

An Strict English Education in Thailand

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Mrs Strickland was an ex uk headteacher in Thailand teaching girls ..

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Back in the early 70s after I had finished my degree in the UK I saw an ad in a national daily for an English teacher to work at a school in Thailand. I liked the thought of it and wanted to see some of the world so applied and received an invitation to teach there. What subsequently happened there I have kept private for legal reasons. However, I feel a need to confess my shameful part in the day to day operation of that school. Maybe I will sleep easier. I cannot name the school and I have used fictitious names. I think the events of that period exposed my true character. I will leave it to you to judge what that is. At any rate - I am not proud of myself. I understood that the school was run by a former UK headmistress (Mrs Strickland) who had set up a school some 100 miles north of Bangkok and had among her pupils many children of wealthy Thais who seemed to think an English type education would be a good thing. What I did not realise is that the school was girls only, aged 8 to 16. Of course I didn't mind terribly but could not really understand why my application was accepted, being a man. When I arrived I was shown to my accommodation which was within the school premises and comfortable enough. There was a good overhead fan at any rate, and a mosquito net over the bed. I was asked by a very charming pupil to report to Mrs Strickland after I had freshened up but no later than 10 AM. I was prompt and knocked on her door at exactly that time. She was as strict looking as her name suggested. She stood straight as a stick and had a cold smile which set your nerves on edge. I think she was sixty or so - and dressed in a longish grey skirt and white blouse. Her hair was brown (surely died) and tied at the back with a pony tail. She showed her age though, she was quite wrinkled around the mouth, eyes and heavily so on the neck. There was a photo of the queen on the wall and a picture of the same lady on her desk in a frame. I sat down and she asked me various questions and after a while of chatting about England she showed me some samples of students' work. "This is really excellent", I said, "I don't think UK students would do better" "Pupils can achieve quite remarkable results when they are properly focused", she said, "and my clients do pay for the best education. My girls are not shy of hard work, and they respond well to strict discipline." "Discipline?" I said, a little surprised to hear so much emphasis placed on the word. "Discipline!" she said with some enthusiasm and she opened her desk drawer and produced a cane of the traditional English school type. I was shocked. In England, as far as I knew, caning of pupils had more or less gone out of fashion. There was a knock at the door. "Come!" said Mrs Strickland. A timid looking girl

of perhaps 13 or 14 came into the room and approached the desk. She was slim and pretty dressed like the other girls at the school in a knee length navy blue pleated skirt and white blouse. She handed an exercise book to the headteacher. Mrs Strickland flicked through and tutted, finally handing the book to me. It was a story - written in what I thought was quite passable handwriting. "You see Mr Bates", she said to me and stood up holding the cane. "Discipline concentrates the mind and achieves results. This young lady has been slipping. I gave her a verbal warning two weeks ago that she would have to improve and now you see the result. Where words fail then we must act without delay." She took out a large red book and verbalized what she was writing down. First the date, then the name of the girl. Then she paused - bending the cane in two hands as she did so. "Well Shi-Lin, how many strokes shall we make it? Three or six?" The question was serious and she waited for the girl to answer. I noticed her begin to tremble. "Please Miss, I'll do better next time. Please Miss" Then in an angry voice Mrs Strickland repeated her question and said that if the girl did not answer quickly she would receive twelve strokes across her bare bottom immediately. She begged to receive just three. "If it's to be just three then they'll have to be twice as hard." Then she wrote down in the book and said "three firm strokes to the bottom". Then she looked at me, "This is the punishment book. Everything is recorded. We are very efficient at St M.." I couldn't believe what was going on. I was shocked and horrified. "I think I had better leave the room", I said. "Stay where you are Mr Bates, if you please", she commanded me in such a way I was afraid to disobey. "Take the handles!" Mrs Strickland ordered the poor girl. She went to a desk on the other side of the room and bent over the desk putting grabbing two iron handles which had been screwed to the desk about two feet apart. "Come now feet apart", snapped the headteacher and kicked the back of the girl's shiny black shoes. The pupil set her feet apart. She was bent over the desk awaiting the punishment to begin. My heart pounded. Mrs Strickland stood behind her and said in a very official sort of way. "Now young lady. You have been warned about the slipping quality of your work. You have ignored this warning and your work continues to shoddy rubbish. I am now going to administer three strokes of the cane to your bottom. After the punishment you will sit without underwear on the naughty stool and write out five hundred times "I can do better and I will do better". You will then show the lines to me and if I am satisfied with their quality you may then go to your class" I turned my chair away. I did not want to witness the obscene spectacle. In fact I decided there and then that I was leaving the school and probably going to the police. I could not work in such a place. "Mr Bates I need you to witness this", she said firmly. I turned my chair back and bit my lip. The girl was whimpering. I tried to look away. "Mr Bates! Be so kind to witness the sentence" Something odd happened to me when I looked at the girl bent over the desk. I had a big erection - I was strongly sexually excited. I tried to get a grip on on myself but could not and I noticed that I was breathing heavily. "You sick bastard", I said to myself, "This is not right. Straighen yourself out." But the girl's humiliating defenceless posture interested me. The headteacher lifted the girl's blue skirt and placed it on her back, revealing, from my own judgement, a very nicely shaped bottom in white cotton underwear. The sight of it took my breath away. She then pulled down the girl's knickers to her knees - making my heart pound at the sight of young female bare buttocks. There was an unbearable suspense as Mrs Strickland stood

