



CAUGHT & CHASTISED

A Cautionary Tale

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Caught and Chastised

A Pervert Punished

Book I of Cruel Summer

By [Miranda Birch](#)

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The school janitor is in the habit of initiating the more wayward female pupils into the pleasures of the flesh. But when he gets caught “on the job”, he finds himself in deep water. He agrees to allow the lady teacher who caught him to punish him in her own way. Unfortunately for him, this lady is no stranger to the world of female domination! Frank Briggs finds himself in a cruel new world, where he will be punished for his crimes with cane and whip and tawse, over and over and over, by a strict, unrelenting school ma'am. Held captive in her house, while the summer holidays stretch on and on ...

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JAILBAIT

Perhaps it was her domineering nature that lead Miss Susan Mills to become a schoolmistress. Certainly it well suited her to be in charge of a class, to be in a position of authority over them, to exercise a degree of control over them. She only regretted that it wasn't possible to deal with young miscreants in the manner of yore. How dearly she would have loved to tan the backsides of those cheeky young minxes to whom she attempted to impart the rudiments of English. Alas! Even a clip round the ear was now considered out of bounds. A class of boys would be nice; better than girls — for Miss Mills, anyway. What she would have been able to do in the old days! Make them lower their trousers and then cane them good and hard, for starters. Give them what they need; what they deserve.

Then, one day, Miss Mills got the chance to deal with a male in just the way she had always wanted. Not, it's true, some young lout in bad need of a sound thrashing, but a mature male. In point of fact, Miss Mills was no stranger to correcting errant males. But more of that another time.

Quite late in the evening, Miss Mills found herself back at the school. She needed to fetch some exams papers she had left behind. Being a quite senior member of staff, she had a full set of keys. Walking down one of the corridors from the staff room, she heard noises. A break-in? she thought. No retiring mousey school-ma'am type, she decided at once to go and investigate.

The sounds were coming from one of the class rooms. Cautiously, she peered through on of the class room door's glass panels. And oh! No burglars; although perhaps burglary of a sort.

The room was in darkness, of course, but there was a torch placed on the teacher's desk and, over the desk directly in front of it was bent a young, fair-haired girl. And behind her, none other than the school janitor, Frank Briggs. And he was 'giving it to her', as they say, 'doggy style', and with considerable enthusiasm at that, considering his age. Miss Mills stood speechless. From the way the young girl was wriggling and the noises she was making, she was loving every moment of it. The dirty little slut!

Obviously, Frank did not expect to be discovered at this time of the evening. It was his job to lock up after everyone else had gone home, so he must have thought he was quite safe. Miss Mills wondered how many times he had done this before. Resolving on action, Miss Mills opened the door and switched on the main light. The tristing couple froze like deer in headlights. The girl uttered a loud shriek.

“Oh, what a charming spectacle!” said Miss Mills, her voice dripping with sarcasm. “Frank Briggs! Kindly remove yourself from that little tart and stand up.”

Frank Briggs did so, struggling to pull up his underpants and trousers, which were bunched around his ankles, as fast as he could. The girl's face turned towards Miss Mills, her mouth open in an 'O' of horror and dismay.

“I didn't think anyone else was here,” said Frank stupidly. He wasn't the brightest. He was very embarrassed, and it was all he could think to say.

“Obviously,” said Miss Mills, her voice dripping with sarcasm.

She recognised the girl, Carol Hawkins, as a pupil in one of her classes. She looked at her hard.

“I'll deal with you in the morning, young lady,” she rapped out. “Get yourself home. Your mother will have to know about this.”

“Oh, no! Miss! No!” she almost shrieked. “Don't tell my Mum! Anything but that!” Miss Mills could see that the girl really ,really didn't like that idea. “I'll do anything to make up for it, Miss... but don't tell Mum!”

Miss Mills noted the girl's evident sincerity. It was nice to have someone pleading so abjectly. And as for ‘anything’, well, we we'll see about that, my girl, she thought to herself.

“Get yourself home right now, Carol. We will discuss this further in the morning.”

“Yes, Miss.”

