

ASSTR 46 African Antics

by Big Billie

Part 1

Sally Trubshawe Henderson writes:

It was a glorious summer's morning in early May 2026 and I was drinking tea and eating buttered croissants in the conservatory of our farmhouse not far inland from the Atlantic Ocean and near to Devon's beautiful Jurassic Coast. I had recently celebrated my 83rd birthday and I was in reflective mood.

It was now more than a quarter of a century since I had retired from my position as the Headmistress of St. Ursula's Ladies Academy, a select boarding school for young ladies aged 11 to 19 in the southern counties of England. My four children were all into middle age, and some of my grandchildren were at or near adulthood. In 2022, at the age of 86, my soulmate, my husband Dave, had passed away after a short illness. I myself was old, thin, slight and frail; I was a mere shadow of the lithe, lissome athletic gymnastics teacher that I once was, and far different from the respected headmistress who, in her pomp, had presided over a top female academy, and whose disciplinary gym slipper, as applied to the rumps of naughty schoolgirls, had helped to enforce a successful academic regime.

The farmhouse, farmland and tenant farmers that Dave had inherited from his Uncle Tom around the turn of the millennium, were now managed by my youngest child, my son David, who, with his wife Susan, their four beautiful daughters, and their two lovely sons, lived with me on the estate.

In Macbeth Shakespeare lists "that which should accompany old age" as "honour, love, obedience, troops of friends." Well I had the honour of a good professional reputation, the love of children and grandchildren, and, if not troops, at least a goodly number of friends. So life was good, or at least it should have been. But old age is a melancholy time. I await death with apprehension, and, on that fine summer's morning, I sat brooding over the mistakes and missed opportunities of my past fourscore years.

I reminisced over my time as a Dean of Discipline and a Headmistress. I have always had an aversion to severe corporal punishment, and, in particular, to the use of the cane. Over the years I had applied it sparingly, and only for the most serious of offences. When it was used I had always involved the parents, offering them the option to spare their daughter from the punishment by withdrawing her from the school.

Even so, in my old age I pondered on whether I had been correct to make use of corporal punishment at all. My trusty slipper had certainly been an effective disciplinary implement. It had turned around many a lazy and naughty schoolgirl. It had dramatically improved academic performances and examination grades at St. Ursula's. I mulled over the names of the girls who, after its ministrations, had gone on to Oxford, to Cambridge and to prestigious redbrick universities. Surely, I mused, my disciplinary regime had been justified by its beneficent outcomes?

And in any case, I argued to myself, my slipper had done not only a great deal of good but also very little, if any, harm. It was effective because, at the time, it stung and tingled like hell. Then, afterwards, girls had to endure the schadenfreude of their fellow students, who were usually highly amused at their plight and who teased them mercilessly, especially in the communal showers where

their bare, spanked red bottoms were on open display. But the slipper was very flat, thin, light and floppy. Even when applied vigorously it did no long term damage, and most girls recovered from a slipping within about ten minutes at most.

Even so, when I recalled my disciplinary exploits they kindled in me a strong sense of guilt. You see, I was and I am sexually stimulated by ladies as well as by men. I have throughout my life lusted after nubile female flesh, and I have always fiercely enjoyed slapping girls' bottoms, especially when I managed to catch them "on the bare." In the old days, when I was lucky enough to slipper a big, strapping, sexy, meaty lady my lust was often driven to the point of orgasm. It was inappropriate, it was predatory and, by the standards of today, it constituted an indecent sexual assault. And yet it had brought me great enjoyment and delight and I could not force myself to be sorry that I had done it.

Thus, in general, ran the course of my lucubrations on that fine early summer's morning. Well, *carpe diem* I concluded (literally "pluck the day," or, as we might say in English, "seize the hour"). I decided to motor to a nearby National Trust property for lunch, and, after lunch, to enjoy the beauty of its formal gardens.

At that point, however, the phone rang and my day plan was thwarted.

