

Lady Victoria - Part 1 Her Ladyship Comes of Age

By MrTannard

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Victorian English servants disciplined by the Butler, Mr Tannard

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LADY VICTORIA - PART 1 - HER LADYSHIP COMES OF AGE BY WILLIAM STREET Lady Victoria waited impatiently in the elegant drawing room of her father's mansion, at a loss to understand what was taking so long in loading the several large trunks containing her wardrobe. At long last the Butler arrived to inform her that her carriage was now ready at her pleasure. She answered rudely, berating him for the incompetence of his staff and followed him to the cavernous Hall of the House. Her mother was there to administer a 'loving' kiss whilst her father was away in the Capital on some sort of 'legal business' of which she had declined to take any interest. The large staff of the House gathered outside to wave her on her way in a mock display of sorrow at her leaving. Victoria descended the large stone steps carefully; ensuring the many layers of her petticoats flowed in the same direction underneath her elegant silk dress. The liveried footman steadied her and ushered her into the coach as she bent low to avoid catching her huge hat against the top of the doorway. She knew she was giving the servant an unhindered view of her ample cleavage bursting from the top of her dress and glowered at him as if he had just crawled from under a stone. With her now securely seated the order was given and the coachman lunged the horses forward and off down the mile or so drive to the main road. The staff of the huge household breathed a sigh of relief. Lady Victoria was a very pampered woman, a girl really; after all she had celebrated her eighteenth birthday only two months before. Her parents had presented her with a beautifully crafted solid silver hairbrush inscribed with her name and her birth date. They also announced their decision to send her to finishing school to learn about the finer points of being a Lady as opposed to just being born with the title. Her father, Lord John was one of the wealthiest men in the country and had just been created a Baronet, a finishing touch after such a dizzying rise in his fortunes. The young Lady Victoria treated everyone beneath her with disdain and this had to be tempered if she was to be introduced to high society. Beddingfield Ladies College was the finest of its kind offering the very best in the finer arts for the wealthy Victorian debutante. It stood majestically within huge grounds, a turreted redbrick mansion of elegant proportions. Lady Victoria's coach arrived with full ceremony and was escorted inside by the Principal and tutors fussing in attendance to her every requirement. Her apartment was equipped in the finest of furniture with every possible luxury, complete with a Ladies maid to help unpack her huge trunks. After settling in there was a reception to meet the other young Ladies

together with the tutoring staff headed by the Principal Sir John Beddingfield. Lady Victoria was well known to the other Ladies of her society and was generally disliked for her brusque demeanour. She was singularly charming with Sir John and haughty towards the teaching staff. The butler of the household, Mr Tannard represented the below-stairs staff and was the last to be introduced to Lady Victoria who barely acknowledged his existence and he left the group almost immediately to carry on his duties. Mr Tannard may be nobody above stairs but in his domain he was feared by every member of the household staff. A tall man in his forties with an eye for detail he ruled his roost with a rod of iron and woe betide any member of his staff whose standards fell below his expectations. "She's a snotty young Lady," he said to the cook in summation of the new arrival. 'She will be a lot of work.' Miriam the cook at thirty years of age was the eldest of the staff after himself and had similar values, he would also regularly share her bed. They respected each other's position and she approved of his strict approach. "The tutors will sort her out," she offered. He nodded hopefully and went about his business. The below-stairs staff also numbered an assistant to the cook, a scullery maid, a parlour maid, four Ladies maids all female and lastly the only other male, an odd job boy come footman. He was a cheeky lad called Dick about eighteen years old and very popular among the 'down-stairs' girls who, with the exception of Miriam were all around nineteen. The next day confirmed the Butler's prediction; 'she'll be a lot of work'. A problem with one of the cupboard doors in her room required Dick to be dispatched without delay. He found the room a scene of chaos as her maid attempted to unpack the trunks with Her Ladyship fussing over every detail. In the confusion Lady Victoria herself banged into the writing desk and upset the small inkbottle the contents of which soaked indelibly into a nearby silk scarf. "You stupid, silly girl," she screamed at Sally, her maid. "Look what you have done." Sally, looked startled then spotted the damage for which she knew she had no part but was unable to argue, "I'm sorry, my Lady, I'll get it.." She was cut off by an incandescent Lady Victoria, "Sorry, you'll be sorry you stupid girl." Dick, who had witnessed the incident, attempted to intercede, "Begging your pardon, my Lady but..." He too was cut short as she rounded on him, her eyes flashing with rage. "How dare you speak to me," she raged. "Leave this instant, both of you. Your Master will hear of this. Out!" she demanded. They both left quickly knowing they hadn't heard the last of it. Lady Victoria sat stiffly in the huge drawing room as the butler entered. "You rang for me, my Lady?" he asked in a clipped voice. "Yes Tannard, I most certainly did," she addressed the master of the servants as if he were a schoolboy with no deference to the fact he was of similar age to her own father. "Your staff leave a lot to be desired and reflect you in a very poor light, Sir," she continued to describe the incident with Sally and Dick, "You will take steps in future to ensure the servants are properly trained for their tasks. Do you understand?" The hackles were up on the back of his neck. He had never been lectured like this before, and certainly not from an eighteen year old girl, whatever her social standing. "Of course, my Lady," he said apologetically, seething inside, "I will deal with the pair of them most severely and send you my most experienced maid." "You will do well to buck up your ideas, Tannard," she sniffed arrogantly. "I will not tolerate such inadequate service." "Yes, my Lady," he agreed solemnly. "You may leave now, Tannard," she intoned with a dismissive wave. "Thank you, my Lady," he said giving her a low bow. The enormous

