



CHASTISED IN CAPTIVITY

The Punishment Continues

MIRANDA BIRCH



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Book II of Cruel Summer

By [Miranda Birch](#)

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Miss “Butter wouldn't melt in her mouth” Mills is a secret dominatrix, and having caught the school caretaker in flagrante delicto with an underage pupil (see the previous story [Caught & Chastised](#)), she now holds him captive in her house for the duration of the school holidays. It is going to be a long, hot summer for Frank Briggs — and not at all the sort of summer holiday Cliff Richard had in mind, methinks!

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A PROMISE KEPT

Frank Briggs awoke shivering. The cramps in his muscles had eased, but he was still sore, and the welts across his buttocks were still throbbing. He must have fallen asleep again, he realised. How long had he been lying there since Miss Mills released him from that terrible strict bondage in which he had spent the whole night?

He had not long to think, for suddenly the little room was filled with a blinding light from the bare bulb dangling high overhead, and the next moment the door crashed open loudly. And there in the doorway stood Miss Mills. Blinking in the harsh light, he took in her costume: a black basque with a waspie waist which pushed her breasts up and out and emphasised the curve of her hips; black stockings clipped to the bottom of the basque revealing a generous expanse of milky-white thigh; skimpy black knickers; and a pair of

high, high heels. And looped round her right wrist — a riding whip! No more frumpy school teacher now — what a transformation! But not a transformation which boded much good for Frank Briggs. She had been wearing a similar get-up when she had thrashed him soundly yesterday. And now — oh God! — she had promised him another strapping!

"So, Frankie-wankie! I hope you haven't been playing with yourself again?"

Her voice was loud, stern, contemptuous. Frank's only reply was a muffled groan.

"I *said*, I hope you haven't been playing with yourself again?" she repeated in a tone that demanded a proper answer.

"I... I... no, no Miss..." said Frank sulkily. It was so humiliating!

"Good! Now, my lad, what is it that you have coming to you?"

"A... a thrashing, M-Miss..." Frank stuttered out.

"Yes, that's right. I promised you a thrashing. A thrashing you thoroughly deserve, no?"

Frank balked at that. That was too much!

But Miss Mills' gimlet eyes bore into him. She *would* hear him say it!

"Answer me, boy!"

The humiliating term of address made Frank boil inside. But he made himself answer.

"Yes, Miss, I deserve it," he muttered sulkily.

"Come on then, lad! On your feet."

A sudden bar of red-hot pain flashed over his left thigh. The riding whip she carried was poised to strike again. Frank struggled somehow unsteadily to his feet.

She stood before him arrogant and proud, hands on her hips, riding whip hanging from a loop round her right wrist, done up to the nines, and regarded him with contempt as he stood there naked, hunched up like an old man, feebly trying to get the circulation going in his limbs.

Then she stalked out, beckoning with the whip to him. She was so sure of her power over him! Frank thought bitterly. And the worst of it was, she was right!

Frank was almost weeping openly as he staggered along after Miss Mills to the ironically-titled 'playroom'. Frank knew there was nothing playful about what was coming to him.

Miss Mills was already seated in a comfortable armchair, sipping a cup of tea. Frank saw her only hazily through a film of self-pitying tears. This woman has almost the power of life and death over me, he thought. In the whole of his existence, no person had controlled him to the extent she did at that moment — not even close. It was terrifying to be in the grip of such power. It made him feel so utterly, utterly weak; so submissive, so grovellingly submissive. On a sudden impulse, Frank Briggs fell to his knees. This must be what she wanted, he thought, this must be what I have to give her. So that she doesn't whip me again.

"Mercy... Miss... mercy..." he almost sobbed out the words.

A beatific expression which Frank could not see spread across Miss Mills's face.

Then Frank went flat on his belly and began to crawl across the parquet floor. He reached her and knelt up, raising his hands imploringly.

"Mercy... Miss... mercy..." he repeated.

The smile on Miss Mills's face became broader and more intense, positively seraphic. She knew when she had a man absolutely defeated, completely broken. It had not taken long with this ageing Lothario here. Frank Briggs was already just a worm she could bring under her heel any time she wished. Exquisite joy! Oh to have such power over a man! She looked down at the whimpering creature at her feet. It was amazing that a fully-grown man could be reduced to such a condition. Yet there he was, grovelling and cringing before her. And he had been reduced to this state by her! Oh, the power!

Her eyes wandered down to her victim's rump. She smiled faintly. It was a quite a sight. Most people would have been shocked and concerned — but there were few things in life that Miss Mills enjoyed more than the sight of a well-stripped male bottom; especially when she had put those stripes there herself. Yes, yes, he would be *most* tender there at that moment. It had been quite a good thrashing; one that she had enjoyed very much. Most likely he would never have known anything like that sort of pain before. She wanted to give him another quite soon. But she could have a little fun with him first.