With tear-stained cheeks and with clothing still in some disarray, Carol scuttled out. Miss Mills watched her go, looking forward to having her standing before her tomorrow morning, explaining herself. She would pay for being such a slut, that was for certain, even if Miss Mills could not employ corporal punishment. There's more than one way to skin a cat, she thought.

She turned her attention to randy old Frank Briggs. Frank was sweating, and was still beetroot red in the face. Well, well, thought Miss Mills. Here it is. This is the chance I have been waiting for. I have got this wretched man well and truly cornered. There is no way out for him. I can make something of this.

“What age do you think Carol is, Frank?”

“Age? Well... you know, seventeen, eighteen, something like that...”

Miss Mills shook her head. “No, Frank. Not eighteen. Not seventeen. Not even sixteen.” She paused significantly.

“She's fifteen, Frank.”

Miss Mills revelled in the sudden look of shocked fear on Frank's face.

“But she told me...”

“You're a big boy Frank, surely you don't believe everything people tell you? Especially schoolgirls!”

He just gawped, mind still trying to grasp the enormity of the situation he had got himself into.

“So, Frank, not only have you been abusing school property, but...”
Miss Mills paused for emphasis, then delivered the killer blow: “... you have been raping a minor.”

“But she was gagging for it!”

“What a disgusting phrase! Anyway, that makes not one whit of difference. She is underage, and *that* makes it statutory rape.”

“But...”

“But nothing! Rape is rape, Frank. I am afraid that not only will you lose your job, but you will be ‘going down’, as I am sure you would put it, for a very long time.”

Miss Mills face was anything but sympathetic. Her gimlet eyes bored into him.

“But I didn't know!”

“Oh, don't be pathetic! That's not an excuse, and you know it. You abused your position of trust in this school, and raped a child, Frank. That's what will be in the papers, that's what will be said in court...”
She paused, watching the effect of her words. “... and that is what your new ‘mates’ inside will hear.”

She let that one sink it.

“Oh, but... fucking hell!”

“Mind your language!” Miss Mills rapped out. Then continuing: “they don't like ‘kiddie fiddlers’ inside much, do they Frank?”

“But she was...”

“She was and is *FIFTEEN*, Frank!” Miss Mills cut him off. “No, my lad, you are sunk, good and proper.”

The colour had faded from Frank's cheeks now; he was chalky white. He stood as though transfixed; then began to tremble.

“But, but... you could explain...”

“Nothing to explain.”

Miss Mills was stony-faced.

“I... I mean... can't you give me a... ch-chance Miss?”

Miss Mills smiled at him. It was a cold smile, without sympathy. A sadistic smile.

“Get on your knees, Frank!” she barked suddenly.

“Wh-what?”

He stared at her in bewilderment. She moved closer to him, and slapped him across the face.

“Does randiness make you deaf or something? Get on your knees!”

Dumbfoundedly, Frank knelt.

“You want ‘a chance’ eh? Well then, *beg* me to give you ‘a chance’. You beg well enough, and maybe — just maybe! — I'll consider it.”

Frank stared at her in disbelief. She shrugged.

“That's it, then. I'm locking you in here and going to phone the Law.”

“No! No, Miss Mills, please! I... please... I beg you to give me a second chance. I'm sorry...”

“You can do better than that, Frank.”

Frank continued to beg and plead. Sooner rather than later he got the bright idea to clasp his hands in front of him. Miss Mills liked that. She kept him at it for quite a while. Then:

“You do have to be punished for this, but...”

Frank looked puzzled; but a glimmer of hope appeared in his eyes. That ‘but’. At least she was still talking, wasn't already on the blower to the Old Bill...

“...I have decided to give you the kind of lesson you deserve, Frank,” Miss Mills continued. “It will be a *personal* lesson, from me to you.”

Frank, as already observed, was not the brightest. He at once caught firm hold of the wrong end of the stick. “Personal services, eh?” he thought. Over his face crept the beginnings of a sly grin.

“Wipe that silly smirk of your face!” Miss Mills barked at him. She leaned forward and slapped his across the face, hard. His face resumed its woebegone expression.

“Now, as I was saying. For the time being, I am not going to the police. Whether I do at all or not depends entirely on you. Whether you play it my way.”

“Oh yes Miss Mills! No problem. Whatever you say!”

