrière*, which gentlemen have been kind enough to

compare to soft ripe peaches, require a bustle or similar artifice to exaggerate its prominence. Thus accoutred, I seemed many years Veronica's senior, and she only a slip of a girl, although a girl whose figure excited me to a certain envy.

'It seems that Madame Izzard has already given you a mild chastisement,' I said thoughtfully, 'which obviously had no effect.'

'Why, it was scarcely mild, if you please, Miss.'

'Describe it.'

'Oh . . . I was spanked, Miss.'

'That is certainly a mild punishment.'

'But in front of the class!'

'Yes?'

Veronica was becoming rather agitated, and her flushed face did not seem to express shame, but a curious excitement. She licked her lips.

'I had to bend over Madame Izzard's knee, lift my skirts very high, and receive a spanking from her – yes, on my panties, Miss! Just like a little girl!'

'Like a naughty little girl,' I replied. 'How many did you take?'

'Ten, Miss. And very hard. How they smarted!'

'Obviously not enough, Veronica. Here at St Agatha's we are rather old-fashioned. and believe that learning must be instilled by sound discipline. Don't you agree?'

'Yes, Miss.'

'Please make yourself comfortable on the sofa,' I said, gesturing to the heavy leather Chesterfield which I remembered only too well from my own trembling visit to the former headmistress, my sweet vengeance upon whose person I have described in my previous volume of memoirs. (Suffice it to recall that, having cheated me of my rightful inheritance, she was obliged, on pain of being unmasked, both to give me sole ownership of St Agatha's *and* bare her

bottom to my vengeful cane; to this day I cannot think which revenge was the more pleasing.)

Veronica perched herself nervously on the sofa, her skirt raised slightly so as to bare her calves to the merry log fire. I took my place beside her and put a friendly hand on her knee, smiling as I made myself comfortable, for it was *my* sofa now.

'You are a fine girl, Veronica. Handsome like your father, and I – we – have great hopes for you.'

'Thank you, Miss,' she said happily.

'But what are we going to do with you? Slacking just isn't on, is it, Veronica?'

'No, Miss. I suppose I deserve a beating.'

'I suppose you do. You realise it will have to be a caning.'

She looked at the pretty rack of instruments of chastisement which adorned my bookcase, and swallowed.

'I understand. Miss.'

'Yes,' I added cheerfully. 'Sometimes a sound lacing is the only way to bring a negligent girl to her senses. When a tight caning tickles her bare bottom, it concentrates her mind wonderfully.'

'The . . . the *bare* bottom. Miss?'

'Of course. It is the way of St Agatha's.'

'Mayn't I even keep my panties on?'

'You certainly may not. It shall be your unclothed buttocks that I flog, Veronica, for there is no point in doing things by half measures, is there?'

'Oh . . . no, Miss.'

I took my hand from Veronica's knee, after giving her a reassuring squeeze, and rang the bell to summon my maid, Tess.

'After I have beaten you we shall have some nice tea and cakes. Would you like that?'

'Yes please, Miss!' cried Veronica, her eyes alight. How feeble is the vaunted bravery of men compared to the fortitude of a woman who has tea and cakes on her horizon!

Tess duly appeared, her sulky country face illumined by a pouting smile as she realised that Veronica was to receive a beating. I ordered her to bring us a nice tea in fifteen minutes time, after the chastisement had been effected. The afternoon was drawing to a close, but I had no doubt that Veronica's appetite for tea proper, with the other girls, would not be spoiled; the excitement of pulling down her panties to show off her glowing bottom to her awed sisters (which I knew she would be persuaded to do by those curious little minxes) would undoubtedly increase her avidity for food tenfold.

Tess departed, grinning at the thought of one of the 'la-di-da' London girls baring her bottom for the same punishment that one was frequently obliged to administer to her own rustic Cornish globes.

'Well Veronica, to business,' I said briskly. 'I know your father is strict in matters of discipline, so I take it you are no stranger to the cane?'

'Why, of course, Miss. I mean, no, I am no stranger. Papa used to lace me quite frightfully when I was bad.'

'How frightfully, Veronica? How many strokes would you take?'

'Oh,' she said, flustered, 'I'm not sure. Lots and lots.'

