

Alan Daniels



Spank

THE IMPROBABLE ADVENTURES
OF GEORGE ALOYSIUS BROWN



**Spank: The Improbable Adventures of
George Aloysius Brown**

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Chapter One

*In my fantasy
I bend to his knee
I am his
Entirely;*

*Outside, a warm breeze
gathers and sighs
a whisper of silk
falls from my thighs;*

*Naked now, I wait,
I taste, the first sweet
sting of his embrace;*

*Moist in my dark place
my cheeks blush
with desire;
It does not cease
I am on fire*

Untitled by CM Jones

I wrote that. Sweet, isn't it? I love poetry. One day my poems will be published, The Collected Works of Catherine Mallory Jones, and I wonder if I will have to appear on the literary talk shows and explain this one. I didn't give it a title. People – even my mother, I dare say – could read it and not be entirely sure what it's about although my Nan would twig in a minute. Secretly, I call it Ode to Spanking, which for me is an entirely imagined and unconsummated experience that has dominated my fantasies since puberty. But time is running out if it's going to happen before I leave school. Next week is the end of term and tomorrow is my 18th birthday. Although I lost my

virginity last summer in a fumbling encounter behind the church with a boy I used to know from Sunday school, my desire to be erotically disciplined so far remains frustratingly unfulfilled.

Honestly, only my best friend and roommate Jennifer Emerson knows how desperately I long to be thrust over a man's knee and soundly spanked for some real or imagined transgression. Oh, and my Nan knows too, which seems only fair as she has so far taught me everything I know about sex. She tells me stuff I could never discuss with my mother.

"Catherine," she told me during a visit to her little seaside cottage one blustery Sunday afternoon, "I have taught you to sew and to knit and to play chess and I feel I have some standing in matters of your social education. Now I want to teach you about your body and the wonderful ways to celebrate femininity. She told me about Germaine Greer. "Australian feminist, you've heard of her, haven't you, dear? She wrote a marvelous

piece entitled *Lady, Love Your Cunt*. It's an inspiration. I think I have it somewhere, I'll send it to you. Am I shocking you? Surely not. More tea, dear?"

It was Nannie Burton, a music hall star in the 40s, who taught me how to exercise my vaginal muscles as a hands-free method of bringing myself to orgasm. What you do is to clench and unclench them putting direct pressure on the clitoris. It takes practice, but once you get the hang of it you can get off almost anywhere. I remember once during a family outing to Brighton on the train, I was seriously into it, staring innocently out of the window as the fields and hedgerows drifted by. I must have had a look of contentment on my face instead of the usual adolescent scowl I normally wore during family trips because mother asked me if I was feeling alright. "She's fine, dear," said Nan who obviously guessed what I was up to and abruptly changed the subject.

So I read Germaine Greer and by chance I

read something in the *New Yorker* that I swear to you changed my life. I was in my dentist's waiting room thumbing through his stack of old magazines when I came across a piece by an American journalist, Daphne Merkin, who confessed in a lengthy essay that when she was my age she fantasized about having her bottom spanked and although it didn't happen to her for the first time until she was in her mid-twenties, she became obsessed. I could have hugged her. It was an immense relief to know that what I was experiencing, the longing, the deprivation, the mortification – if that's the right word – had been hers when she was my age. I smuggled the magazine out of the dentist's office and read it time and time again. Parts of it I can recite by heart:

"Although I tend to be loquacious bordering on confessional with my friends about my interest in erotic discipline and what it might suggest about me necessitated a degree of privacy that I was otherwise

disinclined to observe. But even as I write the foregoing I feel a sense of relief (as well as shame) at finally giving voice to this confession, at putting down on paper, under my own name what I know to be true of myself."

All women, she suspects, have a secret longing to be spanked as "*a facilitating prelude to the enactments of lust,*" and when I read that, I wanted to stand up and cheer. Yes, that's me. I am not weird. What I am feeling is normal. She will never know how much strength she gave me and renewed confidence in my own sexuality. Like me, she could not remember a time when she didn't think about it as a sexually gratifying act – "*a heightened and deeply pleasurable sense of exposure, of the helpless display of my bottom.*"

I have a great ass. Nobody, except Jen, has told me so, but I know what I see in the mirror and I have studied anatomy and the history of

art. During summer holidays with my parents I visited many of the great galleries of Europe and I have admired the nudes of the Renaissance painters. Believe me, my ass is the fairest of them all, plump, firm, and perfectly round. Think of Ursula Andress emerging from the ocean in Goldfinger or Bo Derek cavorting on a sandy beach. That's me, a perfect 10.

After lights out, Jen and I frequently conspire about how to get a man to spank us. As junior girls we had a schoolgirl crush on each other and I, being almost a year older and a head taller, was the authority figure. For Jen to be bent over and spanked seemed to us to be sweet and right. She has a pretty bottom with pearl white skin that reddens easily. We devised scenarios to add authenticity, homework not done, her borrowing things without asking. Some days Jen would deliberately provoke me early on and it only took one look of disapproval on my part to tell her she was going to get it later and we both could savor

the prospect as the day dragged on. After lights out she would come to my bed for her punishment and I would tell her to bring me a slipper. When applied to her bare bottom it was quieter than my hand and we didn't want to be disturbed by any nosy teachers who might be prowling the dormitory corridors. I would keep her waiting standing at my side before bending her over. It was wonderful moment of submission, vulnerability and trust. By this time we were both aroused and I would pull down her pajamas and lightly run my fingertips across her buttocks as a signal I was about to begin. The sexual tension was exquisite, almost unbearable.

