

Chapter 1 : Victorian Family Discipline | Over The Desk Spanking Stories

Erotic recipe: a spoonful of spice, a soupcon of salacious, a dollop of dirty, a pinch of passion, and a whole lot of romance. Thursday, August 29, The "Art" of Victorian Domestic Discipline.

Amanda and the Victorian Punishment Chair A newly married girl re-discovers her masochistic leanings by Frances Stephenson John and Amanda were rummaging around an antique shop. This was nothing new as they both found this a splendid way to relax and, in addition, a good part of their new home was furnished thanks to this agreeable pastime. They were married some six months ago and were pleased to find they both shared an interest in antique shops. John was especially good with his hands and was very keen on wooden furniture, in fact anything made of wood. His darling wife was very keen on china and unusual artefacts. Amanda was looking at some handsome Masons Ironstone plates with the pretty Formosa pattern. They all seemed so badly chipped but four were fine. This was a joke against herself as they never had more than four guests, preferring the intimacy of small dinner parties. In the meantime, John was much taken by a Victorian Metamorphic library chair. Although lower-backed than other examples, it was good, well-made and sufficiently broadly-based to ensure a firm and steady balance. He had been looking for such a chair for some time and this was a particularly fine looking specimen made out of mahogany and rosewood. It would fold over and transform itself into library steps. However the soft leather larger-than-normal seat did not seem to disappear and the other part folded back easily enough, but just turned itself into a solid enough base for the whole apparatus. The assistant then reached in the gap and pulled up four inch high and four inch wide wooden slats which clicked into place. He then performed the same operation on the other side. There was a gap of some six inches between the two halves. He turned it at right-angles and moved it forward. You will see the back of the chair is facing away from it as it is now opened out into a 45 degree slope and padded like the front. There is a soft but strong leather strap to secure the torso to the slope and a bar for them to hold whilst being punished. There are wooden wings which, when in place, stop the spankee reaching around and protecting their bottoms. The Victorians were so good at manufacturing this sort of article. They are very well made and solid, and complicated in a Victorian way, but none the less an interesting, functional and erotic piece from a bygone era. If you are interested I could offer you an attractive deal on this one. Fortunately she was bending right over and her superb bottom was beautifully presented, covered in thin light grey leggings, the VPL proving that she was, indeed, wearing brief and thin knickers, and her wonderful legs and stunning bottom were shown to great advantage. His masculine response was inevitable and this view of his wife decided him and he accepted the offer and bought the chair there and then. They somehow got the chair back to their small house and took it into their drawing room, cum dining room, cum study, cum everything else, room. John was quite excited and turned on by his new purchase and explained it to Amanda in great detail. John was only too eager and she took off her grey leggings to reveal thin and brief white knickers. In no time the chair had been unfolded and was ready for use. Now I will bring the locking bar up so it rests behind your knees and the strap secures you around your waist. You are now in a position to receive an extended punishment. Her bottom was straining against the position she was in and the thin material of her knickers was drum tight. Perhaps you would like to give me a spanking with that. There was no sound from Amanda so with due caution he spanked a bit harder and then harder still. He could hear the chair creaking as his darling wife coped with the stinging pain. He identified areas that seemed to need further attention and set about making sure her bottom was well covered with not too painful welts. He then released Amanda from the constraints of the chair and helped her stand upright. She immediately flung her arms around his neck and a long and passionate embrace ensued. Later, lying in his arms, she shyly asked John if he had enjoyed using the ruler on her. John responded with much enthusiasm and asked her about the experience. I like having my bottom smacked and find it rather stimulating. Do you think I have a nice bottom? There was always a good audience whenever I was slippered or caned, which was rather frequently! Although the punishment used to sting, sometimes very much, and made me squeal it was soon over and it was always pleasurable cherishing my burning bottie. It made her look very appealing and sexy. No need to worry! He was looking very switched