oak refractory table was set for dinner in the servant's hall, the upstairs staff and Ladies were relaxing after their meal and Mr Tannard sat at the head of his table with the cook at the other end. The others sat in order of privilege with the Ladies maids each side of him the parlour maid and scullery maid opposite each other, the cooks assistant and Dick. All the places were laid except for Mr Tannard's which meant only one thing; a punishment was going to take place before the meal would be served. He looked at Sally, "Come here, girl," he ordered. Sally rose from the bench and stood at his side. "Lady Victoria says you were rude to her, young lady, and that you damaged a valuable scarf," he scowled. The girl shuffled nervously trying to summon a reply knowing it would do no good. "I...er..." "There can be no excuse for your behaviour," he interjected. Once again Dick tried to intercede but was quickly put down. "Be quiet, boy," he raised his voice, "I will deal with you shortly." He looked back at Sally and said simply, "bend over my knee." Knowing that any protest would lead to a harsher punishment Sally curtsied and quickly obeyed, placing herself across his lap. All the servants at Beddingfields were free to leave at anytime they chose and they knew that their continued employment was subject to them accepting whatever punishment Mr. Tannard chose to give them. Ladies maids wear a much more expensive dress than the other staff to make themselves more presentable to their Mistresses above stairs. Hers was pale blue with a frilled neckline and hem just above her ankles and finished with a small white apron with a waistband tied into a ribbon round the back. Mr Tannard lifted the hem of her dress to reveal two petticoats, black woollen stockings and black buckled shoes. Up went the petticoats above her stocking tops exposing her pale bare bottom; girls of her station didn't wear knickers. He held her firmly to his knee and spanked her bottom rapidly, 'TISSSH... TISSSH... TISSSH... TISSSH!' Familiar sounds of the Butler's harsh open hand across a tender girl's bare sit-upon echoed around the dining hall. 'TISSSH... TISSSH... TISSSH... TISSSH!' Sally's small figure lay completely draped over Mr Tannards knee, his free hand firmly around her waist, the other swatting each reddening cheek in turn. Her high-pitched squeals followed each spank accompanied by Sally's legs dancing in mid air. 'TISSSH... TISSSH...TISSSH... TISSSH!' He gave her at least a dozen swats before returning her sobbing to her seat. "Come here, boy." Long faced, Dick rose from his seat and made his way to the head of the table as Mr Tannard rose from his chair, "unfasten your breeches my lad and bend over the table." The girls watched closely as Dick unbuttoned his breeches and quickly bent over as ordered, Mr Tannard tugged the boy's pants down to his knees and walked over to the large dresser, returning with his short, thick leather razor 'strop', shiny from years of use. The 'strop' was the most feared of all his spanking implements with each stroke searing the unfortunate bottom with the intensity of a hot iron. 'SWACKK... SWACKK... SWACKK... SWACKK!' The butler leathered Dick's bare bottom with the fearsome strap using long powerful strokes, bringing the lad up onto his toes, each whack accompanied with a low grunt. 'SWACKK... SWACKK... SWACKK... SWACKK!' his grunts turned into yelps. 'SWACKK... SWACKK... SWACKK... SWACKK!' At the twelfth stroke Dick jumped to his feet clutching his burning hide before realising his full frontal exposure to the girls and quickly bent back over the table. Mr Tannard blistered him with a dozen more before finishing with him. His face scarlet with embarrassment as he desperately tried to conceal his now semi-erect cock from the girls' prying eyes