"Mercy... mercy.." Frank was still whimpering softly and hopelessly.

"Stop that snivelling and stand *up*!" snapped Miss Mills. "God, what a sissy! Do you want to *be* a schoolgirl as well as fuck them?"

The remark didn't wound Frank Briggs. He didn't really have any pride left to wound. He forced himself up, however, and, with head hanging a little, stood submissively before Miss Mills, conscious of his helpless nudity. But at least his organ was now in a flaccid state, and likely to remain so for some time.

"Have you anything to say, you pathetic rapist turned wanker?" demanded Miss Mills haughtily.

"Only... only mmmm M-Mistress... that I... I am s-sorry," whispered Frank.

Seeing Miss Mills done up like a Mistress had made him accidentally address her as such. A flicker of a smile crossed her lips at the slip. It was one she could forgive!

"I... I just lost control... I.. I'm a man... a m-man. I have needs..." he continued.

"Don't go on telling me about men," snapped Miss Mills. "You, Frank, are going to be one of those men who learns to control himself. I am going to make sure of that."

"Yes, Mistress... Miss... yes."

"Shut up... and listen!"

Miss Mills smiled briefly again.

"You are right to address me as Mistress. You will continue to do so in future."

"Y-Yes... Mistress..."

How eager Frank was to please. To submit and obey. Whatever his Mistress demanded. He saw the warning look come to her eyes and bit his lip. He must stay silent. Speak only when spoken directly to.

"If you get an erection in future, I shall know it is because you are fantasising about having your way with underage schoolgirls — and I shall thrash it out of you. Understand?"

"Yes... Mistress... y-yes..."

Frank shuddered. How was he going to be able to stop himself getting hard? It just happened. He was a man... the words rose to him lips again, but he cut them off.

"And, Frank, during your sojourn in my home," continued Miss Mills with icy severity, "if you so much as lay a finger on your cock without

my express order, I shall make you wish you'd never been born! Is that quite clear, Frank?"

"Y-y-yes, M-Mistress."

Frank experienced the draining weakness of terror. It almost made him lose control of his bowels. He knew that this school-teacher turned dominatrix would be as good as her word.

"I'll never do that again, Mistress," he added obsequiously.

"I don't think you will," said Miss Mills with a thin smile, "after I have punished you for it."

For a moment, Frank thought he was going to faint. The room certainly swam before his eyes. His throat seemed to close up with dread. In a moment he would have to resist her demands. He would have to disobey. With all that must follow.

"Turn around!"

Zombie-like, Frank shuffled round so that his back was towards the armchair in which Miss Mills sat. He felt her eyes boring into him. In God's name what was she going to do?

"HMMMMMMMM..." he heard her say.

"Bend over and touch your toes!"

"Mer... ceee..."

Frank's voice was falsetto, like that of a young schoolboy.

"P-Ple... eeease... d-d-don't..."

Oh how utterly pitiful he was! All the same, something made him obey the terrifying order. Frank cried out aloud at the pain that came from the added tautness of his buttock-flesh.

"The sight of you disgusts me, you naked ape," he heard Miss Mills say coldly from behind him. "But I have to examine you."

Frank sensed that Miss Mills was bending closer to him, studying his weal-striped flesh clinically. he uttered a whinnying shriek and jerked violently as a cool hand touched his burning rump and then ran lightly over it.

"Keep still, you weakling," rapped Miss Mills.

Oh God, didn't she realise how burningly tender he was? Or how his nerves were stretched to snapping point? The soft hand continued to roam, like that of a nurse, and Frank continued to gasp.

"Hmmmmmm..." he heard Miss Mills say again. "I think those thrashings yesterday must certainly have taught you a lesson, eh?"

"Yes... ahh... owww... yes, Mistress."

"Still, you deserved it and you'll be all the better for it."

"Y-Yes... Mistress... yes..."

But then, Frank would have agreed to anything Miss Mills had said at that moment.

"So, you *do* agree, Frank?"

"Yes... oh yes... Mistress. I... I did deserve it and... and I will b-be better for it, Mistress."

"Good, Frank, that's good. I'm glad you're beginning to see reason. To understand that there's some sense in my methods."

"Oh, yes... Miss... yes."

"*Mistress*, Frank."

"Yes, Mistress... yes..." Oh God, how long was he going to stay bending?

Miss Mills smiled. One of her favourite rituals was to play with a man like this. To toy with him both physically and verbally. How amusing to make him *agree* that his thrashing was both deserved and beneficial! Objectively, it might well have been either, or both; but to be sure these were scarcely likely to be his opinions!

"Go and crawl to the corner, Frank. Then kneel there with your nose to the wall. It seems a most fitting place for you."

"P-Please... Mistress... please, no m-more. I can't *stand* any more!" Frank's voice had gone falsetto again in the anguish of his pleading.

"Go and do as I say, Frank."

"Pleeee... eeeease... Mistress."