on and his eyes had darkened as his pupils became larger and larger. I may not always sound as though I enjoy them but I do, and I am sure I will! I probably will never use it but it would be safer, especially as I will be tightly restrained. There used to be some lively competition amongst the prefects as to who would slipper or spank me and my bottom was in great demand. Although the spankings and slipperings made my bottom rather sore I really did not mind too much. In fact I rather liked it. I am sure many of the sessions I had with her never found their way into the official Punishment Book. She also used to spank and slipper quite hard and often used to make me squeal. She was one of the very few who were authorised to use the cane, which she used on me several times. I was made to bend over and received between three and six strokes across my tightly knickered bottom. It was painful and stung like mad and the marks sometimes lasted for some days. I wonder what became of her? He arrived home that evening and was immediately aware of the agreeable smell of lavender furniture polish. Amanda had been hard at work polishing up the spanking chair and the two implements, namely the swishy cane and a newly acquired spanking paddle. They had both received the treatment and were clean and and shiny. The cane in particular looked more than fit for purpose. That evening saw Amanda looking somewhat apprehensive but oh so splendid and desirable. She was wearing a very short navy blue gym skirt with a fresh crisp white blouse. A navy blue Alice band kept her soft brown hair in place but it was her shapely legs that caught his attention. She climbed onto the chair and John secured her. The sight of her bending over the chair almost caused him to have a sensory overload! Her bottom was beautiful, with not an ounce of fat, it was just presented in all its glory. He raised his arm and gave her a sharp spank and then another. Her soft bottom was wonderfully pliant. He did not hear a sound from her. He then started to use the whippy cane, not too hard but hard enough. He could hear her breathing which had become deeper and noted that her hips were moving slightly from side to side as she coped with the stinging pain. She was, of course, tightly constrained and her movements were restrained but she made the wooden chair creak slightly as she moved against its confines. John judged that Amanda had probably had enough of the sharply stinging strokes but was not finished yet. The evening had proved to be well up to expectations and John and Amanda both had a long and satisfying evening and fell into a deep and refreshing sleep. A few days later Amanda was outside the Supermarket when she heard a well-remembered Upper Class voice exclaim: I would know that bottom anywhere! She looked at Fiona in a speculative way, remembering that Fiona had been very strict with her at school. They decided to delay their shopping and went for a coffee and chatted happily for a half hour or so. Fiona was attractive in that glacial aristocratic way and her piercing arctic blue eyes appraised young Amanda who had matured into a desirable woman who still had a lovely bottom. How about next Tuesday and we can have a proper reminisce about the old days? We can always split a bottle of wine. She was still slightly in awe of the commanding Fiona and was constantly reminded of the number of times she had to bend over and receive a spanking or the slipper from this girl. Please wear a skirt and let us see if we can continue where we left off. She was wearing a short white blouse and a soft yellow skirt, very slightly flared and down to mid-thigh, yellow knickers and grey medium heeled shoes. She soon found number 6 and rang the bell. Fiona opened the door. I have just made coffee. After lunch, washed down with two glasses of excellent white wine, Fiona broached the subject which had been in the forefront of both of their minds. You have too good an asset in your peachy bottom for you to keep it to yourself. Although I am sure your husband enjoys putting you across his knee, there is still scope for you to let me enjoy your bottom as well, especially when you hear my little plan. An audience will be good for you, quite like the old days. After all, the ladies will want to see a good show. You will enjoy having your bottom well dealt with and my ladies will enjoy the spectacle of your splendid bottom being given a good hiding. I will enjoy the whole process immeasurably. What do you think? If she agreed then she would undoubtedly have a very sore bottom, but nothing she could not cope with. After all, she could always leave if it got too much.

Chapter 2 : Maddie's Erotic Romance : The "Art" of Victorian Domestic Discipline

Victorian Erotic Discipline has 2 ratings and 0 reviews. Lest there be any doubt, this collection is submitted as exhibit A in the case for the legitimac.

