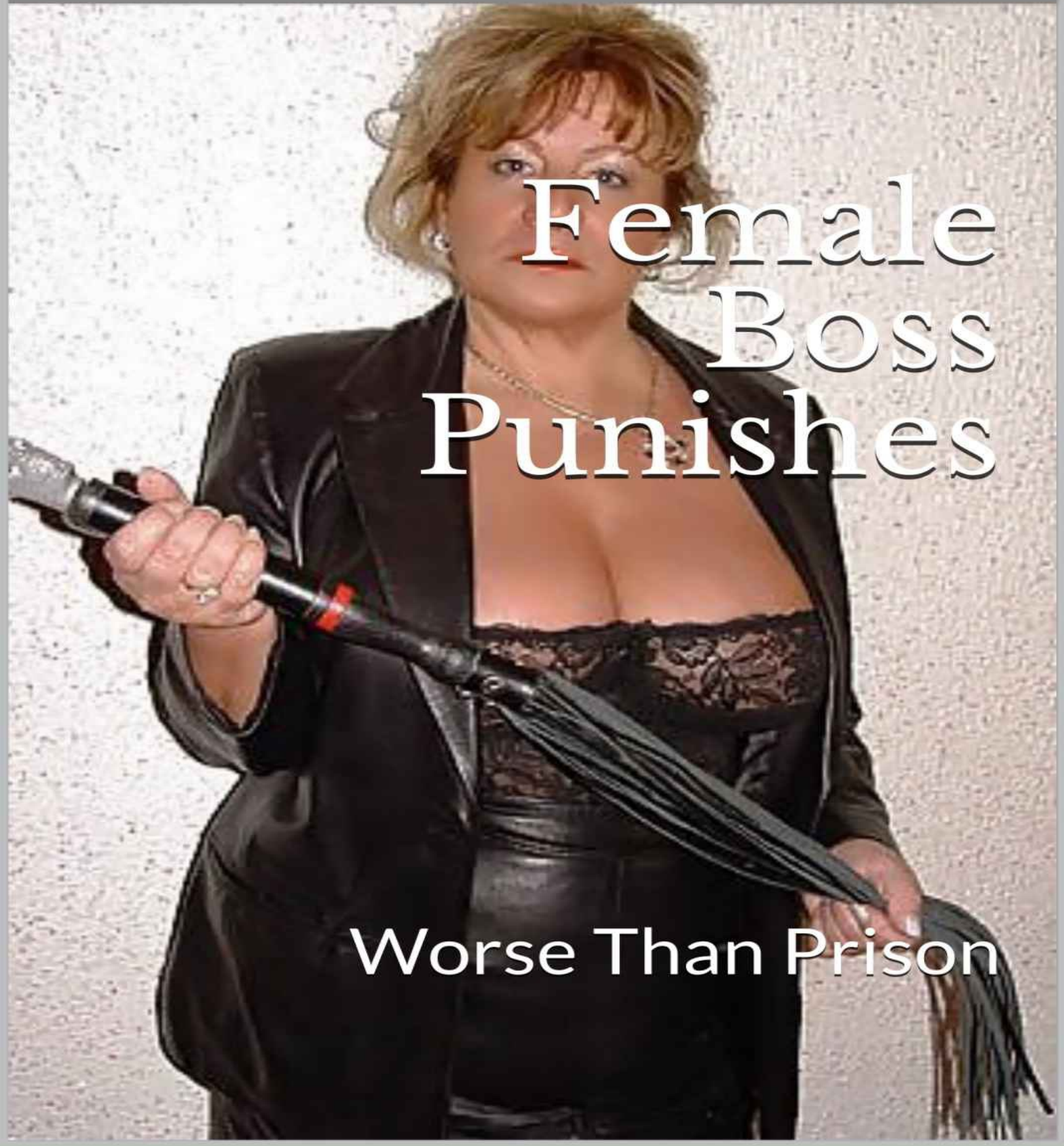


Miranda Birch

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a black leather jacket over a black lace top, is holding a black whip with a red handle. She is looking directly at the camera with a serious expression. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

Female Boss Punishes

Worse Than Prison

Female Boss Punishes

Worse Than Prison

By [Miranda Birch](#)

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A young man caught defrauding his firm by his older female boss thinks he has chosen the soft option when she offers to deal with his crime herself rather than calling in the police. But all too soon he is forced to revise his opinion. The young fraudster is soon stripped naked and feeling the first lashes from the whip of this dominant, mature female! He has never been to prison, but could it be any worse than this?

Previously available as three separate short stories, “The Soft Option”, “Worse Than Prison”, “No Escape”, now all three parts have been revised and published as one book.

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Chapter One: The Soft Option

The BMW was warm and comfortable as it finally broke through London's Friday traffic and headed west for Buckinghamshire. At least, it was warm and comfortable for Virginia Forbes, who sat at the wheel, with the radio playing and the heater on. For Nigel Cuthbertson, lying in the dark in the boot, his wrists handcuffed behind his back, it was not so comfortable.

Nigel could scarcely believe this was happening. The day before, he had been a middle-ranking employee of Forbes & Parker, one of the largest companies in its industry sector in the country. Virginia Forbes was Chairwoman and Managing Director of said company. Now, he was an ex-employee, with the threat of criminal prosecution hanging over his head. It had all been so sudden, so unexpected. He cursed himself for not having been more careful.

Nigel had to admit it: he had been at fault. He had abused his responsibility as buyer by taking cut-backs from suppliers. A lot. How Virginia Forbes found out he would never know. One of the bastards must have 'shopped' him, he reckoned. Anyway, she had found out.

She had called him in to her office, confronted him with the irrefutable evidence, and told him she was calling the police. Nigel had almost wept as she picked up the phone.

From being right on top of his game, with plenty of cash in his pocket, a company car, a decent flat, and a promising future with a growing company, he was suddenly faced with nothing but unemployment, disgrace, penury — and prison. Especially prison.

“Please, Ms Forbes,” he had pleaded. “Haven't I been a good servant of the company for three years? I know I made some bloody good deals. You said so yourself more than once. O.K., what I did wasn't exactly ethical, but lots of buyers do it. It's more like a a perq...”

“Mine don't!” she had interrupted.

“And it wasn't ‘a perq’ as you call it, it was stealing. Stealing that went on over years. We aren't talking about one ill-advised acceptance of a bribe; this was a regular occurrence. I have the figures here. No, I'm afraid I have no option but to fire you for gross misconduct, and to inform the police. No doubt they will want to take matters further.”

