



CAPTIVE, CHASTE, CHASTISED

Cruel and Unusual Punishment

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Book III of Cruel Summer

By Miranda Birch

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After his introduction to Miss Mills' bizarre femdom way of life in Caught & Chastised, and his further use and abuse as her plaything in Chastised in Captivity, Frank Briggs' ordeal seemed to be approaching its end at last as the long summer holiday drew to an close. By now, his life with Miss Mills had become routine. The nights he spent locked in his tiny cell, always tightly secured in the chastity device, buttocks and thighs always throbbing painfully from the day's beatings. He was always beaten at least once, his 'daily dozen' his strict owner called it. The days were spent toiling long and hard, and any failure to perform all of his domestic duties to her exacting standards earned more. How long of the Summer was left? Frank had lost track of time. And when the Summer was over - what then?

DAILY ROUND

HARD LABOUR

ENTERTAINING MISS MILLS

FREE AGAIN...?

DAILY ROUND

The daily round was always the same. After an uncomfortable night spent lying in the cold on bare metal, sleeping fitfully, he would be woken by Miss Mills. A loud bell would clang, the key would rattle in the lock, the door would swing open, and there she would be.

"Wakey-wakey, Frankie-wankie!"

He hadn't had a wank in weeks; months, in fact. But she still taunted him with that one time, that one moment of weakness.

Yes, there she would stand, done up to the nines, ready to spend another day teasing and tormenting him.

First up was a cold shower. A supervised cold shower. It was the only time the cock restrainer was removed. It was locked back on straight afterwards.

And then came his 'daily dozen'. Twelve strokes of her favourite implement: the heavy leather strap, the Lochgelly tawse she had told him it was called. Not for any fault. Just to 'keep him on his toes'.

Next up was breakfast, his first and only meal of the day. A bowl of cold porridge, 'seasoned', if that is quite the word, with random greens from the garden. The bowl had to be emptied. And licked spotless. Frank did this on hands and knees, Miss Mills looking on. And then, to wash it down, a nice big bowl of water.

Then he was set to work.

The house stood in its own grounds, which were surprisingly extensive. In other circumstances, Frank could have admired the trees and flowers; now, they just meant more back-breaking toil for him. Hail, ran or shine, there was always something to do outside. Thank God it was Summer! For Frank was sure that Miss Mills would

have liked nothing better than to set him toiling all day long in the snow.

And after a day's hard toil, he would spend the evening, although dog-tired and fit for nothing but his uncomfortable wire-springed camp-bed, entertaining Miss Mills - if she was in the mood; if not, he was tied in an uncomfortable bondage position until she saw fit to 'bed him down', as she put it. Sometimes she forgot, and he had to spend the whole night in the 'playroom', tightly bound in some ridiculous, contorted posture. Needless to say, on such nights he got little sleep!

HARD LABOUR

It was a day like any other...

The morning routine complete, Frank Briggs was standing stark naked and rigidly at attention in front of Miss Mills, who lounged on a chair in the kitchen looking him up and down smugly.

"Now, Frank, you have a long day's work ahead of you."

Frank remained silent. She had worked him hard every single day since he had got here. She hardly needed to tell him what today had in store for him!

Miss Mills smirked at his woe-begone, self-pitying expression. Oh, joy! Another long, long day inflicting humiliation and pain on her helpless captive!

She gestured to the nasty-looking three-thonged tawse which she always carried, looped to the belt around her waist.

"You know by now, slave, that you will feel this if I am not satisfied with your work. Yes?"

She hefted the long, heavy strap of brown leather.

"Yes, Miss," answered Frank humbly. He had long been in mortal dread of this tall, powerfully built woman, and there was no fight at all left in him. He grovelled before her physically and mentally - anything to escape the punishment which he knew she would lay on hard and fast at the slightest excuse.

"And I think you know by now I do not threaten idly."