Curiosity got the better of her, and she opened the door. Her two children, Daisy and George, twins aged eighteen, were kneeling on the floor looking at a magazine. Daisy and George looked at one another. Again, the twins looked at one another. Reluctantly Daisy produced it from behind her back. Mrs Verall took the magazine and looked at it. You two are a disgrace. I shall report this to your father when he gets home. I can guarantee that a sound whipping will be the result. You will remain in this room until your father gets home. She straight away made her way to the kitchen where young Martha, the maid, was preparing dinner. It will give them all sorts of ideas. I shall be reporting this to my husband when he gets home. A few minutes later Martha entered to announce that the meal was ready. During the meal, nothing was said. At the end of the meal, Mr Verall spoke to Martha. Mrs Verall disappeared and quickly returned carrying a straight, whippy cane, and handed it to her husband. Mr Verall entered the lounge to find the twins standing side by side, hands behind their backs. Mr Verall walked over to stand in front of them. You will now be soundly thrashed to teach you a lesson. Prepare the girl, please Mother. Mrs Verall hastily stepped forward and led Daisy to the chaise-longue at one end of the lounge. She then took Daisy by the shoulders and bent her over the backrest at one end. When she was over, Mrs Verall pulled up her dress and petticoats, leaving her long pantaloons exposed to await the cane. She then took a handkerchief from her dress pocket and offered it to Daisy. You may bite on this handkerchief if you feel it will help. Mrs Verall then stepped back several paces to allow her husband to move in. Mr Verall then whipped the cane down eight times in quick succession, which brought muffled cries from Daisy. Mr Verall stepped back and turned to his wife. She then helped a pitifully weeping Daisy to her feet, and led her away. Slowly, George made his way to the chaise-longue and laid over the end. No handkerchief was offered for him to muffle his cries of agony. Being a boy, he was expected to take his punishment like a man. Mr Verall moved into position. George took it without a murmur, but his face was twisted from the pain. He took the next three stoically but the fourth stroke brought a cry of pain. The cries became louder after each of the next four strokes. George stood up and rubbed his bottom, tears streaming down his face. Now get yourself to bed. Mr Verall placed the cane on the mantelshelf, sat down and began to read the paper. Eventually Mrs Verall returned and Mr Verall looked up from his paper. Mrs Verall ushered Martha forward, her lip now trembling. I am extremely disappointed in you. I was about to say that I shall give you a choice, either leave my employ or take a thrashing like my children. She had seen and heard the results of the children being thrashed. Mrs Verall stepped forward, took Martha by the shoulders and guided her over the end of the chaise-longue. Once over, she pulled up her skirt and petticoat to leave her in white flannel drawers, which ended just above the knee. Like Daisy, Mrs Verall offered Martha a handkerchief, but that was again declined. Mr Verall calmly took the cane from the mantelshelf, gave it a vicious swipe and walked over to the hapless victim. Without a word, he lined up the cane and delivered the first stroke. Martha let out a muffled cry, wriggled from side to side and hammered on the seat with her fists. Stroke followed stroke for a total of eight. By the end, poor Martha was near to a state of collapse. Martha immediately started to cry loudly. Mr Verall returned the cane to the mantelpiece and stood looking at the whimpering figure. Mr Verall stood erect, one hand behind his back, the other holding the lapel of his jacket in typical Victorian pose, watching impassively. Mrs Verall returned after helping Martha to her room. I try to do my duty as a mother. As always on these occasions, you must be caned. Dutifully Mrs Verall laid herself over the end of the chaise-longue and placed her handkerchief in her mouth. Mr Verall picked up the cane and walked over to his wife. Before commencing the beating, he pulled up her dress and petticoats. Like Martha and Daisy before her, she was crying bitterly by the end. After she had got up, she walked up and down rubbing her bottom until she stopped crying and felt able to sit down. Mr Verall, cold as ice, just sat down and resumed reading his paper. Mrs Verall went and retrieved the cane from the mantelshelf and returned it to its place. Then she went up to say goodnight to the children.

Chapter 3 : Amanda and the Victorian Punishment Chair | Over The Desk Spanking Stories

In this collection, all manner of discipline is represented. Men and women are both dominant and submissive. There are school punishments, judicial punishments, punishments between lovers, well-deserved punishments, punishments for a fee and cross-cultural punishments.