Yet for all the schoolgirl satisfaction this brought, I could never imagine our roles being reversed. As the American writer confessed when she discussed with her friend how to get a man "to do it" the idea of actually announcing that one wanted to be spanked "*was compromising beyond words.*" I felt the same way.

All these thoughts were passing randomly through my mind as I walked along the cliffs at Shoreham, skirting the Lazy Daze Campground where there seemed to be a bit of a kerfuffle going on with much shouting in German that I couldn't understand. I was on my way back to school after an afternoon in town, which was permitted on Saturdays to senior girls in school uniform. I paused at the head of the sweeping circular driveway and read, for the umpteenth time, the tasteful copperplate signage announcing the Chiltern Hills Academy (founded 1856), R.C. Montgomery, Principal.

As usual my heart skipped a beat.

Like a lot of the senior girls, I had a crush on Raymond Charles Montgomery. He was athletic and good looking, at 38 the youngest headmaster of a prestigious private school in Britain. A graduate of Oxford University and Sandhurst Military College, he had apparently served with distinction in Iraq where he had been decorated

for bravery. I don't need to tell you that R.C. Montgomery had a lead role in my fantasies. But in a few days I would walk down this drive for the last time and my school days would be behind me. And then suddenly it came to me, inspired I suppose by desperation or expediency, a plan so audacious it might just succeed. I could hardly wait to share it with Jen.

"Are you crazy?" she said. "He'll see through it in a moment. You could be expelled even at this stage. Worse, he might call the police. You could be accused of entrapment, or sexual harassment. Certainly he would tell your parents." She giggled. "I think it's brilliant. Go for it, girl. You're both adults. What man in his right mind would pass on the opportunity? Hey, next term you will be at Cambridge. What have you got to lose?"

Excitement was already building inside me and at that moment I actually believed I could make it happen. I would forge a letter to the headmaster requesting that I be disciplined for

showing disrespect to a senior staff member, one of the most serious offences at the Chiltern Hills Academy. And if it all went hideously wrong, I would claim it was an end of school prank, deny I had any intention of going through with it, it was just a crazy lark, I was dared to do it. One thing I knew for certain is that Raymond Charles Montgomery has a reputation as a risk taker. Preparations took all day Sunday, including composing and writing a letter in the spidery hand of my home room teacher, Elsie Cunningham. It was a birthday treat to myself.

At 6 p.m, when I knew R.C. would be in his office, I tied my long red hair in pigtails, a nice touch, I thought, which made me look younger, put on a fresh uniform consisting of a knee-high plaid skirt (although it was above the knee on a tall girl like me) white cotton blouse buttoned to the collar and long white socks. Beneath my skirt my cotton knickers were regulation school issue, baggy and navy blue, but I had chosen the thinnest

pair I could find, worn threadbare from a hundred washing cycles. Clutching the note I had written, I started the long walk to his office, pausing at the high windows that look out onto the quadrangle in an attempt to slow my heart beat. For a few minutes I listened to the wind in the chestnut trees and watched the rain sweeping down from the hills, tramping in over soggy playing fields. Hard on the rain came the dusk and far off on the horizon there was a flash of lightning. Out to sea a storm was building. I counted the seconds until I heard thunder. Six. My lucky number.

No turning back now. I knocked at his door, was summoned, entered and stood before his desk. I handed him the note I had painstakingly written.

Headmaster,

I am sending you Catherine Jones, a senior girl, to be disciplined. Catherine is a bright and creative student and likely will do well in life. However, she is headstrong, willful and

disrespectful, which I cannot accept. She needs a firm hand to show her the error of her ways. This will serve her well in later life but the lesson must be administered now.

In the past, I have tried to counsel her, even reprimand her, without result. I am of the opinion that a sound spanking from the Headmaster would teach her a valuable lesson. The humility of being treated like a junior girl would, I believe, be motivation to be more respectful to her superiors. I trust you will attend to this matter as you see fit.

*Respectfully,
Elsie Cunningham*

As he read, I recited it in my mind. 'A firm hand... a sound spanking,' an artful choice of words, I thought. I almost smiled. Already I was imagining being over his knee.

When he finished reading he put the note down as if it were a fine piece of parchment. I glanced at his hands, his long fingers like a

pianist's. What sweet music would they make?

He interrupted my reverie.

"Do you know what this note says, Miss Jones?"

For the first time, I looked up and our eyes met.

"No sir," I lied. He would get no help from me.

It was a crucial moment. If he had hesitated, I faced ignominy and shame. Certainly my parents would be involved. But he was a risk taker, that's what was said of him. And he was about to take the biggest risk of his career.

"Miss Cunningham says you are disrespectful. This cannot be tolerated. She has requested that you be spanked like a junior girl. Do you have anything to say?"

"No sir, I'm sorry, sir." I felt weak with anticipation.

"I am inclined to agree with Miss Cunningham." He stood up. "You have the right

for her to be present while I administer the punishment?" He reached for the telephone. "Shall I send for her?"

This was a sign. We both knew that corporal punishment had been banned in English schools since the '70s. What was about to happen was between consenting adults in private.

"No sir," I whispered.

"Very well."