"Yes, Miss." said Frank most respectfully. Frank might not have been the brightest, but under Miss Mill's firm tuition he had very quickly

learnt to look and sound most respectful at all times.

"So you will scrub then polish right through the ground floor."

Frank could scarcely believe his ears. The house was a very large one; almost a small mansion. There must have been over a dozen rooms on that ground floor, apart from all the passage-ways.

"H-how long have I got, Miss?"

"As long as it takes," Miss Mills answered flatly. "But let me assure you, if I catch you slacking for one single moment, you'll feel leather."

The leather whacked on the palm of Miss Mills' hand.

Frank cringed at the thought of it on his tender flesh.

"You know where the cleaning materials are kept. Go get them, then start here... and keep going until you are finished. Now move, slave!"

And Frank moved!

The scrubbing and polishing took hours. But Frank knew from hard experience that it had to be done thoroughly. He might be punished for taking too long; but he would certainly be punished for not being thorough.

In the event, Miss Mills made no comment at all. Brusquely, she gestured to him and led him to a room towards the rear of the house.

"I want the paper stripped off the wall of this room. And I want all the paint-work rubbed down. Thoroughly."

"Yes, Miss." Frank tried to his best to express in his voice and demeanour what he had in fact become. He was completely subservient to this cruel woman.

"Get started then."

Frank pulled up a chair and pulled at a piece of paper hanging loose.
"Can't I have any... any materials, Miss... I mean... I can't..."

Thwack!

The strap blazed across his bottom and Frank almost fell off the chair.

"Don't keep saying you can't, slave..."

Thwack!

"Ahhh... ooowww... oh please, Miss..."

"You're just a whining wimp!"

Thwack!

"Agggghhh!" Oh how that leather hurt!

"Of course you'll have to have materials. Paper-stripper, scraper and so on. How else do you think you can do such a job, idiot!"

Thwack!

"Oowwww... oh I b-beg pardon, Miss..."

If only she would stop. Desperately Frank tugged at the paper and pulled off a large piece. That might make her happier. It didn't. She sneered at his ineptitude, and with a final heavy stroke of the strap across his thighs, said: "Go down into the cellar and get all that you need. And hurry back."

"Aaahh! Y-yes, Miss..."

Frank jumped off the chair and stumbled from the room. A new and broader-based fire seemed to have been lit on his already tender behind. When he returned, much to his relief, his tormentress had disappeared. Out of sight, but not out of mind. Frank went to work with all possible speed. It was unlucky that there were two layers of paper, the second one clinging tenaciously to the wall. It wasn't long before he couldn't raise his arm above his waist without having a short rest. Progress, accordingly, was slow.

Miss Mills's wrath descended on Frank when she came back some three hours later. She looked around incredulously.

"Is that all you've done, you lazy swine?" she demanded.

Terrified, Frank tried to explain about the difficulty of the second layer of paper. But Miss Mills didn't seem interested.

"In my view, it's just a lack of elbow grease. You don't like the work, so you don't do it."

Oh how unjust!

"Miss... oh... Miss... I swear I haven't stopped for a moment... it... it's just s-so difficult..."

Miss Mills glowed inwardly. It was a delight to hear them grovelling verbally. To see how terrified they were of her.

"Get off that chair, slave," she barked.

Down Frank got, knees weak.

"In front of the fireplace. Grip that shelf above you."

"P-please... please... no... M-miss... I couldn't have tried any harder... really..."

"Do it, slave!"

"Oooh... it's not fair..."

"What did you say, slave? Not fair! How dare you criticise me. Now you'll feel leather good and hard."

"Mercy... Miss... I didn't mean it... yooowwww!"

Frank's plea was cut short as the strap whacked across his bottom. It was like a swathe of fire being lit and he only just managed to hang on to the shelf.

"Don't you let go," said Miss Mills. "Or you get the stroke again."

Frank hung on grimly. How many was he going to get? It would have been better to know.

Thwack!