"At once, Frank!"

The voice was steely cold. Unyielding. And almost mesmeric in its authority.

Starting to sob again, Frank knelt and crawled wretchedly to the corner where his terrible thrashing had begun.

"Mmmmmmmf... mmmmffff... no m-more... I b-beg y-you... No more... M-Mistress."

Miss Mills resumed her seat and picked up her cup of tea again. It was such fun to let a victim stew a bit!

After about a quarter of an hour, a faint hope began to burgeon in Frank's heart. Perhaps, after all, he wasn't going to get a thrashing! Yet, much as he would have wished to make sure, he dare not ask, of course. That might precipitate the very torment he must avoid!

No... all he could do was stay there and continue hoping. No matter how much his back, arms and legs ached. No matter what the throbbing agony of his weals.

What was Mistress doing, he wondered? Looking at him? Gloating over his miseries. Or simply ignoring him? Either course was equally hurtful to him. Certainly he could hear her occasionally as she moved about the room behind him. Getting a drink, maybe. (Oh God, what wouldn't he have given for one at that moment!) Sitting down again, lighting a cigarette, rustling the pages of a magazine. While all the time he crouched like a whipped dog in the corner. Yes, just like a whipped cur. For that's what he was really. Except that even a dog would not be made to keep its nose to the carpet all the time!

The quarter of an hour became half an hour; then three quarters of an hour.

Then he heard Miss Mills stand up.

"Now, Frank, time for the beating I promised you!"

An inhuman howl rose involuntarily from Frank's throat. As soon as he found his voice, he began to beg for mercy.

"Oh Mistress, please no, please, I can't bear it..."

"Shut up!" bellowed Miss Mills. "Unless you want double!"

That shut Frank up abruptly. He had no idea what number of strokes she was about to administer; but knew for sure he didn't want it doubled!

"You haven't felt the riding whip yet, have you Frankie boy?"

"N-no, no, Mistress..."

Frank's voice trailed miserably off. He hung his head.

"Up!"

He rose unsteadily to his feet.

"Bend!"

He bent over, causing a new wave of pain to flood through his bottom flesh as the skin stretched.

"I shall be merciful," stated Miss Mills almost primly. "and just give you twelve."

'Just twelve!' thought Frank, but dare not protest. Because twice twelve was twenty-four!

Miss Mills broke into a broad smile of smug satisfaction as she regarded her hapless victim, thighs and rump already well-stripped, docilely bending to receive another punishment. This was the way she liked her men!

And then she laid to with a will with her riding whip...

FED, WATERED, PUT TO WORK

With smug satisfaction, she regarded the snivelling creature kneeling before her.

"I suppose I had better feed you."

She led him into the kitchen.

"This bowl is your food bowl. This bowl is your water bowl."

She indicated two dog dishes set side by side in one corner.

"In future, you will be fed twice a day. You will eat anything I chose to give you, Frankie boy, and you will eat it *all*. I cannot abide waste. Do I make myself clear?"

"Yes, Mistress."

"Well get on with it then!"

Frank stared at the unappetising mush in the food bowl, then lowered his face and began to lick it up. It was cold porridge.

Miss Mills sat at her ease, watching him. So much more fun that a dog!

When Frank had finished, Miss Mills rose to her feet. Hands still on hips; the command so easy and natural. As if it were her divine right to treat him so. The humiliation of it seared through Frank.

"Right you, time to go to work. Earn your keep, so to speak."

Frank plucked up the nerve to ask for his clothes then. After all, she couldn't really be intending to keep him naked, could she?

"Your clothes, Frank? Don't be ridiculous! I'll bein' keep you stark bollock naked for the whole period of your corrective treatment. Now shut up. In future, you speak only when spoken to."

Frank stood there in his state of undress, very conscious of Miss Mills's unswerving gaze. How much more vulnerable and helpless one felt when naked!

She indicated a pile of clothing, underwear mostly. There was a large basin beside it.

"This is washing that needs doing. You will do it in the basin provided. Plenty of cold water, a smidgen of soap-powder — and lots of lots elbow-grease, that's the secret to a good wash!"

She laughed.

Frank knelt before the low table, and made a start.

INSPECTED

Frank heard the clack-clack of high heels on parquet floor that heralded the approach of Miss Mills — 'Mistress', to him. He felt his stomach turn. She walked up behind him and, without a word, picked up a pair of panties from the 'clean' pile.

"You call these properly washed?"

Frank turned and stared.

"Well, I don't. Get them done properly, unless you want yet another thrashing!"

Frank began to protest.

She cut him off with a sharp slap across the face.

"Get on with it!"

Not properly washed! They looked clean enough to him. And anyway, how was he supposed to get things 'properly washed' with only cold water? But the alternative was a thrashing. A beating that Miss Mills was only too ready to administer. Sighing, he took the knickers up and started all over again...