"Hello, is that you, Auntie Sarah?"

I recognized the mode of address and the voice as those of my god-daughter, Sally Westland.

Although not my niece, Sally has always affectionately referred to me as "Auntie." Read my story *Boy Pranked, Girl Spanked*, to find out how, way back in 2001, I had slipped Jenny, her mother, in the presence of Jake, her father, thereby facilitating their courtship and subsequent wedding. Sally was born the following summer and was now approaching her twenty-second birthday.

"Sally! It's lovely to hear your voice! Where are you?"

So our conversation continued, and it soon became clear that there was some matter that Sally wanted to raise with me.

"So, my dear, what can I do for you? You seem to have something on your mind."

The upshot was that Sally, who was on a brief holiday to nearby Torquay and at a loose end that day, joined me for lunch at the farm house.

After lunch I ushered Sally into the room that I used as my study. As well as a desk, bookcases, and other appurtenances appropriate to an office, the room contains several armchairs separated by a low coffee table; so I invited Sally to sit in one of the armchairs and I occupied another one.

"Now come on, Sally," I prompted. "There's something on your mind, isn't there? If there is anything that I can help you with just ask."

Sally, like her mother and father, was bright and academically gifted. Unlike them, however, she had opted at school to study Arts rather than Science subjects at Advanced level, and had subsequently gained a degree in English Literature, with top honours, at Cambridge University. She then followed this with a PGCE (Post Graduate Certificate in Education) which she was on the verge of completing.

“Well, Auntie Sarah, as you know, I will finish my teacher training course at the end of this summer term.”

“Yes. Well done. It is a worthy, if chronically underpaid, profession.”

“So, I now have to complete my probationary year in full time employment.”

“Good luck with that. If I were you I would try to find a posh school with no serious discipline problems.”

“Yes. I am worried about it. My teaching practice so far indicates that I have difficulty in stamping my authority on a class and in keeping good order. Auntie Sarah, mummy tells me that you were a good disciplinarian; but, even so, that it was the decision of the Labour government in the late 1990s to ban physical chastisement in private schools that in part prompted your early retirement.”

“Well, it was certainly a factor; and I was the Headmistress of an all girls school, with no truculent young men to challenge me. The vast majority of the girls at St. Ursula’s were pleasant, co-operative, well behaved, middle and upper class young ladies. These days I shudder to think how teachers can possibly keep good order in rough schools without the use of physical deterrents.”

“Yes, Auntie Sarah, that worries me too. But there is also something else. I have more or less decided that I would like to spend my probationary year abroad. The University has cordial relationships with a number of foreign academies, and I think I would like to teach in one of them.”

“Oh! I see. Any in particular?”

“Well there is a temporary one year vacancy for an English teacher at St. Philomena’s Ladies’ College. This is a Roman Catholic academy run by the Sisters of Africa in Atrabia. Atrabia, as you may recall, is a small landlocked republic in southern Africa positioned to the West of Mozambique and to the East of Angola. The College is situated in extensive parkland near the headwaters, and on the banks, of the river Atrabus, about 20 miles upstream from the capital city, Atropolis. Apparently, at that point in its course, the river is little more than a deep, wide stream flowing through a verdant river valley.”

“Have you contacted the College?”

“Yes. I have emailed the Headmistress, Sister Mary Immaculate, and I have also talked to her on Skype. She is waiting for me to email my formal application.”

My advice to my god-daughter was to send off her application and to find out about the school’s disciplinary regime. Soon Sally learnt from Sister Mary that, like many schools in Africa, the academy practised corporal punishment. It delegated discipline to its teachers, who were free either to punish naughty girls themselves, or to send them to the headmistress for the cane. Prompted by me, Sally then enquired as to whether it would be acceptable for her to slipper girls with a gym pump, and yes, replied Sister Mary, that would be fine.