back and flexed the cane and we waited for the first stroke. It didn't look like she took a big swing - but the cane came down with a swish and the terrible crack on the girl's bottom caused the poor thing to shriek with pain and begging for no more. It must have been damned painful because the girl took one hand and covered her bottom as the second stroke landed - thwack - on the back of her hand - making her roar with pain and cry. "Keep hold of the handles! Now we'll have to take the second stroke again and add another for your impertinence" and she brought down the cane on those plump white unprotected buttocks - leaving a second red mark right across both cheeks. The girl cried out a long and wrenching "owwww!", resting herself on one foot and then the other as if that would bring some relief. Her bottom was red. It looked so pitiful and vulnerable. But beautiful. "Two more!" said Mrs Strickland and she whipped the cane right across the girl's blazing bum making her shriek again and do a little sort of tap dance - the sight of her beaten bottom bouncing gave me quite an erotic kick, which made me immediately ashamed. I could not take my eyes away. The skirt came down and Mrs Strickland had to re-position it on the girl's lower back. "One more now" said the headteacher, "and I want you to remember this the next time you sit down to your homework". She drew back the cane much further this time and aimed lower - swipe! Hitting the poor wretch just below the bottom with a sharp crack which must have stung something wicked on the back of the legs. There was another loud cry and the girl seemed almost to collapse. "Stay in position!" snapped Mrs Strickland. "Until you are given the order" She went to the book and signed the entry and then put her cane away. Then she went to the girl and examined the wounds. Touching the girl's smarting backside. "That's nothing" she said. "It'll heal in no time". There were two red lines across the bottom and one red line at the top of the legs. I doubted if it would heal quickly. "You see Mr. Bates", she said addressing me, "you can't spare the rod where young minds are concerned. We cannot accept second best. I love Shi-Lin like she is my own daughter. I love all my girls. That is why I am so strict with them. Very well young lady! You may rise. Take the naughty stool and let's have 500 neat lines." The stool was wooden with what looked like hard peas somehow embedded on the surface where the poor girl would have to sit on her bare bottom. She stood up - her knickers still just above her knees, and she pulled the stool out from under the desk and sat her pretty, but well caned, bottom down, and cried out in discomfort. "I don't want to hear any complaints from you!" shouted the headteacher angrily. "Get on with those lines and think yourself lucky I didn't give you half a dozen of the best on your palms." Mrs Strickland then pretended the girl was not there and my duties were outlined. What was expected of me etc. Mrs Strickland sent me away to my room and I was told to attend assembly where I would be presented to the school at eleven. I went back to my room and sat on my bed. What kind of school had I come to? That poor girl. Dammit she was beaten with such force it made me angry I wanted to go to the police. At the same time, I must confess, I was fascinated by it. I deplored the violence - but was aroused by the spectacle. I tried to straighten myself out but could not. The scene kept replaying in my head and I was getting some awful sexual gratification from it. So much so that I had to masturbate before I went off to assembly. -----
----- this true confession is to be continued.