Share Shares You probably think of Victorians as having been incredibly prude. But the truth is they could be just as depraved as the rest of us—they were just far better at hiding it. Once you get inside their books, you quickly find out what they were really up to behind closed doors. The Pearl was not actually a book, but a magazine published briefly in 18 volumes and two Christmas Annuals until the publishers were threatened with prosecution for distributing obscene literature. The Pearl contained pornographic stories—many were serialized and included such classics as Lady Pokingham or They All Do It and Sub-Umbra or Sport Among the She-Noodles—plus dirty jokes, limericks, and humorous song and poem parodies. You can read The Pearl on-line. The Romance of Lust chiefly noted not for the perversity of the acts themselves, which include orgies and incest. All four volumes are available on-line. Some of the characters are drawn from actual people, such as the transvestites Ernest Boulton and Frederick Park. Intimate encounters include cross-dressing and orgies. This book gives a fascinating glimpse into the hidden world of upper and lower class gay Victorians. Unfortunately, it cannot be found online. It features plenty of sacrilege flavored action with bawdy nuns and salacious priests among the fictional characters. It also includes raunchy humor, possibly exaggerated explicit intimacy, and lesbian encounters no surprise as the story takes place in a convent, erotic flagellation and spankings, group encounters, incest, and a little cross-dressing. Interestingly, it may have been adapted from a much older 17th century French work and has been reprinted often. You can read the book on-line. The protagonist, Severin, is infatuated by a beautiful woman and offers himself as her slave. Obsessed with his total submission to her, he urges the woman, Wanda, to humiliate and degrade him more and more cruelly as the story goes on. Roman Polanski adopted Venus in Furs for the silver screen in What does the flea see? Quite a lot, including explicit intimacy, group encounters, lusty priests, seduction of the innocent, deflowering, incest, corporal punishment, and bukkake. Many of the characters are caricature types that would have been recognized by 19th century readers. Given the 19th century appetite for exotic places and cultures and more than a touch of xenophobia, the Lustful Turk satisfied readers on several levels. The book is so popular it was even made into a sexploitation film in It was first published in two volumes with illustrations. The authorship of Verbena House has been in dispute for over a century. Sadly, this is not available on-line. George Stock, The most notable detail of this book is the flagellation themed poetry of Algernon Charles Swinburne. Possibly due to the prevalence of harsh corporal punishment at school and at home, many Victorian gentlemen enjoyed reading about the birch and the cane and paying for similar treatment in popular flagellation brothels. While the volume is not on-line, you might find a reprint. How those great big red ridges must smart as they swell! How the Master does like to flog Algernon well! How each cut makes the blood come in thin little streaks From that broad blushing round pair of naked red cheeks. The narrative includes explicit encounters with women and men, humiliation, bondage, discipline, a drag king, and some imaginative corporal punishments.

Chapter 4 : Nasty Victorian Punishment Devices | Johanne Yakula From Times Past

Spanking stories with school and domestic themes. High standards in a Victorian household. By Lisamum. Mrs Verall was crossing the landing of her house when she heard laughing coming from her daughters' bedroom.

A foot restraint for convicts On a recent trip to Kingston, Ontario a family member and I decided to go to a different kind of museum – a Penitentiary museum. And we were not disappointed. They also featured some of the barbaric tortures perpetuated on the convicts by the guards and the guards by the convicts. She is a guard at a maximum security jail in Canada and has many stories to tell. But now for some of the historical methods of subduing and punishing convicts. The strapping bench The strapping bench was a nasty one. Anything that was done to the convict was hidden by their clothing. The person was positioned naked, and face down on the bench. Perhaps so that the person could not see who was strapping them?? Their hands and legs were held in place at the top and bottom of the strapping bench so that they could not move. Based on what the convict had done, the guard would strike the buttocks of the victim with a long leather strap. To be fair, most of the punishments consisted of X number of days of only bread and water, or solitary confinement. Or how bad was it? Can you imagine the kind of person this kind of punishing would have attracted? No doubt there would be the type of person who inflicted the punishment simply because it was their job to do so – no more no less. Imagine sitting on that wooden seat. The barrel is fitted around your head and closed up tight. You can barely breathe. The water comes pouring down through a hole that has been cut out of the top of your cask. It fills your barrel. On the other hand there were many devices that were created to kill guards too. I think what probably drove a person to madness back then was boredom. Anyways I think I have said enough on this subject. Any comments or stories you want to share???

Chapter 5 : Popular Victorian Erotica Books

A housemaid and the master of the house begin an affair. Women knew his name, their behinds knew his hand. Polyamorous steampunk romance. Anabeth unknowingly gives herself to the Pharaoh.