It was in mid-August when Sally came to stay with me for the weekend. Her application to St. Philomena’s had been accepted, her flights were booked, and in September she would be off to Atrabia for the Michaelmas term. Before that, however, she wanted to talk things over with me; so, between lunch on Friday and breakfast on Monday we talked about many things, and especially about teaching and discipline in schools.

As well as her teaching duties, Sally had been designated the Head of the English School and the form mistress of both the GCSE and the Upper and Lower A (Advanced) Level classes.

“My word, Sally,” said I, “Sister Mary is certainly getting her money’s worth out of you.”

“Yes. Apparently she is quite short of staff, and some of those that she has are not very well qualified. I must say, though, that the job seems seriously daunting, especially for me as a young and very inexperienced teacher. Auntie Sarah, I’m scared!”

And poor Sally looked and sounded scared too.

“OK, my beloved god-daughter. We cannot have that. Let us see if old Auntie Sarah can help you out.”

For much of the following three days I did my best to impart to Sally all that I had learnt about class control and school discipline. Her PGCE had given her a good grasp of the theories but, as I explained to her, theories alone are not adequate. She needed practical advice and I ran through some of the typical school scenarios and how to handle them.

My god-daughter was interested in why and how I used to administer corporal punishment. She was particularly intrigued at my spanking of her mother in 2001 and asked me for a full account of the incident, complete with all of the salacious details. I was happy to oblige and was interested to observe that, as I did so, Sally, like me, was amused and sexually stimulated by my narrative. Hey, I thought to myself, what we have here is a potential fellow spankophile.

My dear reader, as you may recall I have explained elsewhere at great length and in fairly precise detail, my disciplinary regime and practices. Now I ran through them all at length and in detail with Sally. I explained that even a really sharp slippering with a flat, thin, light gym pump does no lasting harm, even though it stings like hell when it is delivered.

“If you think a girl deserves the slipper do not be afraid to let her have it good and hard.”

I recommended my tariff to her: usually 4 slaps for Year 1 girls aged 11-12, 6 slaps for Year 2 girls aged 12-13, 6 or 8 slaps for Year 3 girls aged 13-14, 8 slaps for Year 4 girls aged 14-15, 8 or 12 slaps for Year 5 girls aged 15-16, and 12 slaps for Year 6i and 6ii girls aged 16+, and, in exceptional circumstances, for younger girls if they have been very naughty.

“Now, Sally,” I continued. “I have something for you.”

I presented my god-daughter with a shoe box wrapped in gift paper. She ripped off the wrappings, opened the box and looked inside. Then she gave a little scream of delight.

“Ah! Oh my goodness! Auntie Sarah! This is your spanking slipper! This is the slipper that you spanked mummy with, isn’t it? That’s wonderful! Thank you! Oh, thank you!”

“You are welcome, my dear. May it give to you as much satisfaction as it has given to me. Here, let me train you up on how to apply it.”

I then bent a cushion over the edge of the dining room table, and cleared away the dining chairs.

“Now imagine that this cushion is the rump of a young lady who has been apprehended in the act of smoking a cigarette. Go ahead. Give her 8 of the best.”

There followed several training sessions for my god-daughter over that weekend. I enlightened her on how to slap her victims into position with her preliminary tail flicks and then where and how to smack their bottoms soundly. I stressed the importance of reddening the meaty undercarriage or sweet spot just above the thighs, and of building up the punishment to a rousing crescendo. From time to time I took the slipper into my own right hand and backed up my advice with demonstrations

“Always make your last 2 or 3 slaps the hardest of all, and always administer them to the undercarriage. Be sure, every time, to send away a naughty girl with a sharp and infuriating sting in her tail. Her fellow students will almost certainly think that it’s funny. But she won’t.”

Thus Sally and I spent a pleasant few days together. I will not replicate all of the advice that I gave to her since if you have read my other stories you will know what it was. Then, after breakfast on the Monday morning I gave my god-daughter a hug, kissed her goodbye, and sent her away on her trip to Africa.

