

The Fighters Hit

A Sally Trubshawe Henderson Story

by Big Billie

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My dear readers, I have previously explained to you that at St. Ursula's Ladies Academy, sixth form girls were not usually slippered. However, girls aged 16+ who performed badly in their O Levels (later changed to GCSEs) were excluded from the sixth form and, if they stayed on at the school, were required to repeat their fifth form studies in form 5C. These girls were still subject to the school's disciplinary regime and could still be slippered. Moreover, to spur them on to greater efforts they were slippered harder than other fifth form girls, and they received 12 slaps rather than the usual 8, a 50 percent increase that was designed to encourage good behaviour and serious efforts.

Now as I have also previously explained, 5C was usually one of our larger forms. This was because most girls' boarding schools did not offer a repeat O level year. Girls who had performed badly at those schools were required to leave, and often their parents then sent them to us. The new recruits usually arrived as 16 year olds, but not infrequently they were 17 or 18 if, for example, they had come from abroad or had taken a year out. Our only rule was that girls must have left us before their twentieth birthday, though even this requirement was sometimes waived for foreign students or in exceptional circumstances.

It was in the dormitories where I got to slap most girls "on the bare." After lights out a certain amount of youthful high spirits and horseplay was tolerated. In the first instance midnight feasts, pillow fights, minor incidents of rowdiness, etc., merely elicited a formal warning. Disciplinary action only followed if such infractions were severe and persistent. The same was not true, however, of fighting. Whenever and wherever it happened this always earned the culprits a slippering. If it occurred in a dormitory that slippering was always "on the bare," with the victims having their regulation nightgowns (which until girls reached the sixth form were a standard design and part of the school uniform) pulled up over their backs. It was also standard procedure, when two girls were slapped for fighting, for them to be lined up side by side and to be spanked together. First one bare bum would take it, then the other, at two-second intervals or so. This was double the hit rate of other spankings, but it ensured that, as usual, each bum was struck about every four seconds.

The first time I punished girls caught fighting in a dormitory was also the first time that I slapped bare bum while working in a school environment. The incident occurred about a year after I had returned from my post in the West Indies, just after I had been appointed Dean of Discipline in the school where I was to spend my entire teaching career after I came back to England. (It was also the school where I was later to be promoted to headmistress.)

The fight occurred in 5C's dormitory just after lights out, and it was a corker. The prefect for 5C, who slept in an adjoining room, had been completely unable to stop it and had been forced to call the headmistress. By the time she arrived both fighters were inflamed and enraged, and even she could not pull them apart until assisted by the rest of the class. The

headmistress, Miss Pargeter, was a crusty old dame and very firm on discipline. She was incensed that the two culprits had been so persistent in their delinquency and just would not stop fighting. According to the reports that I picked up, she slapped them both across the face, hard, with the flat of her hand, gave them a long and savage lashing with her tongue and ordered them off to stand outside her study. She then came and woke me up.

I had had a hard day and had gone to bed early. When the headmistress rapped on my door I was in a deep sleep. I woke up. Dozily, I pulled on my dressing gown, slipped on my slippers, and answered the call.

“Come with me,” said the beak in an imperious fashion that brooked no argument. By the time we were in her study I was wide awake and the adrenaline was flowing.

While the girls waited outside the head and I discussed their case. In instances of extreme delinquency, such as thieving, the headmistress reserved the right to inflict the cane. By now, however, she had calmed down and, prompted by me, accepted that the use of such a barbarous implement was inappropriate for what was basically a bout of high spirits that had got out of hand. She therefore decided that the application of my slipper to the rumps of the miscreants would be punishment enough, and asked me to summon them in.

When the two girls entered they were barefoot and still dressed only in their nightgowns. As they stood in front of the beak’s big desk, with the boss and I seated on the other side of it, I eyed them up with interest. They were both big strapping girls at the peak of their physical beauty and sexual attractiveness.