as he pulled up his pants easing them gently over his scorched backside. He needn't have been so reticent, Dick certainly lived up to his name being very 'well endowed', half the girls there had been 'serviced' by him already and it wouldn't be very long before the others would hope to sample his wares for themselves. The girls resisted any attempt at a snigger or giggle for fear of being the next over Mr Tannard's knee. Miriam laid the Butlers place and dinner was served. Lucy replaced Sally as Lady Victoria's maid. She was regarded as the best maid in the household and a bit of a 'goody two shoes' never putting a foot wrong but within days Mr Tannard had cause to verbally discipline her over her 'attitude' towards Lady Victoria. Lucy pleaded her innocence, "Sir, I never said that honest." "Are you saying Lady Victoria is telling lies," he countered. Lucy knew she had no argument. "No, sir," she moaned. "One more bad report my girl, and I will put you across my knee for a good spanking. Do you understand?" "Y..yes, Sir," she answered contritely. Her stomach turned over, she had never been spanked before, by anyone. But she knew it was only a matter of time before her Ladyship complained again. It was in fact three weeks later when she was called to Mr Tannard's side just before dinner. "I'm very disappointed in you Lucy," he said in a grave voice. "Lady Victoria sent for me again today to inform me of your insolence. What have you to say?" Lucy now flushed stammered to defend herself, "I..I don't know, Sir." She stared down into his lap knowing she would soon be lying over it. "P..please Sir, I don't remember giving her Ladyship any offence," a sob filled her throat. "You know what happens next, young lady," he said plainly. The thought of him baring her bottom in front of the others made her pant as if she had just run up two flights of stairs. "P..please, Sir. I beg you, I didn't do anything. P..please, please don't spank me, sir," she pleaded breathlessly. Without any sign of sympathy for the girl, Mr Tannard motioned towards his lap, "over my knee," he ordered. Resigned to her fate Lucy shuffled up to his broad thigh and bent herself forwards across his knee with her arms outstretched in front of her. She felt her long hair slump towards the floor partially restrained by the frilly linen cap pinned to the middle of her head. Mr Tannard raised her skirts high over her back exposing her black stockinged legs and her pert pale pink bottom and secured her firmly to his knee for the first spanking of her life. 'TISSSH... TISSSH... TISSSH... TISSSH! His powerful hand whipped each cheek in turn as she bucked and jerked on his lap, his cock growing beneath her as he concentrated on tanning her virginal bottom. 'TISSSH... TISSSH... TISSSH... TISSSH! Lucy's squeals were music to his ears as she sang a tune she had never had to sing before, her legs dancing in time to his hand. 'TISSSH... TISSSH... TISSSH... TISSSH! He felt that a dozen swats were enough for her first time on his knee and let her up to return to her seat, smoothing her skirts and rubbing her bottom at the same time. Cook laid his place and dinner was served. Lady Victoria's name was becoming synonymous with a spanking and the household staff walked in fear of her. Only Miriam, the cook seemed to escape her complaints. It was an open secret below stairs that Mr Tannard and the cook were more than just friends and he had been seen on more than one occasion leaving Miriam's room in the middle of the night. Especially after he had spanked one of the girls. Penny, the upstairs parlour maid, was cowering in the corner of the magnificent drawing room like a frightened rabbit when Mr Tannard entered, summoned by the pull cord against the fireplace. "You sent for me, My Ladies," he said on arrival giving a deferential bow to the four Ladies seated. "Most