"Aaaa... yooowwwww!"

She was strapping him even harder than before. Holding nothing back. Ahhh! The searing pain of it! Tormenting bruised flesh already sensitised by the dread 'daily dozen'.

How long could he hold out? Not much longer. No matter how often he got the strap, or the cane, or the whip, he was quite unable to get used to such barbaric treatment. Couldn't she understand that? Apart from anything else, he truly had worked his guts out. It was so unjust.

Thwack!

Frank momentarily lost his grip, then, like a drunken man grabbing hold of the public house bar to steady himself, regained it.

"Oh, M-mercy... have mercy..." he whimpered. "I can't stand any more..."

"Oh dear! What a shame! Because you are getting three more," stated Miss Mills with crisp emphasis. "Three good hard ones!"

"Nooo! Mercy!"

"You should have worked harder," said Miss Mills smugly.

Thwack!

This time Frank did lose his grip and his hands came back to clap his juddering, burning buttocks.

"You get that one again," announced Miss Mills. "I warned you. I have told you often enough that I will be obeyed!"

Panting sobs came from Frank as he gripped the shelf again. There were tears in his eyes now. How could anyone be so cruel? Let alone a woman. The gentler sex?

Hah!

"P-please, n-not... not so hard..." he whined pathetically.

But this renewed pleading brought only a laugh from Miss Mills.

"Oh, it hurts, does it? I'm glad to hear it. I should hate to think there was something wrong with my right arm!"

Thwack!

"...it will encourage you to future efforts."

"Yeegghhh... ahhhh..."

Somehow, Frank hung on still. He didn't quite know how. But he did. The thought of what he would be subjected to if he did not doubtless gave him the strength.

For Miss Mills was relentless in insisting on absolute obedience, and punished severely if she didn't get it - until she did!

"Two more to go," stated Miss Mills crisply.

She was enjoying herself enormously. She always did on these occasions. There was nothing quite so satisfying as beating the arse of a whining, blubbering male. Making him suffer for no real reason. Any old excuse would do.

In fact, giving an excuse rather added spice to it, giving her wretched victim the illusion that, with sufficient effort, he might hope to avoid these thrashings. Hah! Fat chance!

Thwack!

The strap came swishing down even harder than ever, and once again the wretched Frank lost his grip, yelling loudly as he did so.

"I told you not to move," said Miss Mills resolutely. "That doesn't count."

"M-miss.. please miss... I beg you... I beseech you... have mercy... I just can't stand it... I am not used to it..." Frank Briggs was sobbing openly now, every last pretence of tough maleness stripped away.

"Hands back. It doesn't count. Hurry it up - I'm losing patience!"

Could she possibly appreciate what agony she was producing? How could he stand even two more? Yet he was going to have to. There was no escaping this woman's fanatical will. Frank put back his hands and summoned every ounce of will.

Thwack!

Amazingly, he managed to hang on this time but his head was right back and he was baying in torment at the ceiling.

There was a grimace of sadistic delight on Miss Mills's features as she cracked the final stroke down precisely where the previous one had fallen. And Frank collapsed down on the floor, choking with panting sobs. He was broken. Quite broken.

"Get back to work," ordered Miss Mills, striding once more from the room.

Frank continued to lie there sobbing. How could he go on? How could he? Yet... yet... somehow he struggled to his feet - and go on he did. Anything to avoid another thrashing like that.

Finally, he was done. And just about done-in, although it was only mid-afternoon. He was, mercifully, granted an hour's rest in his cell.

Frank was half-dozing, the pain in his bottom and thighs keeping him from proper sleep, as Miss Mills unlocked the door. To his utter amazement, she was stark naked! It was not the first time she had paraded herself so before him. She seemed as usual utterly unconcerned about it. As though he were not a man at all, but a dog.

"It's such a nice hot day, slave," she said, "I think for a change you can work in the garden."

More work, more work... oh God, was there no end to it?