“For Heaven's sake give me a chance! It's the beginning of my career. I'm only 26. You'll ruin my life...”

“You should have thought of that before you started cheating,” she had said flatly.

“Please... please show me some compassion. Have you never done anything illegal in your business life?”

“Never! How dare you suggest such a thing! We don't all share your lack of morality, to say nothing of your poor judgement. Don't insult my intelligence with such stuff. I suppose next you're going to start on about your poor wife and kids.”

“I... I haven't got either, Ms Forbes.”

“Ahhh... have you not?” There had been a glint in her stony blue eyes. “So you are alone in the world, are you?”

“Well, yes... I suppose you could say that. My parents live up North, I don't seem them much...”

He stammered, halted, unsure of what to add that might possibly move her to leniency. He regarded his employer — former employer, rather. She was a woman of middle years, blonde and well-built without being exactly fat. She had inherited the Forbes part of Forbes & Parker when her father had died, and in a few short years, she had increased turnover remarkably. She was no blonde airhead, that was for sure. She had a lot of respect in the company and indeed in the industry. Quite a powerful woman, in fact, was Ms Virginia Forbes. Not the sort of woman to get into trouble with.

He had quailed under her gaze. There was something about her eyes... Her next move had taken him completely by surprise. She put the phone down, and said:

“There is however an alternative. ”

Nigel's eyes had lit up. Maintaining her stern outward demeanour, she had continued:

“I could punish you myself. Give you a short sharp shock. Only if you agree, of course.”

Nigel had been confused.

“A short, sharp...?”

“Yes. I deal with you, or the police deal with you. Choose. Now.”

But of course he didn't really have a choice.

And now, here he was, handcuffed, in a car boot, being taken off to God only knew where by a woman who had the power to ruin him. He had thought he was taking the soft option. but now? He wasn't so sure.

At the wheel, Virginia Forbes hummed contentedly. She lit yet another cigarette from the dashboard lighter. How good it was to get out of London's traffic. How even better to know she had an idiot man trussed up in the boot! One she now had complete control over. She was just in the mood to give one of the male sex a good going-over. That, if the truth be known, was Virginia Forbes's particular predilection when it came to intercourse with the opposite sex; and she had power and money and influence enough to give full vent to her appetites. Quite a lot of the men she had enjoyed herself with were masochists, so they enjoyed themselves too, to some extent. That was unfortunate, from her point of view — her tastes focused more on making her victim do what he didn't want to do; but there it was. A minority were like Nigel Cuthbertson, now in the boot. He was no masochist, she was sure. He was the type she liked dealing with most of all. One so rarely got the chance. And now this little bird had fallen right into her lap.

How long shall I keep him at 'The Birches' she asked herself. Just the weekend? Or maybe for a week or two? He was so scared stiff of the situation he had got himself into, and particularly of the inevitable consequences if she did what she easily could do and informed the authorities, that she knew she would have no difficulty in keeping him there for quite a while. What a delicious thought! There was nothing quite so enjoyable as humbling — truly humbling — a young, ambitious and arrogant man. All of which Nigel Cuthbertson certainly was. Luckily he had no permanent ties — she had checked his personnel file. that avoided any possible complications. She could whip him raw and no one would be any the wiser. Certainly Mister Nigel Cuthbertson wouldn't go complaining to anyone. Ms Forbes smiled contentedly. I've got this bastard well and truly by the balls, she told herself.

"Get out... get out, you thieving swine!" Ms Forbes had a riding crop in her hand — she always kept one in the boot — and was lashing it across Nigel's jacketed back.

"Owww... ahhh... I c-can't... I'm too stiff... ahhhh... my wrists... oh, these things are cutting..."

"Can't?" Virginia's voice was scornful. "I'll remove that word from your vocabulary! Out, I say, out!" The crop lashed several times... and, howling, Nigel forced himself up over the edge of the boot and crashed down on to the gravel drive. He was panting, almost whimpering, feeling utterly unmanly. Virginia's high-heeled shoes gleamed under the BMW's rear lights.

"I don't want to hear the word 'can't' again from you this weekend. Up! On your feet... and into the house!"

Mind reeling, hampered by his hands cuffed behind his back, Nigel awkwardly rose to his feet. He still couldn't quite believe this was all happening to him. Had Virginia Forbes gone mad? How could a woman behave so? How could she treat another human being — a colleague — so? It was all crazy.

"Yaaiiieee... aaagggghhh!" Ms Forbes's pointed toe had caught him sharply in the cleft of his rump. Oh, it hurt! He almost collapsed to the gravel again. "I said — into the house," came that relentless voice from above. Nigel staggered on towards the curving steps which fronted the darkened mansion.

Good grief! What had he let himself in for? He had agreed to accept Ms Forbes's punishment rather than let the law take its course. It had seemed to him it would be bound to be easier. But his doubts about the "soft option" were growing by the minute. It just seemed to get worse and worse.

Once in the house, she un-cuffed his hands, then she took a seat, and pointed silently at a spot on the floor before her. He moved to it, and stood there, wondering with mounting apprehension what on Earth was likely to happen next.

"Strip."

"What?" That had come out of left field.

“Are you stupid as well as dishonest? I said strip.”

“But that's... I can't...”

“Oh, sod it, to Hell with you, I'll let the Old Bill deal with it...”

A telephone sat on a small table beside her chair. She raised the receiver.

“No!”

Nigel began to disrobe. She tapped her riding crop against the chair leg impatiently, watching him. As he undressed, his mind was racing. He... he wasn't here just for a bit of the old slap and tickle, was he? That would be... well, she was bit older, but Nigel supposed he could manage. And if that was all it was, well...

“There is a roll of plastic bin bags in the hall. Get one, put your clothes inside, give it to me.”

He went, got a bag, stuffed his clothes into it, handed it to her. She gave the neck of the bag a twist and dropped it by her side.

Now he stood stark naked before her. There was disdainful amusement in her eyes.

“Stop slouching. Stand to attention while I'm speaking to you!”

He straightened up, put his arms straight by his sides. Her cold, blue eyes wandered over him, callous and indifferent.

Nigel realised that he was afraid of this woman. And, he thought with a sinking feeling, it definitely wasn't a bit of “how's your father” that interested her. Her eyes alone made that very clear.

“I'll have you know, Cuthbertson,” she said, “that I don't like men.”

He could feel the goose-pimples rise on his skin. What was she going to do to him? He felt so damned vulnerable, standing there starkers in front of her. What should he say? Anything?

“S-sorry...” he muttered.