He said nothing more. He rose from his chair and locked his office door. He pushed a button on his stereo and I heard the faint opening refrain of Ravel's *Bolero*. Perfect. From my days in the percussion section of the school orchestra, I know this piece well. Starting slowly, almost hypnotically, building to a rousing crescendo, Ravel's most famous composition resonates with the erotic rhythm of snare drums. Torvill and Dean won Olympic gold medals ice dancing to it. Now, apparently, I am going to be spanked to it. It is a long piece – about 15 minutes – time enough to

fulfill the fantasy of Catherine Mallory Jones. But R.C. Montgomery is in no hurry to proceed.

My eyes never left him as he took out his Punishment Book and made an entry, or pretended to. He put the book away, rose from his chair and walked across the room to the high windows where he looked out for a full minute at whatever the storm had to offer before drawing shut the velvet curtains. He was playing his role to perfection. I was barely breathing as if the slightest movement on my part would break the spell.

By this time Bolero was entering its middle phase, the pace quickening, intensity rising. According to critics, it is the rhythm of love making, which is probably why it is one of the few pieces of concert music to have broad public appeal. In the swinging sixties, rock and roll was blamed for corrupting young people with the same provocative beat. I looked around. The dark oak paneling of his study was partially obscured by rows of books mostly in Latin or Greek. There

was a large portrait of the school's founder looking suitably stern and scholarly and a framed photograph of the Queen, the school's Patron. A coal burning fireplace in the wall opposite the windows cast a flickering glow on the Persian rug before it. A large glass-topped desk occupied the center of the room and behind it, the headmaster's hard backed chair.

Slowly and deliberately he took the chair and placed it on the rug with its back to the fireplace. He took off his jacket, folded it and placed it carefully on his desk top. I felt a tremor of fear, but it was too late to back out now. He sat legs together and motioned for me to approach.

Seconds seemed like hours.

"Bend over."

Slowly, I did so. His thighs felt firm and warm. Then with an abruptness that caused me a sudden intake of breath, he pulled up my skirt.

God, finally, finally, I was in the position I had craved for so long, over a man's knee, about to be

spanked. This was beyond my wildest dreams.

"Pull your knickers down."

The way he said it, the quiet, stern voice of authority, made me shudder. As I moved to comply, he assisted, slipping them to my knees. For several seconds he appeared to be concentrating on the music, but I knew he couldn't take his eyes off me. I clenched and unclenched my cheeks. Minutely, he adjusted my position and I thrust up my disrespectful bottom for punishment.

I felt his fingertips.

Seconds passed. Then, abruptly, his hand fell hard, then again and again, alternating cheeks. Pain fused with pleasure and became a single, wonderful, overpowering sensation. Whatever his thoughts on the legitimacy of the note, he was giving Miss Cunningham her money's worth. Sometimes the spanks were in time to the music, other times they were offbeat, fusing anticipation and gratification in equal parts. If I guessed right, I

could raise up slightly to meet each delivery. Bolero had entered its final phase. Now French horns joined the chorus of clarinets, oboes, flutes, piccolos, trumpets and saxophones. My whole being vibrated to the music's incessant rhythm. The orchestra was my witness. Then as suddenly as he had started, he stopped. Was my punishment over? Please no. I half rose, only to feel a restraining hand on my back. My ass was stinging.

The best was yet to come.

I counted the spanks. One. A gap. Two, three, four. in quick succession. Then another pause. Five. A longer pause. Six. I gasped. Six of the best. My bottom was on fire. For a few seconds his hand rested where it had fallen. Instinctively, I parted my legs and felt his fingers slide towards my sex. As he touched me, I cried out. It was too much. The ritual, the excitement, the release, and now this, was more than I could stand. As Bolero reached its tumultuous climax so did I, adding my cries to the clash of cymbals.

He let me lay awhile, then I stood, giving him a glimpse of my downy thatch now damp and matted. He made no comment.

Then he said quietly, "You may get dressed." But he was not yet finished.

"I sense that you have more to learn, Miss Jones. You will return at 6 p.m. tomorrow."

"Yes sir."

Softly, I closed his office door behind me and almost ran to my room. In front of the mirror, I pulled down my knickers and took a long look at my bottom. As I did so I heard the room key and Jen came in, calling out, "How did it go...?" She stopped in her tracks, "Oh my God, he did it. I can't believe it. Oh my God." She knelt down and kissed me tenderly. "It's so red, Cat. Does it sting?"

I told her the whole story, sparing no details except his order to return. "Can you show me how he did it," she said. "Do it like he did it. Can you, please?"

"I don't know, Jen," I teased her. "We'll see, after lights out." I hugged her and held her tight. "Can you hum *Bolero*?"

Outside our window, the late summer storm gathered momentum. Lightning repeatedly scorched the night and peals of thunder rolled back and forth across the heavens.

*Broken children in crumpled houses
dug from the rubble for burial;
Who now will fly their kites?*

From *Afghanistan* by CM Jones

The day after the great storm it was casual day at Chiltern Hills Academy when senior girls are permitted to wear their own clothes. Nothing revealing, no logos, but otherwise the choice is ours. The clock crawled. At five, I showered, put on a thong (forbidden) and a black bra. I chose a plain green t-shirt, the color of my eyes, and squeezed into my tightest pair of jeans. I tied a school sweater around my waist for the long walk

to his office and I wore no makeup, because this also was forbidden. The long wait, the anticipation, the memories of yesterday, had excited me. As a final touch, I unzipped my jeans, touched a finger to my secret place and dabbed behind my ears. I was ready. No one saw me approach his office. I removed my sweater and slipped it over my shoulders. I knocked and entered. The clock on his wall chimed six.