He was pathetic in his eagerness to please her. Miss Mills liked having men in that position. She liked having men in that position very, very much.

“Yes, Frank, you *will* do everything I say. Anything I say. Otherwise you *will* find yourself locked away from a very long time, with nothing to do with that precious little willy of yours except pull on it!”

Miss Mills sneered. Frank was shocked, Miss Mills wasn't the type to talk like that, prim and proper school-ma'am as she was — as Frank thought she was.

“Yes, Miss,” he agreed again.

“Very well, then”, said Miss Mills. “Tomorrow I shall get a signed statement from Carol stating that she was raped by you. Be sure, I shall certainly get that if I agree to tell her mother nothing. You will carry on with your duties normally. Understood?”

“Yes, Miss,” he nodded.

“You will of course say nothing of this to anyone.”

“No, Miss.”

“If I even think you are getting out of line, I pick up the phone and I talk to the police. Quite, quite clear?”

“Oh yes, Miss...”

“You're not married, are you Frank?”

“No, Miss.”

Miss Mills knew very well he wasn't. It was better that way. More... convenient.

“Summer holidays begin next week. You will meet me on the last day of school, and we will take this matter further.”

“Yes, Miss.”

“Now get lost.”

“Yes Miss, thank you Miss.”

Frank Briggs stood up and made himself scarce. He had begun to look rather pleased with himself again, Miss Mills noted. I'll have that look of his face in no time, she thought. She was also pleased with herself — but with rather more reason!

SCHOOL'S OUT FOR SUMMER

The last day of school arrived. Miss Mills and Frank met discretely. No point in causing gossip, she had thought. She drove him to her house, quite a way outside town. Miss Mills lived in a large, old-fashioned house left to her by her late mother. It was much bigger than she needed. There was a large basement, divided into several rooms. It was down there that Miss Mills lead her secret life. One not at all to be expected of a respectable lady school-teacher. But Frank Briggs was going to find out a lot about that secret life, over the summer holidays.

Once there, she led him downstairs straightaway, and into the second-largest basement room, the one she called her “holding room.” No point in letting him see the playroom just yet, she thought. All in good time. The holding room was pretty bare, not much in it. It did have a lockable door, which came in handy sometimes. Like now.

“Strip off!” she ordered, curtly.

Frank looked at her.

“Eh?”

She fetched him a clatter across the ear.

“Oh!” he raised a hand to his smarting head.

“Strip right now — or you'll be stripping for the showers in the Scrubs before you know what's hit you!”

Confused, Frank reluctantly began to undress. Bloody women. May she did want a bit of the old whatever, after all? But she certainly

didn't bloody act like it! But why else...

"Clothes in there", commanded Miss Mills shortly, handing him a bin-bag.

Frank Briggs did as he was told.

"Stand up straight, don't slouch! show a bit of respect, boy!"

Frank straightened up. Worse than the bloody army, this!

"Now, Frank. You stand there, and don't you dare move. I'll be back in a while to begin your punishment. And i want to find you *exactly* where I left you!"

And with that, she was gone from the room. Frank heard the key turn in the door behind her. What on Earth was she playing at. He stood there, in that bare room, wondering.

Miss Mills went back upstairs, had a drink, then sat herself down and planned her evening.

When she was good and ready, she returned to her captive, after fetching a certain special something from her 'playroom'.

She was pleased to see Frank didn't appear to have moved.

"This, Frank, is a Lochgelly tawse."

She showed him the heavy leather strap.

"I am going to start by giving you twenty from it. Across the backside. You will remain in position during that time. If you do not, I will start all over again. I don't care. I have plenty of time — it's the holidays!"

Frank stared at her. But he was in this deep, what else could he do now but go along? A few strokes on the arse from some bloody thing that used to be used on schoolboys, how hard could that be to take? And so much better than the alternative... Slowly he bent over, and

clasped his shins — he couldn't make it to his ankles. He felt bloody daft.

His feelings changed abruptly as the first stroke fell across his buttocks.

THWACK!

He cried aloud, and stood upright. That really hurt!

“You're getting that one again, Frank. Now back down you go.”

He hesitated, and got a stroke across the thighs.