“Be sure to keep a diary and to take detailed notes,” I told her. “Then come and stay with me for a few days during the Christmas vacation. I would like a full and detailed report so that we can discuss and review how things are going.”

Part 2

Sally Westland takes up and continues the narrative:

It was a sunny day in September 2026 when I was disgorged from an antiquated locomotive train at Atrabus Springs, the railway station that served St. Philomena’s Ladies’ College. I was met by the school caretaker who transported me the three mile journey to the college in an old, battered pickup truck.

I spent my first ten days awaiting the arrival of the students and the start of term, and psychologically preparing myself for the coming term.

The school itself was well appointed and well resourced. It had been financed and built in the 1890s by a wealthy Catholic capitalist who had made his fortune from gold and diamond mines. To paraphrase D.H. Lawrence in his poem about Nottingham University, St. Philomena’s Ladies’ College was “built most grand and cakeily” in an ornate late-Victorian style, with red bricks and ornate patterned tiles. It reminded me of Keeble College, Oxford. You entered through a grandiose gateway into a quadrangle with a garden, and a fountain at its centre. The College buildings surrounded the quadrangle on all four sides. In front of you, and beyond the fountain, was an imposing facade with steps up to a wide main entrance.

The so-called “School of English Studies” was to your left as you entered the quadrangle. The premises had recently been refurbished. They comprised both personal accommodation and teaching rooms. There was a living room, a bedroom, a kitchen, and a bathroom with shower and WC for my sole use. I also had at my disposal a small library and study room for individual tutorials and small seminar groups. It was also where I could read, study, prepare, mark, and undertake administrative tasks.

For the students there was an adequately sized classroom known as “The English Room.” In this there were thirty-two computer work stations and, at the front of the classroom, a computer and

white screen for my use. All of the computers were loaded with the Moodle teaching and learning environment, and many of my learning resources I had already posted onto it from England before my arrival in Africa. I was thus reasonably well prepared, adequately provided for, and comfortably ensconced in one place.

From my quarters a corridor led on to student toilets, wash-rooms and showers. There were also two dormitories nearby. The smaller dormitory contained thirty-two bunk beds, sixteen at ground level and sixteen stacked on top of them. The large dormitory was twice that size. It contained 64 bunk beds, 32 at ground level and 32 stacked on top of them. I was the form mistress of the GCSE class and the two Sixth Form classes. These were the two closest dormitories to my living quarters. Thus, for the current academic year, the smaller dormitory had been assigned to the GCSE (Fifth Form) class and the larger dormitory to the A Level (Lower and Upper Sixth Form) classes.

Meals were provided in the Victorian Refectory. This was on the opposite side of the quadrangle from the School of English Studies. It was set in an imposing late Victorian dining hall with chandeliers, long trestle tables and benches. After the tradition at Oxford and Cambridge there was a High Table where the teaching staff ate and at which, during term time, 2 or 3 students were invited to dine every evening. There was an excellent African chef who provided a variety of the world's cuisines, and, for the staff, there were bottles of fine wine, as much as they wanted to drink. For my first two or three weeks at the school Sister Mary invited me to sit next to her at meal times so that she could brief me about the school and answer my queries.

The College did not enrol vast numbers of girls and class sizes were modest. As in English secondary schools, and as Auntie Sarah has described to you above, there were seven student groups: Year 1 (aged 11 to 12); Year 2, aged 12-13; Year 3, aged 13-14; Year 4, aged 14-15; Year 5 (the GCSE class), aged 15-16; Year 6i (the Lower Sixth Form Advanced class), aged 16-17; and Year 6ii (the Upper Sixth Form Advanced class) aged 17-18. Or at least, those were the usual ages of the students; but some girls were one or two years older than usual when they came to us, and girls who failed their end of year assessments were held down in the same class for the next year. Sometimes we lost girls to other schools. Sometimes girls came to us from other schools, and when they did they were enrolled in the most suitable Year for them. In the Academic Year 2026-7 Years 1, 2, 3 and 4 each enrolled between 25 and 30 girls, Year 5 enrolled 28, and Years 6 and 7 enrolled 27 and 29 girls respectively.

