Amanda's Third Report

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Amanda shadows a Surrogate who dispenses discipline to wayward daughters who live away from home

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/spanking/amandas-third-report.aspx

The Article 17 th June 2011

A further report by Amanda Jones who has already shadowed a Surrogate from Surrogate Discipline Limited and has now spent a week shadowing a Surrogate from sister company Remote Discipline Limited.

The main service provided by RDL is to Mothers who's daughters have either left home and for instance gone to University or to another city for work and where whilst at home the daughter was subject to her mother's discipline and the Mother, in particular, is concerned that without the threat and implementation of discipline the daughter's behaviour will deteriorate. RDL overcomes those fears.

I shadowed Mrs. Karen French who is 34 years old so a little younger than the Surrogates at SDL but then Mrs. French is more likely to deal only with the daughters and have no need to discipline the Mothers.

Mrs. French has what she believes to be a pretty standard approach to the job. "I am polite but firm when meeting what we term the Recipient, in other words the daughter I am contracted to punish. I always dress smartly preferring a skirt that falls to just above the knee, a jacket that can be removed, a cream shirt, long sleeved in winter and short sleeved in summer, and stockings with high heeled shoes for just that extra couple of inches in height."

Mrs. French certainly looked the part as her phone sounded with the ring that tells her a new assignment has arrived. It is still only ten minutes past nine in the morning. Quickly she reads the text

and murmurs, “Ah, young Lucy again, I see.” There is a knowing look from the Surrogate as she goes to her spare bedroom with her bag and I watch as she picks out several wooden backed hairbrushes, three leather straps of differing lengths, and four canes of varying thicknesses and lengths.

Quite an arsenal I suggest. “I like to be sure. Some of the implements can break after being used several times, particularly the hairbrushes, so I like to take enough with me to last the day. I can’t keep coming home after all.”

Well that was true enough. I had already been told we will be making four known stops today and there was always the chance another instruction or two could come through, like Lucy. RDL do have more than one person covering the busy areas though as they fully expect to deal with each new instruction on the day it is received. They are so confident of that assertion that they say they don’t charge if the instruction received by 2.00 pm but not dealt with until the next day. Mrs. French told me happily she had only ever had to deliver one free punishment.

We got in to her car and set the sat nav for the student area of town. “This is a particularly interesting instruction. We are going to a house of six sharers, all girls from different parts of the country. They are final year students and have been together for three years now.”

Initially the contract was with one Mother and her daughter but it didn’t take long for the other Mum’s to enroll and Mrs. French now disciplines all six girls.

So initially just one daughter was a Recipient. It was her first year away and Mrs. French explained that when at home the daughter, Carrie is her name, was spanked about once a week for breaking one of a whole range of pre-set rules. When Carrie first went to University her Mum found it hard to keep track of her and although Carrie assured her Mum she was taking her studies seriously it became clear from the first half terms tests that was far from the case. Carrie and her Mum had a frank discussion. Either Carrie bucked her ideas up or she would be taken out of University.

The trouble was it seems that Carrie had very little self control and was easily led on by her housemates. Come the end of the first term tests her marks had not improved. It was during the holiday break, when Carrie returned home and spankings were once again earned and given, that Carrie’s Mum realised something needed to be done.

Carrie was initially resistant to being spanked saying she thought she was free from being spanked once she had gone to University, and was put out she had been spanked three times in the first week alone of the holiday. Her Mum explained it was intended to remind her who was in charge and that if she studied more whilst at home there would be less likelihood she would break a rule and earn a spanking. The point was well taken by Carrie who asked her Mother what can be done to help her.

Carries' Mum brought out the RDL advert and it didn't take long to get Carrie to agree to the appointment of a Surrogate.

So today Mrs. French's first appointment is with Carrie. The car stops outside a large terraced house with a short front garden. Mrs. French takes her bag from the boot of her car and we walk up the path. The door opens before Mrs. French has the chance to ring the bell.

A pretty girl who looked in her early twenties opened the door with almost a smile, and greeted us with an almost cheery, "Hullo Mrs. French, please come in."

Mrs. French replied with a solid, "Thank you Carrie. Do lead the way."

We walked in and I closed the door as Carrie disappeared upstairs followed closely by Mrs. French. I noticed a couple of faces peering out from the living room and realised they knew what was about to happen. I followed the others up the stairs and in to Carrie's bedroom, closing the door.

Mrs. French already had her papers on the table and Carrie was standing somewhat obediently it has to be said with her hands clasped behind her trying to read what was written on Mrs. French's pad. Clearly she was trying to read what punishment her Mother had determined for her today. I noticed the desk chair was already in the centre of the room, put there by Carrie before she came downstairs, and was within easy reach of a table for any implements to be placed ready to be used.

Carrie had clearly failed to read what her punishment was to be before Mrs. French picked up her pad and turned to face Carrie who was now licking her lips no doubt in anticipation, or maybe trepidation, and breathed deeply, waiting. Mrs. French checked again what was written and then read out the email from Carrie's Mother. "For going to the pub instead of revising during yesterday afternoon your Mum's instruction is a bare bottom spanking by hand followed by six dozen spanks using the wooden backed hairbrush, give or take."

Carrie's face fell but other than pushing her lips out she said nothing, although it was clear the punishment was worse than she had hoped for.

I noticed Mrs. French did not ask if Carrie was guilty of the charge. RDL's policy is clearly stated that the presumption is the Mother has satisfied herself before issuing the instruction to discipline and indeed Carrie didn't even try to contest the charge. The reference to 'give or take' is a catch all safety guard for the Surrogate to prevent any suggestion the number of spanks given exceeded the allocation.