“Don't be sorry, you great ninny! I *enjoy* not liking men.” She smiled — but only with her wide painted mouth; her eyes were cold. “As a matter of fact, I eat boys for breakfast. Boys like you...”

Nigel had a sudden sense of dread. This woman was something else entirely. He'd heard of this sadistic stuff, dominas and chains and whips and so on. But surely it was just for the sad old dirty mac brigade, leafing through porno mags in grotty shops in Soho; and for kinky MPs who paid loads of cash to have their backsides whipped by leather-clad call-girls. It didn't go on in ordinary life, did it? With respectable businesswomen like this? Nigel began to feel the fear of uncertainty, of really not knowing what would happen next. Was he in the hands of a mad woman?

“Wh-what are you going to d-do?” he stammered.

Ms Forbes's wide mouth broke into a smile. “Do?” she chortled. “Nothing. It is you who are going to do the doing.”

“I... I don't understand...”

Ms Forbes sat suddenly erect, a freezing look on her features.

“Then listen while I *make* you understand! You are now my prisoner. You will be staying here for the whole weekend. Maybe longer, if I so decide. You are going to obey every order I give you. If you do not, you will suffer for it. Putting it shortly, you are my slave!”

Nigel felt shocked and numb. “S-slave?” he queried.

Her lip curled.

“You know the meaning of the word, I suppose?”

“Yes... yes... of course I do...”

“Well then you'll know that a slave is a person who is owned. Who is used. Who obeys his owner. Who is punished if he does not. That is *you* from this moment on, Cuthbertson. It is the price you are paying for your crimes. Understood?”

“Yes... yes... I suppose so...” Nigel's throat was dry; he felt a hollow feeling in the pit of his stomach; he was scared out of his skin. This formidable woman meant what she said. No doubt about it.

“From now on you will address me as ‘Mistress’,” she said, standing back. “Got that?”

Nigel nodded. “Yes...” he said unhappily.

At once he got a staggering blow in the midriff that took him completely by surprise. It knocked all the breath out of him. He panted and groaned with the pain and shock of it, and anger surged through him. The bitch!

“I said, from now on,” rasped Ms Forbes.

“Oh God... that hurt...” Nigel half sobbed, doubled up. Then he saw the glint in Ms Forbes's eyes and the fist going back again. “Mistress!” he cried out.

“Get on your knees. Apologise.”

Nigel sank to his knees, filled with self-pity. How could a young woman treat a man like this?

“I... I'm sorry, Mistress” he found himself saying.

“I should hope so, too.” Ms Forbes stretched and yawned. “Now, listen to me. Tomorrow, you're

going to be put to work. But, as I'm tired, I can't be bothered with you now. I'll just lock you up for the night." Nigel blinked. He was coming to realise that this woman's punishment might be far worse than that of the law. Still, there was not much he could do about that now. Attack her, perhaps? Run off with her car?

As if reading his thoughts, Virginia Forbes spoke.

"Don't even think about trying anything on. That you're a liar and a cheat has been established. Don't add stupid to the list. I have told a good friend of mine in the Met what I have planned for you."

She smirked unpleasantly.

"Well, more or less."

Nigel flinched inwardly at the look on her face.

"If I don't phone in regularly," she continued, "she'll have some of the local boys round here with a tip that a psychotic rapist has carried out a home invasion. It'll be your word against mine. Want to add assault and attempted rape to the fraud charges? No? Thought not."

Nigel shuddered. He was sure she was not bluffing.

"R-right, OK..."

"You pillock!" said Ms Forbes and lashed the crop across his flanks. The pain was agonising and, with a yell, he clasped the freshly-raised weal. "You've forgotten already?"

Forgotten? What did she mean? Ah yes. "Mistress", he said. Ms Forbes nodded.

"If you forget again, I'll give you half a dozen like that," she said. She means it, she really does! Nigel's mind was in a whirl. All this was quite unbelievable. But it was actually happening. Fear began to seep up inside him.

"In fact, I am going to give you half a dozen now," she said calmly.

He gaped at her.

"Turn round, bend over. To make it easy for you, you can hold on to the back of the chair. I want you to count each stroke, and thank me for it."

Was the woman mad?

THWACK!

Nigel had never been beaten before. The pain was intense, like nothing he could have imagined.

"Argh! One. Th-thank... thank you, Mistress."

THWACK!

“Ooow-eeeh! Two! T-thank... thank you, Mistress.”

THWACK!

At the third stroke, he jerked up desperately, hands flailing behind him to try and protect his rump.

“Oh, please, that's enough, it's too much!”

“Silence! Get back in position! If you break position again, I shall start all over again!”

With a wretched choking sigh, he bent back down. Desperately he gripped the chair.

“Now, you're getting that one again.”

“And do hold on to the back of the chair, it will help,” she added, in a matronly tone.

THWACK!

“Ooowwww! Three! Thank you, Mistress, yes Mistress!”

“This, Nigel, will help you to follow the rules, won't it?”

THWACK!

“Argggghhh! Four! T-thank... thank you, Mistress.”

THWACK!

“I said, won't it?”

“Aiieeeeeee! F-five! Thank you, Mistress. Yes, Mistress, it will Mistress.”

THWACK!

“Aggggcchhh! Six! Th-thank... thank you, Mistress.”

It was over. He remained where he was, sobbing, more with humiliation than pain.

“Oh, stop snivelling. And stand up.”

He straightened up, hands gingerly on his stinging, throbbing rump.

“Follow me,” she ordered crisply, fur coat swirling as she turned.

Nigel followed. What else could he do? Ms Forbes led him right through the house, through a door at the back and led him out into the grounds. He shivered. It was a very clear night, with a

full moon and a hint of frost. Where was she taking him? She strode purposefully down a dirt track in the overgrown garden, simply assuming that he would follow. He did. Then, looming up in the moonlight, he saw a spooky-looking timber-built building — a large shed.

“That's where you're spending the night, slave,” said Ms Forbes, pointing with her crop.

“You... don't mean it! I... I'll freeze to death...”

And of course, he had forgotten again.

“I did warn you, slave,” replied Ms Forbes, with a little laugh. “I think another half a dozen.”

“No! I'm sorry... Mistress... Mistress.”

How stupid of him to forget. Yet it was so easy to do. He wasn't used to this absurd situation. Shivering with cold and dread, he heard Ms Forbes laugh again. The next moment, red-hot pain blazed across his buttocks. He howled. Never had he imagined a simple crop could hurt so much.

“Over you go. You don't have to count this time.”

Hopelessly, he bent, offering his naked buttocks to the rod. Again, again so soon, it came swishing down.

Again! Then again!

