

# Chapter One

Wandering into the kitchen of her bungalow, a naked Jenny blinked and rubbed her eyes. She had just woken up and needed coffee. Looking out of the window as she filled the kettle, her eyes widened as she spotted yesterday's laundry still hanging from the washing line. She immediately became alert. "Oh, bollocks," she cursed, rushing into the bedroom where her long-time lover Hazel slept, unaware of her predicament.

Opening her drawer, she cursed again as she realised she had no clean nightwear to put on for her dash outside. She needed to do it before Harry got up and discovered she had yet again disobeyed him. He had told her to go out and take the washing in the previous night, and it had been her intention to do it before she went to bed, but it had completely slipped her mind.

Looking back at her slumbering girlfriend, Jenny crossed to the other side of the room and eased open Hazel's drawer, glancing towards her as she pulled out a pair of pink satin pyjamas. Hurrying back to the kitchen, she pulled them on, breathing in as she tugged them over her ample hips. *Oh, why can't I be as slim as Hazel?* Jenny thought, the shiny fabric clinging to her rounded butt like a second skin. Grabbing the laundry basket, she opened the back door and stepped outside.

"Oh, shit," she exclaimed, her bare foot landing in a puddle. Continuing along the cold concrete onto the wet grass and towards the washing line, Jenny sighed as she un-pegged the sodden garments and dropped them into the basket. "Oh, why did it have to rain?"

"I told you it was going to rain last night. That's why I specifically asked you to bring the washing in," a gruff voice reminded her. Jenny spun round and chewed her lip as Harry strode towards her, a menacing look in his eyes. "You and Hazel are supposed to be the adults around here, but sometimes you're worse than the children we teach."

Jenny frowned and, despite her predicament, her smart mouth got the better of her. "Harry, they're hardly children," she pointed out. "The young adults we take in are eighteen and nineteen years old. I don't think they'd take too kindly to you calling them children."

"You, young lady, may be twenty five years old, but sometimes you're no more mature than the silly little girl Charles brought here almost seven years ago," he scolded, gripping her wrist and guiding her towards the garden bench.

As always, when Charles' name was mentioned, Jenny became pensive. "I'm sorry," she said, lowering her eyes as Harry sat down and pulled her to his side. Glancing skywards, she added in a whisper, "I always try to make Charles proud. He gave me my life back," she acknowledged of the father figure who had died five and a half years earlier.

"I still can't believe he's never coming back. Even now I hope he might walk through the door," she said wistfully. Harry squeezed her hand in an affectionate gesture. "I miss him so much. I think about him every day," she added with a sigh.

"Yes, we all do," Harry agreed. "He was a very special man and touched the lives of so many – and he still does through the work of the Academy—but you know as well as I do that he would smack your bottom for not doing as you were told last night. Don't you, madam?"

Frowning, Jenny nodded, reluctantly allowing herself to be pulled across Harry's lap. "We've got a washing machine," she protested. "I can wash the clothes again and hang them back out to dry today. I don't see what your problem is," she mumbled, pouting.

"It's a waste of electricity and washing powder," Harry fumed, giving her a sharp slap on her behind. Jenny rolled her eyes and sighed. *It isn't like we're short of money*, she thought, but decided to keep that observation to herself.

"It's a waste of time, too, when there are plenty of other things to be done," Harry added. "Judge Walker is coming round today. The summer break is almost over and we're due a new batch of students. I need you to set a good example for them," he said, landing a hard smack on the centre of her behind. Jenny stiffened. "Sometimes you just need a little reminder of how to behave." He grasped her waistband and tugged firmly downwards, but the snug garment refused to budge.

Despite Jenny's position, she started to laugh. "Sorry, these are Hazel's pants. I think they're a little tight," she said with a grin, squealing as Harry's hard hand cracked down on her thigh.

"Let's see how funny you find a leg smacking," he scolded, holding her firmly and sharply slapping all the way down the back of her left thigh. "I'm not wasting my time spanking the seat of your pants. That would hurt my hand more than it would your bottom."