Mrs. French put the pad on the table, took her jacket off revealing a smart white short sleeved blouse

and I noticed her pearl necklace which made her look rather attractive in a strict kind of way. She turned and went over to the chair, straightened her skirt, sat down, straightened her skirt again, looked at Carrie and ordered, “Skirt and knickers off please Carrie.”

There was still no objection from Carrie as she accepted the sentence, passively removing her skirt letting it drop to the floor, stepping out of her knickers, picking up her skirt and placing both over the other chair. Carrie stood for a moment facing Mrs. French in only a t-shirt, clearly wearing no bra presumably to avoid its tightness around her full breasts hurting her, breathed deeply again, walked to Mrs. French and in one movement put one hand on the far side of Mrs. French’s left thigh grabbing a corner of the chair before easing herself down across Mrs. French’s lap, releasing the chair and allowing both hands to hit the floor breaking her fall, shuffling slightly so she was comfortable, or at least as comfortable as possible one had to accept, before coming to a stop.

Mrs. French placed her open palm on Carrie’s nicely shaped bottom, fleshy enough to roll around when spanked, pert enough to be made very red very quickly.

Mrs. French asked if Carrie was ready, and Carrie murmured a yes in response but with a tone of voice that acknowledged she fully expected the spanking to hurt. Mrs. French rubbed Carrie’s bottom a few times, scolded her by telling her she mustn’t lie, raised her hand, and brought it down hard with a sharp smacking spank. The sound of spank after spank filled the bedroom together initially with the odd gasp from Carrie which increased in intensity and as the spanking continued and Carrie’s bottom bounced and swayed and her lips quivered particularly when Mrs. French spanked the sweet soft spot at the top of her legs and the gasps turned to groans then short ‘ouchs’ and then the unmistakable concession of a sob. I watched a very businesslike Mrs. French spank on and on, not needing a break, her hand getting redder and redder as she lifted it high but apparently not hurting enough to stop, or maybe able to spank through the stinging her hand must feel knowing Carrie was suffering much more.

Mrs. French focused on Carrie’s bottom but also paid attention to the tops of her legs and inner thighs whilst listening to her moans and sobs. I could see the moment Mrs. French decided the hand spanking had taken its toll but the hairbrush was now needed to enforce the discipline. Mrs. French lent across to the handily placed table, picked up the hairbrush, spun it around in her hand so the hard flat wooden surface was pointed downwards, and with hardly a break lifted the hairbrush up and brought it down hard on to Carrie’s already nicely reddened bottom.

The reaction was immediate. The almost controlled quiet sobs turned to shrieks. The tears flowed down her now flushed cheeks, nowhere near as red as her bottom cheeks but no longer the fresh faced clear skin she had before the spanking started. I was now witnessing a young lady who was seriously regretting lying to her Mother. How did I know that? Easy. Carrie was repeating through her

cries the words ‘I won’t lie again,’ time and time again and the occasional almost hissed but imploring ‘promise,’ whilst her legs kicked and her bottom squirmed around on Mrs. French’s firm lap as she continued to give Carrie a very businesslike spanking with the hairbrush. I lost count as I concentrated as best as possible on both the intensity with which Mrs. French administered the spanking and the kicking squirming crying Carrie who was plainly wishing she was somewhere else.

Suddenly the hairbrush stopped thrashing down although Carrie’s very red bottom continued to squirm for several seconds until it dawned on her she was no longer being spanked, but the crying did continue. Deep sobs, a heaving chest, a head shaking in disbelief, Mrs. French’s hand still rubbing Carrie’s bottom as she tried to soothe Carrie, a real tenderness, maybe even a Mother’s tenderness. It took about a minute for Carrie to stop crying enough to ease herself up but she knew enough to stand obediently in front of Mrs. French.

Then the words came that Carrie clearly wanted to hear. “You can rub.”

Carrie’s hands flew to her bottom and rubbed and rubbed. Now it was clearer that Carrie wasn’t wearing a bra under her shirt as her breasts bounced up and down as she rubbed her bottom.

Mrs. French stood up, smiled, saw Carrie smile back and hold her arms out and threw her arms around Mrs. French’s waist, and smiled broadly when Mrs. French wrapped her arms around Carries shoulders, stroking her hair.

Carrie repeated what she had said whilst across Mrs. French’s lap, “I’m so sorry Mrs. French, tell Mum I won’t ever do it again. I promise.”

Mrs. French kept stroking Carrie’s hair but said sternly, “Carrie, you will tell your Mother yourself, do you hear me young lady?”

Carrie’s face took on a worried look, as though she had said something very wrong, but then realised it was just a warning and said quickly, “Oh yes, sorry Mrs. French, of course, I’m going to tell Mum, of course I am.”

“Good girl,” Mrs. French said grinning a friendly smile.

When Carrie had calmed down sufficiently they broke away from each other. Carrie stood rubbing her bottom. Mrs. French went to the table and filled in the paperwork, leaving a receipt for Carrie confirming the punishment she had been given. She then picked up her phone and sent an email to Carrie’s Mum with copies to Administration at RDL and to Carrie as an electronic confirmation of what the discipline was and the fact it was completed.

Mrs. French put the papers and hairbrush back in to her bag, looked across at Carrie and said, “You be good Carrie, OK?”

Carrie looked at Mrs. French, tears still glistening on her face, and said a wet, “Yes Mrs. French, I will.”

Mrs. French left the bedroom and as she closed the door said to me, “I’ll be back in a week. She just can’t help it.” It turned out Carrie had been disciplined almost every week throughout her time at University, about as often as when she had lived at home. It was a common theme I discovered. There was a pretty constant correlation between how often the girls were spanked before University when they lived at home and the number of times they were disciplined by RDL.

We walked along the corridor and another girl stood by her door. Mrs. French stopped at the girl who said, “Hullo Mrs. French.”