“Stop! Stop it! YYYeeeeeeoooww!” The fourth stroke bit. Agony... agony!

“Perhaps this will teach you to remember in future, slave!” came Ms Forbes's voice. She sounded positively happy.

“I... I'm sorry... Mistress... no more... no more!”

Ms Forbes gave him two more whip-lashing cuts and there he was, literally sobbing as he bent, humiliated, shivering in the cold.

“What a wimp you are,” sneered Ms Forbes. “Just a touch of the crop and I do believe you're blubbing. Are you a man or what?”

Just a touch! Is that what she called those six blazing wires of pain? All the same, he gritted his teeth, and got some kind of grip on himself. You couldn't break down in front of a woman.

“On your knees.”

Nigel went down, knees to the leaf-covered earth. “Kiss it, slave.” He saw the flexible rod swaying before his face. Feeling the utter humiliation of it, he kissed it. He knew, almost blindingly, at that moment, that this woman really did have him in her power. He shivered again not just outwardly but now deep inside. What on earth had he let himself in for?

Still on his knees, eyes cast down, he heard a key turning, then the creaking of a door swinging

open. "Get in there, you thieving bastard," barked Ms Forbes. Nigel stumbled up, bending forward, wincing with pain. "In!" came the repeated order and, this time, Ms Forbes emphasised it by kicking Nigel hard in the cleft of his buttocks. It was like a knife going into him, robbing him of breath. As he fell to the earth floor, groaning, the door slammed behind him and was locked.

The cold overwhelmed him; his teeth chattered. Nigel, filled with pain of two differing kinds, moaned despairingly. He couldn't stand this! He couldn't! He would have to get out of there. But after much scrabbling hopelessly about in the dark, he had to admit that it was impossible to do any such thing. The shed was more like a little one-room house, very sturdily built. He wasn't getting out of here unless someone unlocked the door. And that someone would be Ms Forbes — no-one else even knew he was here, he suddenly realised.

In the course of barking his shins on a variety of objects as she stumbled around in the dark, he had come across something that appeared to be a low bench covered with sacking. Now, with another groan, he slumped down upon it. He managed to pull some of the sacking loose and drape it over him. Gradually he warmed up enough to stop his teeth chattering.

Overwhelmed with self-pity, Nigel cursed the day he had got the job at Forbes & Parker... and first set eyes on Virginia Forbes. how could this ghastly thing be happening to him? He ran his fingers over the ridged weals which the crop had raised on his buttocks. My God, how they hurt! he'd do a lot to avoid that crop again, he knew that sure. He must remember to call her 'Mistress', demeaning as it was. And to obey without question, demeaning as that was. But what did humiliation matter compared with such pain?

After what seemed like hours, Nigel finally fell asleep. He slept only fitfully, frequently woken by the cold. And every time he awoke, his imagination ran riot trying to anticipate what lay in store for him in the weekend which lay ahead. Weekend? She'd said it could be longer. Oh God! It was like a nightmare.

But it wasn't. It was real. And it was far from over.

Chapter Two: Worse Than Prison

Nigel woke up cold and stiff. Cold, stiff, and in some pain. The weals which Virginia Forbes had raised the previous evening still smarted painfully. He rubbed his eyes. It was just so hard to believe. A few days before, he had been an employee of Ms Forbes company, Forbes & Parker. And now he was her 'slave', as she put it, held as a naked captive in a wooden shack on the grounds of her country home. He had to admit he'd been in the wrong. Rightly, he should have been formally charged. As it was, she'd given him this alternative — of becoming her personal prisoner at 'The Birches'. It had been the soft option — or so he had thought. Now, after a terrible evening and a terrible night, he was beginning to have second thoughts. Perhaps letting the law take its course had been the wiser choice.

He levered himself stiffly off the bench on which he had spent the night, covered with some old sacking. He was shivering. He was miserable, cold and hungry. This was worse than any police cell! Gingerly, he fingered the welts across his buttocks. Ow! They stung. She had laid that bloody crop on hard enough. All because he had forgotten to call her 'Mistress'. Well, he would not forget to do *that* again in a hurry. Mistress, Mistress, Mistress!

What time was it, anyway? Nigel could see daylight through cracks in the timbers of the shack which was now his cell, but that did not mean much. It could be dawn, it could be mid-morning. It seemed unlikely it could be afternoon; he could not have slept that long in his uncomfortable condition. He would just have to wait until his 'owner', as she styled herself, collected him. Nigel realised that he was hungry. Nothing to eat since when? Lunch yesterday. Naked, cold, and hungry. Wormwood Scrubs would be more comfortable. Yes, for a weekend; but two or three years of it? She had said the weekend, hadn't she? Hadn't she?

His ears pricked as he thought he heard noise outside. Yes, the crunching leaves, footsteps? The noise came closer. Then, a key turned in the lock of the hut's door, and the door was flung open. Light streamed in and there in the light stood Virginia Forbes. No! Not 'Virginia Forbes', he told himself. Mistress! Mistress! Get it right!

"On your knees, slave!" her voice boomed in the confined space.

Nigel at once sank down onto his knees. Now, stay cool, and play it just the way she wants, he thought.

"I trust you had a pleasant night, slave?"

Eh? How could he have had... Careful, though.

"Er,... y-yes, Mistress..." Nigel ventured. Just make it through the weekend, old chap!

Ms Forbes laughed. Not a pleasant laugh.

"I'll bet you did," she sneered. "Right, you've lounged about long enough. There's work to be done. Follow me."

She strode off.

“No, no, Cuthbertson. On your hands and knees, as befits a slave.”

Miserably, he crawled after her. It was by no means warm, the goose-bumps rose on his skin. It was alright for her, in her bloody fur coat.

Once in the house, more orders came, thick and fast.

“Get yourself cleaned up, slave, and look snappy about it. Then, I will want my breakfast. I'm going back to bed. My room is on the first floor, second on the left.”

“Er, um, what does Mistress want for breakfast”, Nigel stammered.

“Scrambled egg on toast; with crispy bacon. Coffee and tomato juice. Don't be too long about it.” Virginia swept out of the room and up the stairs. Nigel headed wretchedly for the kitchen. He had never been very good in the domestic field.

With that, she stalked off.

Some twenty minutes later, Nigel was carrying a laden tray up the stairs to Madame's bedroom. He was not not too confident with the results of his culinary efforts in the kitchen, but it was the best he could do. In the meantime, ravenous, he had himself breakfasted on half a loaf of bread, dry bread, all he could find that he was pretty sure wouldn't be missed. Now, with trepidation, he knocked on the door.