'I see,' I replied gravely. 'Well, please bring me a cane from the rack. That yellow one there, that's right.' She bent over to pick it up somewhat gingerly. 'It's a nice supple yew, a springy little thing, and I think it should make you smart quite nicely.'

Veronica looked abashed as she handed me the shiny cane, feeling its unexpected weight and thickness. I took it from her and swished it smartly through the air, which made her blanch a little.

'Good,' I said. 'Now, I think I shall take you on the back of the sofa, Veronica. Would you please bend over and make yourself comfortable.'

Shivering slightly, she obeyed.

‘Bottom high in the air please, and lift your skirt well over your back. Then slide your panties down to your knees, or, if you prefer, take them off altogether, for I want your thighs well parted.’

Veronica bent over, and numbly raised her skirt to reveal a gorgeous full bottom tightly swathed in a no less gorgeous pair of frilly silken panties. They were bright turquoise and covered in all sorts of charming adornments: gold stars, little pink butterflies and silver moons.

I grinned, and said, ‘Since it is your first lacing at St Agatha’s, we shall let you off lightly, I think. You’ll take just a Cornish dozen and, since you are so used to the cane, I dare say you won’t feel more than a tickle.’

‘A Cornish dozen?’ she murmured uncertainly.

‘Eleven, of course,’ I answered.

‘Eleven . . . Oh . . .’

I slapped the cane on the back of the sofa with a satisfying *whip!*

She trembled, and I was sure she had dissembled: Miss Dove was quite inexperienced in matters of chastisement, which was why her tender papa had sent her to St Agatha’s in the first place.

‘And one more, I’m afraid, for those panties of yours are in flagrant breach of the rules. They are quite magnificent – such delicate workmanship, I am quite envious – but you know that only the regulation dark blue panties may be worn. A St Agatha’s girl must be obedient in all things, you know.’

‘Oh, Miss – papa gave them to me specially. A whole set of panties in all the colours of the rainbow, which he brought back from India. Surely these are *nearly* blue?’

‘Nearly is just a weasel word for *not*. Off with them, if you please girl, and take your punishment.’

Trembling, she obeyed, and folded her luscious silk panties neatly before placing them on the sofa. I suppressed a sigh of delight at the spectacle of her magnificent bare

fesses revealed to me in all their smooth nudity, full, lean and delicately muscled, yet with skin as soft as a baby's. 'You have a fine sturdy derrière, girl,' I said, stopping myself from adding, just as juicy as your papa's. Then I continued: 'I must say you remind me a little of myself at your age, Veronica. Would it surprise you to know that I was once bent over this same sofa to receive a caning on my naked bottom for the crime of wearing improper panties?'

'Really? What colour, Miss?'

'Red, I think. A very fetching satin, though not as nice as your Indian delights.'

'You know, then, Miss, that a girl needs to feel exciting and pretty.'

'Of course I know, you goose, and that is why I am going to cane you, for our need for excitement must sometimes be thrashed into a useful direction.'

'I know, Miss,' she whispered.

In truth, I was becoming excited myself at the prospect of lacing that sweet bare bottom with my springy cane, and felt a giddy hint of moisture seeping between my thighs. How well I remembered my own girlish longings, my nightly escapes from St Agatha's to dance under the stars, naked and alone, and the fervour with which I would caress my young sex as I pleased myself, bathed in the divine moonlight . . .

I took a deep breath and brought the cane down quite viciously towards Veronica's trembling bare buttocks, but delivered the cut to the back of the sofa, where it made an awful crack, causing her to flinch deliciously.

'Miss . . .' she cried, bewildered.

'You are a silly,' I said. 'Did you think I would give you a dozen? Tell the truth - you haven't been caned before, have you?'

'No, Miss,' she stammered in an ecstasy of embarrassment. 'Papa used to spank me, but he wouldn't

cane me, even when I really deserved it. I think he was frightened to see my poor bottom all pink and glowing.'

'And are you frightened by that? Even though now you must feel the smarts rather than view them.'

'No, Miss,' she said stoutly, and I knew she spoke the truth.

'Your punishment is three strokes,' I said, smiling. 'And one extra for wearing improper underthings. That makes four, and they will be four tight stingers, I assure you. Ready?'

'Yes,' she said, with some relief in her voice. 'But . . .'

'But what?'

'I would have taken a dozen cuts, without flinching . . . from *you*, Miss.'

