

## ASSTR 48i African Antics Continued: Hilary Term 2027 at St. Philomena's

by Big Billie

Sally Westland writes:

It was January 2027. The Twelve Days of Christmas 2026 had past. The Feast of the Epiphany was over, and I was on my way back to St Philomena's Ladies' College in Atrabia, Central Southern Africa, for the Hilary Term.

As term progressed Auntie Sarah's slipper was put to work.

The younger girls in Year 1, who were mostly 11 and 12 years of age, gave me no real trouble. There was one little scamp, though, called Precious Malefe. She was sociable, lively, vivacious, loveable, but far too fond of talking in class. At her English lesson on the first Friday in February I announced that Precious had amassed 4 demerits in the course of the previous week, and I hauled her up to the front of the class to be disciplined.

I told Precious to face her fellow students, straighten her legs, touch her toes and raise her skirt over her back. I slapped her into position with a few admonitory flicks of the slipper and then I gave her 4 of the best across her pert, meaty little rump. I did not slap all that hard and, to the titters and laughter of her fellow students, Precious returned to her seat with a big grin on her face, rubbing her bottom in an exaggerated and theatrical fashion.

Even so, I had made my point. The other Year 1 girls were amused, and Precious pretended to be. But for several weeks afterwards she was on her best behaviour. Auntie Sarah's slipper: Precious had felt it, and she did not want to feel it again across her thin, tightly stretched knickers.

I also slapped the bottoms of girls in other year groups and by early February, in the Lower School, Years 2, 3 and 4 had all presented me with at least one victim.

It was the Upper School, however, that generated most of my disciplinary work. From time to time girls fell foul of my "3 Strikes and You're Out" rule and were summoned to my study for discipline at bedtime on Fridays. Most of my victims, however, were referred to me by my teaching colleagues. Their names were entered into the "Record of Discipline (Upper School)" book and they were instructed to call on me the following evening, just before lights out and after they had changed into their night attire.

It is a moot point as to whether it was preferable to be slippered as a Lower School or as an Upper School student. A Lower School slippering was more embarrassing since it was inflicted in front of your fellow students. On the other hand, Lower School girls got to take it across their knickers whereas Upper School girls were required to raise their night dresses and take it on the bare. On the plus side, however, Upper School girls were slippered in the privacy of my study and were spared a public shaming.

In mid-February, when I consulted the Record of Discipline I discovered that Lucy Maketsi of the Upper Sixth had been booked for discipline by my colleague John Grey. The offence was specified as "lack of effort and motivation." Well that seemed a little vague to me; if I am going to slipper a girl I need to know precisely what she has done wrong so that I can fine tune my pre-spanking discussion and advice. So I invited John along to my study to discuss the case.

John Grey was enrolled on the same PGCE (Post Graduate Certificate in Education) course at the School of Education, Cambridge University, as me, but he had completed it in the previous academic year and had arrived at St. Philomena's as a probationary teacher 12 months before I did. As an undergraduate at Cambridge John had studied Mathematics and Physics, and he now taught these subjects to GCSE and Advanced level students. Lucy Maketsi was his star pupil and she needed good grades in her forthcoming A level assessments if she was to take up the place that she had been provisionally offered at University College London to study medicine.

"The problem, Sally, is that I am too close to the girl. As you know, she wants to be a doctor, and Sister Mary advised her that, as well as Physics, it would be a good idea to study Chemistry and Biology at Advanced level. Now, those were 3 of the A levels that I took, but I have had no formal instruction in them since."

"Yes, John, but you are a bright lad. I am sure that you will get her through."

"Another problem is that St. Philomena's does not usually offer Chemistry and Biology at Advanced level. Lucy is my only student and all the teaching is one to one."

Oh. Slowly the point began to dawn on me. Lucy Maketsi, like a fair number of her fellow students, was eighteen years old and drop dead gorgeous. Any young man in close contact with her for a length of time was likely to be tempted.

"So let me get this right, John. For the last 4 terms you have been Lucy's personal, individual tutor in A level Chemistry and Biology."

"Yes, that's right. Actually, I am more of a mentor than a tutor. I work through, and test her on, two of the standard A level texts, and they are excellent. There are also some really good interactive learning packages online for her to work through. She is a bright girl, and, with determination and the right motivation, she should be fine."

"Hang on, John. I am not getting this. From what you have told me so far I cannot make out why on earth you should want this young female disciplined."

Well, John was very embarrassed, and he did not want to talk about it. But slowly I teased it out of him. He was understandably smitten by Lucy's beauty, and more emotionally involved with her than was professionally appropriate. In turn, although John was too modest and self-effacing to make the claim, it seemed to me, from the details he gave, that Lucy was smitten to the point of obsession with him.