“Come...” Oh how imperious!

Nigel entered and was both startled and excited to see Ms Forbes sitting up in bed reading a newspaper. She appeared to be quite naked. Nigel, absurdly in his situation, had eyes only for her breasts. How big and ripe they were. Not bad at all for a big old bird. Perhaps there was some way out of this. A sexual way? One never quite knew with women. Even kinky women. Oh yes, they were super tits!

“You took your time, slave!” Cold blue eyes flashed dangerously.

“I... I'm sorry, Mistress. I'm not used to... to this sort of thing.”

“Then the sooner you get used to it the better. For your sake.” snapped Ms Forbes. She regarded the tray with a look of distaste. “Egg over-cooked, bacon under-cooked. Take it away, imbecile. leave the tomato juice and coffee. You can hardly have made a mess of those.”

“I beg pardon, Mistress. I t-tried,” Nigel stammered. He had resolved to try his best to get in her good books, if he could. Surely she would soften if she could see he was trying hard?

“Like most men,” said Virginia, “you're utterly useless. But, believe me, you are going to improve. I am going to ensure that!”

Nigel felt a shiver of dread go through him. She really meant it. But how could he improve? If

you didn't know anything about something, how could you improve? But in this ghastly new kind of world, he would just *have* to. Because if he didn't, she would thrash him. Simple as that.

"Yes...yes... Mistress," replied Nigel as meekly as he could manage.

Virginia sipped her tomato juice. "Have you eaten anything, slave?" she asked. Nigel thought it wiser to tell the truth.

"Yes...yes, Mistress... I had some dry bread..."

"Dry bread?" Her eyebrows went up. "Light-fingered is as light-fingered does, eh? Let me tell you now what you should already know. In this house, you eat what you are given, when you are given it, and that is all you eat. Got it?"

"I... I beg pardon, Mistress..."

"Well you might. Now, go into my bathroom and clean it thoroughly. You will cleaning materials in the cupboard in the corridor. Get yourself a bucket and rag. You will fill the bucket with cold water. Then you will scrub everything in that bathroom until it is shining. In an hour's time, when I think I shall be about ready, run me a bath. Let me make one thing absolutely clear so that even a light-fingered idiot like yourself understands. If that bathroom is not cleaned to my satisfaction, you will suffer for it!"

Ms Forbes raised the crop which lay on her night table. Nigel flinched. Bloody Hell, she even slept with the thing!

"Get out... and get on with it." Virginia sipped again at her tomato juice and returned her attention to the newspaper she held.

Bemused and bewildered, Nigel went into the corridor, located the cupboard, got a bucket and rag, and went into the bathroom. It was big, but, this being a country house, by no means as up-to-date as one you would have found in a modern flat. It was untidy and dirty, too. Looked as though it hadn't been touched by a cleaning hand in a month.

And he was to get it shining with cold water and bloody rag! Nigel didn't know much about cleaning bathrooms, but he was pretty clear there was all sorts of fancy stuff you could use. Toilet Duck, that was the ad on the telly, wasn't it? But none of that for him. Sighing, he got on his hands and knees, dipped the rag in the bucket, and got to work.

He could never have imagined work could be so arduous. The worst of it was, all the effort was pointless. With proper cleaning materials he could have done the job in a tenth of the time and a fraction of the effort. And to think of Virginia bloody Forbes, just lying there at her ease. Thinking of Ms Forbes in bed took his thoughts those big ripe breasts he had seen earlier. But he had to stop his thoughts from heading in that direction. With another self-pitying sigh, he went on with what he had been ordered to do.

At last, Nigel thought he had got the floor as clean as it was going to get. He got off his aching knees, and made a start on the bath. That was tough. The dirt seemed engraved on it.

Then his blood froze. There was the click-click of high heels approaching. Then Virginia swept in, riding crop in hand. "You can run my bath now, slave" she rapped out.

Nigel rose stiffly to obey, while Virginia cursorily inspected his efforts. "You have a lot to learn, slave" she said sharply. "Effort... that is what I demand from you. This place is nowhere near clean."

"M-Mistress... it's not possible..." began Nigel. Icicles seemed to be crawling through his entrails. Virginia had the crop with her.

"Don't argue with me!" she cut him off. "Just obey! If you had put your back in to it, not to mention a bit of elbow grease, you would be finished and the room would be clean. But it seems you must learn the hard way..."

"Mistress... I tried... I really tried..."

"Silence! Get yourself over that toilet seat. Then learn, when I tell you to clean a part of my house, you do so!"

She meant it, she really did! She was crazy! A she-devil! With a sob of helplessness, Nigel slumped over the lavatory seat... and screamed as the crop lashed down across his rump.

Once... twice... three... four times.

He took four, but then couldn't stand it any more. He clasped desperately at her legs. Begging. Crying out, more like a boy than a man. But she had him under her thumb. Orders were rapped out.

"Lick that floor..."

He looked up at her in dumb puzzlement. And got another cut for his pains, this one across his back.

"Lick! If you won't use a rag, you'll tongue it clean!"

Another cut.

"Ahh...mercy... Mistress... I can't do any better..."

"You can! And will!" Another agonising slice of the crop. "Now get that tongue to work, floor, then bath. Get on with it, slave."

"Yes... ahhh.... yes... Mistress... but please... please... no more... crop! I'll lick... yes, I'll lick..."

Nigel did indeed lick. As though his life depended on it. Smiling in smug triumph, Virginia looked down at him. This was how she liked to have a man. A whimpering wreck, snivelling to do her bidding. A cringing, grovelling slave. The sheer joy of it filled her. And to think, this weekend had only just begun!

She gave her latest victim another vicious cut across his rump and ordered him to run her bath. He meekly did so.

“This, slave,” she said, holding up a whistle which she had on a cord round her neck, “is a whistle.” She blew it. “When you hear that sound, you come running. It is up to you to find out where it is coming from.”

Nigel nodded dumbly. She slapped his face.

“Y-yes, Mistress!” he blurted out at once.

Ms Forbes smiled coldly. Her training was taking hold; slowly, but taking hold!

“I will take my bath now. you will stand in the corridor until you are summoned.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Run along then, boy.”

“Yes Mistress”.

She watched him scurry out. First a nice bath, and then there were plenty of other tasks she had in mind for Nigel Cuthbertson. He was going to rue the day he had stolen from her!

Nigel stood miserably in the corridor, wondering how life could possibly get any worse.

Then the whistle blew.

Ms Forbes, shrouded in towels, stalked out of the bathroom just as he reached the door.