Miss Mills kept Frank hard at it for the rest of the day. There seemed to be no end of laundry to do. And to cap it all, it all had to be done using only cold water and "plenty of elbow grease" to use Miss Mill's expression. Frank was utterly fagged out when finally she came to collect him. He was out in the back yard hanging the last batch. She gave the hanging washing only a cursory glance.

"Alright, you, inside for your tasty grub and then an early night for you. Plenty of fun planned for tomorrow!"

Like an obedient dog, Frank trotted inside.

And on hands and knees, like a dog he ate the unappetising mush that filled his bowl food, and slaked his thirst from his water bowl.

To his dismay, Miss Mills buckled him into another uncomfortable bondage position. Not quite so contorted as the one of the night before, but uncomfortable enough to make a full night's sleep a remote prospect.

ANOTHER DAY OF DRUDGERY

Frank Briggs awoke shivering. The cramps in his muscles immediately assailed him before he had time to recollect where he was, what had been done to him. Then the throbbing welts across his rump kicked in. He was in panic. Where? What? How? Then, in a flash, he remembered it all. The thrashings, the bondage; and he remembered he had agreed to it all — and more. That mad bitch!

The pain came in waves. What time was it? How long would he hang here in this excruciating discomfort? Bound with leather straps, arms high up behind his back, one leg bent, the other with its toes *just* brushing the floor, He cried out once, then again. Nothing. He shouted, over and over. Nothing. His panic increased. And his misery. And his self-pity.

He didn't know how long he had been hanging there when suddenly the little room was filled with a blinding light, and the door crashed open loudly. And there in the doorway stood Miss Mills.

"Good morning, Frankie-wankie! Sleep well? I hope you weren't playing with yourself!"

Frank's only reply was a muffled groan.

"I hope, that is," she continued with a sneer, "for *your* sake. For there is nothing I would like more than to catch you 'at it' again!"

She licked her lips.

"Anyway," she continued. "Better get you down. Can't have you hanging about in here all day, can we?"

She laughed like a drain at her feeble pun. Then she pressed the button which lowered Frank to the floor, and bustled about unstrapping him. He could barely move, and every time he tried waves of pain from cramp flooded over him.

"Come on, lad!"

A sudden bar of red-hot pain flashed over his left thigh. The riding whip she carried was poised to strick again. Frank struggled somehow unsteadily to his feet.

She stood before him arrogant and proud, hands on her hips, riding whip hanging from a loop round her right wrist, and regarded him with contempt as he stood there, hunched up like an old man, feebly trying to get the circulation going in his limbs.

"Come on, move!"

She strutted arrogantly out, and Frank trotted after her like a whipped cur.

DAILY DOZEN

With sinking heart, Frank followed Miss Mills into her 'playroom'.

"You have done nothing that needs correction — yet," Miss Mills observed. Frank felt his heart lift. So she wasn't going to beat him first thing!

Then she walked over to the rack and unhooked a long, heavy leather strap. She hefted the thick Lochgelly tawse. It had seen plenty of use on 'boy guests' over the years. Her discrete ads in contact magazines had assured her a supply of young lads who were submissive — or thought they were. Submissive or not, they all got the same treatment. And a night or two in Miss Mill's 'guest room'

and a day or two spent in Miss Mill's 'playroom' was something they never forgot!

Frank was a bit older than she liked, and had run to seed a bit. On the other hand, she had him for the whole summer. And, unlike with a boy guest, she could do pretty much what she liked. What was he going to do — run to the police? Not unless he wanted to spend ten years or more as a nonce inside, known as a nonce to one and all. No, the hell she could create for him would be nothing compared to that. But, she thought, with a cruel cold grin, I will do my best to make it just as hellish! Now, what can I use as an excuse to give him a good going over with Miss Strap here? Not that I need an excuse...

Oh, of course. A daily dozen, just to keep him on his toes! And then any faults — and there *would* be fault found — can be punished in addition. With cane, with martinet, with riding crop, with... oh, there would be no shortage of opportunity to use *all* her instruments of correction, Miss Mills was sure of that!

"However," she continued, and Frank felt his heart sink right back down again,

"I think you and Miss Tawse have met before, Frank?"

Oh, no! She couldn't! Not first thing, when he still ached from the night-long bondage! When he hadn't even bloody *done* anything!

"In future, Frank, I will give you a good dozen from Miss Tawse every day, just to make sure you stay conscious of what is coming if you *do* err! That is starting from today. So, bend!"

Frank groaned as he reached for his toes.

THWACK!

The leather strap cracked down across his rump. Miss Mills laid it on hard and heavy. He took all dozen of them, being helplessly, unable

to do a thing while she thrashed him.

PUT TO WORK

After his unpleasant introduction to the 'daily dozen', Frank was put to work again. There was another mountainous pile of laundry.

"I am going out Frank. That means I will not be keep as close an eye on your as I might like. However, if that lot isn't done by the time I get back..."