'You are a silly,' I said, and proceeded to give her the tightest, juiciest lacing I could.

I delivered the strokes with tantalising slowness, being careful to place each one in the same spot, right in the centre of those smooth bare buttocks, relishing the delicious clenching as the cane stroked them, and the sweet blush that rapidly suffused her naked skin. All the while I spoke to her in a bright and friendly voice:

'You see, Veronica - one! - you must be obedient at all times - two! - and in all things. You must obey the rules of St Agatha's above all, and you must obey without question the senior staff - three! Miss Chytte, Mr Whimble the Chamberlain (I had given my lordly slave Freddie this impressive, if meaningless, title, for his boyish vanity) and of course myself. You do understand.'

'Yes . . . Miss . . .' she hissed through clenched teeth.

'Splendid! Four!'

I delivered the final stroke with splendid ferocity, and she let out a little moan. It was all I could do not to plant my lips on those quivering globes and cover them with tender kisses. I was panting and my sex was quite wet. As I reluctantly laid the cane aside (I could have lashed those

sweet fesses until Veronica leapt to embrace me, sobbing for mercy!), there came a knock on the door which I knew was Tess.

‘Well!’ I gasped. ‘Now for some tea! You may put those panties back on, just for the moment, dear. I must say you took your punishment well, and your bottom scarcely squirmed at all. Your papa will be proud to know that his daughter has such pluck.’

‘Thank you, Miss,’ said Veronica happily. And when she had composed herself, I bade Tess enter with the tea things.

The wench entered, saw Veronica’s flushed face, and smirked broadly at me. I met her impudent wink with a chilly frown, and wondered, not for the first time, if I had been right to accede to Miss Chytte’s wish that her Cornish serving girl, for all her insistent physical charms, should be brought to the metropolis to serve us in our new domain. However I had agreed in the knowledge that Tess’s sportive country vitality would serve me well in purposes that transcended the merely scholastic, and it would have been churlish to deny that I took as much pleasure as Miss Chytte in the many festive hours we spent with Tess as our willing and unabashed plaything. Nevertheless, the girl had to know her place here in London, away from the brutish democracy of the lustful shires. It was improper of her to smirk at a lady and, more important, a lady who was a paying customer. Tess wore a maid’s uniform, albeit a rather pretty one, complete with bustle, corset and a rather pleasant décolletage which allowed a tempting view of her ample Cornish bosom, and that uniform obliged her to submit to exactly the same instruction in good manners as my paying young ladies. It was time to give her another lesson.

Tess put the tea things on the little table by the fireside, and I noted with approval that there were plenty of scones, a variety of scented jams, and of course the ubiquitous clotted cream without which no Cornish repast is complete.

My time in that fogbound duchy had not been entirely without instruction, and I had learned that, as a sound business practice, my girls at St Agatha's should be as well fed as they were well disciplined, for anything less would lead to inefficiency and would not be cost-effective. Nothing besmirches the reputation of our English boarding schools as much as the insipid food, which many girls carry into life as their sole, dismal memory of their alma maters; whereas a well-fed body frees the spirit to concentrate on useful things such as fashion sense, *haute cuisine* and business administration.

The silver teapot steamed merrily atop its little oil burner, while Tess, with undisguised glee, ogled Veronica's bottom as it shifted uncomfortably inside her skirt, and winked nastily at the red-faced girl. I decided that this was really too much.

'You have something to say, Tess?' I said coldly.

'No, Miss de Comynge,' she chirped, wide-eyed with dumb insolence.

'Then wipe that smirk off your face, girl.'

'What smirk, Miss? I wouldn't smirk just because a high-born young lady got her comeuppance with four juicy lashes on her bare rump, not me, Miss.'

'How did you know?' I thundered. 'How dare you listen at my door, you slut!'

'I may have heard something by accident,' she said sullenly. 'You cane very hard, you do, as I well know, Miss.'

Veronica's sheepish blush had become suffused with an indignation as strong as my own.

'You will curtsey and apologise to Miss Dove,' I said icily.

With a surly grimace, Tess did so.

'I'm very sorry, I'm sure,' she said, somewhat grudgingly. 'May I go now, please, Miss?'

'Certainly not, Tess, for your apology isn't complete. Insolence cannot be excused merely by a sullen curtsey, so you'll get just the same as Miss Dove.'