“Get it tidied up in there”, she ordered curtly, jerking her head at the open door of the bathroom.

“Yes Mistress”, Nigel said meekly. He had only just cleaned the bloody place!

After a few minutes of folding towels, wiping up spilled talcum powder, and such, Nigel heard a blast on the whistle. He hurried out of the bathroom. Downstairs, was it? It blew again. Yes. He ran down the stairs, then... he stood in the corridor, waiting for another blast on the whistle.

“In here, slave,” came Virginia's domineering voice. He saw here through the open door of the kitchen. Nigel hurried over, through the kitchen and into a stone-floored, old-fashioned scullery.

“Get on your knees. From now on, you always fall to your knees when you enter my presence.”

Nigel sank down, and felt the hard, cold stone under his bare knees. His fear of this woman was growing by leaps and bounds. Originally he had fondly tried to believe that she was largely bluffing, even that she fancied him in some peculiar way. Now he knew that she meant everything she said about him being her slave.

“Earlier, slave, you stole some food. You are now going to be punished for that.”

“Oh no... oooo! Please... I was h-hungry... I didn't think...”

“Don't answer back!”

Ms Forbes rapped out and lashed the crop across Nigel's flank. He cried out, claspings at the new ridge of pain.

“Slaves don't think! They simply obey! Now, Cuthbertson. For stealing *again*, I'm going to give you six strokes.”

“Oh God... no... please... I've h-had enough!”

And Nigel Cuthbertson found himself grovelling on the cold floor, claspings at Virginia's boots.

“I c-can't stand it.”

“You can stand it... and a lot more, if necessary,” replied Virginia Forbes, coldly. “Now get your nose to those flag-stones, and your backside high in the air.”

“Mercy!” Nigel had never imagined that he would have to beg a woman for mercy. Then his hair was seized and his head yanked painfully up. Virginia's features, almost savage in their viciousness were close to his.

“I have had just about enough of this,” she said through grated teeth. “You will obey, and when you do not obey, you will be punished as hard and as often as I see fit.” She twisted his hair again, then released her grip. “Now! Nose down, arse up!”

Nigel felt hopeless despair. She meant it! And he had to do it! Groaning, almost sobbing, he presented his throbbing buttocks for this relentless martinet's attentions.

Each cut was a separate agony, the more so as they frequently crossed the still-painful marks left by those he had been given earlier. Each had him yelping and begging, as he scabbled about on the stony floor. Always he had to get his hindquarters up again. In the end, he was in tears. He saw Virginia looking at him derisively. “What a weakling you are,” she sneered. Weakling! Had she any remote idea how painful that crop was?

“Now, slave,” she continued, “on the floor you will see two bowls.”

She indicated with the tip of the crop. He looked, and saw on the floor two bowls, one containing water, the other some mushy-looking substance.

“They are for you. You will eat and drink from them, and only from them. You will always eat all the food in the bowl, but as little or as much water as you like. I hope I am making myself quite clear?”

“Yes, Mistress,” Nigel nodded miserably.

“The food in the bowl, on this occasion, is cold porridge. I want that bowl spotless. Come on, I haven't got all day!”

The crop tapped Nigel's bottom and he almost jumped out of his skin. Feeling sick to his stomach, he crawled to the food bowl and began to eat its cold, gooey contents. It was not easy and his face got covered in the stuff. He was not even that hungry, after the bread. But the frequent tap-tap of Virginia's crop drove him on. He took a while to get it all down. Then he licked and licked at the bowl until it was indeed spotless. Or virtually so. He was indeed learning the meaning of obedience! Miserably, he went to the other bowl and slurped up some water.

“Up!” came the command. He stood, staggering and wincing. Oh the pain!

Virginia burst out laughing. “My, my... what sight you are!”

She took him by the ear and dragged him towards an old-fashioned sink. She pushed his head under a tap. She turned the tap, and ice-cold water jetted fiercely into his face, making him choke and splutter. The utter indignity of it all burnt like a brand within him. Yet he dare not complain, nor do anything about it. He did not want to feel that crop again for quite some time. If ever!

She took him by the ear again, and lead him out into the hall. She stood him before the hall mirror.

“Just take a look at yourself.”

Nigel looked at the wretched figure in the mirror, stark naked, hair and face dripping wet. Next to it, holding it by the ear, was an elegant mature lady, her voluptuous body not particularly well concealed by her half-open house-coat. What a state he had got himself in to!

“Look at yourself! A naked slave! My naked slave!”

She laughed cruelly.

“Now you can go and tidy up my bedroom,” ordered his tormentress. “And you'd better make a good job of it. Off you go, chop chop!”

And Nigel — slave Nigel — with a humble “Yes, Mistress”, dutifully scurried up the stairs. But he was only half-way up when the whistle blew! He hurried back down.

“Yes Mistress?”

“You will prepare lunch when you're finished up there. And for your sake, you had better make a better job of it than you did breakfast. I will leave a note of what I want in the kitchen.”

“Yes Mistress.”

Nigel went wretchedly back up the stairs. How could she expect him to cook well? He had so little experience. But so unrelenting was this woman, he knew the only way was to learn fast.

Nigel found Ms Forbes's bedroom in a terrible state. Clothes and underclothes tossed everywhere. Lipstick daubs and powder all over her dressing table. It occurred to him that this shambles was certainly deliberate, but there was nothing he could do about it. And there was

certainly no one he could complain to!

As he hurried about the room, picked up the various intimate items, folding them carefully and putting them away, the angry red weals which Ms Forbes's crop had already raised that day throbbed intensely. His mind was in a turmoil. He still could not fully grasp it was all happening to him. A few days before, he had been a responsible young executive; now he was a slave! Ms Forbes treated him as though he literally belonged to her. He was utterly in her power. She could get him sent to gaol for years if he wished. There was no alternative but to obey. So there he was, a naked slave, struggling about his owner's bedroom, striving to get it in order, in fear of the whip, in dread of more pain.

The powder scattered on the floor proved a problem. In the end, a damp cloth took care of it. Better than having to lick it all up, as she had made him do in the bathroom! Another problem was the daubs of lipstick on the white dressing table. No matter how much he rubbed and rubbed, he could not seem to remove them entirely. Full of frustration and resentment, as well as fear, he toiled on, arms and back aching.

Nigel was quite spent when he had finally got things as neat and tidy as he felt he could. He looked around carefully, trying to find faults ... but he could see nothing wrong. He could only hope and pray Ms Forbes would not either. Such was the mental condition this powerful — and power-mad — woman had reduced him to in less than twenty-four hours.