I fear, dear reader, that you are finding these details of slight, if any, interest. But please bear with me for a little longer as I continue my exposition.

From Monday to Friday breakfast was held between 7.30 and 8.30 a.m. Then, at 8.45 a.m. there was Morning Assembly and Prayers in "Big School," namely the Assembly Hall. The girls then went off to their lessons, of which there were eight during the course of the school day timed as follows:

9.15-9.55
9.55-10.35
10.35-11.15

Break

11.35-12.15
12.15-12.55

Lunch

2.15-2.55
2.55-3-35
3.35-4-15

Break

5.15-7.15 Preparation

7.30 Dinner

9.00 p.m. Bed

I was the only English teacher. I taught 4 lessons per week to Years 1, 2, 3 and 4 and 8 lessons per week to Years 5, 6i and 6ii. On Fridays I taught, during the course of the day, all 7 Year groups, with the last 2 lessons a double session for the Upper Sixth.

Now, dear reader, a word about the girls and ladies of Central Southern Africa. They are beautiful. Large numbers of them are physically stunning with firm, pneumatic breasts, flat stomachs, trim waists, big meaty bottoms and the most curvaceous of figures. They have lighter skin tones than the girls and ladies of West Africa. The texture of their flesh is smooth and silky. But even more beautiful than their bodies are their personalities. They are open and friendly, gracious and generous beyond measure, with happy, bubbly, vivacious dispositions.

The girls and ladies of Atrabia have all of that, and much else, to their credit. Even better, and as a bonus, Atrabia's schoolgirls have, for the teacher, additional endearing traits. They are, in general and with few exceptions, well behaved, highly motivated and keen to learn. Most of them look up to and respect their teachers and try their very best to obey and please them.

Thus, by the third teaching week I had concluded that I might never need to apply Auntie Sarah's famous slipper to the rumps of naughty schoolgirls, since the schoolgirls were not, in general, naughty. In my first week of teaching, not knowing what to expect, I had hit my classes hard. Sister Philomena had given me a thin, supple rattan, a so-called junior cane, explaining that, at St. Philomena's, it was the implement usually employed to inflict physical discipline. So, during my first teaching session with each of my 7 groups, I began by hanging the cane over the white screen at the front of the class and placing the slipper on a desk next to it.

"These," I explained, "are what naughty girls can expect to feel across their bottoms."

I then explained the "3 strikes and you are out" system recommended to me by Auntie Sarah. A girl who pleased me would get merits whereas a girl who displeased me would get demerits. On Fridays all merits and demerits for that week would be cancelled, but any girl who averaged out at 3 or more demerits would be slipped. For girls in Years 1, 2, 3 and 4 that slipping would be in front of the whole class. Girls in Years 5, 6 and 7 would be spared the embarrassment and shame of a public chastisement; instead they would be slipped in my study, in the evening shortly before lights out. In addition, if girls, even big girls in Years 5, 6 and 7, seriously displeased me at any time they would be summoned to the front of the class and slipped there and then.

For several weeks all went well and I had no need to slipper anybody. One or two of the younger girls, through laziness or by thoughtless or silly actions, amassed 3 demerits, but when they did they were so eager to avoid the personal disgrace of a public chastisement that, for the rest of the week, they did their very best to please me; and I, observing their good attitude and their improved behaviour, was quick to find reasons to award them merits and to deliver them from humiliation.

But alas! As Scotland's national bard Robert Burns reminded us, "the best laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley," and my disciplinary regime was thrown into confusion just before half term by an email from my colleague Miss Jansen, who taught French and German. It read:

Dear Sally,

Could you please discipline Margaret Nkombo for me. She is not working anywhere near hard enough on her French grammar and, like a filly coasting in a race, she needs a few sharp slaps across her flanks to giddy her up. She is in the Upper Sixth Advanced French group, you are her form mistress, and I think that correction would be better coming from you rather than from me.