"We met up during the summer vacation in London," said John. "Nothing inappropriate happened but it seemed to me that Lucy wanted to be more than just my student. The problem now is that it is seriously affecting her work. There is an awful lot of material to grasp and learn in both subjects, and Lucy's mind is not focused at all."

"So how would it help if I slipped her?"

"I don't know, Sally. You tell me. But something needs to be done and I have no other ideas. Perhaps if Lucy can see me as a teacher, an official authority figure, rather than a friend, and, perhaps even, as a bit of a bastard, we might manage to jolt her out of her day dreaming and focus her mind."

“OK, John. I tell you what. I think you need to witness the action. I will instruct Lucy to report to us here after she has prepared herself for bed tomorrow night. You say you want her slippered so I will slipper her for you. I will also, from now on, summon Lucy to see me for regular tutorials, with and without your presence. I promise to do my very best to help this young female to get her act together.”

“Thanks, Sally. I am sorry to have lumbered you with all of this.”

The following day was Friday. In the afternoon, shortly after 5.15 p.m., I pulled Lucy out of the Preparation Room and escorted her into my study for a discussion. This was not a disciplinary hearing so I brewed a pot of tea and offered her biscuits. Soon we were seated in armchairs, facing each other.

“I am sorry to see,” I opened, “that Mr. Grey has booked you in for discipline.”

“Yes ma’am.”

“Why did he do that, Lucy? You two have always got on really well and I know that he likes you.”

“He said it is because I am not working hard enough at my studies, ma’am.”

Apparently, at their last Chemistry tutorial, John, for the first time ever, had lost his temper with Lucy. She had performed very badly in an online diagnostic test on the Periodic Table. They had done a lot of work on this for over a year and she should have passed with ease. Then, when John had gone over the test results with her, Lucy had made a series of other gaffes and, in a fit of anger, John told her he was sending her for discipline.

“Is this the first time that Mr. Grey has expressed dissatisfaction with your work?”

“No, ma’am. I have not been doing very well for 2 or 3 weeks now.”

“Come on, Lucy. You are a bright, hard-working girl, one of the best that we have got. What’s up? What’s going wrong?”

Well, as with John, the story had to be teased out of Lucy, but eventually she admitted that she was fond of John, so fond, in fact, that it was distracting her from her studies.

“Lucy, do you know why I think Mr. Grey has sent you for discipline?”

“No ma’am.”

“It is because he is very, very fond of you too, and he hates it that you might fall short of the grades you need to go to medical school in London.”

“Do you think so, ma’am?”

“I am sure of it, Lucy. Mr Grey told me that the two of you had met up in London last summer. Both of you will be leaving St. Philomena’s at the end of the Trinity Term, and after that you will both be free to continue your relationship—but only, of course, if you are in London, or if, in other words, you get into medical school. So if you like Mr. Grey as much as you say you do, if you want to pursue a friendship with him, the best thing to do is to work hard and make absolutely sure that you get the grades that you need.”

In old paintings and woodcuts Cupid is often depicted with a blindfold over his eyes as he fires his love arrows. Love is blind. It was obvious to me that these young people were infatuated with each other. So why could they not work all of that out for themselves? John had told me that, as from September 2027, he had been offered a job as a Maths and Physics teacher at the Merchant Bankers' School for Boys in the City of London, a mere stone's throw from University College Hospital. The amatory possibilities were obvious.

Perhaps I should not have interfered. It really was none of my business. But like Auntie Sarah I am a meddlesome ratbag, and there are situations where I just have to put in my oar—I cannot resist it. What I was about to propose might go horribly wrong. But what the hell! It was worth the risk, and the risk was all part of the excitement.

“Lucy, tonight, after you have prepared yourself for bed, please report to my study for discipline. Now, I have a plan but you need to agree with it. I have invited Mr. Grey to witness your slipping. My intention is to be very strict with you, far stricter than is fair or reasonable. I will ball you out, feigning intense anger. I will tell you that I am going to give you the hiding of your life. I will then bend you over and slipper you on your bare bottom, very hard—indeed, far harder than you deserve or than is just. Then one of two things is likely to happen.

“Firstly, you may, if you wish, rise to your feet at any stage complaining at the severity of your punishment. If you do that I will ask Mr. Grey if he wants me to continue. If he does I will complete your chastisement, but less severely. If he wants me to stop, your punishment will be over.

“Secondly, you may decide, if you wish, to take the slipper and not to rise to your feet. In that case things will, I think, get very interesting. For Mr. Grey is extremely fond of you. He will, I think, be outraged, and he will intercede on your behalf.

“Well, what do you say? Are you up for that?”

Yes, dear reader, I know, I know. I was well out of order. My plan was reckless. It was ridiculous. It was outrageous. It was way out of line, and if anyone deserved to have her bare bottom slipped, and slipped hard, it was me.