Down the stairs he went. He was not finished yet, not by a long chalk. Now there was her lunch to prepare. Fury welled up in him at the thought of Ms Forbes taking her ease, while he was slaving away — literally slaving! But he could not allow himself to think like that. Through his own greed and folly, he had got himself into this mess — so he had got to go through with it. How long could a weekend last? It seemed to be taking forever. But it would come to an end. On Monday. By definition. Until then... Nigel gritted his teeth and went into the kitchen.

On the table was a piece of paper. “Menu for Lunch” it read.

“Vegetable Soup. Chicken Kiev, with boiled potatoes. Vanilla Ice Cream. Coffee. To be served at one in the small dining room.”

Nigel's heart sank. How, in God's name, was he supposed to prepare all that? It was madness to expect him to.

He glanced at the clock on the wall. It was already midday! Panic seized him. Ms Forbes did not accept excuses; she had both said it and demonstrated it. What was he to do? He would have given anything at that moment for a really stiff drink to calm his jittery nerves. No chance of that. If she gave half a dozen for a bit of dry bread, what would he get for pilfering the drinks cabinet?

Nigel looked around the kitchen, seeking some kind of inspiration. Today, he thought, there were such things as convenience foods, ready-prepared meals, were there not? Perhaps... Sure enough, he found a Chicken Kiev ready meal in the fridge, a tin of soup in a cupboard, and the freezer produced the ice cream. Right. Now just read the instructions, and Bob's your uncle. In theory.

He set to work, only to be interrupted almost at once by a shrill blast on Ms Forbes's blasted whistle. Hurrying towards it, he found her in the living room. She was sprawled on a sofa, still clad only in her underwear with her half-fastened housecoat over. She seemed just as unconcerned about the length of leg she was showing as she had done about baring her breasts to him in bed that morning. Nigel had earlier hoped that this was some sort of come-on. Now, it was humiliating to realise, slaves were quite unconsidered in such areas. He might as well have been a dog. She did not even look at him but went on reading a newspaper. Suddenly remembering, Nigel fell to his knees.

“Get me a drink, slave”.

“Yes, Mistress.” He waited, still on his knees.

“I'll have a dry Martini, lots of ice. The drinks cabinet is in that far alcove.”

Nigel got off his knees. He was on safer ground with drinks than with food. He shook up his usual measures, poured into an ornate crystal glass, and carried the drink across on a small silver tray — an inspiration of which he was rather proud. He thought it best to go to his knees as he served it. There he remained for several minutes, impatient to get back to the kitchen, before Ms Forbes stretched out a languid arm. She still had not looked at him.

She sipped the drink. Then she put the glass back on the tray. “Put down the tray.” she said in a calm, level voice. Nigel put down the tray — and at once got a stinging back-hander across his face. “That's too strong,” said Ms Forbes, still in the same even tones. Nigel fought to keep his rage in check. The bitch... oh, the bitch! “You'll remember next time, I expect. Get me another.” Virginia resumed reading.

Nigel got back on his feet with the tray and returned to the alcove. How dearly he would have loved to strangle that woman! Yet he dare not raise a finger. This time he mixed the Martini with half the amount of gin he used before.

Then, nervously, he returned with the tray and once more knelt. Again he was kept waiting, simply holding out the tray. Like an object, he thought, not like a human being. The tray trembled slightly in his hands. Finally, out came that white arm again. The Mistress — his Mistress! — sipped. His heart sank. Every minute that passed was giving him less time to prepare lunch.

“Put down the tray...”

Nigel's heart sank; he almost ducked. He knew what was coming. Sure enough, he got a second teeth-rattling slap across the face. “Now it's too weak, you cretin! Can you do nothing right? Go and get me another!”

Nigel couldn't believe it. How was he expected to know how she liked her Martini? Rage burned through him; but he clenched his teeth, rose once more he rose to his feet, once more went back to the alcove.

This time he mixed with the measure half-way between the first and the second. That must be

right. He felt out of control of the situation. It didn't seem to matter what he did, he couldn't win. What he had become, he realised, was a kind of plaything. Something for her sadistic amusement.

Yes, he would have very much like to have put his hands round that white throat... and see terror dissolve those arrogant features.

Daydreams.

Back he went, kneeling humbly for the third time, tray outstretched. The glass was taken. He waited in dull despair. The glass was replaced.

“Get out,” ordered Virginia.

Nigel found a side-table on which to leave the tray and thankfully departed for the kitchen. There, he worked steadily on lunch. Thank God for the clear instructions on tins and convenience foods. He got a large oval tray prepared with everything he reckoned Ms Forbes could want. The soup was warming, the chicken in the oven, the ice-cream came out of the freezer, the coffee percolator was burbling gently.

In the middle of all this, that nerve-wracking whistle had blown again. His Mistress wanted another Martini. This time, Martin had learnt his lesson. He got it right first time. He was thankful... yet how maddening it was to have to learn in such a fashion!

“Lunch will be ready at one thirty, Mistress,” he ventured.

“I should hope so,” Ms Forbes snapped. “I’ll summon you when I’m ready.”

“Yes Mistress”.

Nigel bowed humbly and crept silently away.

Lunch went well! That is to say, Nigel was not punished once. If you had told him a few days ago that he would derive a sense of satisfaction from preparing and serving a meal to his female boss without having his face slapped or his bum welted, he would have considered his interlocutor to be stark, staring mad. Truth be told, it would have been difficult, even for an amateur like Nigel, to go wrong. All he had to do was open the tins and packets, heat the stuff up, and get it on plates. Still, he was in a state of the highest tension as he served his Mistress. He stood discreetly behind and to one side of her chair. From time to time, at the snap of her fingers he would move forward and remove the bottle of white wine from an ice-bucket, pouring carefully into a cut-glass goblet.

“Coffee,” ordered Virginia finally. Nigel brought it and filled a small white cup. Virginia tasted; Nigel tensed. “This coffee's been over-brewed. Don't let it occur again.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Clear the lunch things away. Then get the kitchen cleaned. As you did this morning with the

bathroom. Or rather, NOT as you did this morning with the bathroom, unless you want the skin taken off your backside! Rag and bucket, and get it shining.”

“Yes Mistress.”

She rose peremptorily from her chair, thrusting Nigel aside.

“I am going to take a short rest. Report to my bedroom at three.”

Out she swept, Nigel bowing.

What the hell did that mean, he wondered, as he started to clear away. Again, he was sorely tempted to pour himself an illicit drink. But he did not dare. She would surely smell it on his breath. And that discovery would have most painful consequences for him.