Why Victorian role play of course. Role playing Victorian can be a delightfully kinky scene that involves funishment of a few different kinds. The bloomers can be bought on Ebay. They are slit from front to back and are essentially two piece that are held together by a ribbon. They can be spread wide for a number of different fun and games. I like to use anal sex as part of the funishment. In the scene I like the Victorian young lady has been caught touching herself by her governess who takes her job of keeping her charge pure very seriously. There is figging to start, followed by a good caning while the ginger root is still in, and then an anal punishment to show the young lady how men wish to take her. Of course she must remain a virgin in that time and era so anal sex works very well. Leave a good sized knob on one end. Do not use lube. The lube will eliminate the sensation of the ginger. I personally use vaginal juices that I coat my fingers with and then coat the ginger plug. I do not think ginger in the vagina is a good idea. I only inset it anally. You must wash your hands very well after touching the peeled ginger. Some people can only take about 10 minutes of having the peeled root in. There is a small lag of time before insertion and the full on sensation of burning. It is said that the ginger can make some people very sensitive to any touch be it spanking or caning, rubbing and touching, kissing, also making the clit very sensitive. I have only come across one woman who has this reaction. This one is called Victorian Lessons. I love playing Victorian. I move to the small table where my things are laid out, my own long skirt rustling. It will go soon, when it is time for you to pleasure me, but for now, I like the effect. It sets the mood I am seeking. Today is a time for pretend to add a bit of spice to our play. I pick up the carved piece of ginger root and smile. Oh how this affects you. They call it figging and it has been used for years to discipline wayward girls. My girl has been wayward indeed, and so to aid in your punishment, your bottom will be filled with fire. The slow burn will help remind you of how proper girls should behave, and will make every inch of your skin more sensitive as well. The spice used in this manner has that strange effect on some people, and lucky for us both, you are one of them. It increases all the pain and pleasure I choose to give. I return to stand behind you, and delve quickly into your quim, then pull the liquid up and spread it over your bottom hole, then repeat the process. I delve into your cunny once more, gathering your juices so I can spread them over your little hole, wetting you, slicking you up, then probing, sliding a finger deep inside you. Not much prep is need for the size of the ginger root. Size is not what matters with figging. You were not told to move. The burn starts slowly but intensifies quickly once you feel it, making your need to squirm incredible. Before you can spend too much time thinking of the fire on your clit, I begin to push the carved ginger plug into your bottom. It slides in easy in no time at all, and once seated, I give it a nice hard pat, and then wiggle and twist it to rub the root around to get more of the juices from the spice to be released into the sensitive skin inside your bottom. Yours eyes are watering as the ginger takes effect deep in your ass, but your nipples tighten as well. The starched cotton of the camisole now seems harsh against them. The skin of your bottom feels so very vulnerable. I slap your bottom again and this time the effect is different. The ginger is making your skin hypersensitive. You are not to move a muscle. You will not move or speak, and you will do everything I tell you. Young ladies who touch themselves must be punished for their evil deeds. I am the only one who pleasures that cunt of yours. The only time you are allowed to be a whore is when I desire it, but you forgot that fact, Carissa. You forgot, and now you must pay for your filthy display of self-pleasure. Click the frog to Enter!

Chapter 6 : Dreams of Spanking - Scenes tagged 'Victorian & Edwardian'

This book is a fascinating insight into 19th century sexual subculture for that reason alone it is a book I have to say I like. It is also a real turn-on at times although the lack of consent in many of the stories is a bit disturbing.