Yours, etc.,

Emma.

Well I had got to know Emma Jansen quite well, and I considered her my friend. She was a conscientious teacher who laid great stress on irregular verbs and so forth, and she worked tirelessly to get the girls through their external assessments with good grades. I did not want to cross her, and I needed advice. So I engineered an informal chat with Emma and Sister Mary during breakfast the next morning. I told the Principal that it was her shout, and that I would do whatever she thought best.

"Sally," replied Sister Mary, "We have to thank Emma for raising an important issue. Indeed, I think it desirable that all disciplinary matters relating to the fifth and sixth forms be resolved by you. We have a short briefing session scheduled for break time today. I will make an announcement then. As for Miss Nkombo, please do what Emma asks.

Thus it was that, at 11.15 that morning, the Principal announced that in future the only person authorised to physically chastise fifth and sixth formers was me. The same afternoon she followed this up with an email to all teaching staff. In future there would be a Record of Discipline (Senior School) book lodged in the Staff Room. This would record the name of the culprit, her Year Group, the nature of her offence, and the name of the teacher who had booked her. Finally, there was an "Action" column for me to record the punishment that I had inflicted. By 4.30 p.m. Emma had entered Margaret Nkombo's name in the book, and during Preparation I instructed Margaret to call on me in my study after she had prepared herself for bed.

After dinner that evening I went back to my study and sat nervously at my desk. I was sexually stimulated by the prospect before me but also very, very nervous. In the heat of the African night my heart was racing, my palms were perspiring, my underarms were clammy, and my forehead was bedewed with beads of sweat. Then there was a knock at the door and Margaret Nkombo entered at my summons.

"Good evening, Margaret. Sit down, please."

"Yes, ma'am"

And Margaret occupied the chair on the other side of my desk.

I then spent between 10 and 15 minutes discussing Margaret's education and where she thought her life was going. She told me that after her Advanced Level assessments next summer she would like

to go off to university. Her father was quite well off so she would be applying to Cambridge University, with which St. Philomena's enjoyed a cordial relationship, to read English Literature.

We then discussed Advanced Level French, and Margaret's booking by Miss Jansen. Margaret admitted that she needed to try harder, especially to grasp French grammar.

"Let us hope that you improve," I remarked. "But as for the present I have no choice. Miss Jansen has booked you in for discipline and I am going to have to administer it."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Very well. Now, as to the details. You are 18 years of age are you not, Margaret?"

"Yes, ma'am, I shall be 19 next August."

"The tariff for a girl of your age is 12 of the best with the slipper. You did know that?"

"Yes, ma'am. You told us at the start of term."

"Have you been physically chastised before at St. Philomena's?"

"Yes ma'am. Several times. Six of the best with a thin, light rattan. It really stings."

"So does the slipper, but, like the junior cane, my slipper is thin and light. Unlike the cane, however, it is flat, so it does not cut into your skin. The sting is excruciating but it soon goes away leaving you not much the worse from your ordeal."

Margaret did not seem very convinced.

"Yes, ma'am. If you say so."

"OK, Margaret. Please stand on the small red mat in the middle of the room, face towards the wall and away from the window, touch your toes keeping your legs straight, and raise your nightdress over your back. Good. Now stay in position and wait for me."

I sat in my chair and scrutinised the stimulating scenario that I had succeeded in creating. Margaret was 18 years of age and she had the full-bodied form and figure of a nubile, physically mature lady, and a very lovely one at that. She was a typical Atrabian beauty, dusky and voluptuous. At present I had a clear view of her naked nether regions and they were stunning. Her calves and thighs were shapely and her bottom the classic, pert, protuberant "bubble butt" of a young, sexy African lady.