‘Lor, lumme,’ said Tess.

‘And,’ I continued sternly, ‘you’ll take them from Miss Dove herself. Bend over the sofa, Tess, lift your skirt and petticoat, and take your knickers down.’

‘I’m not wearing any knickers, Miss.’

‘Why, you slut!’ I cried, omitting to mention that I was not wearing any myself, having given them that morning to my dear slave Freddie. I always pretended that I made him wear my tight, frilly panties as a mild discipline, although I knew very well he loved to.

I selected a cane, a stout ashplant this time, and handed it to Veronica. She took it with a gleam in her eye which I had not seen before, and which pleased me, for I intended to test her worthiness to play her part in my schemes for the future.

‘I hope you have what it takes to be a St Agatha’s girl, Veronica,’ I said, as I pushed Tess’s head down over the sofa and made her spread her bare thighs in a position to which she was quite accustomed.

‘Oh! Please, no, Miss!’ she protested, without protesting too much. The flounces of her dress and petticoat muffled her cries, and I gazed with satisfaction at the sturdy bare bottom exposed to our view.

‘No knickers,’ I snorted. ‘How filthy!’

‘Us Cornish girls are too poor for city dainties such as knickers and that,’ grumbled Tess untruthfully.

In fact, I was beginning to wish that I had worn my panties, for the sight of a second bare bottom, ripe for a lacing, had the effect of increasing the flow of hot wetness from my sex; it was now a determined trickle, which I could feel seeping down the soft insides of my thighs towards my silken stocking tops, which I feared would be marred.

Veronica advanced, holding up the ashplant, with shining eyes and flushed cheeks.

‘I’m ready, Miss,’ she said quietly.

‘A full four then, and as hard as you can. Let us see if there is some muscle in that croquet arm.’

Veronica said nothing, but suddenly lifted the cane and brought it down on Tess’s naked buttocks with a swiftness and ferocity that surprised even me. It certainly surprised Tess, for she jumped and clenched her trembling bottom, giving a sharp cry.

The second stroke graced the same spot as its forerunner, and Tess began to squirm most prettily. At the third, she squealed, her bottom writhing madly in an effort to dissipate the stinging, and as the fourth cut took her, the tender globes were frantically pulsating as though in mimicry of some rutting beast. My sex was quite wet by now, and it was all I could do to not to plunge my hand to my tingling lips and frig myself there and then, in defiance of all rules of scholastic decorum. I noticed that Veronica was panting, her bosom thrusting proudly against her sweat-damp blouse, so that her generous nipples clearly protruded, swollen and hard against the fabric of her shirt and the bodice underneath. To my delight, I saw that she too was as excited as I was at the spectacle of the girl’s naked buttocks smarting under the crop! If it had not been for the cruel, though necessary barriers of social position, I should have embraced her, touched and caressed the sweet plums I had so recently laced, and penetrated her sex myself, knowing that she would be as wet as I was. Veronica’s face had the ferocity of a huntress, and for a moment I saw her as my revered Selene, the cruel moon goddess who was the object of my girlish worship as I danced naked under the stars.

‘I am well pleased with you, Veronica,’ I said coolly. ‘Now, let us take tea; I think we have earned it. Tess, you may stop your snivelling and serve us.’

‘Yes, Miss,’ snuffled Tess, and philosophically smoothed down her skirts, then applied herself to her duties. Soon Veronica and I were sitting cosily by the fireside, trying to

wolf our delicious scones, jam and cream as daintily as possible.

‘Tess,’ I ordered, making quite sure my mouth was not full, ‘you will go to Matron and get a pair of regulation panties. No, two pairs, for I expect you to wash one pair every now and then. They cost eightpence halfpenny each, so I shall deduct one shilling and fivepence from your next wages.’

‘Oh, but Miss de Comynge,’ whined Tess. ‘that leaves me but . . . but . . . two shillings and fivepence!’

‘No it doesn’t, it leaves you four shillings and sevenpence, you clot! And six shillings a week for a girl of your talents – plus full board, mind – is a handsome remuneration in this metropolis.’

‘But all my brothers and sisters and cousins . . .’

‘Who are all figments of your Cornish imagination,’ I interrupted. ‘I know very well you spend your wages on cheap scent, tuppenny ale and omnibus rides. Off with you to Matron! I shall telephone her this instant!’