She left the sentence unfinished. It didn't need completion, it was quite menacing enough as it was, and Frank knew how it ought to end.

There was no way he could get it all done. He sank despairingly down, trying to lie in a position that didn't cause painful protest from the many welts and bruises that patterned his oft-punished flesh.

CAUGHT WANKING

After hours of the tedious chore, he simply had to have a break. Lying there he found that, despite everything, he had a hard-on. He had had too easy access to those schoolgirls, that was the trouble. Now his cock was missing it, and reminding him of what he was used to. Oh, he couldn't bear it! She would be gone a while yet, surely, he could chance a quick one. His hand moved to grasp his rigid organ...

Frank Briggs groaned as he masturbated.

Partly he groaned with the pain from the throbbing weals that encircled his rump; and partly from the pleasure his manipulating hand was giving him. Oh, what a joy it was to gain some relief at last! His mind was filled with images of Carol Hawkins superb young body, those lovely lithe limbs, those succulent little tits,. Ramming

into her, possessing her, feeling her female succulence, feeling her palpitating flesh, enjoying her wriggling and jerking under him, hearing her gasping and panting, her wide eyes, her gaping mouth...

Frank slowed his hand and retreated a little from the peak he had fast been mounting to. Pity to jerk off too quickly. He had suffered so much, he was entitled to a bit of pleasure, and it was only natural to prolong it as much as possible. My God, what a thrashing that bitch had given him! It was incredible that a cane could hurt so much, especially when wielded by a mere woman. Frank took his hand off his throbbing member altogether and, turning so that he lay face down again, ran both hands over his burning buttocks.

"Ow!" he gasped, despite the gentleness of his own touch. The weals were ridges of fiery agony. And where they crossed each other, there was an even greater agony. How long would they continue to torment him? For days, probably. For weeks, most likely.

And why had he got those weals? Simply for acquiring a natural erection when confronted by her provocative nudity.

Miss Mills must have *known* the effect she would have on him. It was simply a means of venting her sadism and demonstrating her absolute power over him. Oh what a terrible thing it was to be at the mercy of a woman who was both beautiful and cruel!

A sob shook Frank's body as he removed his hands from his buttocks and turned on his side again. He took hold of his rampant organ and the lust burnt through him more fiercely. This time, I'll think about caning *her*, he told himself. And, immediately he did so, he was lost. This time there would be no retreat. He would pump and pump to a thundering climax.

Now new images flooded his mind.

Miss Mills, naked and pleading, tied hand and foot to the stool.

Ah yes... yes!

She now as helpless as he had been.

Aaaaaaaahhhhhhh!

The soft flesh of her rounded rump, as yet unmarked, twitches and quivers.

Yes! Oh, yes! Oh what delight!

He takes up the cane, measures that shapely bottom.

Assaaaahhhh... aaaaahhhh!

After he had thrashed her he would fuck the arse off her! Give it to her good and hard! That is what she needed, the frustrated old maid!

Frank's hand raced to a furious climax.

"Oooowwwww!" he cried out as he suddenly spurted strongly. He was in a delirium of unrestrained lust. He could not recall a self-induced orgasm of such intensity before. His eyes were screwed tight and his teeth clenched as he jerked and jerked.

"Enjoy that, did you Frank?"

The words jerked him out of his post-orgasmic daze. That all-too-familiar voice pierced through into his fantasy world and rent it in twain; ripped it to shreds; destroyed it completely. through his lids.

The hair seemed to stand up stiff on his head, and an icy shaft ran from the nape of his neck right down his spine. It was rather like an electric shock running through him. Opening his eyes, Frank saw Miss Mills standing in the doorway. Her eyes were blazing, her mouth twisted in disgust.

But even in that moment of awful shock, such was the strength of Frank's lust that his hand continued to pump until the last drops had left him. Then his head slumped, and he moaned like someone

under torture. The aftermath of masturbation was always something of a let-down... but for it to conclude like this...

"Did you hear me?" Miss Mills's voice was like a whiplash.

"I... hha... I aaahh... j-just c-couldn't help it... M-Miss..." panted Frank. His voice sounded weak; like that of a snivelling boy.

"How dare you! How *dare* you! In *my* house! After you were caught once already, punished, and explicitly forbidden from doing it again!"

Miss Mills sounded and looked beside herself with rage.

"I'm s-sorry... I'm sorry, Miss," babbled Frank, pushing himself up on his knees.

Daggers of dread were knifing through his belly. Oh Christ... what was she going to do to him.

"You... d-don't under... understand m-men... Miss."

"*Understand!*" Miss Mills almost shrieked the word. "I *understand* only too well. That's why I spend so much of my time trying to control men's vile habits."