But that was not all. As Margaret bent over in front of me her inner rump, her thick clump of jet black, crinkly pubic hair, and her inviting vaginal lips were perfectly presented to my enraptured gaze. The lips pouted open to reveal two thin strips of pink inner pussy flesh. Wow, I thought. What a stunning, delectable, sexually desirable African virgin! How happy the man who is lucky enough to win her as his bride! Cambridge University is brim full of beauteous young females; but, if Margaret gets there, none will outshine her. Like Max Behbohm's fictional Zuleika Dobson at Oxford, she will utterly stun young men and drive them to distraction.

As I sat there admiring Margaret's stunning nether regions my admiration was quickly supplemented by a strong sexual attraction and by lust. I have known since my early teens that I have Sapphic proclivities. Now the fierce strength of my attraction to ladies was brought home to

me. Wow! I was going to enjoy spanking Margaret, but my enjoyment would be highly inappropriate and seriously predatory. I would not be administering correction fairly and impartially, without bias or favour, as a good teacher should. I would, at least in part, be engaging in an act of selfish sexual gratification.

This was Margaret's first spanking. Part of me thought Go easy on the lass; this is her first offence and she does not deserve a hard slapping. But another part of me thought If this slapping is not firm and effective it will not be an adequate incentive to try harder at her French grammar.

The emotion that won out with me, however, was a less noble and a more selfish one. I wanted to smack Margaret's bottom hard because I knew that I would enjoy doing it. I would glory in the sexiness of the bum slapping, and I would take a kinky delight in my power and dominion over of her. Non-consensual disciplinary spankings, where the victim has no choice but to bend over and take it, are very different from consensual play spankings. They are far kinkier and much sexier, especially when, as in this case, the spanker feels a sharp, fierce sexual attraction to the spanked.

I took the plimsoll in my hand and I prepared to smack Margaret's bare bottom hard after the fashion that Auntie Sarah had taught me. She would get the standard tariff for an Upper Sixth girl-- 12 slaps: 3 slaps to the undercarriage of the bum, 6 slaps to the rest of the bum, and a final 3, harder, slaps to the undercarriage. I must remember, I recalled, to wait for 4 seconds or so between the slaps to give the bare bum time to tingle. Then, after the twelfth and final slap I must remember to tell Margaret to put her hands on her head without rubbing her bum and to stand for several minutes while her rump stung and tingled.

I did not apply the pre-spanking tails flicks as skilfully as Auntie Sarah would have lad them on, but I did succeed in smacking Margaret into position with several sharp taps from the slipper to her bottom's plump, succulent sweet spot. Soon she was straining and grunting to bend over as far as she could while keeping her legs straight.

Then, swish,

Crack!

Again I took Auntie Sarah's advice and, with a slightly upward stroke, I caught Margaret with a beautiful slap, firm and flush, across the meaty undercarriage of her bum.

(Pause. Wait for the bum to tingle.)

Swish,

Crack!!

(Pause. Wait for the bum to tingle.)

Swish,

Crack!!!

(Pause. Wait for the bum to tingle.)

I caught Margaret across the rump with two more slaps, of escalating severity, to exactly the same piece of buttock meat just above her thighs.

I must say, I admired the way that Margaret took her punishment. She did not grunt or cry out. Instead, after every slap, and without any prompting from me, she interjected with

“Thank you ma’am.”

And she really did sound grateful!

Margaret’s bum was stinging and ringing like a bell but her first thought was not for her own discomfiture and humiliation, but for me, her chastiser, and for the work that I was putting in to improve her scholarly motivation.

In accordance with Auntie Sarah’s recommended battle plan, and to give Margaret’s sweet spot a brief respite from its relentless trip-hammering, I applied the next six slaps higher up on her rump onto buttock meat that had previously escaped chastisement.

Swish,

Crack!

“Thank you ma’am.”

(Pause. Wait for the bum to tingle.)

And so on, up to and including slap number 9.

Then came the final 3 slaps, and again I stuck to Auntie Sarah’s rubric. I made them harder than all of the previous slaps, and I made slap 11 harder than slap 10, and slap 12 harder than slap 11.