Tess cast a fearful eye on the wonderful instrument of Mr A. G. Bell’s invention, as though it were some daemonic juju from the wilds of Bodmin Moor, and departed hurriedly. I picked up the receiver and asked the girl on duty at the board, a nice lass from Woking named Phoebe Ford-Taylor, to connect me with Matron’s telephone. My call was not strictly necessary, but I was still in love with this marvellous new toy with which, I was assured, I could now communicate with over twenty thousand souls throughout the metropolis! A few seconds later the telephone at the other end tinkled and clicked, and Matron answered.

‘Hello there, d’ye want the business?’ crooned her soft Irish contralto.

‘Deirdre, it is Miss de Comynge. Haven’t I asked you to answer the telephone as follows: “St Agatha’s Academy for Young Ladies, Matron speaking”?’

There was a pause.

‘St Agatha’s Academy for young Young Ladies here, Miss de Comynge, Matron speaking, d’ye want the business?’ said Deirdre.

‘Deirdre,’ I sighed, ‘please remember you are no longer strutting on Praed Street.’ When I explained the business of Tess, Deirdre chortled.

‘Why, the dirty young whelp. Do you want me to give her insides a good hot cleansing with one of Mr Izzard’s new machines?’

‘No, Deirdre, I’m sure we can arrange that later. Just the panties, please.’

‘Well, I’ll give her them two sizes too small. That’ll learn her!’

Smiling at this mild prank, I replaced the receiver. ‘Well, Veronica,’ I said at length. ‘Are you comfortable?’

‘Yes, thank you, Miss.’

‘Are you sure you wouldn’t prefer to take your tea standing up? It is all right, you know, for I expect your bottom stings just a little.’

‘A little, Miss. But it is all warm and tingly, too. It is nice in a way.’

Our eyes met, and she blushed most attractively.

‘I must find out, though, why you have been remiss in your studies. The academic discipline is no less prized at St Agatha’s than social discipline. These days are full of promise for women, you see: the great professions and universities are open to us; married ladies may own property in their own name and we are free to hone and strengthen our bodies in these new sports like lawn tennis and bicycling. There are already some lady automobilists, of which I am proud to be one, with my splendid new Panhard-Levassor outside this very door. Why, when the twentieth century dawns, it is certain we shall have the vote, although for myself I think that a very mixed blessing. But to take advantage of our newfound freedoms, we girls must do twice as well as boys, at everything, especially our studies.

So what can be the reason for this slacking, Veronica? Are you unhappy at St Agatha's?

'Oh, no, Miss,' she cried. 'It's the best institution I've ever known. Already I have lots of super chums - there's Prudence Proudfoot, and Amanda Nightingale, and Phoebe Ford-Taylor, and -'

'Yes, they are all sound girls,' I interjected. 'So whatever can the matter be?'

Veronica sighed deeply.

'Why, nothing, Miss.'

I took Veronica's hand, which was trembling, and looked into her eyes. 'Come, Veronica, I know that sigh,' I said softly. 'There is a young gentleman, I fancy.'

'Oh, Miss, papa is very strict. I have never . . . I mean, *you* know, I mean . . .' She broke off in sweet confusion.

'Who is he, Veronica?'

'Oh,' she blurted in a rush, 'he is the finest and most handsome of all the cavalrymen. One day papa, mama and I were walking in the park, from our house in Curzon Street towards the Knightsbridge Barracks, when he passed us. He saluted papa, of course, and then when papa wasn't looking he turned back and tipped his cap to me and gave a little bow. And oh, Miss, he smiled! Second Lieutenant Arbuckle is his name and honestly, Miss, he smiled at me!'

Her voice trembled; it seemed that she could take four strokes of the cane on her bare bottom without blinking, yet the thought of Second Lieutenant Arbuckle's smile had her on the verge of a swoon. Truly, we women are tremendously unfathomable, as gentlemen are never tired of pointing out.

'Veronica,' I said tenderly, 'you are young and ripe with love and beauty. It is normal to direct these feelings towards the person of a fine young man. But your heart must not rule your head, I'm afraid. When you have matured a little, you will find that there are plenty of fine young men, and that you may pick and choose amongst them at will.'

‘But Miss de Comynge, I love only Second Lieutenant Arbuckle!’