He forced himself up and followed the naked woman along a passageway. He could not help being roused by her voluptuous nudity, and he was well aware that it was just another way of driving him even more demented.

His blood froze as, passing through the hall, she picked up a long, plaited leather whip off a table. Surely she didn't intend to use that on him! Were there no limits?

Out into the well-kept grounds of the big house. Yes, it was hot. Too hot for Frank's liking, given that he would be put to hard labour. This was a day for lounging around in the shade. But there would be none of that for him.

Miss Mills led the way to a lawn enclosed by hedges.

Frank eyed that quivering, swinging, naked bottom with ever mounting lust. Amazing how you could lust, even if you were filled with hate and terror.

Miss Mills pointed to a long, long flower bed which had recently been dug over. "I want every little weed out of that, slave," she said. "And when I say every, I mean every. Get to work."

Then she seated herself on a garden chair under a sunshade. Frank went to the edge of the vast bed, knelt, and began his task. The sun beat down. Miss Mills stood up again and shouted over "Two hours should do it!" Then she re-seated herself contentedly. It was lovely to be able to laze while others slaved.

A while later, aching, thirsty, head swimming, Frank became conscious of Miss Mills strolling up and down behind him, inspecting his work. Had he done well enough? Had he, even, done enough? He prayed he had.

It seemed to him he had been crouched there for more like four hours rather than two.

"It's just not good enough," came the dreaded words. "You *think* you're working hard, but you're not. I want far more effort... and I'm going to get it. Follow me."

Frank struggled up and, in a kind of daze, followed that lush figure over to the garden table. Her whip trailed; a terrifying sight. How could he have worked any harder? It simply wasn't possible. Was it?

"Mmmm, I think I shall have you over here," she said, indicating the table with her whip.

Terror, sheer terror, gripped him. "W-why... Miss..."

Miss Mills smiled easily. "Because, slave," she said, "I'm going to whip you."

"No... for God's sake... no...!" Frank was down on his knees, hands out imploringly.

"Move, slave. You obey my orders. Remember?"

"Miss... you can't actually whip me... you *can't*!" Frank's voice became falsetto. He was all too familiar with cane and strap and paddle, but that long length of leather looked positively lethal. She would kill him!

"Oh yes I can, slave. Get over there. *NOW!*"

As though mesmerised by this woman's totally dominating personality, Frank pulled himself up and lay over the surface of the table. He gasped. The table had been warmed by the sun and was uncomfortably hot. But forget about that. He was about to be *whipped* by his captress! He would never survive it. She would take the skin off his back.

But Miss Mills, of course, was no fool. She intended to use the whip but by no means with the full force of which she was capable. She didn't want this creature out of action. Not when there was so much suffering he had still to do for her.

"Just six strokes, slave," she said, "but you'll really feel every one of them."

Up and back went the whip. Then down it came, clean across Frank's buttocks.

Crack!

A howl rose up to the sky and Frank threshed wildly over the table, bucking up and down with pain. It was excruciating. Quite excruciating.

"I *will* have more effort from you!" announced Miss Mills quite calmly, although her face was already faintly flushed with sadistic sexual excitement, "understand that once and for all."

Crack!

"Aaaiiieeee!"

Yes, that whip was really getting through to him, thought Miss Mills. What a joy it was to inflict such pain! Unhurriedly, standing happily naked in the sunlight, she proceeded to crack down the remaining four strokes, with Frank bellowing like a bull and, in between, pleading for mercy.

"Off there, slave!"

Frank lurched off the table.

"On your knees!"

Frank knelt.

"Kiss my feet!"

That was a new one. But Frank at once pressed his parched mouth to the bare flesh and kissed as though his life depended on it.

"Thank me!"

"Th... thank you... mmmmmffff... thank you... M-Miss..."

Frank was weeping copiously as he muttered broken words of thanks between dry kisses on the bare feet of his tormentress. He was no longer a man, he was a snivelling wreck, utterly broken to her will.