Frank's head slumped again and he found himself shivering as if with fever. It was out of sheer terror. He closed his eyes. I just can't take any more, he told himself. Simply not possible. Anything would be better at that moment. What little spirit he had had, he had lost with his semen. If she tried anything, he would simply have to disobey her. Resist her. Frank shivered even more, his mind veering panic-stricken away from the consequences.

Then a wet flannel hit him squarely in the face.

"Clean it all up, you revolting pig," rasped Miss Mills. "Then report to me in the punishment room. You know where that is by now, I think!"

Then she was gone as suddenly as she had arrived.

Wearily, wincing with pain, Frank scrambled about, wiping the floor, hoping he was getting every drop. He did so through a sheen of tears. Oh how tired of this he was, his wretched new existence! And how humiliating to be caught out playing with himself like some schoolboy. And then to have to clear up his own mess...

Defeat seemed to rob Frank Briggs of what was left of his strength. Only with difficulty could he stand erect. Or partially erect. the pain and tightness across his rump made him crouch like some octogenarian as he half stumbled out of the room.

I just can't take any more pain this evening, Frank told himself. he actually whimpered at the very thought of the cane falling yet again over his agonised flesh. It would be *impossible* to endure.

Miserably, he made his way to the punishment room. Miss Mills wasn't there. Automatically, even without her there to tell him, he went and knelt in 'his' corner. And waited.

CANED ARSE, WHIPPED WILLY

He heard the door open, the clack of Miss Mill's heels. Automatically, he turned his head, and focused his eyes on her in fascinated dread. This was the woman who was going to make the coming minutes a living hell for him. Yet now she had a winsome smile on her fulsome lips.

"Eyes front!" she barked at him now.

He immediately got his face facing the wall again.

He heard the clack of her heels as she moved back and forth. One minute passed. Five. Then:

"Right wanker! Nose down, arse up — it's CANE time!"

He assumed the position. In his peripheral vision he could see here standing there, cane in hand. Oh no, oh no, not again!

CRACK!

The first stroke cut into the already tender flesh of his rump.

"Arruuooooo!"

"Oh don't be such a big sissy!" snarled Miss Mills contemptuously.

CRACK!

"Aaaaaahhhh! Ooo...Ooowwww..."

"Honestly!" tutted Miss Mills. "Perhaps its true what they say: perhaps wanking *does* de-man a fellow. It had certainly turned you into a right pansy, Frank Briggs!"

Oh, how could she say such things? Had she any idea of the pain she was inflicting. Frank said nothing, just crouched in his degrading posture, buttocks on fire, waiting for the next stroke.

Which soon came. Followed by nine more. It was agony. She stopped at twelve. He had hoped she would. Oh thank the stars, it was over — it was over! Not having been told to stand, he remained in position.

Idly, Miss Mills surveyed the weals across the buttocks of her 'summer slave', as she now thought of the hapless Frank Briggs. They were in neat, almost parallel lines. Expertly laid on, she reflected with a little feeling of satisfaction. But then, she had become a real expert in laying on the cane across many a muscular, well-defined rump. Just as, she pondered, many a 'boy guest' had become an expert in taking it. And now Frank was learning to take it. Did learning to take it make it easier? She hoped not!

"Right, wanker! Kneel erect! Hands on head! Legs wide!"

Frank Briggs did just as he was told. He watched as she put the cane away. Then, she took a curious little whip from a hook. Frank

hadn't seen the like of it before. It had a leather handle, and from this came several short thongs also of leather.

What was it for? Oh, she couldn't... his backside just couldn't take any more! He was about to protest, to plead, to beg, when the most chilling words he had ever heard her say seared into his mind:

"This Frank, is my willy whip! It is the last resort for naughty boys who just can't keep their hands off their private parts!"

Frank was stunned as the meaning of the words got through to him. He gawped at her. Then he found his voice.

"Oh, no! No!" Frank squealed and covered himself with his hands. He found himself begging incoherently, burbling nonsensical sentences.

"Kneel erect with hands on head!" barked Miss Mills. "Or I will strap you down to the whipping block, give you a *twenty-four* stroke thrashing, and *then* whip your cock and balls until you faint!"

Frank recovered enough of his senses to realise that he had absolutely no choice. With a involuntary, animal-like, groaning sob, he straightened up and put his hands on his head.

"Thrust your hips forward!" Miss Mills was relentless.

She savoured the moment, looking down at her wretched victim, kneeling naked before her, about to have his precious little plaything whipped red! Oh, how delicious!

She raised the martinet and flicked it across his flaccid penis. Frank gave a high-pitched squeal of pain and fear. Again the eight cruel leather thongs bit into his flesh. And again, and again, first this way, then that. Soon, tears were streaming down his face. He bumbled incoherently.

The whipping continued until Miss Mills felt that he was truly broken. And there was yet more to come! Fun as it was to punish wanking, Miss Mills preferred to deny a male altogether.

LOCKED IN CHASTITY

"I don't think you liked the willy whip, did you Frank?" sniggered Miss Mills.