‘Aren’t you secretly happy to pine thus, to feel such sweet melancholy? You are in love with love, Veronica, not I’m afraid, with Second Lieutenant Arbuckle.’

‘I cannot believe it,’ said Veronica doubtfully.

‘Of course not. That is why your papa sent you here, so that rigorous discipline may turn you into a woman. Do you want to disappoint your papa, Veronica?’

‘No! I love my papa more than anyone in the world!’

‘And what about Second Lieutenant Arbuckle? Suddenly he is not quite so important, eh?’ I said rather brutally.

‘Oh . . . well . . .’ said Veronica miserably, and reached for her handkerchief.

I took the opportunity to give her a tender hug and a soft kiss on the cheek.

‘So,’ I said, ‘we must be brave and give your papa,’ – I was going to say ‘value for money’ – but instead I whispered, ‘a girl to be proud of.’

‘Yes, Miss,’ sighed Veronica. ‘I shall make him proud of me.’

‘Good,’ I said briskly. ‘Now, as to these delightful undergarments that your papa gave you, they must be given up and will be kept safe for you. Your papa was very naughty to give them, for he knows our rules. I must speak to him about it – he has a telephone in Curzon Street – and I’ll tell him that if he were one of my pupils,’ I had a roguish twinkle in my eye, ‘I should chastise him most severely. Yes, most severely.’

I rolled the words round my tongue with relish, for I was feeling quite ticklish for another meeting with the doughty Major Dove and his mysterious wife Thalia, Veronica’s rather prudish (I gathered) mama.

‘Yes, of course, Miss,’ said Veronica. ‘It is just that Second Lieutenant Arbuckle was in India with papa, and wearing them reminds me of . . .’ Her sentence tailed off helplessly.

‘Well, if you have finished your tea, you may attend to that errand,’ I said. She got up to leave. ‘Veronica,’ I said suddenly. ‘Do you lie awake at night, unable to sleep, thinking of Second Lieutenant Arbuckle?’

‘Why yes, Miss. How did you know?’

‘And do you find that you caress yourself – there, you know, in your lady’s place?’

‘Well, sometimes, Miss.’

‘Wearing these panties, that remind you of him?’

‘Surely there is nothing wrong in it?’

‘No, it is normal and healthy, in *my* opinion, which is the opinion of St Agatha’s. But in future, when you tickle yourself there, and make yourself all hot and wet and tingly –’

‘Oh, Miss!’ she cried, with a furious blush.

‘We are all girls, Veronica. When you do this thing, and I know how sweet it is, please wear your regulation panties. I’m sure you have not even unwrapped the package in which they were issued to you, but when you do, I think you will be agreeably surprised. I designed them myself; they are high-waisted, and err perhaps on the skimpy side. In short, they are rather fashionable, perhaps even . . . daring. Stroke yourself, Veronica, through the regulation blue satin, and you will understand that while you are here, your love must be for St Agatha’s.’

Veronica smiled. ‘I understand, Miss,’ she said, looking me coolly now in the eyes. ‘Really, I do.’

A Tight Corset for Miss Chytte

‘More hot water, please, Miss Chytte,’ I said, nuzzling into the scented foam that lapped my breasts. ‘And some champagne, too. Well chilled. I take it the iceman came this morning?’

‘Yes, Mistress. But the ice block has not been broken.’

‘Well, chip it with your fingernails, Miss! Get a bucketful and chill my champagne. Or have some girls do it. Yes, that shall be added to our menu of punishments: miscreants shall break ice for an hour.’

‘I’m proud to obey, Mistress; you are a veritable slave-driver!’

‘No cheek, slave, or I’ll dress you in the girls’ uniform, even though you’re my aide. How would such democracy suit you?’

‘Would I be beaten like the other girls?’

‘More, I imagine.’

‘Then I should like it very much. Mistress.’

‘Ha! One day I’ll devise a punishment that you won’t like at all.’

‘I should like that too.’

I flicked the leash which tethered Miss Chytte, and she trembled as the thong tugged at her nipples and sex-lips, which were prettily pinched and attached by little golden lockets. Apart from these adornments and her black ankle boots, she was naked like myself, though somewhat colder. Gravely I handed her the leash, and she wrapped the thong carefully round her waist before donning her coat. She then departed on her errand, snug in the symbol of her servitude. I lay back in my bathwater and began to soap my breasts

lazily, not for the first time, and smiled as I reflected upon my good fortune.