I had wondered how come the next appointment was so soon after the first and that is why. Two girls disciplined in the same house. This girl is Gina, at the same University. Her Mum had seen Gina on one of her friend’s social networking sites and had seen a photo of Gina drunk yesterday night.

Mrs. French walked in to the bedroom and I followed and closed the door. The procedure was similar to what happened in Carrie’s bedroom. The punishment was read out, 100 spanks with a leather strap on her bare bottom. Lighter than Carrie got but Gina’s Mum never spanked as long or as hard as Carrie’s Mum. That is another correlation. Mum’s tend not to be more severe when instructing RDL on the punishment to be administered on their daughters.

Gina slipped off her skirt and knickers and lay on the bed, her arms stretched out in front of her above her head, her legs apart, her stomach lying on two stacked pillows. Mrs. French rested the leather strap on Gina’s bottom, asked the customary, “Are you ready Gina?” and when Gina answered a pensive ‘Yes,’ Mrs. French lifted the strap and with a rush of air the strap flew downwards and wrapped around Gina’s bottom. Gina’s head rose up, her mouth opened as a scream came from her parted lips, her legs kicked, and her bottom bounced upwards.

Mrs. French raised the strap again and another rush of air, the strap caressed Gina’s bottom again, her head rose up, and another scream. This was repeated time and again. Tears rolled freely after about twenty spanks, and still Mrs. French continued. Her instructions were clear. 100 spanks without a break. One spank every three seconds, 300 seconds, so 5 minutes later it was over. Well the spanking was but again the crying continued and Gina’s bottom was red and bruised. Her bottom will be very tough to sit on for quite some time, well after Mrs. French will have left, probably still hard to

sit on tonight when Mrs. French was finished for the day. Yes, quite a spanking.

Gina lay on the bed still crying, her hands rubbing her bottom. No maternal hug here. Just the spanking and then Gina was left to tend her own bottom and to think about how naughty she had been. Mrs. French did the paperwork and sent the emails. She gave a last look at the sobbing disciplined Gina, well the back of her head and her bruised bottom, but the look wasn't returned.

"Gina's Mum never cuddled Gina after a spanking," Mrs. French explained. So again RDL followed what the Mother did at home, and why shouldn't she. This was a service that duplicated the punishment at home after all.

Mrs. French packed her bag again and left the room. Downstairs another young lady caught Mrs. French's eye. "Hullo Lucy," she said sternly."

The young lady blinked, blushed, and replied, "Hullo Mrs. French."

Mrs. French told Lucy she had the instruction and the appointment was set for 4.00 pm this afternoon. The exchange was almost friendly. Lucy asked what the punishment was due to be. Mrs. French reminded Lucy she won't be told until the meeting and they parted confirming the 4.00 pm meeting.

In the car Mrs. French explained Lucy wanted to know what the punishment was because she wanted to wear a bikini for a swimming party that evening. "Well she won't be wearing that tonight not after 48 spanks with a horsewhip with a leather tongued end. Yes indeed, her bottom will be far too marked to allow her to wear a bikini bottom. Her Mum knew about the party and deliberately chose a punishment that would leave marks, just as she would have done if she were spanking her daughter.

Another interesting fact Mrs. French told me was that the Mum's of the other three girls in the house were now also Clients of RDL. Mrs. French had collected them as Client's one by one over a period of weeks in the first term at University and they had remained Clients since then. There were in fact seven student houses in the area that had all the sharers in the house subjected to RDL discipline. Quite a Client list.

The next stop which was a large detached house in a nice street full of large detached houses which looked like well to do family homes judging by the cars parked outside. We walked up the path and the door was opened by Beth, a 21 year old. At first I wondered how come a student could live in a house like this but it turned out the Client was Beth's Mother who used to be an Headmistress at a local school but is now a School Inspector who spends long periods traveling the country inspecting schools. She employs RDL to discipline both her daughters. Beth's younger sister, 18 year old Sandy,

was upstairs but will be called downstairs to watch the punishment.

Mrs. French went to the living room where a chair was already turned in to the room. She once again got her papers out read them before looking at Beth and said, “Twelve strokes of the cane on the bare Beth.”

Beth didn’t even blink. She blushed as the sentence was read out and swallowed but that was her only reaction. Beth went to the door and shouted out, “Sandy, come down if you are gonna watch.”

There was the sound of someone coming fast down the steps and seconds later Sandy walked quickly in to the room. The ‘Hullo Mrs. French’ told me she was also acquainted with the RDL disciplinarian. Whilst her younger sister took a seat I saw that Beth had already dropped her skirt to the floor and her knickers to her knees and bent down and grabbed the seat of the chair. I was about to witness a school style caning. So Beth’s Mum used the cane to discipline her daughters just as she had used the cane at her school.

Mrs. French took her position next to Beth and tapped the 21 year olds bottom, asked the now inevitable ’Ready?’ and when Beth replied that she was I watched, in awe I have to say, as the cane was pulled back, there was a whoosh, a thwack, the cane bit in to the bare bottom cheeks, whilst a gasp came from Beth. I looked across at Sandy who was smiling, probably pleased it was her sister and not her presenting her bare bottom for the next stroke.

Beth’s bottom had a straight line right across both bottom cheeks as Mrs. French pulled back her arm for the second stroke. Whoosh. Thwack. Gasp. A second straight line just above the first. I wondered how Beth took the second stroke so well. By the sixth stroke Beth’s knees bent, by the eighth a tear flowed down her cheek, by the ninth Beth raised a leg after the stroke, by the tenth she cried, and by the twelfth more tears.

Sandy on the other hand still smirked.

This was what I had understood RDL was really about. Mothers who were away instructing RDL to maintain disciplinary standards and of course more often than not the discipline is watched by the siblings.