As before, he was behind his desk. He did not invite me to sit. In front of him were two carved wooden boxes made of ebony I guessed, each about ten-inches long and six-inches wide. He opened one of the boxes, took out a leather strap and placed it carefully in front of me. It was beautiful. It had twin tongues about nine-inches long and two-inches across, one red, one black, each flayed at the tip. The striped handle was woven. I stared at it. I felt weak with anticipation. I could barely stand still. The music this time was an African chorus, the beauty and harmony of

voices as old as time. Finally, he spoke.

"I bought it in Dakar. Beautiful, isn't it? Its use is reserved for the most delinquent students."

He stood up, came around to my side, and indicated I should bend over his desk. I did so. There were no preliminaries this time. I took six strokes, then six more, heard the snap of leather on denim, felt the exhilarating sting. He unzipped my jeans and pulled them to my ankles. I spread my legs and arched my back. In a mirror, I could see him inspecting his handiwork, but I guessed there were no marks so far although I could feel the heat on my skin. The forbidden thong was an invitation. I ached for more.

Yesterday (how long ago it seemed) the spanking had been random, some soft and caressing, some hard and stinging. I was learning fast. Artfully administered a spanking can last as long as you want. But the strap requires a more rhythmic delivery. The twin leather tongues lick my buttocks and I moan with each stroke.

Occasionally he pauses and allows the leading edges to trail teasingly across my sex, then offers me a taste. I take it hungrily. He kneels behind me to deliver the ritual six, as before saving the best for last. I straighten up at his bidding and rub my bottom. He puts the strap back in its box and opens the lid of its twin.

From box number two, lined with red velvet, he produced a black glass replica of an erect penis, so beautifully crafted you could see every vein. My knees buckled and I put one hand on the desk for support. I swear I have never imagined so perfect an object. It was, as far as I could tell, made of molded glass in shades of night, the head a deep purple, the shaft gracefully curved, as smooth as the African voices that filled the room. I felt a desperate longing. He handed it to me and instinctively I took it to my lips. It was not large, maybe seven-inches long and four or five in circumference. Beneath the head, my tongue traced the outline of a small s-shaped vein. I

moistened the head and shaft and handed it back. I tore off my t-shirt and bra showing him my breasts and bent to lay my head on his desk, my red hair spilling onto the surface, the glass top cool against my swollen nipples, my sex wet with desire. I was on fire. As before, he moved to a position behind me, knelt, and with his left hand gently parted my cheeks. This time there would be no waiting. I gasped. The angle of entry was perfect as the dark beauty moved in and out. This time I lasted longer. I moved to the rhythm. When I came I felt my whole body spasm, the pleasure utterly consuming, my shouts of ecstasy joining the African chorus 6,000 miles away.

"Take your time," he said. "Then, if you have a few minutes, I would like to talk." I nodded. He opened a door to his adjoining quarters, took both boxes with him, and left me alone with my thoughts. There was no pretense between us now. Years of fantasy had been realized beyond all expectations. School was over and after today I

would never see him again. I was a big girl now, ready for Cambridge and a whole new life. I washed and combed my hair in his bathroom. The face in the mirror smiled back at me, wise and worldly beyond my years.

The door to his quarters opened to a comfortable carpeted living room where a pair of overstuffed leather armchairs framed a fireplace. On the mantel were photos, his parents, I presumed, and one of R.C. in army uniform, his arm around the shoulders of a buddy, photographed against a rugged mountain backdrop that was stark, almost lunar, in its abject desolation. To my surprise he was dressed in a monk's robe. It fitted with the music, Gregorian chants.

I sat chastely in one of the armchairs, my hands in my lap, like I was at a job interview or something. He poured a glass of white wine for himself and one for me that he offered with the deference of a priest at the high altar. I took it.

Then he sat in the chair across from me, smiled and raised his glass.

"Nice ass."

I laughed, we both did, the tension broken.

"Why, thank you, sir," I said. "But this wasn't exactly what I had imagined during my last week at school."

"Nor I," he said. "But before you become consumed with your own cleverness, you should know I have resigned as headmaster of Chiltern Hills Academy, effective tomorrow, to take a senior position in counter-intelligence with a government border security agency in Hong Kong. The board of governors here has reluctantly accepted my resignation and will be making a formal announcement on Sunday at which time my successor will be named. By then I will be 30,000 feet somewhere over the South China Sea. In any event, I don't imagine you'll be discussing this with your parents."

I smiled and shook my head. Nanny Burton,

maybe.

"Is that thing a replica?"

"Apart from the color, yes," he allowed.

"Shockingly narcissistic and self-indulgent, don't you think so? Also made in Dakar. A plaster cast, a skilled glassblower, simple really, but quite exquisite. My inspiration was the work of a British artist who made plaster casts of hundreds of vaginas and exhibited them in a montage at a leading London art gallery. I didn't see the exhibition. I only read about it. Mine has been exhibited only to you."

I let that go and took a sip of wine. "Tell me about Iraq. They say you were awarded a medal."

The memory seemed to trouble him. His expression darkened.