Fortunately, however, that was not the way that Lucy saw it.

“Thank you ma'am,” she replied. “Slipper me as hard as you like. However much it stings and tingles I will take it. I solemnly vow and promise that I will not rise to my feet.”

I then advised Lucy how to react to her slipping and sent her back to the Preparation class.

“Please report here again at bedtime.”

“Yes, ma'am.”

I did not, of course, reveal my plan to John Grey. I had also not revealed to Lucy that I had no intention, if I could prevent it, of giving her any more than the first 3 slaps. Those slaps would be laid on very hard. She did not deserve more than that. Indeed, she deserved less.

At bedtime Lucy Maketsi entered my study to find John Grey seated next to me at my desk.

“Stand before us, Lucy.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“As you know, I have summoned you here for discipline. Mr. Grey has accused you of ‘lack of effort and motivation.’ How do you plead, Guilty or Not Guilty?”

“Guilty, ma’am.”

“So you accept the charge?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

This was my cue to go ballistic.

“Well, you know what, young lady? That makes me very, very angry. First of all you say that you want to be a doctor when you know full well that we do not offer the appropriate A levels. So Sister Mary generously agrees to help you. She asks Mr. Grey if he will lay on special classes, just for you, in Chemistry and Biology. Mr. Grey chivalrously agrees to this and prepares one off lesson plans just for you. He then delivers those plans, and teaches you in individual tutorials for hour after hour, week after week, over the last year and a half. Then, when you apply to medical school, Sister Mary and Mr. Grey write you glowing testimonials. They put their faith in you. And what do you do? You betray them; and you treat Mr. Grey with lazy, arrogant contempt.”

Well there was a lot more along the same lines, dear reader, but you get the point. I grossly exaggerated Lucy’s offence, and I outrageously slandered the poor girl. Meanwhile, as I warmed to my theme, I could see that John was getting more and more embarrassed and uneasy.

“Very well, Miss Maketsi. You have let down your College, you have let down Sister Mary, you have let down Mr. Grey, you have let down yourself, and you have infuriated me. You deserve to be punished and punished severely. I am now going to give you the slippering of your life.”

“Yes ma’am,” mumbled Lucy contritely.

“Now, stand on that small red mat. Face away from the desk and towards the wall behind you. Touch you toes keeping your legs straight. OK. Hold it there.”

Now for the tricky, risky bit, I thought to myself. I hope I can pull this off.

I then rose to my feet, walked around my desk, and stood to the left of Lucy.

Then, with my pulse racing and my heart pounding, I reached down to the hem of Lucy’s nightgown and with both hands I pulled it smartly up over her back.

Well, as John later informed me, he was not expecting that. He had assumed that Lucy would be chastised over a clothed bottom, and this full, free and open view of his beloved’s naked nether charms stunned him. He leered lustfully at her shapely calves, at her long, dusky thighs, and at her meaty, protuberant bottom. Then, as Lucy bent over, between her two naked buttocks, her two stunning labial lips were perfectly presented for his meticulous, detailed inspection; and from around those lips a thick, inviting clump of crinkly black pubic hair sprouted in saucy profusion. Good, I thought. If all of that does not turn John on to this ravishing young female I do not know what will.

Speed was now of the essence. I picked up Auntie Sarah's trusty spanking slipper from my desk and, dispensing with the usual preparatory slapping into position, I pulled it back behind me at just below waist height. From there it was a slightly upward swing to smack Lucy's dusky buttock meat flush, slap across the back of her perineum. onto her sweet spot just above where her bottom meets the tops of her thighs.

Right, I thought to myself, this slap has got to be hard, the harder the better, if it is to have the desired effect.

Dear reader, have you ever attempted the fairground strong man challenge to strike a trip rod with a sledge hammer, propel a metal cursor to the top of an indented rail, and ring a bell? Well the secret is to try to strike through the trip rod to the ground below.

Likewise, when you are slapping a bottom, if you want to slap it very, very hard, try to slap through it. You will not, of course, succeed; but the bottom in question will definitely know that it has been slapped.

Well thus did I slap Lucy's bottom.

CRACK!!!

I brought around my arm very hard and very fast,. I attempted to slap through Lucy's bum to her hirsute minge. The attempt, of course, failed, but the slap was successful. The smooth, flat sole of the slipper hit her meaty undercarriage flush like an exploding fire cracker. Dusky buttock meat wobbled and quivered deliciously, and black, crinkly pubic hairs flew every which way.

"Oh, Sally! No!" cried John in dismay. "Stop!"

That, however, was all that I heard; and that was not what should have happened. When I briefed Lucy I instructed her to cry out piteously as soon as she felt the sharp initial sting of the pump, and to keep on crying out, begging me for mercy, screaming that the sting was unbearable, etc., etc.