The sun was already low now. But Frank's day was far from over.

“Up... follow me.”

Miss Mills set off to a great pile of branches which had been left to one side of the path. “I want every one of these moved fifty yards down the track. Move your arse!”

“Urrfff... Miss... I c-can't... I'm done in...”

Instantly the whip cracked across his back.

“Can't! That's not a word I can abide. Move... or I'll flay the hide off you.”

Frank screamed. He was nearing the end of his tether... yet that deadly whip drove him on. He lifted a heavy branch and staggered off with it. Fifty yards down the path, he dropped it and staggered back.

“M-mercy... Miss...”

In place of mercy, Miss Mills gave him another lash with her whip.

“Get moving, slave. I'm driving you to the limit today. If not beyond.”

Groaning, Frank lifted another heavy branch. Oh why couldn't he drop senseless? Die even? That would be a blessed relief. This virago was driving him beyond all reason.

For a further twenty minutes or so, he staggered to and fro, often under the lash, chest heaving, eyes rolling. Until he finally did collapse in a moaning heap. Driven beyond all endurance.

Miss Mills simply left him there. She knew he would force himself up if he at all could. And he better had! Tucking the whip under one arm, she walked back to the house, a smile of sadistic glee wide across her face. When I 'sentence' a man to 'Hard Labour', she said to herself, I make sure he carries it out!

In the kitchen, she poured herself a cool drink, flicked through a magazine, and just idled for a while. Then, she took herself back out to see whether fear of the whip had proved greater than Frank's physical weakness. And indeed it had.

"Oh, good! You've got them all stacked for me!" she said with mock sincerity. "How kind of you Frank! All nice and neat too!"

She stood for a moment regarding the great mound of branches.

"But, you know, now that I think of it, I preferred them where they were. Put them back, would you?" She smiled sweetly at Frank. "I mean, if it's not too much trouble?"

She smiled but her eyes held cold menace under which Frank quailed. Her hand swung the thin whip, to and fro, to and fro.

Frank never could understand how he managed it, but he did. Every single branch was right back where it was when he started. And he was about as lively as a branch himself.

Trembling with fatigue, Frank was watered, and as "a special treat for working so hard" — so Miss Mills expressed it — he was given another bowl of cold porridge. His fatigue was such that he felt no hunger, but he duly got it all down and licked the bowl clean. Fear of the whip ensured that. And then he was locked up in his cold dark cell for the night. Despite the hardness of the bare boards, he was asleep almost instantly.

Without doubt, it had been the most exhausting day of his life.

ENTERTAINING MISS MILLS

It was a day like any other...

After some relatively light household chores, Frank had been bound in the playroom. And then Miss Mills had left him there while she did some shopping.

I need never be bored while I have Frank around, mused Miss Mills on the drive back. What will I do to replace him when I have to give him back? For she realised that with the end of the Summer, Frank Briggs would have to be let go.

Back home, she changed, then swept majestically into the playroom. Frank was where she had left him. Well, of course he was — Houdini would have been hard put to get out of the contorted bondage she had devised for him!

While Frank stood firmly bound in his uncomfortable position, Miss Mills knelt down in front of him. "I would like to introduce you to a new toy, Frank," she drawled.

Oh, what *now*? Frank thought. Miss Mills' novelties never boded much good for him. He heard the 'click' as the padlock of the restrainer was unlocked and released, and he felt sudden relief as his cock was at last freed from the cruel iron prison. But almost at once he felt anew the touch of steel, cold this time, and heard the click as this one was locked on. Then he felt something strange, something not unpleasant as such but... prickly... suddenly a cold shock of realisation flooded over him.

"Oh, no..." he groaned aloud, "oh, no..." as he realised what she had just done to him.

"Oh yes Frank," said Miss Mills coolly, standing up and strutting in her high heels over to the broad, leather-covered couch.