First there was Delphine Boutier. Delphine was an Anglo-French girl. Her mother was from Paris and her father from London. She was bi-lingual in French and English but her education had been truncated and disrupted as her father’s job had taken him and his family to the United Kingdom, France and Belgium. Now, at the age of 18, her father had sent her to us, to study for her O levels. Delphine was a tall girl. She was slightly taller, and, if anything, even bigger, better developed and more voluptuous than her adversary. She had, however, come out of the fighting worse off than her opponent. Her nightgown was so badly torn that she had to hold it over her breasts to stop it falling down and leaving them bare. In addition, her face, neck, arms and shoulders were badly bruised, scratched and lacerated, and blood was oozing out from the more serious wounds. Delphine was a brunette, with beautiful, long, curly black hair. At the moment, this was all over the place. It had been pulled very hard. A lot of it, indeed, had been tugged out and lay festooned all over her upper body.

The other girl was an 18-year-old blonde called Pamela Morton. She was slightly less Junoesque and well-built than Delphine. But she was very sexy and shapely with a beautiful, curvaceous, womanly figure. I knew well as her gym mistress that Pamela was an excellent athlete and sportswoman. She had certainly got the better of the fighting. She had inflicted considerable damage on her opponent, while emerging more or less unscathed, if a bit dishevelled, herself.

Like me, the headmistress believed in a good disciplinary build-up. She also, like me, had a great gift for tearing a strip off offenders with a searing tongue-lashing. Now, for what

must have been about 10 to 15 minutes, she really laid into Delphine and Pamela. My goodness! Big strapping 18-year-old ladies as they were they were both wincing and cringing from the onslaught by the time she had finished with them. This was an incident of common affray and assault, she thundered and actual bodily harm had been inflicted. Who the hell did they think they were? How dare they! They had committed actual criminal offences, and she was in half a mind to call the police. No punishment by the school could possibly be severe enough. At the very least they deserved to be caned and expelled. There was a lot more along the same lines, but you get the picture. Anyway, to conclude, the headmistress told the two of them that she was going to let them off lightly by handing them over to me, the Dean of Discipline, for a slipping.

“You both of you think that you are so big and grown up,” she raged. “But I’ll show you. You deserve worse punishment, but at least I’ll have your bottoms smacked for you like the two naughty little girls that you are.”

By now, I was very sexually excited. The victims both had pulchritudinous physiques. Then I found Delphine’s dishevelled dishabille and bloodied appearance a very kinky turn-on. Her nightdress was ripped, her hair was torn out by the roots, and her face and upper body were disfigured by the bruises, livid weals and ugly scratches inflicted by her opponent. Now that the ball was in my court, I was determined to milk the situation for all it was worth.

I had already worked out that, of the two of them, Pamela deserved the more severe punishment, and I resolved to even up the score for the actual bodily harm that she had inflicted on Delphine.

“Pamela”, I said sharply. “Please go to my room, and bring me my slipper. You will find it in the brief case on my desk. And be sure to be both silent and quick about it. If you wake anyone up, or if you take longer than two minutes, you will receive additional punishment.

At this, Pamela, clearly worried by my threats, left briskly to do my bidding. While she was away I tried to calm and comfort Delphine. I came round the desk, stood close to her, gently laid my hand on the back of her head and carefully inspected her injuries. “Could you come to my room with me afterwards, Delphine?” I asked in a concerned, sympathetic and friendly voice. “I need to clean and dress these bruises and cuts.”

Soon Pamela returned, red faced and panting, with my spanking slipper. I had already developed my procedures for punishing girls for fighting, and, in accordance with these, I lined up both culprits side by side and told them to straighten their legs and touch their toes. Then the headmistress did something for which I shall be eternally grateful. I had only been employed at the school for a short while, and I did not yet know all of the ground rules. At that time, in the formal environment of a school, I would never have dared to bare a young lady’s bottom before slapping it. But Miss Pargeter had no such qualms. As soon as both girls were lined up to take correction, and bending over, she rose from her chair and came briskly around the desk.

“One moment, Miss Trubshawe,” she said, and, without so much as batting an eyelid, she smartly yanked each girl’s nightgown up over her back.