"The citation says that while under enemy fire I rescued a soldier who had been injured by a roadside bomb, dragging him to safety while returning fire and successfully getting the rest of us the hell out of there without loss of life. The reality

was that I acted instinctively, more out of self-preservation than anything and I can barely remember what happened.

"The horror of the war for me was that I was personally responsible for the deaths of eight women and children during a house-to-house search for enemy insurgents in a remote village near the Kurdish border. It was night, as black as hell. As we entered one building on a tip-off, yelling in the local lingo for everyone to get down on the floor, I heard a shot – or thought I did – and ordered my men to open fire. When the dust cleared there were bodies everywhere, women and children piled like rags. Sometimes in these situations you have a fraction of a second to make a decision that might save your life or the lives of those you lead. This, tragically, was one of them. There was an internal army investigation, of course, in which I was totally exonerated. In war it's known as collateral damage. There's another term you may have heard, PTSD."

I recognized the acronym. Post Traumatic Stress Disorder.

"That's why I left the army. I never recovered. I still have nightmares, what was it I heard that panicked me, a TV, a child's toy? What might I have done differently?"

"It wasn't your fault. You said it was dark. It was a dangerous mission."

"Thank you for that. But in my heart I know I killed eight innocent people five of them children."

He topped up our glasses.

"What you did could have ended very badly for you. What made you think I would go along with it?"

"I don't know. I guessed that when given the opportunity you probably couldn't resist. I wanted it desperately. Being spanked by an authority figure is something I have fantasized about since puberty."

Just talking about it aroused me.

"Erotic discipline has been around a long time.

What do you know about its history?"

"Not much. I've read a couple of articles. It's not part of the curriculum here. But I thought *Bolero* was a nice touch."

We laughed, feeling comfortable together.

He stood up and from a filing cabinet drawer he produced a cane, property of the Chiltern Hills Academy, he said, now a museum piece, a classic of its day, probably dating from the '50s. He held the crook in his right hand and the tip in his left, showing me its flexibility. His face was like a mask.

I felt afraid. I do not deny that the sight of it excited me, but from deep within there was a warning voice. I had been spanked by him and I had tasted the strap, but this?

"No," I said. "I don't want it." This had already gone too far. I stood to leave. He made no attempt to stop me, instead he handed the cane to me.

"You misunderstand me, Miss Jones. Your

desire to be disciplined has been fulfilled. Now you will punish me. Twelve strokes. As I have told you, I have much to atone for."

I nodded. I felt suddenly empowered. I was an actor in a theatrical drama and it was my time now to take center stage. He turned up the volume filling the room with music of the monasteries that was old during Roman times and if there is a more pure and beautiful melding of male voices I have yet to hear it. Holding the cane lightly in my right hand, I gestured for him to remove his robe and to bend over the chair. When he had done so, it was my turn to marvel. He was sculptured like a Greek god. I noted that he was not sexually excited, but I was. I took up a position alongside him. I gave him six hard strokes, then six more, which he took soundlessly. I took a deep breath, put down the cane and turned away, feeling suddenly ashamed and emotionally drained.

Then I left without a word. Quietly, I closed the door behind me, out of his study, out of his life.

I would never see him again, or so I thought.

Chapter Two

Pem Surjani settles over her husband's knee with a small sigh of satisfaction. There is no hurry. He will keep her waiting. He always does. Time is on her side now. He places one hand on the small of her back as if holding her captive and with the other he strokes her thighs and buttocks. She stretches luxuriously, arching her back for him. Nothing is said. Each has a part to play in the early morning drama now reaching its climax behind slatted wooden shutters. The anticipation is exquisite. Sensing he is about to begin, she reaches behind to hold him, her slender fingers closing gently around it. The heat, its animal hardness, causes her a sudden intake of breath. No matter how often he spanks her, it excites her as if it were the first time. She gasps and moves to the rhythm. When her buttocks are red and stinging she straddles him and they make love. It always ends in making

love. Afterwards, for a long sweet while they lay together hand-in-hand, utterly consumed. Then she showers, dresses, makes a hurried phone call to the medical clinic where she is manager of patient services and propels herself into the city's morning commute. For his part, George Aloysius Brown pours himself a cup of tea and settles back into bed with his copy of *The Times*.

In the bedroom mirror he contemplates the image of a short, balding, middle-aged man. He pulls in his belly and flexes his muscles. At high school he had played wing for the rugby team and had run the first leg in the sprint relay. "You've still got it, mate," he tells his mirror image although in truth he knows he doesn't. Not like his wife, still lissome and beautiful at 39, with almond shaped eyes and long dark lashes. Pem Surjani is Balinese. She grew up in the resort town of Kuta Beach with her widowed mother who works as a hotel cleaner, helping to look after her twin sisters who are ten years younger. Life was a struggle,

but the family never thought of themselves as poor. When Pem got a job as a trainee flight attendant for Indonesian Airways they were happy for her, happy that she would see the world, be somebody. It had not occurred to them she would earn more in a week than they normally saw in a month. Her sisters adored her, longed to be like her. The first time Pem left home for the airport proudly wearing her uniform they had hugged her and cried. "Don't be silly," she chided them. "I'll be back on Thursday. Look after your mother and don't forget to help with the chores."