It was nearly lunchtime but Mrs. French didn’t stop for lunch. Instead we finished our business with Beth, the receipt left, the emails sent, a curt goodbye to Beth and Sandy, again no Mother’s cuddle, and we were back in the car.

To my surprise, well I suppose another surprise in a surprise filled day, we arrived at a leisure centre

and made our way passed the reception desk and towards the back to a studio. Inside were two desks. Two women, in their late twenty's I guessed, were working. They were both teachers and were marking papers. What surprised me, again, were the seven young ladies, each spread out around the studio facing the wall, their noses pressed against the wall, their hands on their heads, their skirts tucked in at their waistband, their knickers pulled down to around their knees, and two of the girls had very red bottoms. Spanked bottoms I was told.

Mrs. French explained. "Some Mums want their daughters grounded for the day. RDL hires studios like this, maybe three or four a day at a weekend, normally a Saturday, in various parts of each town, and hire teachers normally to staff them. They usually spend the day marking papers or preparing for future lessons. The girls arrive first thing and it is up to the teachers to decide what the girls do. Sometimes they might do lines, or spend time facing the wall, or just have to sit at desks and be quiet. A whole day without access to their phones or their computers or to a TV. It wasn't easy for the girls. Boring in fact. It was just like being grounded at home though. Again a duplication that RDL specialised in.

The two girls with red bottoms had failed to be quiet. They were punished by one of the teachers, and as we entered the room so a third had made a noise. She was called over to one of the teachers who yanked her knickers down to her ankles, turned the girl around by the arm and guided her across her lap and when happy with the girl's position turned around and picked up the wooden paddle from her desk. She scolded the girl briefly and then started to paddle the girl's bottom. Legs kicked, her bare bottom squirmed, she gasped and cried out, and the teacher just kept spanking the girl with the paddle.

The other girls kept their noses pressed hard against the wall. None made a noise. None tried to look at the girl being spanked. They all will have heard the splat of the paddle as it hit the girl's bare bottom and heard the cries, and the crying. Still they faced the wall. Obediently. Glad they weren't having their bottoms spanked with the paddle.

I looked at the teacher as she spanked the girl across her lap. She was certainly spanking the girl hard and I guessed was well practiced at paddling naughty girl's bottoms. I counted forty spanks with the paddle.

Mrs. French explained most girls don't get spanked when they are grounded. They might find it hard but they get through the day unscathed. Today was unusual. Three of the seven girls got spanked. I was told only one of the teachers spanked the girls, and she was the teacher doing the spanking now, and she was well known for being particularly strict. Mrs. French supervised here three times last month and whilst the norm is all the girls hate being grounded not one girl got spanked on any of those days. After all the most common outcome when girls are grounded by their Mums is a boring

day but no spanking So again RDL are duplicating that punishment and at the same time teachers get extra pay for supervising the girls.

I couldn’t take my eyes from the teacher giving the spanking. I would have to say she was enjoying herself, giving pain, maybe to be fair knowing she was teaching the girl a valuable lesson, but certainly enjoying herself. She sat straight backed, her legs firm, one hand gripping the girl’s waist, in control. She wore her hair shoulder length, had on a short sleeved red blouse, full breasts pushing her blouse out, a skirt that showed off slim legs, her calf muscles tensed as she brought the paddle down on to the ever reddening bare bottom, she waited for the scream raising the paddle as the sound subsided, and brought the paddle down hard again. No let up. The paddle landing on alternate bottom cheeks part of the time, and the same bottom cheek time after time at other times. This girl was really being punished.

I wondered what it must feel like. I asked Mrs. French and she said, “It hurts, it’s meant to of course, and if we do spank any of the girls we make sure it does. What’s the point otherwise?”

That is true of course. These disciplinarians at RDL know their stuff.

Mrs. French completed her work then it was back in the car, first to a 22 year old who was working away from home but had admitted to her Mum she had drunk too much last night. The young lady had to take a twenty minute spanking followed by a hundred spanks with the paddle and twenty four with a three pronged strap. Her bottom was a beautiful deep shade of red by the time we got ready to leave. I spotted the vibrator on top of a cabinet in the kitchen when I went for a glass of water. The young lady didn’t know I saw it. Mrs. French had. The young lady’s Mum knew all about it as her daughter was allowed to take the vibrator to her room after a spanking where she had to stay for the rest of the day.

Then it was off to Lucy. We arrived just before 4.00 pm but Lucy was ready for us. The earlier the better she reckoned on the outside possibility her legs might be clear by 9.00 pm and the swimming party. Mrs. French faced the girl in her bedroom. Lucy was anxious to get started and undressed as she was told what punishment she will receive. She froze when she heard the final words. “Thirty six strokes with the misery stick spread evenly on your bottom and the tops of your legs. Lucy gasped, or actually more let out a heartfelt sob. You see Lucy knew what the misery stick was, had been given it before, and was already acquainted with the effects. The dark black lines that will take the best part of a day to ease. Her Mum had ordered it, as a penalty for breaking the rules.

Lucy knew she won’t be able to swim at the party as she lay face down on the bed, in only a t-shirt which she lifted well up above her waist. She lay over three pillows, her bottom bent nicely upwards. To be fair to Lucy she accepted her penalty without argument. Of course she knew there was no

benefit to arguing. Mrs. French was following her instructions. That was one clear difference to having your own Mum discipline you. You can argue with your Mum and risk extras, or gain a reduction. Not so with RDL. They must simply do as instructed.

Mrs. French stood by the bed, asked her usual, “Ready Lucy?” and when the answer was given the whip like strap was raised high and with almost a hiss the whip flew through the air and landed full across the top of Lucy’s bare bottom. Lucy gave a shriek, muted perhaps but still a shriek and the shriek grew less and less muted as the whip made its way down Lucy’s bottom leaving straight line after straight line drawn across Lucy’s pretty bare bottom.

