

Rescuing Diana
A Victorian Space Travel Adventure

By

Sterling Scott

©2016 by Blushing Books® and Sterling Scott

All rights reserved.

No part of the book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher.

Published by Blushing Books®,

a subsidiary of

ABCD Graphics and Design

977 Seminole Trail #233

Charlottesville, VA 22901

The trademark Blushing Books®

is registered in the US Patent and Trademark Office.

Scott, Sterling

Rescuing Diana

EBook ISBN: 978-1-68259-566-4

Cover Art by ABCD Graphics & Design

This book is intended for *adults only*. Spanking and other sexual activities represented in this book are fantasies only, intended for adults. Nothing in this book should be interpreted as Blushing Books' or the author's advocating any non-consensual spanking activity or the spanking of minors.

Table of Contents:

Chapter One	5
Chapter Two.....	15
Chapter Three.....	24
Chapter Four	35
Chapter Five.....	45
Chapter Six.....	55
Chapter Seven.....	65
Chapter Eight	76
Chapter Nine	84
Chapter Ten.....	94
Chapter Eleven.....	103
Chapter Twelve.....	110
Chapter Thirteen	119
Chapter Fourteen.....	129
Chapter Fifteen.....	138
Sterling Scott.....	144
EBook Offer	145
Blushing Books Newsletter.....	146
Blushing Books.....	147

Chapter One

Meeting Captain Bates

"Diana, this hurts me more than it is going to hurt you." Sir Thorsby began all of her paddlings with this statement. However, she never understood exactly what that meant—they both knew that it wasn't really true. This was not going to hurt him at all. Diana Wells had been Sir Alfred Thorsby's ward since she was three years old. She knew that he truly cared for her, but he had always remained a bit detached. While she did try to behave and honor his wishes, she all too frequently found herself in exactly this position.

Sir Thorsby opened the desk drawer and withdrew the paddle. Holding her eyes averted, not wishing to look at the punishment implement, Diana rose from her chair and submissively took two steps. She pressed her hips against his desk.

Will he paddle me himself?

She stood silently, waiting to see how bad this punishment was going to be. If he directed her to bend over, then he would be administering the swats himself. Being a gentleman, he would leave her skirt and underskirt in place. These materials provided substantial protection for her *derrière*, thus diminishing the pain of his discipline.

"Wait here while I get Mrs. Hanover," he said. Diana grimaced and struggled to swallow the lump that had just formed in her throat. This was the second alternative. When her guardian determined that a severe punishment was in order, he directed Diana's governess to administer the swats. Mrs. Hanover had no qualms about raising the misbehaving young woman's skirts and paddling her on the bare bottom.

Forcing her diaphragm to move, forcing herself to breathe, Diana gripped the edge of the desk for support as her knees turned to jelly. She listened to Sir Thorsby's footfalls as he opened the drawing room door and stepped through it. She waited for the sound of the door's closing that would signal Mrs. Hanover's arrival.

Diana had been three years old when a theater fire claimed the lives of her parents—along with two dozen other patrons—in June of 1822, fifteen years earlier. As there were not any

relatives situated to take her in, she was destined to live in the orphanage. However, Mrs. Thorsby found Diana to be an adorable child. The Thorsbys had only one son, and the physicians had said that Evelyn Thorsby could never conceive again. Thus, she decided that Diana would be the daughter that she always wanted. Mrs. Thorsby spoiled Diana terribly as she raised the child. Unfortunately, Evelyn had died on the same day as King William the Fourth; June 20, 1837. Therefore, Diana came directly under the strict rule of Sir Thorsby on the same day on which Great Britain came under the rule of Queen Victoria.

The drawing room door closed with a dull thud.

Diana closed her eyes and listened to the clacking sound of Mrs. Hanover's boot heels on the wooden floor.

"Well, once again, you've made a fine mess of things," her governess said.