Well, wow oh wow! In an instant I was transported back via the fondest of memories to my experiences as a governess in the West Indies. I had not slapped any bare bottoms since I had left there, and boy oh boy was I missing it. Now, as both girls obediently presented their naked rumps to me as instructed, I could hardly believe my luck. First I stared transfixed at Delphine's nude bottom and pussy. The bum was big, plump and meaty, and beneath and between the pear-shaped buttocks I gasped to see the two big, fleshy labial lips covered in a thick wiry clump of curly black pubic hair.

Then I looked at Pamela's rear end and honey pot. She was the nearer of the two girls to me, and I had an excellent view. Her figure was less full bodied than Delphine's. But it was very nicely shaped. The perfectly formed buttocks were trim but meaty. The thighs were long and bulged out nicely. Then below the knees were two of the most curvaceous calves that I think I have ever seen. Pamela had slightly less pussy hair than Delphine. It was silky and downy and blonde in colour, and through it the enchanted observer had an excellent rear view of her vaginal lips. Wow! This would be a spanking that I would never forget! And I would do my best to see that Delphine and Pamela had cause to remember it too!

My stricter punishment of Pamela started with the preparatory tail flicks. I commenced, however, by stretching across Pamela's bottom and slapping Delphine into line. Flick!

"Come on girl! Bend over!"

Delphine's big, full-sized womanly bottom quivered and wobbled deliciously and, after a few seconds, her pussy meat turned a fetching shade of pink where she had taken the pump.

I waited for this first flick to tingle and then: Flick!!

"No! Straight legs!" This second flick, like the one before it, fell slap across the back of the pussy hairs, onto the plump, nubile buttock meat just above the thighs. It was slightly harder than the first flick, and the recipient breathed out sharply with an audible "Ach!" I then pushed gently down on the back of Delphine's head and waited for her to fully feel flick number two.

Then: Flick!!! This third preparatory slap was a beauty. It again landed with a sharp, satisfying crack slap across both bare buttocks adjacent to the quim.

"Delphine! Are you being deliberately disobedient? If you do not shape up pronto and bend over as instructed I promise you that I will make you feel very, very sorry for yourself."

This last quip was, of course, blatantly unfair, since even before flick number 1 Delphine was sweating and straining to do my bidding to the very best of her ability. By now she was grunting audibly as she pushed her fingers past her toes with all her strength.

"OK" I said grudgingly. "That still isn't good enough, but I'll leave it there for the moment. The least relaxation on your part, however, young lady, will be met with a very strict and sharp comeuppance. Do I make myself plain?"

“Yes, Miss Trubshawe” grunted Delphine from between clenched teeth as, gasping and panting, she continued to force herself to bend over as far as she possibly could.

Next I started on Pamela’s rump.

Smack!

I slapped her significantly harder than I had flicked Delphine, and she was sharply taken aback. The pussy meat of her shapely buttocks was rudely rattled, and she let out a shocked and urgent grunt:

“Ngh!”

“Bend over, girl!” I barked. “Come on! Get on with it!”

There followed a four second pause, and then:

Smack!!

“I said get on with it!”

This time the smack I administered was harder still, and, outraged and distressed, Pamela let out a little involuntary scream.

“Aaagh!”

(Four second wait to give the bare bum time to tingle.)

SMACK!!!

(Four second wait.)

SMACK!!!

(Wait four seconds)

SMACK!!!

I thus gave Pamela three more unwanted free gifts, right across the back of the pussy hairs again, with each smack significantly harder than the one before it.

“Pamela, are you being deliberately disobedient? This can go on all night if you want it to. I am not prepared to commence your chastisement until you are bending over as instructed.”

“I’m sorry, Miss Trubshawe,” murmured the helpless victim, who, like her opponent Delphine, had been forced to take this arbitrary extra chastening despite the fact that, all along, she had been doing her very best to obey my orders.

I waited a few seconds more and then.

SMACK!!!

“Sorry is not good enough, Pamela. I want actions not words.”

“I beg your pardon, Miss” grunted Pamela helplessly as she stretched and strained to push her fingers to the floor. “I’m doing my best, I promise I am.”