Jenny gritted her teeth and balled her hands into fists as he punished this more sensitive flesh. As he worked his way back up and landed the hardest smack yet to the middle of her right

thigh, Jenny kicked in distress, gasping as she heard a ripping noise. She immediately felt a cool breeze brush against her behind.

“No,” she shrieked, trying to push herself up. Her cheeks flushed as Harry laughed and rested his hand against her bare behind. “That’s better,” he said with a chuckle. He continued to land sharp smacks on her wriggling backside, not stopping until it was a uniform bright pink.

“Right, collect the rest of that washing and bring it inside. I ought to make you wash each garment by hand. I promise you that if this happens again, you will do that,” he warned, remaining seated at the bench. He smiled as his eyes focused on Jenny’s well spanked bottom cheeks, which protruded through the split back of her pyjamas as she leaned forward, sulking as she snatched the items from the washing line and tossed them into the basket.

Harry followed her as she carried the washing into the house and loaded the items back into the machine. He watched her closely, refusing to allow her to change her torn bottoms until after she had completed her task. Adding the powder, she set the programme and turned to face him. Scowling, she asked, “May I go and get changed now?”

“I ought to take you back across my lap to help you lose that attitude, but Judge Walker will be here soon,” Harry said, checking his watch. “I’m going over to the main house. I’ll see you both there. I suggest you change your clothes and put a smile on your face. Do I need to remind you that Mr. Hutchinson found Charles’ old cane last week?” he asked, his eyebrows lifting.

Jenny scowled and shook her head, touching her hand to her backside. Although she prided herself on having a much higher pain threshold than Hazel, she had been dismayed to end up howling just as loudly as her partner in crime when they had returned home drunk a week earlier. Mr. Hutchinson had greeted them in the hallway, arms crossed and lips pursed in disapproval. He had Charles’ seldom-used cane in his hand, which he had then used to thoroughly stripe their bare bottoms, as they bent side by side across the back of the sofa.

“I’ll be good, sir,” Jenny promised, sulking and lowering her head as she trudged towards her bedroom. It was her intention to remove Hazel’s pyjamas and hide them under their bed before waking her. She would then take the damaged pyjamas to her dressmaking room later, to see if they could be repaired. If not, she would dispose of them with care. Hazel would never need to know about her mishap. She had so many clothes, it was highly unlikely she would miss one garment.

As Jenny tiptoed into their room, her heart sunk. Hazel was already out of bed. Her lover's eyes widened in anger as Jenny hesitated at the door. "I've told you not to wear my clothes," she fumed. "You're at least two sizes bigger than me."

Jenny swallowed anxiously and reached her hands behind her, covering her exposed bottom cheeks. An angry Hazel picked up her hairbrush and moved towards her. Jenny remained in the doorway, allowing Hazel to grab her elbow and drag her towards the bed. But as Hazel sat down on the end of the bed, Jenny protested as she was pushed across her lap.

"Oh, my God," Hazel shrieked, staring in disbelief at the split fabric. "They were my favourites!" She cracked the hairbrush down onto Jenny's exposed behind. "Charles bought them for me just before he died," she added, swallowing back the lump that rose to her throat.

"I'm sorry. I was going to try to repair them," Jenny told her, whimpering as the brush whipped several times against her backside, leaving bright red oval prints in its wake.

"Please, stop," Jenny begged, her legs scissoring as tears rolled down her cheeks. "I'm sorry," she wailed. Hazel moved onto her already stinging upper thighs. Jenny's cries rose in volume, and she was grateful when Harry's calm voice caused Hazel to stop pummeling her tortured backside.

"I'm sure she deserves that," he noted, "but Judge Walker's here. He has an announcement to make, so you need to get dressed and come over to the house now." As Hazel released her grip on Jenny, cracking the brush against her behind once more, the younger woman slumped to the floor and gripped her reddened cheeks.