"Yes, ma'am, I *truly* am sorry." Diana knew that no excuse would be listened to and a repentant apology could lessen the intensity of the coming experience. Sir Thorsby had hired Mrs. Hanover to be Diana's governess mere days after his wife had died. With a German heritage, the woman had mirrored his strict code of behavior as she taught the rapidly developing teenager. "Madam, the situation developed before I could realize that it was one from which I needed to extricate myself." Diana stammered what she hoped would not be perceived as a patronizing excuse. The woman did not like excuses.

The governess's response was to lift up the hems of Diana's skirt and underskirt. Diana felt the cool air as her legs—covered with only her thin stockings—were exposed. However, her stockings ended just above her knees, where they were tied in place with lace ribbon garters. Once the hems were lifted above this point, the air chilled her bare skin. When the cool air reached her nether, Diana did as she had done so many times in the past three years; she folded flat over the desk and gripped its far edge with her hands. Mrs. Hanover pressed the skirt cloth over Diana's back, and then placed a heavy book in the center to hold the material in place.

The book in the center of Diana's back served two purposes. First, it held the skirt material away from her bare bottom. Second, it was a reminder to Diana to mindfully hold her position. If she wiggled too much, and the book fell away, then the punishment would begin anew. One of the first lessons Mrs. Hanover had taught her was to accept her punishment without complaint. Diana quickly learned to maintain a contrite composure while receiving her discipline.

Mrs. Hanover bared Diana from her knees to her waist. "Missy, we both know that's a lie."

Diana was baffled as to how she should respond. It was not really a question, thus she could ignore it. But silence would be taken as an admission of guilt. Her bottom would pay a dear price if it was perceived that she had deliberately disobeyed her guardian.

"You knew exactly what you were doing with that boy. After all the kindness that Sir Thorsby has shown you, this is the way you repay him—by dishonoring his family name?"

This was a question that required an answer. Diana had not intended to do anything dishonorable with the gamekeeper's son. But she did adore the attentions of young men, and he was very attentive. She had sneaked up on him in a vain attempt to see his cock. "Madam, I see now how my action was very inappropriate, and how it had the potential to dishonor Sir Thorsby. I am truly very sorry, and I will ensure that I am never again alone with a man," Diana said.

One of the maids had caught her in the barn, alone with the young man. When she had refused to be silenced, Diana was certain that the maid had been jealously protecting her companion for herself.

"Sir Thorsby must be so disappointed. You are a mature woman of eighteen years, yet here you are, displayed for a punishment as though a mere child. When—*when* are you going to grow up and become a lady?"

"Madam, I do try. I do try, but—"

Mrs. Hanover picked up the paddle. Diana closed her eyes and steeled her jaw shut. She intended to make no sounds that would entertain the household servants. But the older woman did not swat her butt. Instead, Diana's eyes flew open when the cold handle of the paddle was thrust between her thighs. "This is what keeps you in trouble, young lady. *This* is what you need to learn to control."

The cold, varnished wood invaded Diana's exposed lady bits. "Madam!" Diana jumped and the book fell to the floor. Instantly trying to pretend that it never happened, she lay back down on the desktop.

Mrs. Hanover ignored the fallen book and held the implement snugly against Diana's womanly entrance. "I know *exactly* what is wrong with you. You are hot-blooded to experience all that a woman desires. But you know that your coming-out party has been delayed until Master Herbert returns from Africa. You will just have to *sit on it* until then. Sir Thorsby will see

to it that you have suitable suitors. In a year, you will be married, and then you can do what you want with *this*." Mrs. Hanover used the handle to lightly smack Diana's privates.

"Ouch!" Diana jumped again, but this time there was no book to dislodge.

The governess picked up the book from the floor and returned it to Diana's back. "I will discipline you as many times as necessary, until you learn to act like the lady you have been brought up to be."

Diana heard the familiar whoosh as the paddle sailed through the air.