certainly I did," began Lady Victoria pointing towards Penny, "this urchin is supposed to clean this room, is she not?" Tannard agreed, "of course, My Lady." Lady Victoria continued, "Then how, Sir, do you explain this?" sweeping her hand across the piano she showed him a white glove smeared with dust. "Come here, girl," he commanded, Penny immediately obeyed, crossed the room to his side and bobbed a polite curtsy. "Can you explain this to me?" She struggled to find her words, "Begging your pardon, Sir.. I ... er, I was late starting this morning, Sir. I ... I was going to finish it tomorrow, Sir. Honestly." She winced at the lameness of her excuse, knowing it would not be acceptable.

"Downstairs, young lady," he pointed towards the door, "I will deal with you in my sitting room." "No, that will not do," Lady Victoria interjected. "You will punish her here. Now!" Both he and Penny looked shocked. "I don't think that would be appropriate, My Lady," Tannard answered. "We insist on it, Sir. Do we not, Ladies?" Tannard looked at the others. Obviously Lady Victoria was the ringleader, Lady Simone and Lady Charlotte were always quiet but nodded their agreement whilst Lady Sarah spoke for herself, "Yes Tannard, let us see how you discipline these silly girls." The Butler struggled to control the situation, "My Ladies," he said softly, "you would find my punishment of this girl to be very distasteful. This is best left to below stairs as I would not wish to distress you further." The contrite Penny stood by the piano with her hands clasped in front of her knowing she would be punished severely by Mr Tannard and hoping for once that it would be in the Servants Hall in front of her own kind. Lady Victoria was having none of it. "Nonsense, Tannard. We insist you punish the girl here and now, in front of us." Then she added to Tannard's surprise, "we have heard of the spankings you give these girls, we are here to learn the ways of the world, Sir, so do get on with it." With that she returned to her seat to watch. "If you insist, My Ladies," he replied, throwing back his long coat tails and seated himself on the piano stool. In one smooth movement he took hold of Penny's arm and pulled her to him, tipping her over his knee. The room was silent except for Penny's snivelling as she lay limply across his lap waiting for her punishment. Tannard reached down to find the hem of the girls' skirts and expertly lifted both skirt and petticoats up her legs and bottom and high over her back. The Ladies ogled at the simplicity of the girl's underwear, naked from the waist down except for her woollen stockings and buckled shoes. Tannard raised his arm high and spanked his hand hard across her bare bottom, the crisp 'TISSSH' followed by a high-pitched "oooooooooww!" 'TISSSH'..."oooooooooww!" as his hand found her other cheek. 'TISSSH'..."oooooooooww!" ... 'TISSSH'..."oooooooooww!" 'TISSSH'..."oooooooooww!" ... 'TISSSH'..."oooooooooww!" He applied two swats to each cheek in turn bringing her legs kicking high into the air. 'TISSSH'..."eeeeoooooooooww!" ... 'TISSSH'..."yeeeeoooooooooww!" 'TISSSH'..."eeeeoooooooooww!" ... 'TISSSH'..."yeeeeoooooooooww!" Tannard looked at the four highborn Ladies in front of him sitting primly in their finery and completely mesmerised by the squealing, kicking little girl sprawled across his lap. 'TISSSH'..."eeeeoooooooooww!" ... 'TISSSH'..."yeeeeoooooooooww!" He gave her a dozen spanks and she scrambled off his knee back onto her feet, her skirts cascading back down around her legs, her face flushed from squealing and her head bowed in embarrassed submission. "Downstairs with you my girl," he spanked her smartly across the seat of her skirt, "quickly, and wait for me outside my door." She turned briefly, bobbed a curtsy to him and was gone. Tannard rose from the stool and smoothed down the front of his