Miss Mills's house-coat fell open to reveal scanty black-lace lingerie as she sprawled onto the couch. "Eyes on me, Frank boy, eyes on me," she commanded. "You take your eyes off me for a second, and I'll give you a hiding you won't forget — even after all the hidings you have had here!"

Frank looked at her miserably. The sight of her scantily-clad middle-aged body run rather to fat would not normally have done much for Frank Briggs, who preferred them young and with at most just a little puppy fat, but after an entire summer of cruel denial, the merest hint of bare female flesh was enough to get him going. He could feel his penis start to rise.

Miss Mills shrugged off the housecoat. She reached behind, leant forward a bit — and shrugged off her bra! She leant back then, bare breasts fully exposed, and smiled her cruel smile at Frank.

Frank felt the real stirrings of lust now, his cock rapidly engorged — and then, ahhhhhwwwwhhhh! Oh god that hurt! He had been right — this bloody thing was lined on the inside with spikes! Spikes that, as his cruel captress thus teased him with her body, were punishing his excitement with pain!

He looked up to the ceiling.

"Look at me, Frank," came the insistent voice in a menacing monotone.

Frank lowered his eyes and looked at Miss Mills. She was fondling the nipple of one breast with a playful hand, while the other hand was under her knickers, and moving. Her face was flushed. Frank forced himself to keep looking, and tried just as hard to think of other things, un-sexy things, awful things, anything to take his mind away from what was going on in front of him.

OOOhhhwww!

A surge of blood into his penis had forced it against the spikes again. Oh the pain!

His organ subsided a bit, the pain diminished. But now — Miss Mills was drawing off her panties, pulling them oh-so-slowly down her black stocking-clad legs, and all the while maintaining eye contact with Frank, as though daring him to look away. Her knickers about her ankles, she freed one foot and spread her legs blatantly.

Frank dared not look away. He knew all too well that she was as good as her word, and would not hesitate to beat him unconscious if it so pleased her.

“Mmmmmm,” sighed Miss Mills voluptuously, “I do like to give myself some pleasure from time to time. It does a girl good. Mmmmmm...”

She closed her eyes for a few seconds, then opened them and fixed them on Frank, who had not dared to look away for a moment.

“I bet you would like to masturbate as well, wouldn't you Frank? Hmmm... Well, I am not going to let you!” She sniggered. “As a special treat though I will let you watch me masturbate. That will be a nice treat for you, won't it?”

Frank screwed up his courage, and decided to simply beg for mercy. Perhaps she would give him some if he could make her realise just how much this thing she had locked on him hurt.

“Oh please Miss Mills, please don't...”

“What's that?” she interrupted. “You don't want to watch me pleasure myself?” Miss Mills pretended to be offended. “I'll bet if it was one of those young tarts you were imposing yourself on at my school, you'd be all eyes! Aren't I good enough for you Frank? Is that it?”

“Oh, no, Miss Mills, no... it's just this restrainer... it hurts!”

Miss Mills smiled cruelly. "Oh it's just a little stinging from those piddly little spikes!" she sneered. "A big strong man like you ought to be able to handle that!"

She stroked herself with one hand, stroking the inside of her thigh with the other. She opened her legs even wider, making sure that Frank got a ringside view.

It was clear that Frank's pain was turning her on.

Her head lolled back, her mouth twisted as though in pain, and she surrendered herself to one of the best self-induced orgasms she had ever had.

While Frank looked on, in pain and misery.

FREE AGAIN...?

It was a day like any other... or was it?

The loud shrill buzzing of the bell roused Frank from pleasant dreams — a naked schoolgirl, on her back, legs wide, urging him on. “Oh Frank, yeah, oh Frank, yes, yes, oh yes Daddy!” — the bell continued, and the vision dissipated. And Frank was uncomfortably aware of his penis striving futilely to rise, trapped in its cruel iron prison.