Mrs. French paused for a few moments when she knew the next stroke will be laid across the lowest part of Lucy’s bottom and too low to be covered by any bikini bottoms. As the whip drew another line across Lucy’s bottom both knew the party was gone, but only Lucy shrieked out, louder than any one beforehand.

There were no more gaps as the whip was again brought down time and again until all thirty six whip lashes were given. Mrs. French filled out the paperwork and sent the emails and Lucy rubbed her bottom whilst still lying on the pillows on her bed, her cries heard easily outside, both in the hallway and elsewhere in the house Indeed Lucy had left her door partly open so the noise easily reached the rest of the house. This was an interesting aside to the punishment. The young lady wanted others to hear her punishment.

We left the room and as we turned to go down the stairs we saw another young lady enter Lucy’s bedroom and close the door. Mrs. French smiled as though knowing why the door was closed. It went with the fact the window was open. Lucy was aroused by being spanked, just as the second young lady was aroused by listening to the spanking, and both girls were now together, both aroused, both intent on satisfying the others arousal.

Well the day ended with that appointment. If I had learned one thing it was there were there no bounds to the way being spanked and spanking could lead to sexual craving and satisfaction. There was so much to learn and I will tell you more when I write my next Report.

Behind The Article: Amanda’s Thoughts and Actions:

My mind was buzzing from what I had seen in the various places Mrs. French and I went. I had seen plenty of young ladys spanked over just a few days, but one person I could not forget was the teacher at the leisure centre who paddled the girl when we first arrived. I could not get the teacher out of my

mind.

I had asked Mrs. French what this ladies name was, for the article. “Ruth Atkins.” Well, Ruth Atkins is someone I would like to shadow sometime.

First though I had to write my current article. I was finding it easier as I am regularly disciplined by my Mum still, even at 20 years old, so can relate to those young ladies being disciplined. I asked Mum to be strict with me and I reckon I am spanked twice a week, normally, sometimes less, sometimes more.

Mum has been away for the last two weeks. Mum decided that although she wasn’t around, if I usually earned a spanking twice a week then I would most likely still derived to be spanked when she was away. Consequently Mum instructed an RDL disciplinarian to see me twice a week and spank me. A typically long and hard spanking as Mum would have given me, with her hand and hairbrush on my bare bottom turned across her lap.

As much as I still find being spanked painful, and humiliating, I know I deserve them and it reminds me to behave. So, as an RDL Recipient myself I could certainly relate to the many young ladies I watched being spanked by the disciplinarian I shadowed.

I wrote several drafts of the article over the next week. Most of the time I drafted the article in the office. Twice I wrote at home in the evening whilst my bottom was stinging from a spanking from my RDL disciplinarian. I waited for the tears to stop but even with red wet eyes I sat on a hard chair in tight knickers so my bottom really stung and wrote the articles.

Once I was happy with it and I sent it through to my editor and at the same time sent a copy to Mrs. Compton, the MD of RDL. She told me two days later it was another fine article and asked if I wanted to do another. I was again enthusiastic in my acceptance of her offer and asked if I might shadow another disciplinarian from RDL. Mrs. Compton said she would find a suitable candidate and I just could not stop myself asking, “Could I shadow Ruth Atkins perhaps?”

There was a pause at the other end of the phone and I held my breath waiting for the answer. It came. “Yes, a good choice actually Amanda, Ruth Atkins has quite a lot of experience and has an interesting Client base. Yes, you may shadow Ruth Atkins.”

My heart buzzed. It wasn’t just the way she spanked the girl that sent my mind fluttering, nor that I had wondered at the time what it might be like to be spanked by her. I found her so attractive. So very attractive.

Ten minutes later I jumped when my phone rang on my desk. I didn't recognise the number, put the phone to my ear, and said, "Yes?"

"It's Ruth Atkins of RDL. Is that you Amanda?" Such a strict sounding voice.

I was taken by surprise by the speed of the call. Ruth Atkins. I had been thinking of her non-stop. Such a beautiful disciplinarian. I wasn't really thinking straight when I answered. "Yes Miss."

Ruth laughed. "You can call me Ruth." There was a pause before she added, "Unless you need me to deal with you professionally?"

It was my turn to laugh though it was forced. I hoped Ruth didn't realise. I replied, "Sorry Ruth, I wasn't expecting you to call me so quickly."

"Of course. No problem. Mrs. Compton told me you asked to shadow me so I thought we should get together to discuss the details. I quite like the idea of you shadowing me you know."

"So do I," I said quickly. "I thought you were so proficient spanking that girl, and you were so dressed for the part."

"I like to dress like a strict school mistress Amanda."

My heart actually missed a beat.

"Let's have dinner tonight," Ruth suggested.

"Sounds good Ruth."

Ruth suggested, "I tell you what, I will drive to you and pick you up."

"Great. I'm leaving the office now, so how about 7.30 my place."

"See you then Amanda."

I was so happy as I quickly tidied my desk and left the office. I caught the bus and was soon home. I got some clothes out. I wanted to look sexy so decided on a sleeveless top, a short skirt, silk knickers, bare legs, and flats. I hoped Ruth might wear what she wore last time I saw her.

I got dressed. I saw my clothes just dropped on to the floor and knew the kitchen was also messy as

I hadn’t washed up the breakfast things. Still I reckoned both would only take about ten minutes to do which I could do before going to bed tonight. That way the house will be ship shape before Mum got back tomorrow. I shuddered at the thought of the house being messy when Mum got home as it broke several of the 27 rules I had to keep and breaking any of them would be sure to lead to a trip across the maternal lap and a long hard spanking.