Subscribe To My Newsletter Never miss a new release, a sale, and be eligible for my awesome monthly giveaways. My Works In Progress Untitled: Get seven standalone romances under one cover and enjoy all the fringe benefits to be found in this very exciting, very exclusive club. Too bad the woman he wants is too young, too shy, and too damn vanilla. This is book two in the Decadence L. Wonderfully Wicked Filled with romance and sizzling passion, each short-story has a tantalizing erotic twist that will have you greedily turning the pages for the next happily ever after. From contemporary to paranormal to sexy sci-fi the steam level ranges from sweetly satisfying to smolderingly seductive to five-alarm hot. Can they find their way back to each other while doing what they must to save their people? Or, will treachery keep them from claiming happily forever after? A very sexy, very domineering, very Alpha lesson. Heating Up the Holidays Heating Up the Holidays is a five-book collection featuring smoking hot holiday-themed titles from five best-selling spanking romance authors. Moments from being sold at auction, rescue comes in the form of two gorgeous alien heroes. When anti-integration zealots assault Eryn, it is Ram who races to her rescue, but he arrives seconds too late. With her life hanging by a thread, the deep, mate-bond between them becomes clear. Is there hope for the independent, rebellious soldier and the proud warrior she betrayed? Mistletoe Magic A Christmas Novella - Dixie Culbertson has seen more than enough heartbreak in her life, and as far as she is concerned, no man can be trusted. But when her old high school crush walks into the diner where she works, the desire she once felt for him is quickly rekindled. Kyle Prescott has always regretted the misunderstanding that tore him and Dixie apart over a decade ago, but it will take more than just a kiss under the mistletoe to break down the walls she has built around her heart. He is determined to make things right, however, even if that means taking her over his knee for a bare bottom spanking and claiming her so thoroughly that she is left with no doubt that she belongs to him. A Very Naughty Christmas A collection of 5 brand-new holiday stories from 5 of your favorite bestselling romance authors. But just as their passion for one another starts to truly catch fire, a cruel, dishonest man who hurt Giada long ago returns to cause trouble for her once again. Claiming Coral When a lady down on her luck arrives in Culpepper Cove, her dire straits force her to take a job dancing with lonely prospectors at the Red Petticoat Saloon. This time an undercover M! Sparks fly when this sadist brings out the masochist she has been trying to deny. Will Eva learn to adapt to their unusual beliefs and old-fashioned ways, or when escape is imminent, will she flee with the others, never to see him again and surrender to the rampant desire she now feels for her barbarian mate? In a moment of weakness, Wisteria is swept off her feet by the handsome rancher, but the next morning, after one night of incredible passion, a terrible misunderstanding drives these ill-fated lovers apart. Then, one night, as a storm brews outside another rages inside as their paths converge at Club Decadence. With the help of an encouraging friend and a few over the knee spankings, Mina finds herself learning the ways of life on the Oregon Trail. Come visit old friends and as always watch desire ignite, love simmer, while kink and sex burn blazing hot in Club Decadence, the best damn BDSM club in the southwest. Sweet Surrender A stand-alone sequel to Sweet Salvation. Sweet Surrender is a full-length contemporary erotic romance. Since then, she has found it hard to trust any man. She wants to trust Marc, badly but she is afraid to risk losing her independence to a man she fears will one day cast her aside. Can Marc prove to her that he is not only a man she can depend on, but one worthy of her surrender? Attorney Lanie Fischer is a force to be reckoned with in the courtroom, but the stress of her caseload has been mounting relentlessly. She puts on a brave face at work, but behind closed doors Lanie has become an emotional wreck, and her husband, law professor Ethan Fischer, is tired of watching her self-destruct. Something has to give, and as far as he is concerned it is time for a radical new approach. Dimitri is you host and excels in making fantasies come true, but can he do it for himself with his guest relations specialist, Mariah? Shibari Master meets new but eager first time submissive. The Juniper Bride Emmalee follows her fiance west against his wishes. Mishaps and mayhem ensue. Sweet Salvation Sweet Salvation book 1 of a 2 part series, my newest

contemporary erotic romance featuring a sexy young surgeon who runs into a gorgeous blonde southern gal, literally. There is instant attraction and it seems that fate has plans for the unlikely pair. He is looking for his perfect match who he can love and protect. She dreams of a firm, loving man she has long needed in her life. Master My Love Decadence LA is open and as edgy and sexy as the original. Look for it With Hearts Aflame or sold individually. The Naughty List 5 of your favorite romance authors teamed up to bring you this special holiday gift. Everything Christmas Sexy neighbors meet and sparks fly in this playful holiday romance. Part of The Naughty List boxed set collection. The Gift A contemporary, erotic romance with a paranormal flair. And of course, if you know me intrigue, suspense, romance, steamy love scenes and sizzling spankings. Faithfully; Club Decadence, Book 0 Back to the beginning. Enjoy this prequel to the Club Decadence series. A novella, shorter than the others in the series to give you a introductory taste of Decadence. Can this impromptu marriage turn into a love match despite his discipline? A hot married couple who like their loving on the kinky side.

Chapter 7 : Free Erotic Stories | Livia Grant

"It is a Victorian Punishment chair and was kept in large Victorian households so that discipline could be properly maintained. "It works like this," and he proceeded to adjust the soft leather seat which was in fact in two halves which came apart easily enough and slotted into place.

Chapter 8 : - Victorian Erotic Discipline by Brooke Stern

The Victorian era is the time period of England's Queen Victoria's reign, , i.e. the mid and late 19th century. It is considered the height of the British industrial revolution and the apex of the British Empire.

Chapter 9 : 10 Books That Prove The Victorians Were Kinky - Listverse

Also know as Miss Bellasis Birched for Thieving, this book is one of the classics of Victorian erotica showcasing the 19th century fascination with discipline. It was first published in two volumes with illustrations.