"There's no time for that either," Harry scolded. "Go and get washed and dressed, both of you. If you don't join us in ten minutes, I'll send Mr. Hutchinson over with his cane. That'll soon speed you up." Both girls rushed to the bathroom, washing and dressing in silence. Jenny felt immense guilt for damaging an article of clothing so precious to Hazel. She would have to make it up to her, but it seemed now wasn't the right time. She would only anger her partner further if her tardiness earned them a caning.

Several minutes later, as Hazel locked up the cottage and they walked through the garden, Jenny clutched at her hand. "I am sorry," she whispered.

Hazel shook her head and smiled, leaning forward to peck her on the cheek. "You're forgiven. You didn't damage them on purpose, I know that. I was just angry to see you wearing them," she said with a deep sigh, reaching out to stroke Jenny's cheek. "I'm sorry I paddled your

bottom so hard,” she added, brushing a hand against the seat of Jenny’s loose cotton skirt. “Is it very sore?”

“You’ll both have sore backsides if you don’t get them in here right now,” Harry shouted from the doorway. Hazel and Jenny scowled as they hurried into the house, where Judge Walker was waiting in the kitchen. Mr. Bainbridge and Mrs. Hutchinson were seated at the kitchen table, and the judge gestured for Hazel and Jenny to sit opposite them. There was no sign of Mr. Hutchinson, which pleased Jenny. He had to be the most bad-tempered man in the whole world. He had such a short fuse and she wondered if he might have made a better Sergeant Major than a teacher.

Harry and Judge Walker took seats at either end of the table. The judge turned his attention to Jenny, who winced as she settled her tender bottom onto the hard kitchen chair. Her red-rimmed eyes and sorrowful expression were visible evidence that she had been soundly spanked.

“I see you haven't improved much,” Judge Walker noted. “Every time I see you, it seems someone has had cause to chastise you, although it’s unusual to see you so upset. You’ve got a hide like a rhinoceros. So, what have you done this time?”

“I split Hazel’s pyjamas. They were a p-p-present from Ch-Ch-Charles,” she stammered, lowering her head in shame.

Hazel gripped her hand. “It’s okay,” she whispered. Jenny brushed away a tear and gave her a small smile.

“I’m sorry to hear that,” Judge Walker said, directing a sympathetic gaze towards Hazel. Shaking his head, his cool stare was once again aimed at Jenny. “Perhaps this will teach you to grow up,” he said with a sigh. “If not, I’m sure Mr. Hutchinson will be willing to provide some incentive with his new toy. I understand that made quite an impression on you,” he said, a smug smile curving his lips. Jenny squirmed on her seat. There was no doubt in her mind she took pleasure from spankings, even painful ones, but she hated the cane with a vengeance. There was nothing at all pleasurable about that.

“Right, back to business,” Judge Walker announced, shuffling through his papers. “As we all know, last year’s experiment of taking in six girls and coinciding our curriculum with the school year worked very well indeed. As such, we will again have six students. In selecting the

most suitable candidates, I have decided that, for the first time ever, The Charles Smith Academy will take in male pupils.”

Hazel’s eyes lit up. Jenny’s widened in surprise. “Is that wise?” Mr. Bainbridge asked, frowning in disapproval and tipping his head forward, causing his small wire-rimmed glasses to balance on the tip of his nose. Judge Walker leaned forward, his glasses also perched on his nose, almost mirroring Mr. Bainbridge. “I’m sure it’ll work out well, if we keep an eye on them,” Judge Walker said with confidence.

“In my experience, when girls and boys mix, it spells certain disaster,” Mr. Bainbridge pointed out.

Mrs. Hutchinson quickly interjected. “Your doubts surely stem from your girls’ school teaching background. Those young women were segregated from boys their whole school lives. There’s certain to be some fireworks when members of the opposite sex come into the equation.”

Mr. Bainbridge nodded. “I just think these girls we teach have enough problems to contend with, without throwing in a couple of boys to distract them.”

“Well, I think it’s a fantastic idea,” Hazel said with a grin.

“You would,” Jenny muttered.

Judge Walker aimed his cool stare at them both.

“Sorry, sir, I was just trying to lighten the atmosphere,” Hazel explained.

Judge Walker nodded, his narrowed eyes remaining focused on Hazel.