trousers. "Will that be all, My Ladies," the women sat silent, still taking in what they had seen. He gave a bow and followed Penny out of the room. She waited pensively outside his door. When he arrived he ushered her in. "Give me one reason why I should not take my 'strop' to your hide and replace you as Parlour Maid my girl?" And without waiting for the reply, "Ruby is just waiting for the chance to work above stairs. Maybe you would be better placed in the scullery where Cook can keep an eye on you." "Please, Sir," Penny implored, desperate to avoid a tanning from the dreaded 'strop'. She had received it once before, laying on her back across the great oak table with her legs held high in the air and her skirts in a puddle around her waist. Her bottom fully exposed along with everything else to him as he laid the fearsome leather across her. "I ... I will work much harder in future, Sir." She stepped forward and knelt in front of him pleading, "Please let me make it up to you, Sir." "Be quick, girl," he said placing his hand at the back of her head. She undid his buttons and delved her small hand inside his trousers, pulling out his erection. Penny glanced upwards to him for permission before sliding her lips over his shaft and sinking him deep into her mouth, her head bobbing back and forth in a gentle rhythm. The vision of his hand swatting the girl's young ass sent his hot liquid spitting across her face and hair in two swift jerks from his tight balls. "You can remain upstairs for now," he breathed. "Any further trouble from you, my girl and I will tan your hide with my 'strop'. Go and clean yourself up and get back to work." "Yes, sir, thank you, Sir," she shrieked, curtseyed and left the room. Things seemed very quiet in the household for about a week when the Butler was summoned to the Principal's office. On arrival he found the Principal behind his huge desk alongside him was the Lady Victoria and in front of them both, stood one of the tutors, Gwendolyn Grey. She was clutching a book in front of her and had obviously been crying and in some distress. An educated young lady of around twenty-two from a middle class family she stood erect with shoulders back. She wore a reasonably expensive dark green dress with a full skirt, her bottom accentuated by a small 'bustle', the fashion of the day. A wide belt encircled her narrow waist and a row of small buttons ran from there to her long neck. Her pretty tear stained face was framed with raven black hair swept into a 'bun' at the back of her head. "Ah, Tannard," said the Principal, "We appear to have a dilemma." "No dilemma at all Principal," said Lady Victoria in haughty manner, "Miss Grey stole a very valuable book given to me by my father." "Sir, I swear I did no such thing," sobbed Miss Grey looking for some sign of belief from the Principal, "Lady Victoria loaned me the book for as long as it took for me to read it fully." Lady Victoria sniffed airily, "Nonsense. I did no such thing." The Principal looked gravely at Miss Grey, "If I contact the justices they will surely take you into custody and I will have no alternative but to dismiss you from this house immediately. If you are found guilty you will almost certainly be given twenty lashes and sent back to your father." Miss Grey was ashen, "Please Sir, the stress would kill my father. As you know he is a very respected man of the church. I beg you, sir I would never steal anything." She was at the point of collapse. It was obvious to Tannard that Lady Victoria was playing her games. To her, tutors were glorified servants and they were fair sport to her. He attempted to speak in Miss Grey's defence, "If indeed Miss Grey stole the book, or merely misunderstood Her Ladyship, might it not be possible to deal with this matter ourselves?" The Principal was pensive for a moment, "That would be most preferable. Would that be a solution to you,