Frank shook his head, sobbed out a "no, Mistress."

"Well, I've got one more little surprise for you," said Miss Mills.

She walked over to a cabinet, calling "get over here" over her shoulder.

Frank followed the seductively swinging hindquarters under the short red skirt, unable even then to check the instant surge of lust within himself. My God, he thought, it might be worth overpowering this woman, then raping her, even if it did mean life. After all, you might as well get that for real, rather than on a trumped up charge. Anyway with that little Hawkins bitch it had not been rape, not at all, the little tart had been gagging for it.

Then he managed to get a grip on himself. It was madness to think like that. He had to learn **control**. She had said so. And she had told him what she would do if he didn't.

"Now let me have a look at you. Bend over and touch your toes, Frank."

Obediently he did so. Best to do so at once without a protesting look or sound. The more submissive he was, the easier it would be. In one sense, anyway.

"Dear me! You are in a state back there! Still, you had it coming didn't you Frank?"

"Y-yes, yes Mistress," agreed Frank miserably.

A small cool hand ran over his tautened nates.

"Yes, that must be very painful. Though not as painful as getting another dozen from Miss Cane or Miss Tawse would be, eh Frank?"

"N-no, Miss."

"Haven't you forgotten something, Frank?"

He racked his brains. Of course!

"I beg pardon... Mistress," he said.

"That's better. Now straddle your legs, Frank."

He did so apprehensively. Then he cried out and jerked convulsively as he felt her grip him by the scrotum. Miss Mills giggled.

"I have you by the balls, Frank," she said possessively. "Both literally and metaphorically. How does that feel?"

"It... it f-frightens me, Mistress," answered Frank in a tight voice.

"It should do, Frank," said Miss Mills softly.

Then after a painful parting squeeze she released his balls and took hold of his flaccid, dangling penis. Frank gasped.

"Will you be playing around with this again?"

"Oh no! N-No... no, Mistress."

"Not lying to your Mistress, are you?"

"No, Mistress... I swear..."

It was true. Frank had resolved to leave himself well alone in future. He could not bear such another punishment.

"Good," said Miss Mills in an almost motherly way as she squeezed and fondled the length of his cock. Frank tried to ignore the sensation she was producing, clenched his teeth as he fought for control.

"Still, that doesn't mean you're going to escape punishment for what you do."

Frank began to sweat as he felt himself beginning to swell. Oh God... it was *uncontrollable*! When she did things like that. Didn't she understand.

"You've have got a hiding you'll remember for many a day, haven't you?"

"Y-yes, yes Ma'am."

You haven't forgotten my promise?"

"No... n-no... M-Mistress."

Frank was beginning to stiffen as well as thicken. And Miss Mills was actually beginning to manipulate his organ. Actually to play with him!

"You *are* a randy swine, aren't you?"

"M-Mistress... please... Mistress... I can't h-help it... I can't sto-stop it... when you do that..." How unfair to be punished for that, right at the start of the day!

"You can't stop it whether I do this or not, it seems," said Miss Mills with another giggle. She had begun to stroke Frank more vigorously. He moaned and his thighs quivered as he strove to resist his mounting desires.

"It's alright," added Miss Mills, much to his relief, "let it come right up. I know what I am doing. You think this is the first hard-on I have had in my fist? Stand up straight."

With a groan, Frank stood up and quickly came to full erection under Miss Mills's continuing ministrations. She was smiling mockingly, teasingly at him, her face quite close to his. He caught the scent of her, saw right down the exciting plunge of her cleavage. Deliberately, she was provoking him to the limit. In a way, challenging him; showing her command over him. *She* was permitted to bring him to erection; yet he was not permitted to bring himself to one! Frank felt more like an animal, or even an object, rather than a human being.

"P-Please... Mistress... please... I c-can't hold on... m-much longer."

For a few more moments, Miss Mills continued, smiling all the time. Then she withdrew her hand and Frank was left with a solid, throbbing organ projecting in front of him, stiff and erect.

"That's quite a whopper, isn't it?" said Miss Mills.

"I... Y-yes... Mistress... I suppose..."

Suddenly Frank saw a tape measure in her hand.

"Well let's see, shall we?" said Miss Mills with a laugh. Then she quickly encircled his organ with the measure. "umm-hummm..." she murmured. Then she measured the length, from root to phallic head. "Ah-hah..." she murmured again. "Good, I think we can fit you nicely."

What the hell did that mean?

"Not a bad size at all, Frank. Shame you won't be using it..." she continued, vaguely.

Frank's imagination at once conjured up an implied threat. She couldn't be... oh, she couldn't... could she? He gawped up at her,

fearing the worst. But no, she couldn't... she *couldn't*...

He waited there meekly while Miss Mills left the room again, heart thumping with panic. What game was she playing? One he couldn't win, anyway. A taunting game, most likely. A fucking prick-teaser, that's what she was! His erect prick stood out as solid as ever. My God, he thought, I'd like to make use of that!