Poor Pamela! In the whole world there must have been two things that she did not want to take above all else. Yet she took both of them, and she took them exactly where she did not want to take them.

SMACK!!!

(Four second wait.) SMACK!!!

I gave my victim two more gratuitous wallops slap across the back of her perineum.

“Well your best is just not good enough, Pamela. I am not impressed!”

I had by now arbitrarily inflicted an extra eight hard slaps to the distraught Pamela’s quivering buttocks. I had wrung, stung, wobbled and quivered her pussy meat and turned it a beautiful, fetching shade of red. So, ‘enough arsing about,’ I thought to myself. ‘Let’s get on with the chastisement proper.’

Both girls were repeat year fifth formers in 5C. For such girls the standard punishment, as I have explained above, was a regulation 12 of the best. And wow, but did I enjoy administering those 24 slaps to those two big, bare, meaty, nubile bottoms!

Actually, I went easy on Delphine’s bum and tried to have a bit of fun. She had suffered enough physical damage in the fight, I concluded, and did not deserve to be punished that much more. I therefore slapped her just hard enough to vex, madden and enrage her. And her big, soft, vulnerable, Junoesque bottom was a magnificent recipient for the sexy applications of my slipper. I really enjoyed myself with her.

With Pamela, however, it was business as well as pleasure. I spanked her hard and I made sure that she felt it.

Smack!

The first slap fell across Delphine’s buttocks. It was quite a hard one and she clearly did not like it at all.

“Aw!” she exclaimed testily.

Then, as she began to tingle, she started to mutter angrily.

“Ngh! Ngh! Ngh!”

Next, while this was going on, Pamela took her first slap.

SMACK!!!

My goodness, but she felt that one! It was much harder than the slap I had given to Delphine, and it rang out much, much louder. It was thus, as I had intended it to be, immediately apparent to Pamela that she was getting the worse end of the stick. Wow! She was infuriated!

“Aaagh!” she yelled, much louder than Delphine had done. Then, when the slap began to tingle, she began crying out loudly, as though she were in the midst of an orgasm except that she sounded very, very angry.

“Oh! Oh!! Oh!!!”

Two seconds later, and while Pamela was in the midst of her outraged and sexy verbals, Delphine’s bottom took it again. Delphine was bending over with her legs slightly akimbo, rather than pushing her thighs together. This gave me a superb rear view of her full-sized womanly quim, and of the thick fur-ball of pubic hair that sprouted from it in the most jaunty and saucy fashion. It also opened up just a little more of the plump pussy meat of her lower buttocks across the back of her twat to the assault of my pump.

Smack!!

There was a crisp crack. Delphine’s pussy hairs were scattered and her buttocks wobbled and quivered provocatively as her hirsute undercarriage took it again. Then, as the victim felt the escalating tingling her vexation and outrage at what I was doing to her boiled over.

“Noooooooo!” she muttered angrily between clenched teeth.

Soon, however, Delphine had cause to rejoice rather than complain. Because as hard as she was getting it, at least she knew that her adversary Pamela was getting it a lot harder.

SMACK!!!

Pamela took her second slap to the same part of her anatomy as Delphine had taken hers. It was also where she had taken her first slap, and before that the eight pre-spanking tail flicks. The plimsoll struck her lower buttocks across the back of her blonde pussy hairs like the crack of a rifle. Wow! Her bum quivered, and her pussy hairs flew. Meanwhile, Pamela was feeling the incremental effect of ten hard slaps delivered to exactly the same piece of arse, and she howled plenty.

“Oh! Oh!! Oh!!!” She kept yelling, with great urgency, as she squirmed and wriggled at the sexy assault of my slipper.

Meanwhile, I noted with satisfaction the contrast between the two girls' bottoms. Delphine's rump was certainly well reddened across the back of her twat. But it has taken a lot less punishment than her adversary's pussy meat. Pamela's lower buttocks had been beautifully tenderised by my eight preparatory spans. Then, when her spanking had started in earnest, the second slap had fallen almost exactly on top of the first one with the result that the red outline of my slipper was sharply and clearly imprinted and stencilled across her rump in the most saucy and provocative fashion. I smiled in satisfaction as I noted my successful application of the pump.