How pleasant the realisation of a young girl's dream, to be headmistress of her old school! Although my plans for St Agatha's had more to do with the pleasure houses of Paris or Stamboul than the groves of Academe. My eventful sojourn in Cornwall had led me to this: young Freddie Whimbie, my erstwhile pupil at Rakeslit Hall, was now my devoted slave and factotum, whom I honoured with the title of 'Chamberlain', as befitted the son and heir of Lord and Lady Whimble. Lord and Lady Whimble were now happily reunited by my good devices, which had rescued his Lordship from a long period of – well, eccentricity; Marlene and Deirdre, the sturdy gay girls I had plucked from their unstructured self-vending in the purlieus of Praed Street, became respectively, my Manciple and my Matron; then there was faithful Mr Izzard, known to me of old, since, as a schoolgirl, I would barter my used panties for sweetmeats or playthings at his pharmacy in Wimbledon High Street. During my days in Cornwall, Mr Izzard's inventiveness in the matter of curious disciplinary and hygienic appliances did much to help me tame young Freddie's rampant male vigour, and to gain the devoted allegiance of the Sapphic Miss Chytte. Now, happily married to the former Mlle Solange Gryphe of Aix-en-Provence, my old French mistress, he was enrolled with my partners in my plan to create, within the starched confines of a girl's college, the finest house of pleasure that London had ever seen! His devotion to his hygienic art and his enthusiasm for the regulation of the various intimate bodily functions of both male and female, ensured a steady supply of devices both to heighten pleasure and, in the case of a lady, to nullify the inconveniences caused to her body by pleasure's pursuit.

Although I was sole commander of the establishment and its operations, we regarded ourselves as partners, thanks to a profit-sharing scheme, a novel but extremely sound

business practice and one which I thoroughly recommend to all ladies embarking upon a business career. Miss Chytte, whom I had rescued from her tea-shoppe in the glum Cornish village of Budd's Titson, by Rakeslit Hall, proved an admirable administrator, and my reforms were proceeding with delicacy and stealth. If a lady can manage a tea-shoppe in Cornwall, she can manage anything.

I looked at my reflection in the ceiling mirror, and permitted myself to think my body beautiful. I caressed my full breasts, bringing the big plum nipples to a delicious tingling stiffness, and then idled my fingers in the forest of auburn curls that was my generous mink.

I teased myself slowly and thrillingly, allowing my fingers to play on the lips of my sex, prominent even when flaccid, but now swollen most proudly. I saw myself as a queen; a goddess even: the cascade of hair framing my shoulders and breasts, the ripe teats themselves, a flat belly leading to a Mount Pleasant of striking fullness, which many gentlemen had been kind or besotted enough to kiss and stroke with awe; smooth long legs, delicately but sturdily muscled. My whole skin was glowing with golden health, my honey colour being due to my distant Mediterranean origin (or so I puffed myself!). Only my bottom was hidden from my view. The buttocks and back are the only parts of our bodies we cannot easily contemplate, and therefore, to me, are the most mysterious and most beautiful. I am proud of my bottom, perhaps inordinately so, although I must rely on the compliments and caresses of others to make me conscious of the power of those firm, smooth globes. With what rapture have Freddie and Miss Chytte nuzzled me in the cleft of my naked buttocks, smothering my skin with kisses, fervently tonguing my proudly standing anus bud itself, or, when my commands are harshest, making those centres of pleasure tingle at the caress of a cane or sweet whippy birch . . .

As I caressed my gently wriggling body, I daydreamed of a future in which I should rule an empire of wealth, power and beauty. Every girl dreams such dreams but I had made a reality of them. Wealth, to me, means not the vulgar opulence that is the limit of most gay girls' horizons, but the musky aura of copperplate bank statements, thick carpets and closed carriages in Berkeley Square at twilight. In the midst of this dark, enthralling world, a bright shimmering beacon: St Agatha's, a temple of pleasure where rich men could doff their robes of propriety and become happy little boys again, where the loveliest flowers of English maidenhood would relieve them of their anxieties and their lucre. I should be the Andrew Carnegie of lust, my good works knowing no frontiers!