“Agghhh!”

“That was for free, Frank. Now over you go, and let's get started properly, shall we?”

Reluctantly, Frank bent.

THWACK!

“Agghh!”

“that's one, Frank. Nineteen more to come.”

She paused. Always a good idea to break rhythm, so they are never sure when exactly the next one is coming. Then she brought her arm far back over her shoulder, paused a moment again, then brought the strap down on the quivering, waiting buttocks.

THWACK!

“Agghh!”

Then again.

THWACK!

“Agghh!”

And again.

THWACK!

“Agghh—uuuhhhh!”

“Oh honestly, such a big fuss about a few strokes from a strap! Call yourself a man?”

THWACK!

“Agghh!”

“Oh Miss please, not so hard!”

Miss Mills continued the thrashing remorselessly. Actually she was by no means laying it as hard as she could. Not yet. But all in due course.

THWACK!

“Agghh!”

“Hard? I'm barely lifting the thing!”

THWACK!

“Agghh!”

Frank could stand it no more. He didn't dare rise (and risk getting all of those all over again, but he used his hands to shield his burning rump.

“Oh, please, Miss, no more, I've learned my lesson, truly I have!”

“Hands away, boy,” said Miss Mills excitedly. She was well away by now. The first thrashing was always in some ways the best.

“Or I can always tie you down, if you like?”

Hopelessly, Frank removed his hands. He felt tears spring to his eyes. Ooooh.... he wasn't going to cry in front of this bitch, was he?

THWACK!

“Agghh!”

THWACK!

“Ooowwwwww!”

The tears were flowing now.

THWACK!

“Agghh!”

Miss Mills heard the sniffing, knew what it entailed, felt great joy inside her.

And so it continued. The strap lifting and falling; the howls of Frank, who somehow managed to maintain position despite the ever-increasing agony; the joy radiant on Miss Mill's face...

THWACK! ... THWACK! ... THWACK! ... THWACK! ... THWACK! ...
THWACK! ... THWACK! ... THWACK! ... THWACK! ... THWACK!

“Uuuhhh..arggghhhh!”

“How many was that, Frank?”

“Urg...urgghh... I.. I don't know, Miss..”

“I do hope I didn't lose count!”

She smiled sadistically.

“Oh God no, please no more...”

She laughed.

“Get up!” she barked.

Frank rose unsteadily to his feet, hands gingerly touching his bruised and battered hind-quarters.

“You didn't enjoy that Frank, did you?”

“N-no... it was barbaric...”

He blurted out the words as he clutched himself, trembling.

“I think you would like Wormwood Scrubs even less, my lad. And remember, you'd be what they call a ‘nonce’ in there, not a normal prisoner!”

Yes, didn't he bloody know it. But it was so unfair! She said she was of age!

“Now, Frankie, I think I'll show you to your quarters. You can spend some time thinking about your crime, and how you are going to be punished for it.”

The room was narrow and stark and bare, only a fold-up camp-bed, with, Frank noticed, no mattress, just the bare wire springs. A naked light-bulb dangled from the high ceiling, way out of reach. It was, Frank could see, in essence a cell. Worse than the ones they had inside, at that! According to the Sun, prisons were more like hotels than proper prisons these days. Not for the first time, Frank wondered if he was really getting off easier this way.

Miss Mills gave him little time for reflection.

“Sweet dreams, Frankie; and remember: no wanking!”

Then she stepped out of the room, locked the door behind her, and switched off the light.

Frank, with nothing to do in the dark room, ended up comforting himself with thoughts of what he would do that little bitch Carol Hawkins when he got his hands on her. She'd have a red raw bum from a spanking, and then he'd give it to her good and hard, oh yes he would! His hand moved to his rapidly-stiffening cock. Oh, yes, right up her, hard and fast! Randy little bitch, asking for it, they always were... His hand began to pump...

Miss Mills had settled down to watch some TV, keeping one eye on the closed-circuit screen which showed a view of her cell. It was a special infra-red model, that allowed her to monitor her captive while keeping him in darkness. Sure enough, after a while, her captive's hands moved to his genitals, and he grasped his member and began to stroke it. She smiled grimly to herself. They always do! The riding crop this time, she thought, picking it up from its place near her chair. Rising from her easy chair, she strode purposively out of the room, along the corridor, down the cellar stairs. Outside the cell, she pressed a button.