I thought again about Ruth Atkins. She after all is an RDL disciplinarian and Mum employed RDL to discipline me. Maybe it wouldn’t be so bad if Ruth were assigned to me. I giggled at the thought. The thought of being spanked by such a beautiful woman set my mind abuzz. I knew my pussy was getting damp, and I knew I was thinking how sexy that sounded. Sex. What a thought. With Ruth. What an erotic mind blowing thought.

The doorbell rang. I looked around again closing the kitchen door so Ruth didn’t see the mess in there before opening the front door. Ruth looked so attractive in her sleeveless dress that stopped a few inches above her knee, and she also had bare arms and legs and wore high heels that meant she looked down at me. Cool. Similar likes perhaps? Still, I stepped towards Ruth ready to close the front door and be gone. It didn’t work out like that.

Ruth asked, “Could I use the loo please Amanda?”

I panicked for a second but knew the downstairs cloakroom was tidy so smiled and stood back, allowing Ruth to pass by me.

“Nice perfume,” I said as she passed by.

“Ruth smiled at me, a wonderfully beautiful smile lighting up her whole face. Seconds later she was in the cloakroom. I remembered I needed to check the boiler timer and went in to the kitchen. I was fiddling with the control when I heard the toilet flush and as I scrabbled to close the control unit and get out of the kitchen I didn’t realise Ruth was already at the kitchen door.

“What a mess Amanda. Don’t you ever clean up after yourself?” Ruth wasn’t smiling which worried me, more so when she added, “I know you are busy, but even so.”

Suddenly Ruth frowned. She had spotted the page of writing on the wall. I followed her gaze and my eyes opened wide in horror when I realised the top of the page had in large letters RDL. I swallowed hard.

“You are a Client of RDL are you?” I could see Ruth thinking and soon realised the obvious. She said in a flat tone, “You’re not the Client are you Amanda. You are a Recipient.”

Ruth’s face hardened with the realisation and walked over to the sheet of paper which she now knew had on it my set of rules, the reasons I would be spanked. She read down the list, turned to me, and asked, “Is your Mum away?”

I knew why the question. “Yes,” I replied.

Ruth nodded her head, looked again at the list, turned to me, and asked, “Is your bedroom like this, messy?”

I blushed. Ruth pursed her lips and said sternly, “Thought so. Let’s see shall we?”

Ruth pointed to the doorway and I knew I had to show her my bedroom. I went up the stairs quickly whilst Ruth kept to a steady pace, a controlled pace. I was inside my bedroom by the time Ruth got there. She looked inside and was obviously getting cross.

I panicked again. “I’m sorry Ruth, I was going to clear it all up tonight after I got home.”

“Really? You expected to have time tonight to clear all of this up?”

I blushed again. “Please Ruth. Don’t be mad with me. Let’s go for dinner and then I’ll clean it all up. I promise.”

Ruth looked around again. “This just isn’t acceptable you know.”

“Please Ruth, Give me a chance to clean up. I’ll do anything.”

Ruth again thought as she looked around. She made a decision and turned to me and said sternly, “Yes Amanda, you will clean up in good time but I need to deal with you first.” Ruth said sternly, “Stay here. I will go to my car and then come back.”

“Ok,” knowing what Ruth was going to do. At she didn’t just walk out. She was coming back.

Ruth went to the bedroom door, turned around and stared at me, then said, “You can take your skirt and knickers off, it will save time.”

I groaned. Ruth smiled and said, “You did say you would do anything Amanda.”

I wanted to scream but instead blinked and nodded. I started to unzip my skirt when Ruth turned and

went downstairs. I let the skirt drop to the floor and stepped out of my knickers. So much for thinking what it would be like to be spanked by Ruth. Here I was about to find out first hand, and she did look so cross. I was hoping for a nice dinner and a chat, and maybe a cuddle and a kiss, and who knows what else, but instead I'm going to be crying and Ruth won't want to know me after that will she.

My thoughts were broken by Ruth's sharp tone, "Get that skirt off the floor young lady and fold it properly. Now."

I quickly bent down and picked up my skirt, ready to cry as my nice evening was turning out to be a painful one. I quickly folded the skirt and put it on the table.

"Not like that," Ruth snapped. "Fold it properly and hang it over the back of the chair girl."

I stamped my foot as I picked the skirt up from the bed. Ruth took that as defiance and strode across the room to me and demanded, "Did you just object Amanda?"

"No, no Ruth, I promise."

"Ruth?" She retorted. "Show me respect young lady, now turn around."

Ruth took me by the arm and spun me around. I didn't resist as I was used to my Mum doing the same and I knew what was coming. Sure enough Ruth pulled her arm back and landed her open palm on my bare bottom. I gasped more in surprise than pain.

Ruth said in to my ear. "Well?"

I said quickly, "No Miss Atkins, I'm not objecting Miss, really Miss."

Ruth gave me another hard spank before letting me go. She walked over to the chair and sat down. "Come here girl. You will learn not to leave your clothes on the floor as that is a specific rule of your Mother's I saw."

I looked at the floor as I walked quickly over to Ruth. I looked down at her lap, the very lap I was almost wishing to be put across just a few hours ago and now I was looking down at it and would be bending across it in just a second. I quickly looked at Ruth's face and saw her flashing eyes as she glared back at me, cross I knew, but in control of me. She looked calmer, just as she did when the girl at the studio stood next to her before she had to bend across her lap. I glanced at Ruth's hand and saw a paddle in it. A wooden paddle, just like the one she used on the girl at the studio and I remembered in vivid detail just how that girl cried and licked her legs and squirmed around on that

very same lap as she was spanked with what is quite likely to be this very same wooden paddle.