Seven years later when she married George and quit the airline she joked that now she has only one person to look after. She still contributes monthly to the family income. Not only is she loving, she is sweet-natured, a good cook and although she made it clear to him that having children would not be part of their future, her sexual appetite is voracious. Occasionally on Fridays after work when she joins him at the pub

for a soda and angostura bitters, his friends are always pleased to see her and privately they agree that George is a lucky man. But if Pem were asked she would insist that she is the lucky one. Beyond the prospect of a comfortable life in London and a healthy financial future that marriage provided, she loves him for himself, the gentle way about him, his kindness, his wry sense of humor. He makes her laugh.

And despite his apparent middle-class conservatism that had led at age 23 to an entry-level job in the recycling department of Putney & District municipality and eventually, at aged 40, to the position of manager and a corner office in an expansive glass edifice on the south side of the Thames, George Aloysius Brown, a man ten years hers senior, proved to be an eager and responsive lover. They had first met on a flight to Kuala Lumpur where he was attending a conference of the International Association of Municipal Government Authorities. They had chatted briefly

and he had given her his card. To Pem, he seemed the epitome of an English gentleman, comfortably off, she imagined, with a handsome salary, seven weeks holiday and an indexed pension. She phoned him next time she was in London and they started seeing each other whenever she stopped over. And although their relationship at that time had not included making love, she felt they were ready to do so. It was time to move things forward.

And so on a late August night about 10 p.m., six months after they met, George's phone rang. It was Pem. She had just got into Heathrow, could she come over? George took a deep breath and glanced at the clock on the mantel. My guess is she's planning to stay the night, he told himself. "Sure you can," he replied casually, trying to keep the excitement out of his voice. And when forty minutes later she appeared at his door still in uniform, pulling her little suitcase behind her, it was clear she would be in no hurry to leave. She

kissed him tenderly allowing her hand to brush casually against him. She flopped on the sofa in apparent exhaustion, kicking off her shoes and they sat together sipping wine, in the background a sixties station playing love songs.

"Tough day at the office?" George asked, slipping his hand into hers.

"Long day," she replied "Head winds most of the way. Forty minutes late into Heathrow."

"Was the flight full?"

"In tourist class, always full. In first class, not full. First class passengers very lucky."

"That's true. Look at me. I was lucky."

"How come?"

"I met you."

Pem laughed.

"Yes, I remember. You work almost all of the flight, then you want to talk when I am busy."

"Really? I don't remember you being that busy. What were you busy doing?"

"Bringing you champagne."

They laughed, remembering.
Pem put her wine glass on the coffee table
and put her arms around his neck.
"George?"
"What is it?"
"Is okay if I stay here? It's so hot at my place,
I can't sleep."
George took a deep breath. He had hoped
she might.
"Well, as it happens you're in luck," he replied
teasingly. "We have a few empty seats on this
sector. Do you prefer window or aisle?"
She laughed. "Prefer window." It was a game.
She was into it now. She snuggled closer and put
her head on his shoulder.
"Are we expecting a rough flight?"
"Probably," George said. "But if it gets a little
bumpy I don't want you telling me to fasten my
seatbelt."
She smiled, blushing slightly. "Depends. It's
my job to check the equipment, make sure is in

upright position."

They smiled and kissed, Pem, eyes closed, making the first of her in-flight checks.

"Mmm. . . I think already in upright position."

George put his hand on hers, resting it there. Then slowly he unbuttoned her blouse and she turned for him slightly so he could unfasten her bra.

They were both hot now, on final approach.

"I oversleep this morning because I am dreaming of you." She was whispering in his ear. "Now I stay the night – very bad girl don't you think?"

She looked at him mischievously. And George is thinking, 'I've never played this game before but I think I know what to do,' and he tells her "yes, you are," and playfully he pulled her across his knee.

If she had struggled that would have been the end of it. Instead, she went willingly, clenching and unclenching her buttocks in anticipation. So he

pulled up her skirt, pulled down her panties, and spanked her. He started slowly, sensuously, his hand barely caressing her, then harder, quickening the pace and intensity until her cheeks reddened and she cried out with pleasure. Then she straddled him and they made love just as she had planned it.

Two months later they were married at Putney town hall, the mayor and council in attendance. His parents were both deceased and her family had been unable to make the long journey from Bali, but the newlyweds hooked up a webcam and broadcast live to her mother's crowded living room as together they cut the cake.

It was a lovely wedding. It had poured with rain all day, one of those relentless London downpours. Her bridal gown had been splashed with mud by a number 11 bus before she even got to the ceremony. Her maid of honor was stranded in Frankfurt due to a faulty landing light. The marriage commissioner had shown up slightly tipsy

and after muffing the marriage vows pronounced them husband and wife and the ring boy, bless him, the four-year-old son of a third cousin on her father's side, had swapped her wedding ring for a matchbox car three minutes before the ceremony started and it had to be substituted with a curtain ring until the real one could be located stuck to half-eaten toffèe in another little boy's sticky pocket. Yes, all in all, it was a wonderful day, Pem mused. That evening they had left London for the sun.

And now, on the first full day of their honeymoon, in a sleepy whitewashed pueblo north of Alicante, there was this, the purchase of a hair brush, a promising development, she thought. It was a classic wooden brush displayed with other bathroom items in the window of a pharmacy in the old town a few blocks from the beach.