In Cornwall, far from the constraints and complexity of the city, I had made myself, or discovered myself to be, a country whore. I liked it: enjoyed my power over those sturdy yeomen, as I perceived the lusts and longings that boiled beneath their rough-hewn respectability. So many successful men long to be humiliated and punished for their success. Ashamed of their 'filthy lucre', they long for the flutter of a woman's eyelid or the swell of a shapely breast, to remove it from them! Business consists of giving customers what they want, even if they don't know they want it. And what most of my customers truly want is to be treated like a beastly little boy (a little boy who possesses oodles of cash), and be punished for it with a damn good hiding. When a man is stripped naked and thrashed by a lovely woman, he is made to feel appreciated for himself, not for his money. Too many transactions between gay girls and lustful gentlemen are unsatisfactory, because the vendor imagines that the client is paying to use her body, whereas in fact he is paying for her to use his.

I had observed that Marlene, in her businesslike Scotch manner, had in Praed Street a tariff for various lustful services; a sort of erotic menu. While sound, this is not the

practice at St Agatha's. With me, a man pays – oh, how he pays! He begs to pay, he sobs until I take his bawbees! And in return he may have everything he wants, or he may have nothing at all. His Mistress may be cross with him; or she may refuse to be cross with him, administer the most savage of chastisements or the tenderest of endearments. Either way, she is giving him what he wants, which is the thrill of uncertainty. A client may leave St Agatha's sated with the most delirious poking, or his bottom glowing from the sternest of lacings; or he may leave in an agony of frustration because his Mistress is 'not in the mood'. In return for his guineas he has only the promise of more, 'next time – if you are good'. Seething, he vows that there shan't be a next time, but as the sap begins to course in his balls – his Mistress has forbidden him to remove his restrainer and relieve himself of his aching tension! – he begins to long for his implacable paramour again. His cock longs to stand stiff for her, and he returns humbly, his pocket full of guineas, begging to be punished for his impudence.

The important thing is never to undercharge. Men like to boast of their profligacy, how much they have lost at gambling or in drinking bouts, and to squander money on women is a great source of pride. In this way can a kind-hearted businesswoman do wonders for the male ego.

I was so pleased with my musings on the science of marketing that when Miss Chytte returned with champagne on ice and a bucket of hot water I invited her to join me in the bath and take a glass of wine, before we joined the rest of our company for dinner. However I frowned when I saw that she had allowed her fingernails to become unseemly from chipping at the ice block, and to show my disapproval, I ordered her the mild chastisement of lacing herself in one of the corsets I kept for such purposes. She doffed her coat, and nude, opened the closet, from which I selected a yellow satin corset, with severe whalebone stays in the former fashion. Still trembling from the cold in the ice room, she

laced up the corset as tightly as was possible, on my instructions, so that her breasts were pinched up and swelled very fetchingly over the stiff corselet, while her waist was severely constricted in a wasp shape, to her noticeable discomfort. 'Oh!' she panted. 'It is so abominably tight, Mistress! I couldn't help getting my nails chipped.'

'Then you'll know better next time, slut,' I said harshly, and made her bend so that I could clip her leash back onto her nipples and sex-lips. Then I gave the thong a healthy tug, and she squeaked as the corset bit into her flesh. I made her open the champagne - deriding her clumsiness - and pour a trembling glass for each of us. Then I said that she might join me in the tub. 'There is plenty of room for two.'

Of course there was room! It was Miss Chytte herself, in her dainty apartment atop her tea-shoppe, who had awakened me to the delights of a sumptuous bathroom, and I had installed for her a glittering array of mirrors, basins, bidets and hygienic devices such as the colonic irrigator. In pride of place was a splendid set of *évacuateuses à la turque*, twin commodes upon which ladies may squat and enjoy a friendly chinwag as they attend to their business, in the manner of the harem. These I had been obliged to order from M. Cornichon's shop in the Rue St Denis in Paris, since such things were unobtainable in London, our English middle classes believing that the evacuation of food must be as glum as business as its ingestion.

'Why did you make me corse myself, Mistress? The garment will surely shrink.'

'Get in, you bumpkin!'

When Miss Chytte had lowered herself with much bubbling into the suds, I told her of my musings on the subject of selling pleasure.

'It is part of a girl's education,' I concluded, 'to learn the realities of life, that is, love, power and money. It is better for a woman to be her own whore than society's. Look at the