Lady Victoria?" Miss Grey stood motionless scared to make any sound which may make Lady Victoria opt for involving the Justices. Lady Victoria thought deeply until a wry smile came to her lips. "Yes," she said to the relief of all in the room. "I think there could be a solution. Tannard," she suggested, "you should take Miss Grey and punish her as you would one of your maids. That would ensure her good behaviour in the future." The Butler stunned by the suggestion argued against the proposal. "Your Ladyship, Miss Grey is not one of my servants, she is a respectable Mistress in this household. It is not my place to punish her." "Then inform the Justices," Lady Victoria hissed spitefully. Miss Grey suddenly came to life and turned to Mr Tannard. "Sir, I would find it preferable that you punish me than the Justices take me away. I beg you to give me whatever punishment you think fit. Would I still have my place in this house, Sir," she added turning to the Principal. He in turn looked at Lady Victoria, "Oh, very well," she agreed, "take her below stairs, Tannard, and thrash her soundly. No more will be said on the matter." As she prepared to leave the room the Principal stood and bowed along with Tannard, Miss Grey gave a low curtsey. "You had better take Miss Grey to your rooms, Tannard and deliver her punishment right away," said the Principal. Tannard guided Miss Grey from the room and down the narrow stairs into his world. She had never been below stairs before; the tutors always dined and entertained themselves alongside the Ladies above stairs. "I .. I never stole that book," said Miss Grey plaintively. "I'm quite sure you didn't, Miss. Lady Victoria is a very scheming young lady, but also very powerful. My orders are to thrash you soundly. And thrash you I will, not as one of my servants, but as befits your upbringing, with my slipper and not my hand." "Whatever punishment you give me, Sir, will be light compared to what would have been had you not spoke out for me." They continued along the dark passage with his ears filled with the rustling of her crisp petticoats, and her heeled shoes clack, clack, clacking against the tiled floor. In Victorian England a mans bare hand would only be used on the bottom of a common girl. Higher bred girls were either spanked using a velvet glove, a hairbrush or with a slipper, usually a soft soled type such as a ballet shoe to avoid any bruising. Tannard would use his leather-soled slipper, and she would most definitely feel it, and the evidence of her punishment would be plain to see. This pretty young lady would shortly be raising her skirts for him, but she would almost certainly be required to raise them again for the Lady Victoria to inspect his handiwork. They arrived at his room and he ushered her into his private enclave. A fairly large room well lit with a small desk in the centre and a private dining table with four chairs and an armchair by the side of the fireplace where a small fire kept the room at a comfortable temperature. Miss Grey looked around the room, "Where will you have me, Sir?" Tannard pulled his sturdy chair from behind his desk, "You will bend over this and place your hands on the seat, Madam," he said. Observing the sewn in bustle spread across her backside added, "it would greatly assist me Miss Grey if you were to remove your dress." Without protest the young woman, resigned to her situation, unbuckled the wide belt and, beginning at the neck, her small fingers began to uncouple the many buttons. She wriggled her arms free of the bodice and pulled the skirt down from her waist and stepped out of it, placing her dress carefully on his desk. Tannard observed the young woman who stood before him with her head bowed and her hands clasped in front of her in classic 'naughty girl' pose. Her small slender figure trembled beneath her