Hey, perhaps that was it? Perhaps... just perhaps... she'd let him... give her one! Maybe... it could be... she was a woman after all... she must be at least a little tempted by it? He had a good rod on him, he knew that. Desire surged even more strongly through him. Oh dear God, let it be so!

Then Miss Mills came back, carrying an ice-bag.

"This should get you back under control, you randy sod!"

She crushed the freezing bag to his genitals. With a gasping sob, Frank felt the sudden chill. In a matter of moments, he had begun to subside. Then he saw that Miss Mills was playing with some kind of steel ring, twisting it round and round her finger.

"I have come to a decision, Frank," she said. "It is that, at the moment, you are quite incapable of controlling yourself voluntarily. So you will be *forced* to control yourself."

Down... down... down went the softening flesh; until it hung flaccid, still thick but soft now.

What did she mean? Forced? How? A chill of horror went suddenly through him. He *knew* how.

Miss Mills was still smiling. Smiling happily and sadistically. "That's right, Frank," she said, "I think you've guessed it."

She moved swiftly and took Frank's slack penis in her hand. The next instant he felt the chill of steel about his organ. It was encircled

just below the phallic head by a slim ring... a ring that Miss Mills then tightened by means of a small screw.

Frank cried out. It was an animal-like cry of primitive dread.

"It will be better in a moment," said Miss Mills calmly. "You're still a bit 'full of yourself', Frank, so to speak!."

"Oh... oohh... God..." gasped Frank, clasping his hands into his belly and leaning forward. Slowly, slowly, the tight-gripping pain of the steel ebbed as he subsided even more. Back to normality, in fact.

"There," smiled Miss Mills with a complacent smile, "that's alright now, isn't it?"

Frank could only nod his head. The implications of what had been done to him were all too clear. He had but to get the suggestion of an erection and he would feel the cruel bite of that steel ring! An agonising bite that would subdue him very rapidly. Yet... oh yet... how was he going to be able to stop himself reacting to the provocations which Miss Mills was constantly presenting to him? Why did she dress so provocatively? She was no spring chicken, but she still had a good figure, and in that gear... Oh! A great, shuddering sob came up from Frank's depths. The cruelty of what this woman had done to him was almost unbelievable! Now she had *complete* power over him in every sense of that word.

"OK then, Frank?" she said, with malicious laughter in her eyes. "No more trouble with your randiness now, eh? Get a little excited feeling... and right away you get a very painful feeling. Maybe, after a while, you'll learn to control yourself without the ring. But that remains to be seen."

Frank covered his face with his hands. He was near to a flood of tears. Like a woman — or a schoolgirl...

"Oh God..." he moaned, "what have I done, to deserve this?" "I made a mistake, that's all... a mistake... she told me she was of

age...”

Miss Mills just smiled and smiled as she gazed upon her victim. Now, more than ever, he was in her power.

“You don't seem very happy, Frank,” she remarked with a cruel smile.

“I'm not... oh I'm not, Mistress... oh h-have mercy on me.”

“We can't all be happy all the time, Frank,” Miss Mills rejoined patronisingly.

“P-Please... please.” Frank clasped his organ, “please take this thing off.”

“What did I say about touching yourself when you are in my home?” demanded Miss Mills with sudden sharpness.

Frank removed his hand as if his organ were red hot.

“P-Pardon... I beg pardon, Mistress,” he whimpered abjectly.

“I should think so too,” said Miss Mills primly. “I'll overlook your error on this occasion. And that thing is on you *for your own good*. Don't forget that. Otherwise say you would be getting a good hiding from me about every half an hour! Am I right?”

Frank hung his head. She was right, of course. But for the cold, cruel bite of that ring, he would be going about the house with a hard-on most of the time. How could he help doing anything else?

“You won't be sticking your ‘rod’ up any more young girls, that's for sure. In fact you won't be doing much of anything with it,” Miss Mills continued, gloating.

“Occasionally” — she drew the word out, emphasising it, savouring it — “*Occasionally* I might unlock you and let you play with yourself,

just for my amusement. That will be nice, won't it Frank? Something for you to look forward to!"

Frank hung his head in silence. Miss Mills exulted in his utter humiliation.

"And now, there are floors for you to scrub! I want every one spotless before you turn in for the night!"

With a bucket of cold water and an old rag, Frank spent the evening on all fours, scrubbing and scrubbing and scrubbing...

Late that night, back in his dark cell, Frank Briggs contemplated a bleak future. Either he endured weeks and maybe months of pain and humiliation at the hands of this crazy teacher or he risked being charged with rape. Statutory rape. Christ! He'd be eaten alive inside. Either alternative was hideous to contemplate.

Was there no way out?

TO BE CONTINUED

This book's code is: hYmBosqxVR

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