Smack!

Two seconds after Pamela took her second spank, Delphine received her third. As I have explained, I was not laying into Delphine all that hard. I was having a bit of fun. Even so, she clearly did not see the joke.

"Aagh!" she cried out as the slipper hit home.

Then "Ngh! Ngh!! Ngh!!!" she muttered angrily as she raged against the escalating tingling.

At this I was amused, but also sympathetic. 'This young lady,' I thought to myself, 'is clearly distressed, as she deserves to be. But I will try to make her feel a little bit happier. At least I will continue to pay Pamela back for the injuries she has inflicted upon her.'

With this object in mind I then again concentrated my attention on Pamela's bum and hairy pussy.

'Yes, my girl' I thought to myself. 'How dare you disfigure feminine pulchritude! I'll teach you a lesson you won't forget in a hurry! You may be tingling now, but this is only the beginning! Just you wait until I have finished with you! I'll check that vicious temper of yours! I'll enforce virtuous, well governed and ladylike behaviour on you, you truculent, brawling yobess!'

Meanwhile, I slowly drew back my slipper as far as I could. Then, taking careful aim, yet again, at the beleaguered buttock meat just above where it met the backs of the thighs, I brought round my slipper, very, very hard, across the back of Pamela's hairy cherry.

SMACK!!!

The slipper struck home, yet again, slap across both bare buttocks. Another loud report rang out. Wow! It echoed around the room like an exploding firecracker!

"Ouch!" yelled Pamela, with all her might. Then, over the next few seconds, as her bum fully felt the incremental tingling:

"Ah! Ah!! Ah!!! AAAAAGH!!!"

Anyway, dear reader, life is short, and my descriptive writing is, I fear, overlong, so I will move on. You have got the picture. Ostensibly each girl received the same punishment. In

accordance with my standard practice when spanking 5C girls they each took three slaps across the back of their hairy twats, followed by six whacks delivered higher up, aimed *ad lib* to the rest of the bum. Finally the last three smacks were applied, just that little bit more sharply and spitefully, across the lower pussy meat where the first three had landed.

But the difference, as I have said, is that Pamela got it a lot harder than Delphine. She did not like this at all. She was particularly incensed at the final three whacks. These, as they usually do, landed across the back of the pussy hairs again and they were beauties. Wow! I really let her have it and I bet it didn't half sting!

But what seemed to really rile Pamela was that, firm and effective as they were, the three final spansks which I inflicted upon Delphine were nowhere near as hard, and rang out nowhere near as crisply and as sharply. Pamela clearly thought that she was hard done by. She was fuming and furious at what she saw as the injustice of it all. But to me it seemed fair enough. Pamela was well out of order for the way she had beat up Delphine. She deserved everything she got and more.

By the time Pamela had taken her twelfth spank and the girls' punishment was over I was very excited. My heart was pounding and my head was reeling. I was perspiring freely and beads of sweat were cascading down from my brow onto my shoulders and upper arms. There was a danger that I might lose the plot and dismiss the two victims before I had rubbed salt into their wounds. But I need not have worried. The headmistress, Miss Pargeter, who during the chastisement of the miscreants had been silently observing from the background, came to my support.

"Right, girls," she barked out. "Stay in position until you are told to move."

She then looked me straight in the eyes. She was clearly pleased and impressed with the way I had conducted myself, and was beaming with pleasure and delight.

"Thank you, Miss Trubshawe," she said, and she gave me a nod of approval. Then she turned her attention to the girls.

"Pamela! Delphine!" she said sharply. "Listen carefully. I want you to put your hands on your heads then stand up straight and face the desk. Go on! Do it!"

Dutifully and compliantly the two malefactors obeyed their instructions. Meanwhile, I joined Miss Pargeter and sat down by her side behind her desk.