But she did none of that. She took the swat in complete silence, and that riled me. Oh, I see, madam, I mused. So you think you are hard, do you? Well what do you think of this then? And, about 5 seconds after the first smack, I inflicted a second, just as hard, just as flush, and slap on top of the first.

CRACK!!!

By now John was on his feet and coming around the table at me.

"No! No! Get off her! Leave her alone!"

Meanwhile Lucy had taken this second slap too in total silence, at which I was again miffed. I waited for another five seconds, by which time John was almost on me, and

CRACK!!!

I got in my third slap, smack, just as hard, onto the same piece of plump buttock meat that had taken slaps 1 and 2.

But then John got to me. He grabbed me by the waist and threw me away from his beloved. Then he grabbed me by the right wrist and wrestled the plimsoll out of my hand.

“You cruel, vindictive hell cat,” he yelled and he waved the slipper in my face, beside himself with rage.

Well I had calculated the likely outcomes of the night’s proceedings in advance, and this, I thought, was the best of the lot. John was normally a quiet, calm, reflective individual, a bit of a geek really. But my over the top chastisement of the girl he loved lathered him into a towering rage. Earlier in the evening I had taken off my knickers. If John is really outraged, I surmised, he might even retaliate. He might toss me over his knee and give me the spanking I so richly deserve. And, if he does, I surmised, it is only fair that, like Lucy, I should take it on the bare.

Alas, that particular wishful fantasy did not come true; but in every other way John lived up to my expectations. He threw one or two more vituperative insults at me, but his main thoughts were towards his beloved. He dropped the slipper to the floor, gently put his hands under Lucy’s armpits, and raised her to an upright position. Then, with his hands resting on her shoulders, he gazed into her eyes with a look of deep concern.

“Lucy, you poor girl, are you all right?”

I was enjoying the denouement that I had engineered, and part of me was mildly disappointed that Lucy did her best to de-escalate the situation and to reduce the tension.

“Yes, sir, of course I am. It was only a schoolgirl spanking.”

Lucy’s bottom must have been tingling and ringing like a bell, but she said and did nothing to suggest that she was even mildly shaken or taken aback. She did not even rub her rump to massage away the sting.

“Thank you for slippering me, ma’am. I deserved that.”

And she put her hands together in front of her bosom as if she were in prayer, and bowed to me, a gesture of deference and respect that she had picked up from our oriental students.

“May I go to bed now, ma’am?”

“Yes, Lucy. Thank you. We will talk further on this tomorrow.”

After Lucy had left I asked John if we could talk. I sat him down in an armchair, went over to the locked cupboard where I kept some of my personal property, and took out a bottle of whisky and two glasses. I placed these on the nearby table and sat down in an armchair myself.

“I think both of us need a drink.”

John and I talked long into the night and we downed most of that bottle of whisky. It was Friday, there were no formal lessons on Saturday, and we could spare the time.

My colleague was not well pleased when I explained the stunt that Lucy and I had pulled on him, and, to this day, he is angry at our jape, and at how hard I slapped the lady that he loves.

My line you can probably work out for yourself, dear reader. Yes, that's right. I told John that it was obvious to me that he was sweet on Lucy, and that Lucy was besotted with him. It needed a little *Sturm und Drang* I said to bring them together. I then gave gratuitous and uncalled for advice on how, if I were John, I would secure the prize that had so deliciously fallen into his lap; my counsel was, I think, sound, but it only demonstrated, yet again, that I am an officious, interfering, meddlesome ratbag.

During what was left of the academic year 2026-7 I used my position as Lucy Maketsi's form mistress to hold regular tutorials with her, both one to one and as a threesome with John Grey. Now that our two lovebirds realised the romantic possibilities of their joint domicile in London they were both spurred on to renewed efforts, John to help Lucy, and Lucy to excel in her forthcoming assessments. In her A level examinations Lucy exceeded the grades required to matriculate as a medical student.

In her day Auntie Sarah was herself a live wire who got up to the odd bit of mischief. Even so, that summer in Devon, she was more appalled than amused at my report on the Maketsi-Grey case.

"You were a very naughty girl, young Sally. You are not too old to be slippered you know. I have spanked your mother and I could spank you too."

Actually, I still felt guilty, and I would have let Auntie Sarah spank me if she had wanted to. But she loves me too much to do that—I hope!

That Autumn, after I had returned from Africa, I took up a position as an English language and literature teacher at a girls' school in Ealing. I am keeping touch with John Grey via email and social media and, during the pre-Christmas half term break, I met up with him and Lucy Maketsi for a meal at an Indian restaurant in Brick Lane. They make a lovely couple; I hope that it works out for them both, and that they end up, together and united, at the hymeneal altar.