“Let’s at least give it a try,” he suggested, turning towards Mr. Bainbridge, who shrugged his shoulders. “There’ll be trouble, you mark my words, but it seems the decision has already been made.”

“Bringing in young men wasn’t a decision I took lightly,” Judge Walker explained. “I asked for six young ladies to attend the Academy this year. During my meetings with Judge Bailey, he asked me to consider two males, Aaron and Jamie. I was reluctant at first, but he talked me round. If the experiment doesn’t work, they’ll be removed,” he said, fixing his gaze on Mr. Bainbridge.

“Aaron is a bit rebellious. His most recent stint in borstal was for stealing a car to impress his girlfriend. Now his parents have refused to take him back. I’d hate to think this young man ended up in prison. Let’s give him the chance to prove himself,” Judge Walker suggested. Mr.

Bainbridge sighed and leaned back in his chair. He closed his eyes for a moment, rubbing his brow with the pads of his fingers, before looking towards Judge Walker and nodding.

The judge looked a little more relaxed as he turned to Mrs. Hutchinson. “You’ll be Aaron’s mentor,” he told her.

“Mentor?” she asked, frowning.

“Ah yes, I almost forgot,” Judge Walker said, a bright smile lighting up his face. “This year I’ve secured a scholarship in California for one lucky student. The group classes will continue as they did last year, but each pupil will be assigned a mentor who will do one-on-one work with them. The most improved student, decided by myself, will win the scholarship.”

“That sounds like a good incentive,” Mrs. Hutchinson said with a smile. “Once that young man’s had a taste of my hairbrush, he won’t be in a hurry to go out stealing cars or making mischief.”

Jenny and Hazel shuddered, having first-hand knowledge of this unpleasant experience.

“I’m sure the thought of a year in America, away from the dreary streets of London, will be reward enough to knuckle down to his work, but if not I’m prepared to add extra motivation,” she added.

Judge Walker nodded in approval. “The other male student is Jamie. He has some literacy and numeracy difficulties. He can read and write a little, but his vocabulary is very limited. How he got through the school system without this being picked up on, I’ll never know. He marked his eighteenth birthday last month with his first court appearance.”

“I assume I’ll be mentoring him?” Mr. Bainbridge asked, rolling his eyes. “He sounds a real delight,” he added, his voice dripping with sarcasm.

Judge Walker shook his head. “His parents say this has been his only brush with the law. Since leaving school he’s struggled to secure employment, this has sent him spiralling out of control. I’m sure attending here will be the wake-up call he needs.”

“I still say he sounds a bad...”

“Mr. Bainbridge,” Jenny interrupted. “I couldn’t read or write at all when I came here,” she reminded him. “I’d been in much more trouble than Jamie has. Where would I be now if not for Charles, Judge Walker and you?”

“Here, here,” Judge Walker agreed, “which is why I’ve decided you can mentor him.”

“Me?” Jenny asked with surprise.

Judge Walker smiled. “Yes. You’re more than capable, and you understand the struggles and frustrations he’ll experience in trying to learn a skill most people master in their early years.”

Jenny nodded and smiled. She was thrilled Judge Walker had such faith in her.

“Of course, he’ll need one-on-one sessions too,” Judge Walker pointed out. Mr. Bainbridge reluctantly nodded his agreement.

“I’m sorry, Jenny. Of course you’re right,” Mr. Bainbridge conceded, reaching across the table and patting her hand. “I’m sure you know what you’re doing,” he said, turning back to Judge Walker. “You’ve never brought real trouble here before. We ought to trust your judgement.”

“Thank you,” Judge Walker said, smiling. “I think you’ll approve of the young lady I’ve selected for you. She’s called Eve and is very studious. She loves English literature and has a real enthusiasm for poetry.”

Mr. Bainbridge nodded his approval. “Might I ask why she needs our services?” he queried, his eyebrows raised.

Judge Walker sighed and rubbed his temples. “Her parents have pandered to her every whim throughout her life, but now they want her to get out and find a job and she’s downright refused. As a last resort they tried cutting off her allowance, but days later she was brought home by the police. She’d been caught shoplifting.”