Frank felt absolutely done-in. It couldn't be morning yet, it couldn't be. He blinked, still half-asleep. The bell ceased. But the light blared; the door was open; and there in the doorway, silhouetted, stood the all-too-familiar figure of his tormentress. Miss Mills. Scantily-clad, as usual, a housecoat thrown over bra and panties of black lace. Frank had never fancied Miss Mills. But after months of total sexual denial, there was a stirring in his loins every time he saw her. Especially the way she dressed around him. So now he felt his trapped penis, already excited by his nocturnal fantasies, straining uselessly against its tight iron prison.

He realised he was still lying. That would not do, that would not do at all, that was a punishable offence in the presence of his Mistress. He pulled himself together, slid off the bare springs of his ‘bed’, and knelt erect. A slave displaying himself before his owner.

Miss Mills looked down at him, arms akimbo, a cruel smile playing around the corners of her mouth. “It is a special day today, Frank!” she said.

She seemed wide-awake. And excited. A chill ran through Frank. Miss Mills being excited *never* boded any good for him.

“Don't you want to know *what* is so special about it, Frank?”

"I... er... y-yes, yes Miss..." stammered Frank, still a bit woozy from being woken so early.

"Today is the day I set you free!"

Frank blinked again. He understood the words, but... could it really be?

"It is the first of September. It is back to school in a few days."

Frank nodded dumbly. Had it really been so long? His torment here had just stretched on and on and on, he had lost all track of time, each day merging into the next in a ceaseless round of hard labour and hard punishment.

"Right, then! Off you go!"

Frank hesitated. He had got so into the servile mind-set that answering back was hard. But he *had* to say something. "But.. Miss... my clothes..." he stammered.

Miss Mills cut him off impatiently. "Oh, those old rags went in the bin your first day here, you silly sod!"

Frank stared open-mouthed. "But how..."

"Your flat is five miles from here Frank. Just follow the main road, then take the second left. You will know the way from there."

"But I can't..."

"Oh, now, of course you can. You still have about two hours of darkness left. I mean, I presume you do *want* to get home before light? Or would you rather be picked up for indecent exposure?"

There was no answer to that. Frank just knelt there.

"Here." She threw a set of keys at him. There were his keys, he saw as he picked them up.

“You will report to me on the first day of school. And then we shall see what we are going to do about that cock of yours. Won't we, Frank?”

“I... yes, Miss,” Frank replied.

“Come on now Frank, jog on!”

Speechless, Frank rose awkwardly, followed Miss Mills to the front door, and walked out. Walked out! A free man! He could scarcely believe it. He walked down the long, dimly-lit drive towards the street. It was early morning in late Summer, still dark but with the horizon already brightening. And it was just a bit too cold to be walking stark naked. But what choice did he have? Numbly, he lurched along, stiff and sore from the hours of hard physical labour, the hours of bondage, the frequent beatings...

Frank Briggs was later unable to recall how he got home, or how long it took, or how on earth he managed to avoid being picked up by the police — but get home he did.

Back in his own flat again at last, she slumped on the bed — a proper bed again at last! — and slept, and slept, and slept. But his sleep was disturbed by vivid dreams of Miss Mills in her scanties, wielding whip and cane and tawse...

Hmm, thought Miss Mills, time to get another ad put in and see about acquiring another ‘boy guest’. It would really have been a bit too much to have kept Frank Briggs.

He would be missed at school. and in any case she had grown rather tired of Frank. Although it might be amusing to keep him in

chastity for the foreseeable future... A cruel grin spread over her face. Oh, yes! That would be delicious!

What does the future hold for Frank Briggs?! Something tells me he has not seen the last of Miss Mills — not by a long shot!

THE END

Thank you for buying and reading this story by me, Miranda Birch. If you liked it, please consider writing a review. If you found fault, please let me know. I welcome constructive criticism. To leave a comment, or simply to find out more about my work, go to my homepage: <https://mirandabirch.wordpress.com/>.