"It's perfect," he told her, enigmatically. She said nothing but smiled and squeezed his hand. In the heat of the afternoon, with the siesta ahead of

them, she was aroused, which seemed a blissful semi-permanent condition since they had boarded a bucket shop flight at Gatwick and spent their first night together as husband and wife.

As George paid for it, exchanging pleasantries with the pharmacist in his passable Spanish, she appeared to show indifference, positioning herself strategically behind a rack of designer sunglasses, all the time watching in a display mirror until the transaction was complete.

Behind the beach now packed with sun worshipers the little town slumbered in afternoon siesta. Pem took his hand and they swung their arms like soldiers in a marching band as they made their way back to their hotel through narrow, deserted streets. Little was said as George fumbled with the packaging, but she teased him, asking to hold it, feeling its smooth back, the heft of it, nodding her approval. He responded by whispering something in her ear that made her shudder and kiss the tip of his nose. It was 4 p.m.

Outside, the sun beat down with that Mediterranean intensity that gives shadows even to ants on the cobblestones, but their little room with its candy-striped wallpaper and black and white prints of the Pyrenees was cool and inviting. Later, in the hour before midnight, they would join the crowd eating tapas and sipping sangria at one or another of a dozen beachfront bars, honeymooners holding hands, watching the moon climb into the starry sky. But the siesta was a time for love.

There was no rush. Prolonging the moment they stood with their arms around each other at an open window caressed by a cooling offshore breeze, gazing out over the panoply of bright umbrellas to the dancing sea. Out of the corner of her eye she watched George put the brush on the bedside table on her side of the bed and the precise way he did so made her heart race. Then in the shadowy and dusty light that filtered in through drawn curtains they undressed. He

cupped her breasts and gently kissed her nipples, teasing them until he felt them erect between his lips. Then he knelt and slowly pulled down her panties, nuzzling her pubic hair with his nose, inhaling her aroma. He turned her and as she bent a little he patted her bottom, the flat of his hand lingering on its perfect contours. Was that a signal? She thought so. On the drive from the airport in their rented car she had got them lost. Now as he led her to bed she felt certain her cleverness would be rewarded. She allowed herself a sideways glance at the brush anticipating its chastening sting and instinctively her hands felt for her behind, cool now but soon, she imagined, to be warm and blushing. For delicious seconds he kept her waiting. "You got us lost on purpose, didn't you?" he said. "Pass me the brush." Her heart pounding, Pem did so at once, then she laid across him thrusting up her bottom for their mutual enjoyment.

Over the years el cepillo, the Spanish word for brush, made a regular appearance in their love

life. Spanking her with it, or with his hand, or with a switch from a birch tree, became an essential part of foreplay at their little flat in Pimlico and they choreographed various scenarios. Sometimes she would slip on one of her old uniforms, in another she would be a negligent secretary, or he would surprise her emerging from the shower, her skin shining and slippery, chastising her for some concocted domestic transgression as she bent over the bathtub. And of course there was a price to be paid for any infraction, however minor, of the municipal bylaws. During weekends in Gretchen, their camper van, his joy at administering to her shapely bottom was unconfined and for her part she craved the way it tingled beneath his touch. She loved exposing it for him, the total surrender, the way he worshiped her and the pleasure it gave them. And when he spanked her by hand the noise it made resonated like an ovation, the sound, George said, of one hand clapping. Invariably,

their love making reached a noisy climax with George entering her from behind, Pem on her knees guiding him between blushing cheeks.

And now on this late summer Friday morning, as she applied her makeup and got ready for work, Pem caught a glimpse of el cepillo reflected in the bathroom mirror and felt a little frisson of excitement. An improbable thought occurred, perhaps if they were quick, there might be time.

"George, you awake?" Her enquiry was a little louder than was necessary to carry into the bedroom next door. It had no effect. There was only the sound of snoring and the rustle of the duvet as George turned over in his sleep.

"Bless him, he needs his rest," Pem thought. "He's probably dreaming about an amendment to the official community plan." She sighed and put el cepillo back on its shelf.

She put the kettle on and slipped back into bed alongside him. George stirred and rubbed his

eyes.

"You still here, love?" he asked, sleepily.

"Shouldn't you have left by now?"

"I'm going, five more minutes." She paused.

"George?"

"Go on."

"I'm sorry I dinged the van, it's just a scratch. I told you the chap in front slammed on his brakes. Honestly, it wasn't my fault. It was just a tiny bump."

He sighed. "You were on your mobile weren't you? You know you shouldn't talk and drive."

"I know I shouldn't."

They let the admonition hang in the air between them.

Pem allowed her hand to reach for the little fella, as George called it, and was delighted to find it standing to attention. When they first met, when Pem's English was not so good and not quite so attuned to George's self-deprecating humor, she felt constrained to defend its honor. "Little fella not

so little," she told him after their formal introduction. "Good size. Good moves too, like a dancer."

She put her lips to his ear and breathed slowly out.

"George?"

"I'm listening."

"Are you going to give me a spanking?"

He slipped his hand under her panties feeling her arousal.

"I think that would be appropriate given the circumstances don't you?"

"Mmmm, I'll have to think about that. Right now I had better get going. I'll meet you after work in the pub around six." She planted a kiss on his cheek. "I can't wait 'til tonight."

She jumped from the bed, flashing him briefly as she ran towards the wardrobe.

George drained his cup and propped himself on one elbow.

"Where are you going? Who said anything

about tonight?"

"But George you said you would, right? Don't tease me, okay. I'm in a hurry."