crisp white linen under-bodice and petticoats both adorned with delicate embroidery, most likely done by her own hand. Her fulsome breasts strained against her tight fitting bodice making his cock stiff with desire for this pretty young lady. It was impossible for him to conceal the huge bulge in his tight trousers. In his entire life as a Butler he had never disciplined a woman of breeding or refinement, only the servant girls in his charge. Miss Grey watched as the Butler moved to the fireside and retrieved one of his leather slippers warming beside it and swallowed hard at the sheer size of it, clenching her fingers tightly together at what was to come. What Tannard could not have known was that she really did know what to expect, her father, a man of the cloth, was strict in her upbringing. The slightest fault or failure to excel in her education would result in her spending time with her father in his study either bent over his knee or as she got older, his desk, her bottom bared for his slipper. This would be her first punishment since she left his house over a year ago, Tannard stroked the slipper into his other hand, "I will require you to bare yourself, Madam," he said gravely. Miss Grey understood his requirements and gathered up her petticoats and fumbled briefly beneath them, moments later her plain white knickers slid to the floor. She raised the skirts further up her back and bent forward over his chair as instructed and placed her hands in front of her on the seat. Tannard felt his erection straining between his legs as he took in the splendid sight of this young woman. Her delicate black heeled court shoes stood between the fallen knickers and white stockings clad her shapely legs held high by simple pink lace garters, not intended for the gaze of any man. Her proud, slightly plump bottom almost white with tender use quivered slightly as she awaited her fate. Tannard lightly tapped the huge sole of his slipper against the small mound of her bottom and drew it back and swished it through the air to land perfectly in the centre of her left white orb, a rosy hue spreading immediately across it. 'SWATT!' the crisp sound of leather against her brought a quivering "Aaaahhh," from the young woman. 'SWATT!' ... "Aaaahhh" she cried again. 'SWATT!' ... "Aaaahhh" ... 'SWATT!' ... "Aaaahhh" 'SWATT!' ... "Aaaahhh" ... 'SWATT!' ... "Yeeeeooooowww" His sixth brought a change of tone from the young lady accompanied by a sway of her buttocks in an attempt to avoid the next one hitting the same spot again. Her bottom was now a deep rose-red. 'SWATT!' ... "Aaaahhh" ... 'SWATT!' ... "Yeeeeooooowww" 'SWATT!' ... "Aaaahhh" ... 'SWATT!' ... "Yeeeeooooowww" 'SWATT!' ... "Aaaahhh" ... 'SWATT!' ... "Yeeeeooooowww" Both hands rushed to her burning orbs unable to withstand it any further. "You may stand," Tannard said, resting his slipper by his side. She quickly stood up from the chair, hands kneading at her rear in an attempt to quell the fire he had put there. She turned to face him, her pretty face although flushed pink from bending over showing no sign of malice toward him. "I know you will not have finished with me yet, Sir. And I appreciate the chance of a brief respite from your slipper," she continued rubbing her bottom, her breasts thrust out towards him heaving up and down from the action of her arms. "Once again, Sir," she continued, "I thank you for saving me from the unforgiving clutches of the Justices." With that she turned back to the chair and bent fully over it, pulled her petticoats clear of her red bottom and thrust her arms forward onto the seat. Tannard continued the use of his leather slipper. 'SWATT!' ... "Aaaahhh" ... 'SWATT!' ... "Yeeeeooooowww" 'SWATT!' ... "Aaaahhh" ... 'SWATT!' ... "ooooowww" Miss Grey rose onto the tips of her toes her legs spread slightly to counter her balance. 'SWATT!' ... "Aaaahhh" ...

'SWATT!' ... "Yeeeeooooowww" 'SWATT!' ... "Aaaahhh" ... 'SWATT!' ... "ooooowww" Her breathing speeded up and her head sank further towards the seat of his chair her legs straining to maintain contact with the floor. Tannard could now see the oval fruit of her 'woman' plainly visible between the tops of her legs, its dampness betraying her state of excitement. He wanted to free his bursting erection and satisfy this fragile woman but he knew it could never be. 'SWATT!' ... "Aaaahhh" ... 'SWATT!' ... "Yeeeeooooowww" 'SWATT!' ... "Aaaahhh" ... 'SWATT!' ... "ooooowww" He placed the slipper on his desk giving her a signal to stand up. "I think you are punished well enough, Madam," he said. "I will leave you to dress. You may then return to your room." "Yes, Sir, thank you Sir," she answered. Her hands trembled over her rear end hardly daring to touch it, both her cheeks a raging inferno beneath her petticoats, which had now fallen back into place. She stooped gingerly to retrieve her knickers as Tannard turned and left the room. Later he would replay the images of Miss Grey bending over before him, dancing to the tune of his slipper, thanking him for applying his leather to her ever-reddening bottom. His cock was hard and probing and Miriam squirmed in pleasure beneath him, her iron bedstead squeaking with every thrust of his loins. Each thrust representing another swat of his slipper across that highly educated behind and the memory of her juicy quim plunging him deeper inside his trusty cook. Miriam knew he had been excited by spanking that young tutor. This level of pleasure was normally only given to her after he had used his 'strop' across one of the girls. She had often wondered what it would be like to experience that 'strop', laying on the table before him, her legs high in the air with her intimate area laid open to him... Miriam moaned in pleasure then howled as her orgasm enveloped him, his own juices springing forth like a fountain. After Miss grey, spanking servants would seem quite mundane for Mr Tannard but... PART 2 Her Ladyship gets her just reward. (Lady Victoria's fall from grace was swift and sudden. With Mr Tannard waiting for her to fall into his clutches!)