Mr. Bainbridge’s brow knotted. “Well, if she doesn’t learn to toe the line, her backside will quickly be introduced to my paddle.”

“That sounds like a good plan,” Judge Walker agreed. “Next we have Abigail. She’s also from a privileged background but is different from any other student we’ve ever taken in, in that she has *never* been in trouble with the law.”

Mr. Bainbridge raised his eyebrows as Judge Walker continued. “Her parents are personal friends of mine and have asked if we can help. They’re at the end of their tether with her demanding, petulant behaviour. She has no ambition in life and keeps taking unsavoury boys home, though her father assures me she does this with the sole aim of irritating her mother.”

Jenny noticed that Mr. Bainbridge rolled his eyes at the mention of boys, but Judge Walker either didn’t notice or chose to ignore him. She believed it was probably the latter.

“Mr. Hutchinson will be her mentor,” Judge Walker announced.



Jenny's eyes widened. She felt immediate sympathy for the girl and hoped she would learn to behave quickly. She did not envy her or her bottom if she did not.

Mrs. Hutchinson nodded in approval. "If my husband can't bring her into line, no one can." Judge Walker agreed.

"Hazel, you'll be working with Belinda. She's another lover of literature, her favourite is Shakespeare, so I'm sure you'll get on well."

Hazel's face brightened. "Thank you, sir."

"Don't thank me just yet. She's spent some time in care because she kept damaging her stepfather's property, and she also assaulted him. Now he's out of the picture and she's back home with her mother, who suffers terribly with her health, but Belinda is refusing to help out with even the most basic of housework. I need you to bring her up to speed with these skills," he told her. Hazel nodded her agreement.

"Hazel and Jenny, you will be spending time individually with your charges, and you will teach them all housekeeping and sewing skills, but remember you are not teachers," he said sternly, causing the two to lower their heads. "If either Jamie or Belinda requires discipline, I expect you to take them to Mr. or Mrs. Hutchinson. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," they replied. Jenny's cheeks flushed as she recalled Judge Walker arriving unannounced and catching them disciplining a student three years earlier. The girl had deserved it, but Judge Walker had not approved of Jenny holding the sobbing girl down while Hazel striped her bare behind with a switch. He had insisted the sobbing student watch as he used the switch on Hazel and Jenny, until their backsides were a mass of crimson welts and their faces were streaked with tears.

"And last but not least," Judge Walker said, turning to Harry, "I've found you a delightful young lady, Roberta. She's a bit of a tomboy, loves being outdoors, and would probably make a very capable assistant in the gardens with you."

Harry smiled in appreciation. Jenny was pleased they had found him some help. Although he wasn't exactly ancient at age forty-nine—he certainly never seemed to tire of making love to Hazel or indulging in threesomes with the pair of them—she knew he struggled sometimes with the back-breaking amount of work in the garden. She wondered, though, if one of the males might have been a better choice to pair up with Harry.

“She’s spent her life in care and has frequently been in trouble for fighting, hospitalising one young male a couple of years ago. It’s believed there was severe provocation, her peers goading her about living in an orphanage. When the young male continued to taunt her, she floored him with one punch,” Judge Walker noted, his brow furrowed.

Jenny tried to cover a smile with her hand, admiring this young woman before she had even met her.

“Right, if no one has any questions, we’ll go and meet the new students. They’re in the living room with Mr. Hutchinson,” Judge Walker concluded, standing up and looking around the table.

Filing after him into the living room, Jenny failed to suppress a smirk when the six young “hooligans” that had just been described to them sat meekly on the two sofas, all eyes fixed on the stern Mr. Hutchinson. He stood upright, arms folded across his chest, cane clutched in his right hand, as his dark eyes moved from one student to another. Although she felt sympathy for them, Jenny was pleased Mr. Hutchinson would have six other bottoms to torment with his cane. She hoped he might now leave her and Hazel alone.

Looking around the room, Jenny had a feeling this year was going to be the Academy’s most interesting yet.