While Mrs. Hanover abused her backside, Diana did her best to hold silent. She forced her concentration onto other matters. She imagined herself to be back in the barn with the gamekeeper's son. She envisioned that he had lifted her skirt. They were playing a game in which he was her schoolmaster, and had caught her cheating. He had raised her hem to expose her bare legs and it was he who had begun smacking the backs of her thighs with a ruler. As she squirmed under his grasp, her hemline inched higher until her bottom was exposed. It was the schoolmaster who was paddling her bare bum.

Mercy, please, she imagined herself squealing as his strokes brushed against her private parts.

Indeed, the older woman had been correct. Diana's cunny itched to be touched. Her womanhood begged to be entered. The gamekeeper's son had observed her hiding in the barn and pushed her down into the straw. Had he pulled up her skirts before the maid appeared, Diana would not have resisted. She knew it was wrong. She knew it was Sir Thorsby's intention that she should marry a wealthy aristocrat's son, but the agony in her loins was driving her into madness.

The governess had given her proper instruction on the ways between a man and his wife. Diana knew the true purpose of the tingling parts between her thighs. She knew of the protuberance men carried between theirs, and how she would one day be penetrated. The problem with her attitude was that she wanted to see one of these cocks, and feel it inside her, *now*.

Finally, Mrs. Hanover finished burning Diana's butt. She removed the book from Diana's back and stood aside. Gingerly, the punished young woman stood and rubbed her bottom. She wiped her eyes. She had not been able to remain silent to the end. During the last minute of her ordeal, her shrieks of agony and pleas for mercy had joined the resolute, rhythmic sounds of the

hard paddle impacting her soft flesh. These sounds had doubtlessly echoed throughout the house. She would have to endure the snickering servants for days to come.

The embarrassment is the worst part of being punished.

"Diana, you have two hours before the supper gong. You may *not* excuse yourself from the meal. You *will* sit at the table and politely eat and converse with Sir Thorsby and his guests. You *will not* further disappoint Sir Thorsby with your misbehavior."

"Guests?"

"Yes, some men arrived while you were in conversation with Sir Thorsby. Painful as it will be, you are expected to sit *still* and behave like a proper lady."

"Men? Who? Where are they now?" Diana asked.

"I don't poke my nose into Sir Thorsby's affairs so I don't know whom or how many. But they are in the parlor."

"The parlor! Across the hall. They must have *heard!*"

"I expect so." Mrs. Hanover paused for a brief snicker. "But I am sure that it is not the first time they will have been aware of a young woman being spanked. This will be a test for you. If you act as though nothing has happened—in the English way—then they will respond in kind." Her lips twisted into a cross between a devilish grin and a snarl. "Most men appreciate a *well-disciplined* woman, and they will respect you for stoically taking your punishment. If you make nothing of it, there will be no conversation about it."

"Yes, ma'am." Still, Diana knew that there would be additional sneering that she would be required to tolerate from the servants.

"You are dismissed."

Diana was surprised that she was not being required to endure corner time. Normally, Mrs. Hanover directed her to stand in the corner, holding her skirts up to expose her bottom, for ten or more minutes. "Corner time," she had said, "is to provide you with time during which to contemplate your transgression and the appropriateness of your punishment."

With a final rub on her sore bottom, Diana smoothed down her skirts and opened the door. She stepped from the drawing room into the hall. The door to the parlor was ajar and she smelled the smoke of the men's cigars. She heard the sounds of their indistinct conversation with intermixed chuckles. She hoped that Sir Thorsby was sufficiently honorable to disavow any

conversation about the goings-on in the drawing room. Perhaps the men thought that a servant had been disciplined.

Diana tiptoed past the door.

"Diana!" The voice was that of Sir Thorsby's son, Herbert. He was five years older than her and they had been raised as brother and sister. However, they both knew that they were not actually siblings, and had once promised to marry each other.

Diana sprinted into his arms. He gave her a quick hug and then peeled her arms away. "Diana, oh Diana, you have grown to be so much more beautiful!"