When they stood up the girls' nightgowns, unfortunately, fell down from over their backs to cover their naked bums, pussies and thighs. My consolation was that, as Delphine stood there with her hands on her head, the torn frontage of her nightgown fell forward, exposing her two deliciously firm, succulent, nubile boobies.

The girls' faces were a picture. They were both blushing profusely and wincing. At the same time, Pamela looked very outraged and extremely angry. Unfortunately for the victims, however, they were not in control of the agenda. To add to their humiliation they had to take

a further tongue-lashing from Miss Pargeter while at the same time they were denied the opportunity to rub and massage their stinging rears.

The beak finished the victims off well with her final rollocking. Wow! I wonder what stung them the most: their slipped bottoms or their slapped down pride.

“If you act like babies,” thundered the beak at these two big strapping ladies, both of whom had been of marriageable age for the last two years, and were legally old enough to have had babies themselves, “I will treat you like babies. I’ll have your bottoms slapped for you as hard and as often as necessary until you start to behave yourselves like adults.”

And so on. The girls were forced to take another ten to fifteen minutes of this humiliating and insulting tongue-lashing before they were contemptuously dismissed.

As Delphine was leaving I spoke to her. “Could you wait outside my room for me, please, Delphine? I need to dress those wounds for you.”

Then as Delphine left the room I turned to Miss Pargeter.

“Could I have a word please, headmistress?”

Soon I was sitting in a chair, with my boss seated on the other side of her desk, and we were discussing the cases of Delphine and Pamela.

“Headmistress,” I began, “I am shocked at the violence and severity of Pamela’s assault. She is fearless and intrepid on the hockey field, but I have never before known her to fight, or even to argue, with one of her fellow students. What makes it even stranger is that, as I understand the situation, Delphine is, or was, her best friend. The girls are just coming up to their O level exams. The last thing that we want is for their hostility to distract them from their studies, or, possibly even worse, for it to spill over into the rest of the class.”

“Yes. Quite. What do you recommend then, Miss Trubshawe?”

“Well I am their form mistress and their personal tutor. I suppose that I had better talk to them.”

“Yes. Please do that.”

Five minutes later Delphine and I were in my room and I was getting out my emergency first aid kit. Since gymnastics is a more dangerous subject than most I had been routinely taught practical first aid as part of my teacher training, and I was now the school’s first aid officer. I was challenged by Delphine’s injuries, however. None of her wounds were very serious, but there were a lot of them, and it was going to take me a long time to dress and to deal with them all. I started with her face, where she had, among other damage, a deep and bloody scratch on her right cheek that looked rather like a newly inflicted duelling scar on the visage of a Prussian army officer. I stood close to Delphine, cupped both of my hands gently under her chin and carefully inspected the damage.

“Delphine,” I asked, “What was your fight all about? I am your form mistress and your personal tutor, and I am worried about you both.”

Delphine, however, refused to answer me, and thus it was that I summoned her and Pamela to my room at 6 a.m. sharp on the following Saturday morning (my usual time for the commencement of the Saturday morning punishments known as Fatigues).

This, however, was not a punishment session. The girls had taken their slippings and from a disciplinary point of view the matter was closed. So I welcomed them in friendly fashion, invited them both to take a seat in an armchair, and served them tea and biscuits.

“Come on, girls,” I opened, “We can’t have this. What on earth is going on?”

Well it took some time but eventually the truth came out: what we had here was a lovers’ tiff. I questioned Pamela, sympathetically and non-judgmentally, and she at last confessed that there had been malicious gossip about Delphine making out with another student.

“It was scurrilous, lying tittle tattle,” she said. “But at the time I was devastated. I am so sorry. I have never lost it like that before. I was angry at the time, but whatever Delphine might or might not have done I should not have launched into her like that. I deserved the punishment I got, and a lot more besides.

Before the girls left my room on that Saturday morning they had embraced and sworn their eternal love to each other. I should have reported all this to Miss Pargeter. But I am a romantic at heart, and I am myself attracted to ladies as well as to men. I empathised with our two young lovers and I did not breathe a word of their love to anyone.