He had that look in his eye.

"I decide when."

"No, George, not now. Can't it wait until tonight? Really. I'll be late for work. I've got a management meeting at 10 am. I absolutely have to be there. Please, darling. I'll be sooo late."

George leaned back against the headboard and patted his lap, inviting her to assume the position. "You should have thought of that."

"But George, I have to sit on a hard chair for an hour. Please, can't it wait?" They both knew this was just play. George closed his eyes pretending not to hear. Then he felt the warmth of her body as she lay across him.

Next morning, Saturday, they drove to the coast where he had booked their favorite spot at the Lazy Daze Campground on the cliff top at Shoreham-on-Sea. It was raining as they packed

everything they would need. The van's cupboards were filled with provisions and the little fridge was well stocked. The space between driver and passenger seats was piled high with a cooler, two folding chairs, a case of beer, a portable barbeque and the propane tank, but finally everything was in its place. On the drive out of London the wipers batted rhythmically at persistent rain, but by the time they reached their destination it had slowed to a soft summer drizzle. Pulling into the campground they made for the high ground as usual, crawling in low gear up a gentle grassy slope that led away from the main encampment where rows of caravans bristling with antennae were packed together like suburban condos distancing themselves from the tents of the more modestly endowed spread out at the bottom of the hill. George reversed the van close to the edge of the cliff so no-one could approach from behind. It wasn't quite level, but he would level it later and they put the bed down and opened the back

window where they lay together watching seagulls riding the wind above the jade green waters of Pevensey Bay.

Their camper van is their love nest. Sometimes, when the mood takes, she drives them over the Chelsea Bridge to Battersea Park, chooses a quiet parking spot away from others, draws the curtains, cranks up the sound and opens a bottle of wine carefully chosen for the occasion. For George, a Gewürztraminer, slightly sweet and spicy on the nose, is the perfect accompaniment to oral sex, while her choice of a white Zinfandel signals her desires in a subtle, unspoken way. When the doors are locked, the world is at bay and the aromatherapy fumes of an organic candle suffuse the air with sweet patchouli, they enjoy noisy and uninhibited trysts.

These were the best of times. At scenic spots such as Pevensey Bay, where William the Conqueror landed in 1066, George and Pem described their lovemaking as "a screw with a

view." From the CD player came the mournful voice of Willie Nelson singing *Sunday Morning Coming Down*, and although it was only Saturday afternoon it seemed like a fine idea and as Pem stretched out naked on the bed he knelt before her like a supplicant at the altar, parting her legs and drawing her to him. Teasingly, he kissed the inside of her thighs, first one then the other, his tongue tracing patterns on her skin, gradually moving higher until she could feel the warmth of his breath. She arched her back, moaning with pleasure. But as he made one final positional adjustment his left leg inadvertently kicked the beer cooler, which knocked into the propane tank, which jolted the van's gear shift into neutral, an act of misfortune that George would later describe as a defining moment in Anglo-German relationships. He had meant to fix the faulty handbrake but he had not, and inexorably the van began to roll down the grassy slope picking up speed as it went. At first Pem thought the earth was moving then she

realized it was the van that was moving – and it was headed for the campers below.

"George! Christ! Do something!" she screamed.

"Holy fuck," he said.

But the awful truth dawned that he could never reach the brake pedal through the pile of camping gear stacked between the seats. His only hope was to lean over and grab the steering wheel like the helmsman of a tall ship running before the wind. Witnesses would later give differing accounts of what happened in the next 15 seconds, but by most accounts Gretchen's descent was fairly stately, never reaching more than 10 k/m, although somewhat erratic in its progress. Pem could see little except George's backside as he bent to his task of trying to steer them to a safe landing. His best hope, he decided, was to head left of the tenting area towards a slight upslope that would have halted their descent and indeed he might have succeeded until a course adjustment on

the wet downslope launched Gretchen into a spin knocking over a portable toilet to the dismay of the occupant, an elderly lady from Willesden who was caught with her knickers down. According to her lawyer, although she suffered no physical harm, she was several months in therapy and to this day has a pathological fear of all outside facilities. The good news was that the impact righted the ship slowing its momentum and had the wing mirror on the passenger side avoided a guy line of the last tent in their path all might have ended well. But it snagged. Gretchen, sailing on, ripped the tent from its moorings spilling out a motor mechanic from Baden Baden who was quite naked sporting a huge erection that he was waiving at a female companion who mercifully was still mostly clothed. Trailing their flimsy abode like a parachute behind a space shuttle, Gretchen finally came to a stop.

Several events followed that years later are still talked about around campfires throughout the

land. Pem was so concerned that someone might have been hurt that she jumped from the van to tend to the wounded quite forgetting she was naked. Suddenly realizing she was on public view she did her best to hide behind George who had also abandoned ship and while this more or less took care of her frontal privacy it left her fully exposed to the rear where, coincidentally, most of the male bystanders were assembling. Tentless – but still erect - Herr Schitler was incendiary with rage.

"*Sie blutiger Idiot!*" he bellowed. There were several more admonishments that Herr Schitler wished to convey.

"*Inkompetenter Dummkopf,*" he raged. It transpired that he was only just getting started on the subject of George's incompetence.

From her position behind George, Pem peered around in astonishment, not at the level of Teutonic invective, but at the sight that now confronted her. Herr Schitler's erect member was