She beamed. Herbert adored his sister and spoke of her beauty often. He had described her flowing, light brown hair, her pale blue eyes, and her unblemished skin with a soft peach hue. He spoke of her small nose with its tip angled slightly upward to give her a devilishly perky appearance. However, when he remembered her in his private thoughts, his cock twitched, as he always knew that she was not a true sibling. As a teenager, he had also received paddlings, when he had been caught trying to sneak a peek at her while she bathed.

"Herbert, is it really you?" She leaned close to kiss his cheek, but he held her back. "I do swear, the war had made you so much more handsome," she said. They had not seen each other for the past year. He had been in Egypt.

He paused for a moment to admire her. "Forgive my manners. Diana, allow me to introduce my friend, Captain Jonathan Bates, of the American Navy." Herbert gestured to the tall man with thick muscles behind him.

John's eyes traced Diana's five-foot, four-inch presentation from head to toe. Herbert had been completely honest when he had described her beauty. They had heard the sounds of her spanking; the impact of the paddle and her shrieks. The sounds of the swats indicated that the punishment had been on the bare. John could not get the image of how she must have looked out of his mind—her pert pink bottom, displayed naked. He imagined his hand spanking her naughty bare backside. He would not use a paddle; he would want to feel her firm flesh quiver as his hand smacked her. To conceal his swelling member, he bowed.

Diana released Herbert, turned to John, and curtsied. "Sir, it is my pleasure to make your acquaintance." Seeming to realize that they had heard her punishment, she blushed and looked away.

Herbert's friend was perhaps the tallest man Diana had ever seen. He took her hand and kissed it. Scandalously, she was not wearing gloves!

"Miss Wells, it is *my* pleasure to meet you, at last. Herbert has often spoken of you."

The fabric of her underskirt scraped across her sore bottom to remind her that the man had heard her paddling. Diana's knees turned to rubber. Her belly flip-flopped as his lips touched her bare skin. The familiar itch swelled between her legs. Unable to speak, she simply smiled and waited for him to release her hand. She made no attempt to withdraw it from his grasp.

"Father said that you were riding about the grounds this afternoon." As Herbert spoke, Diana shifted her gaze first back to him, and then to Sir Thorsby, who stood expressionless behind the two younger men. Sir Thorsby had not exactly told a lie. He was honorably doing what he could to withhold exactly what she had been doing, exactly why she had been paddled.

Diana gave a nod of thanks to her guardian. "Indeed." She took a breath to calm herself. "And now you gentlemen must excuse me, as I smell of horses and straw and the like. I really must take my leave and get ready. Captain Bates, you are staying for supper?" She finally mustered the nerve to look into his eyes. His dark brown eyes were set deep into his sculptured face. His wavy black hair in need of a comb contrasted with the aligned, angular features of his nose and chin.

"Aye, I plan to stay for several days." He spoke slowly and held her gaze, hoping to distract her from observing the growing bulge in his trousers.

Following another curtsy, Diana turned and gingerly walked up the stairs to her room. They undoubtedly knew the truth—at least, that she had been spanked. However, they apparently did not know why. And Mrs. Hanover had been correct: they would say nothing about it.

From the corner of her eye, she observed as John Bates watched her ascend the stairs.

Diana's maid, Olivia, was waiting for her when she entered her bedroom. The woman was ten years older than Diana and displayed no expression as she helped Diana disrobe. She said nothing about Diana's red bottom.

"I have a cool bath prepared," Olivia said, knowing that Diana's backside would not be fit for hot water.

"Thank you." Diana looked at her bruised behind in the mirror. There was no reason to have any pretense of modesty in front of her maid; Olivia knew everything. Despite the cool water, she was certain that she heard the hiss of steam as her flaming hot buttocks touched the water.

"It is so exciting to have Master Herbert back in the house," the maid chattered while Diana washed herself.

"Yes, and did you by chance glance upon his new friend, Captain Bates?"

"Indeed, milady, I did have a chance to see him. A most handsome man. An American, I believe."