Swish,

CRACK!

Etc.

Swish,

CRACK!!

Etc.

Swish,

CRACK!!!

Etc.

Followed by a final

“Thank you ma’am.”

“Now, Margaret, take your fingers from off your toes, clasp your hands together and place them on the top of your head. Good. Now stand up, please, and face the desk.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

And Margaret obediently obeyed my commands.

“Now, while your bottom is tingling, I want you to tell me what your plans are to improve your French.”

Then, deferentially and contritely, Margaret apologised for her inadequate scholarly efforts in French and vowed that she would try her hardest to improve her performance.

“That’s good. Miss Jansen is doing her best for you, Margaret. Like me, she wants you to succeed. But remember, if you do not improve she will send you to me for further chastisement.” Then I lied outrageously. “And I would not like to have to slipper you again.”

I then kept Margaret with her hands on her head for several more minutes until I surmised that her bottom was no longer stinging and tingling to any great extent, after which I dismissed her.

“Very well, Margaret. You may go. Good night.”

“Good night, ma’am,” said Margaret as she left, smiling politely. “Thank you!”

“Thank you, Margaret. You’re welcome.”

I sat behind my desk, physically and emotionally drained. Hey, I thought, I used my slipper a bit too freely there. That must have really stung. Then a slow lascivious smile hovered on my lips. Yes, I thought. I bet it did.

I was transported to heady heights of carnal delight by my spanking of Margaret. Like a junkie I was hooked and I wanted more fixes. It was kinky. It was exciting. I was racked with guilt but I wanted more. I had behaved like a sexual predator, like a mean, spiteful, selfish bitch. I had taken a perverted joy in mastering and dominating her. I was itching for more victims, and, because of the disciplinary regime which Sister Mary had that day instigated, I knew I would get them. Well, bring it on, I thought.

These sudden and sharp desires came as a complete shock to me. Before I travelled out to Africa I thought that the physical chastisement of schoolgirls was mildly amusing and a bit saucy. I had not expected a fierce sexual arousal and I was surprised and puzzled by it. I was also, as I have said, ashamed. Teachers, I concluded, should be barred from such indecent, abusive, sybaritic pleasures; the British ban on corporal punishment in schools was right and just.

But hey, I thought. I am here now, and it is a requirement of my job that I spank schoolgirls. I might as well enjoy it until I leave at the end of Trinity term next Summer. Bring it on!

The next morning after breakfast I went to the staff room and put an entry into the Action column of the Book of Discipline next to Margaret Nkombo’s name: “12 with slipper.” And, at that moment, I felt smug and self-satisfied and confident about my successful chastisement of Margaret.

The spanking of Margaret Nkombo was the highlight of my first term at St. Philomena’s. It was my Epiphany. For the first time in my life I felt a fierce, an overwhelming, sexual attraction to a lady. I

like young men and I hope to marry one and to raise a family. I am resolved that as a wife I will never commit adultery with another man; but my husband will have to accept that, from time to time, I will play away with ladies.

In England the days between Christmas and New Year are short, dark and depressing. In 2026 I spent 4 of those days with Auntie Sarah at her farmhouse. I gave my god-mother a full report of my first term in Africa, and I let her read my long and extensive notes, including those that detailed my Sapphic proclivities and sentiments, of which this present narrative is a brief and selective summary.

In return, Auntie Sarah was honest and open with me. She told me, which I did not know before, that she too was a votaress of Sappho. She herself played away with ladies from time to time during her own marriage; and she was lucky. She told her husband Dave, then her boyfriend, the full story when he proposed marriage to her, and Dave affirmed his undying love, proclaimed that she could have as many girl friends and female lovers as she liked, and vowed to marry her, if she would have him, whatever.

My dear readers, I have more to tell. If you would like accounts of my exploits and escapades at St. Philomena's in the Hilary and Trinity terms of 2027 I will be glad to supply them.