I glanced again at Ruth's blazing eyes and could see her reading my face. She caught my gaze in her steely eyes and pointed to her lap. My mouth dropped open as I took the final step forward and eased myself down across her lap. I felt her firm hands take my waist and ease me a couple of inches up her lap and I knew it left my bottom in line for her swing. I saw her bare legs up close, shapely legs. I saw her toes as they peeked out through the toeless end of her shoe. How I wanted to kiss those toes.

I gasped as I felt the wooden paddle patted on my bottom, gently, but as a warning. Ruth said sternly, "What should happen to your clothes Amanda?"

I closed my eyes and said as sincerely as I could, "I must put them straight away Miss Atkins and not leave them on the floor."

"Very good Amanda. That's so simple, and if you had done that the first time then I wouldn't have to teach you this lesson, would I Amanda?" I opened my eyes and looked at Ruth's bare calf knowing when it tensed she will be about to spank me with the paddle. "No Miss Atkins, sorry Miss Atkins."

As I said sorry so I saw her calf tense and a split second later felt the impact of the wooden paddle on my bottom and yes it did hurt as much as it looked like it did earlier today. I threw my head back, I didn't mean to but it just happened, because of the pain, and I grunted, yes actually grunted. What a horrible sound to make to the woman I hoped to have dinner with. I needed to show her I was older, more mature than my years, but instead all I do is earn a spanking.

Ruth splattered that hard wooden paddle on my bottom time and again. It was far harder than Mum's spanking. It was even harder than when my Mum spanked me with the hairbrush. I recalled just then, momentarily, Mrs. French telling me it wasn't always strength that made a spank hard but the direction, the aim, and as I cried out I knew Ruth's aim was to perfection. I cried out and after a dozen or so spanks tears rolled down my face and I wasn't thinking about anything other than not to leave my clothes on the floor. Ever again.

I know my legs were kicking, my head bucking up, my bottom squirming, as spank after spank splattered all over my bottom.

"Get up," Ruth finally snapped.

I stood up quickly and without thinking my hands covered my bottom and rubbed but the pain wouldn't subside. Ruth was looking at me and I was sure she was amused. She might well be but I

was the one hurting, stinging in fact, and my bottom was so warm to the touch.

Ruth stood up. “Don’t think your punishment is over Amanda. Don’t forget the kitchen. The kitchen things are still dirty from breakfast. That’s another rule you broke, and big time girl, really big time.”

I know the tears rolled down my face as I rubbed my bottom frozen with worry at what else Ruth will do to me. Miss Atkins I meant. I don’t suppose it will be Ruth ever again.

“This is making me warm Amanda.” Ruth crossed her arms and pulled her dress up from the hem right up over her head and stood in her bra and knickers. I was speechless. What a gorgeous woman she is, and what a great figure.

“You better take your blouse and bra off Amanda. You must be hot as well.”

My mouth gaped open but I just scrunched my face up as I did as I was told. I unbuttoned my blouse and slipped it off my shoulders and down my arms, and remembered to fold it neatly before putting it over the back of a chair. I put my arms behind me and unclipped my bra and let the straps ease down my arms, catching it, and putting it on top of the blouse.

Ruth said, “If you were one of my students I’d have you stand with your hands on your head facing me, so go on. Quickly girl.”

My hands shot to my head. I stood in front of Ruth who was looking me up and down, I could feel her eyes on my breasts, and as she looked downwards they stopped at my pussy. She walked around me and patted my bottom, saying, “Nicely red Amanda,” then adding, “But brighter red is better I think.”

I groaned I knew she meant more punishment.

“That’s right girl, you need to be spanked some more.” I heard her hand pulled back and smacked down hard on my bottom. She meant it. I looked down and saw a horse whip in her hand. It was long, a leather loop at one end and what looked like a hand, a small leather hand, at the other. Ruth stood in front of me and said, “Legs apart girl.”

I stepped my legs apart and watched Ruth ease the whip up between my legs and tap my pussy a few times ever so lightly, and I edged up on to my tip toes. I gasped and Ruth smiled but kept tapping lightly leaving me on tip toes.

“When Mrs. Compton called me it wasn’t the first time I spoke to her today.”

I was struggling to stay on my tip toes and could only give a questioning grunt.

Ruth continued. “I phoned her earlier on when you had left the detention room and asked who you were. Do you know what I said to her?”

Another questioning grunt.

“I said you had a bottom that needed to be spanked, that’s what I said. Funny huh?”

Was it I wondered? The whip was still lightly flicked up against my pussy which was I found strangely actually quite arousing, sexy even.

“So when Mrs. Compton called me and said you asked to shadow me I thought that was really funny. Fortuitous even.”

I was starting to cum, I was sure I was as Ruth used the whip to pat my pussy as I strained to stay on my tip toes.

“So when I arrived I always intended to find something wrong.”

Ruth stopped flicking the whip against my pussy but held it in place so I stayed on my tip toes.

“Really?” I asked in surprise.

“Yes. I already knew your Mum was a Client as Mrs. Compton told me, and that RDL comes here to discipline you.”

I was starting to understand.

“So I knew you are used to being spanked,” and then added with a relish, “And I really wanted to spank you.” Ruth continued in a harder tone, “Mind you Amanda, although I was sure I would find one rule broken my annoyance is real, I am a stickler for rules and you broke more than one of them. So you deserved to be punished. Didn’t you?”

I gulped again but agreed, saying quietly, “Yes Miss Atkins.”

“Good girl.” Ruth smiled.

As I stood on tip toes, the whip still pressed against my pussy, I asked, “So is this just for fun?”

Ruth smiled, and answered, “Well I’m having fun Amanda, what about you?” Stand still Amanda,” Ruth instructed as she stepped forward, removed the whip from between my legs, and put her hand fully over my pussy. “Wet Amanda. I thought so. You’re turned on aren’t you?” After a gap Ruth said firmly, “Admit it Amanda.”

I squeaked, “Yes.”