"Yes." Diana closed her eyes and sighed as she recalled the tender touch of his lips upon the bare skin of her hand. Olivia began to wash her hair. Diana wished that she was alone; she desperately wanted to touch herself in the most inappropriate, personal way.

During the dead of many nights, Diana lay awake in her bed, touching herself. During these times, it had always been Herbert's face that floated in her mind. But now she found the image of the American Captain to be very appealing. Her promise of marriage to Herbert had been very unofficial, and made when she had been a mere fourteen years old. Perhaps he had forgotten it.

"Now that the young master has returned, Sir Thorsby will doubtlessly hurry your coming-out party," the maid went on.

Diana opened her eyes as Olivia held up a towel for her. "Yes, oh yes, I do hope he hurries. I am nearly an old maid as it is." She grimaced as she remembered that Olivia was older and had never married.

Diana climbed from the bath and Olivia wrapped her in the warm towel. "I've laid out your new yellow frock for this evening; I hope that is to your liking."

"Yes, an excellent choice." Diana watched as Olivia fetched her oldest chemise. This undergarment's cotton fabric had been through the wash several times, and would be the softest on her tender rear. The maid then began to help her dress and arrange her hair.

Two minutes after the dressing procedure was completed, the gong sounded. "Enjoy your evening, milady." Olivia assisted Diana through the doorway, and then watched as she descended the stairs alone.

There he is!

Captain Bates was conveniently positioned—alone—at the base of the stairs. Herbert, Sir Thorsby, and another couple were conversing near the center of the hall. They did not notice her arrival. Diana recognized the woman to be Sir Thorsby's sister, Edith, and the man was her husband, Professor George Mallard.

Jonathan Bates reached for Diana's hand; he was now wearing his dress uniform. She allowed him to steady her as she took the last step. He kissed her hand again; this time it was properly sheathed in a kidskin glove. "Miss Wells, may I have the honor of escorting you to the dining room?"

As he held the highest social rank, this honor was Sir Thorsby's. However, Diana merely smiled and nodded. She hoped that the social faux pas would not raise ire with her guardian. The Captain held her hand in a parade fashion and they stepped past the cluster of people in the center of the hall. Diana heard her guardian grunt with displeasure, then he said, "Well, let's be about it." The others followed them into the dining room.

"If a gravity dipole could be constructed, then a flying machine would indeed be possible."

Diana did her best to sit still and engage the others in conversation during the meal, but her mind had been focused on Captain Bates. Thus, she had missed the conversation leading up to Professor Mallard's shocking statement. "Excuse me, sir, but did I hear you correctly? A flying machine?" she asked.

While this was the first time Diana had seen the couple since Mrs. Thorsby's death, Herbert had been studying under the Professor's tutelage for the past several years. "It is not surprising that you did not grasp the concept Uncle George presented, it is really quite complex," Herbert answered. "If I might express it in simpler terms: you are familiar with ordinary magnets and how they have a north and south end?" Diana nodded. "These are called poles. No matter how small you divide a magnet, each fragment will have both poles. The like poles repel and the differing ones attract."

"Yes, I understood that." Diana was annoyed at his condescending tone.

"Well, to go on, the attraction of the opposing poles of a magnet follows exactly the same mathematical equation as does gravity. However, gravity has only one pole. That is, it only attracts. Thus, magnets are dipoles, while gravity is monopole. What Uncle George and I have been researching is a means to construct a machine with a gravity dipole. With this, it would be possible for the machine to repel the Earth and fly."

"Fly? Do you actually believe that you can fly?"

"Indeed, Diana, we have actually constructed a gravity dipole and demonstrated its levitation. However, this was on a very small scale in the laboratory. We are in the process of constructing a much larger machine that can carry several men," Professor Mallard explained.

"You mean like a balloon?"

"Why, yes, very much like a balloon, but the gravity dipole machine could lift vastly heavier loads, and to any desired altitude."

"You are having a joke with me. Any altitude?" Diana asked.

"No, my dear, we are not teasing you. The machine could... well, it could travel to the moon."