Frank, well away in his illicit dreams of ravishing an under-age schoolgirl tart, was startled suddenly by the light blaring and a siren wailing in his ears. Then the door crashed open, and Miss Mills stood there, whip in hand.

"What did I tell you about wanking?" she roared at him over the noise of the siren.

He stood there open-mouthed. The siren died away. She stepped quickly into the narrow cell. Smashed him across the mouth with the back of her hand, first one way, then the other.

"I told you NO WANKING! Didn't I?" she raised her hand again in warning that he had better answer.

“Yes, yes, Miss... I...”

“But you decided to have a good old tug anyway, eh? Fantasising about raping schoolgirls, I shouldn't wonder! You randy old bastard! Now, my lad, it's a dozen for you. Over!”

Frank's eyes filled with tears of self-pity as he bent over. The whip came lashing down. Again and again and again. He was crying real tears of pain and shame by the time Miss Mills was done with him.

Then, she proceeded to truss him up with leather straps. Both his arms were drawn up high behind his back, and fastened together. Then one ankle was strapped to one thigh. He was left standing on one foot. As Frank teetered there absurdly, looking a fool and feeling very vulnerable and scared, she leaned out through the door and pressed a button. The noise of machinery was heard from the ceiling, and a stout chain descended. This she fastened securely to the straps that bound Frank's arms. Then, with another button press, Frank felt himself drawn upwards, the strain on his shoulders ever increasing. She stopped his ascent only when he was just barely balanced on the tip-toes of his left leg.

“There we are, that should keep you from playing with yourself, you dirty old man!”

Frank hung there, teetering, helpless. His face was a picture!

“Sweet dreams!”

With that Miss Mills stalked out. The heavy door shut behind her with a thud. The lights went out. Frank was left in the darkness in his exceedingly uncomfortable position to wait for what the morning would bring.

The next morning, Miss Mills was up bright and early, as was her wont. She had breakfast, and bustled about at this and that. About

mid-morning, she thought she had better see how her captive was getting on.

As soon as he saw her, he began to plead.

“You've got to let me down! It's killing me!”

Miss Mills said nothing, standing there, hands on hips, smirking, regarding him smugly.

“You want to be let out of those bonds, then?”

“yes, yes, of course.”

“Let's hear you beg, then!”

“What? I...”

“I said, BOY, I want to hear you beg! You can bloody well beg me humbly and politely to let you down, or you can hang there all day!”

Frank began to beg.

“And you deserved your thrashing yesterday, didn't you?”

“Yes, yes, Miss Mills.”

“And you deserve the one you're going to get today, don't you?”

“What? No! no!”

“What did I hear you say?”

“I.. I...”

Miss Mills shrugged and turned, as though to go out.

“No! Miss Mills, please, I beg you!”

Miss Mills turned and looked at him. And listened with great pleasure as Frank told her how much he deserved the thrashing he was going to get.

“It'll make you a better person, won't it Frank?”

“Yes, yes it will Miss Mills.”

“In that case, I am sort of doing you a favour, aren't I Frank?”

“Yes, yes, Miss Mills.”

Anything to get out of this!

“In which case, you had better ask nicely for your thrashing, then, hadn't you? Come on boy, beg me for the strapping you need!”

Frank gave a half-sob, and then began to beg.

Miss Mills enjoyed listening to him plead to be thrashed again. She wasn't in any hurry to let him down. Finally relenting, Miss Mills leaned out into the corridor and pushed the button which lowered him to the ground. There he lay, in a heap. She undid the straps. He was so stiff he was barely able to move.

“I'll leave you to think about what you've got coming to you, Frank my lad”, she said callously. Then she was gone.

Frank lay in the dark, limbs in torment, pins and needles seemingly everywhere. He stifled another helpless sob. Nothing to do but wait...

TO BE CONTINUED

Frank Brigg's ordeal has only begun! Find out what happens next in the follow-up story: [*Chastised in Captivity!*](#)

This book's code is: 2WADWfmV69

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