Ruth squeezed my pussy with her hand and I quickly added, “Miss Atkins, yes Miss Atkins.”

Ruth released her grip but kept her hand on my pussy.

“Do you still want dinner with me Amanda?”

“Yes please Miss Atkins,” I replied quickly.

“Good. So, we just have the messy kitchen to deal with first. Like I said, I expected to find one rule broken but you really are naughty to have broken two.”

I gulped once again.

Ruth ordered, “Turn around and grab the chair, bend over, bottom out, legs well apart.”

I did as I was told, wary as Ruth held the horse whip between both her hands and flexed it in front of me, leaving me in no doubt as to what she will be doing next. Wary but aroused as I found Ruth so sexy as she dominated me. I turned, grabbed the chair, looked down at the floor and saw her legs, positioned to my side, as though to cane me, but then she flicked the horse whip against my bottom.

“Ready Amanda,” she asked. Just like Mrs. French always asked before the punishment started.

“Yes Miss, “I answered, knowing it was the signal.

The first whoosh was followed by the stinging that spread right across my bottom. The second whoosh was almost immediate as it stung my other bottom cheek. The third whoosh was more painful as was the fourth.

I felt Ruth’s hand rub my bottom and it was so good. So tender. I had my eyes closed as the whipping was carried out but now, with her soothing hand rubbing my bottom, I opened my eyes. I

realised Ruth had stopped rubbing me and next moment something landed on the floor. It was a bra. Ruth's bra.

Next moment I heard the whoosh and felt an even greater stinging pain, and the next whoosh and again the pain spread across my other bottom cheek. I bent my legs to desperately hang on to the chair. The next whoosh was the worst so far, at least until the one after and even more pain. Again a pause, I saw Ruth lift one leg and then the other and saw her knickers follow her bra on to the floor. Ruth was now as naked as me. Before I could think the next whoosh made me cry out and the one after had me crying out even louder still. I was crying again after the next whoosh and stinging pain and sobbed loudly with the next. Each bottom cheek was being battered so hard.

I felt Ruth's hand back on my pussy, rubbing me gently, a finger along my oozing wet pussy lips, a hand rubbing the inside of my thigh, back up and covering my pussy and another ever so tender rub, then the hand down the inside of my other thigh. Ruth held me close, her own thigh pressing against my body, her warmth flowing over me.

Ruth lent down and kissed my ear, still her fingers probed my pussy, and I stood obediently for her, willing her to continue arousing me. Another kiss on my ear, and the gentle words, "I think you are so hot, I want you Amanda."

I felt her hand move up my stomach until she cupped my breast and eased me upwards, until I was standing. She turned me, I was facing her, Ruth kissed the tears on my cheeks, and my neck, and sucked my breast, taking my nipple between her teeth and I braced myself for the light bite, fearing more but relishing less, being teased, led on, controlled.

"Do you want me Amanda?"

"Yes please."

I heard Ruth say, "Uh uh," as she squeezed my nipple between her finger, hard, until I yelped, until I was again obedient and added, "Yes please Miss Atkins."

"Good girl," was her response as she gently guided me to the bed, my bed, I lay down and edged myself up the bed, Ruth followed me, lay on top of me, kissed my neck and cheeks and mouth, pressing down on my mouth, her tongue easing my mouth open, willingly, her tongue pressing against mine as I felt her hand between us, on my stomach, between my legs, on my pussy, one maybe two fingers inside my pussy, flicking my clit. Her stomach rose from me and my hand was ready, shooting downwards and between her opening thighs, cupping her pussy and yes it was moist, wet, welcoming, as my fingers entered her, happy when her gasps told me she was cumming,

savouring her moans and groans as we kissed and caressed and pleasured each other, and when we both did cum we were gasping and groaning with joy together. We held each other, kissed licked and caressed each other more slowly this time, more deliberately, until we came again and a third time, and lay in each other's arms exhausted but satisfied, for now.

We stayed close in each other's arms recovering our breath together. Enjoying each other's naked warmth until Ruth lifted herself on to one elbow and looking down at me, smiling, said, "Dinner now Amanda?"

I beamed back. "Yes please Miss Atkins."

Ruth laughed a beautiful laugh. "Better call me Ruth when we are out. Miss Atkins should be reserved for when we are alone and you have been naughty."

I hugged Ruth with delight.

"Come on young missy. I'm starving. Let's discuss when you will shadow me."

Suddenly I was concerned again. Afraid I had misunderstood. "We will see each other before then won't we?"

Ruth smiled again. "We had better unless you want another spanking. We are going to see a lot of each other in fact." Ruth smiled before adding. "Mrs. Compton has already told admin at RDL to re-allocate you to me. "

"Oh, that's great," then added in a quieter tone, "I suppose." I rubbed my bottom but laughed. I wasn't sure just why because Ruth was going to be the disciplinarian who spanks me from now on when Mum is away.

Ruth said smiling. "This way I get to see you, what, at least twice a week?"

"Gee thanks," I said, kissing Ruth and delighting in her kissing me as she squeezed my bottom, "Well I get to deal with this naughty bottom of yours twice a week, but I also want to see you so I can deal with this," as she kissed me again and our tongues intertwined. Heaven.

Ruth smiled her beautiful smile as she said wickedly, "Now then dinner or a spanking, and be careful of your answer young lady because I can just as easily spank you again right now."

I swallowed, saw Ruth was being serious, was turned on by her strict authoritarian tone and replied,

“Dinner please Miss Atkins.”

“Dinner it is my girl, best behaviour though, or else.”

“Yes Miss.”

I had never been happier as I dressed for dinner, looking forward to spending time with Ruth, both when I have been good and when I have been naughty. I had learnt so much already thanks to SDL and RDL and wondered what new things I would learn as my investigative reports continued.