Dolefully, Nigel went back to his kitchen chores. He was hungry. But he did not dare to touch the merest morsel of food. Out in the scullery stood his feeding bowl. He wondered, miserably, what would be in it that evening. Not Chicken Kiev, that was for sure!

Bloody hell! It was still only Saturday! There was Sunday to get through yet. This was worse than prison! But then, he considered, after Sunday would come Monday; Monday, the end of the weekend, and blessed release. He wondered if he still had a job. Perhaps Ms Forbes would relent, let him continue?

Poor Nigel! If he had only known... but what would that have changed?

Chapter Three: No Escape

At three o'clock on the dot, Nigel was outside Ms Forbes's bedroom door. He knocked. Silence. Dare he knock again? Would that make her angry? On the other hand, if he were late... that could be punishable. Nigel knocked again.

“Come...” said a lazy, imperious voice.

Nigel entered — and was shocked to see Ms Forbes lying stark naked on her bed. Her arrogant gaze met his.

“What are you staring at, Cuthbertson?”

“N-nothing, Mistress”.

He felt himself blushing. Her eyes narrowed. Nigel forced himself to look as humble and submissive as he possibly could. Remember that whip! But surely, he thought, now she must. I mean... why else...? he felt himself stiffening. Oh, God, no.

Ms Forbes noticed his incipient erection, of course. But she merely sneered, and did not, to Nigel's great relief, reach for her whip. Lazily she pulled a sheet half over herself. It still left her breasts bare.

“You see the wicker basket in the corner?”

Nigel snapped out of his reverie.

“What? Eh?... I... oh, er, yes, Mistress.”

“It contains laundry that needs doing. Take it downstairs, and wash each item separately by hand in the kitchen sink. Then hang them out to dry in the garden.”

Once again, Nigel's thoughts of “personal services” were dissipated in the harsh light of reality. It seemed he really was here just to slave away for her.

With a meek “Yes, Mistress”, he took hold of the basket and struggled out the door and down the stairs. The thing was not heavy, but its size make it awkward.

Now, how the bloody hell was he supposed to get them clean by hand? They had machines to do that, didn't they? Nigel got a service wash once a week at the launderette. He didn't know the first thing about washing clothes.

He filled the sink with tepid water, and a brief search of the cupboard under the sink revealed soap powder. He added some to the water. Then he lifted the lid of the basket. It was full of delicate lingerie in various colours, also a few blouses. He picked a pair of knickers, black lace, skimpy, and plunged them into the water.

He heard a shrill whistle. Oh blast! Not already! Leaving the knickers in the sink, he dashed upstairs.

Ms Forbes had put a housecoat on, and was sitting up on the bed. Nigel remembered his “Yes, Mistress”. It was becoming a habit now.

“Bring me that magazine.”

She gestured lazily over at the dressing table. Nigel stared astonished. It was only a few feet away, and just for that he had to... getting a grip on himself, he “Yes Mistress”-ed Ms Forbes again, and passed her the magazine.

“Back to work,” without looking at him.

A final, “Yes, Mistress”, and off he went, back downstairs.

Back at the sink, he raised the soaking pair of knickers half-out of the water and and dipped them back in. He did this a few times. Was this how you did it? He had no idea. He placed the pair of scanties on the draining board, reached for the next pair. A blast on the whistle. Oh, what...?

In answer to his humble “Yes, Mistress”, she casually asked, “You have made a start on the washing I ordered you to do, I hope?”

“Yes, Mistress,” he replied, surprised.

“Very well. Carry on.”

His face reddened, but he controlled himself.

“Yes, Mistress.”

And off he scurried back to his menial chores. Like a servant in a bloody costume drama! he thought to himself.

And so the afternoon wore on. Despite the frequent interruptions, he finally had everything in what he supposed was a fairly clean condition. He loaded them back in the basket and lugged it out into the back garden to hang them out to dry.

That done, he reported to Ms Forbes. He thought he had better, though he had not been told specifically to.

By then it was gone four, and Ms Forbes was back up, and in the living room. He knocked, and once more that lazy, imperious voice summoned him.

“Well?”

She looked up with some impatience from the magazine she was leafing through.

“Er... excuse me, Ms...Mistress... I... er... I have finished the laundry...”

“So soon?” She arched an eyebrow.

Nigel thought it best merely to say, “Yes”.

“Hmmm, we’ll have to see what sort of job you have made of it. If it’s a poor one, you will have earned yourself another thrashing!”

She checked her wristwatch, thought for a moment, then smiled to herself.

“Go and get a fork, an ordinary table fork, from the kitchen.”

“Yes, Mistress,” and Nigel did as he was told, wondering what on earth it could be for. Still, his not to reason why...

Returning, he stood there dumbly, afraid to interrupt — Mistress was leafing through the magazine again. After a few minutes, she glanced up. “Tut! Get out into the back garden. There are flower-beds stretching all along one side. Get them weeded — with that fork.”

“Er...” Nigel was sure he must have misunderstood. Weed — garden — kitchen fork... eh?

“Are you still here?”

“But, Mistress...”

Ms Forbes reached for something at her side, then looked down angrily. “Oh blast! Well, since you are still here when you shouldn’t be, get your lazy arse upstairs on the double and fetch me my riding crop from where I left it!”

“In the bedroom, dolt!” she almost shouted, seeing his look of stupefaction.

“Yes Mistress,” he said with sinking heart. She could only want the whip for one reason...

And so it proved. Back before her, he was ordered onto hands and knees — “snout to the ground, arse in the air!” as Mistress somewhat crudely put it — and received no less than twelve cruel strokes, each one cutting across his upstretched rump like fire.

Nigel howled and bucked, but somehow managed to take them all without twisting away. He had already learned the hard way that that would only earn him double the number of strokes..

When she was finished, Ms Forbes tossed the crop onto the settee, and said casually, “And now, I believe you have some gardening to do.”

“Y-yes, M-mistress,” said Nigel, with a choked half-sob, and scuttled miserably out of the room.

Once in the garden, he located the first of the flower-beds, knelt down, and — well, which were weeds, which flowers? Nigel knew nothing about botany. He dug the fork in under one scrawny-looking plant, and rooted about until it came out of the soil. And then again. The unaccustomed toil soon became back-breaking, but he dare not cease. He was aware that Ms Forbes had checked on him from the back kitchen window at least twice, and he could never be sure whether

she was not watching unobserved from some unseen vantage point even now. Nothing for it to but to kneel and weed, kneel and weed...

At six sharp an imperious whistle blast at last brought him some relief. Stiffly he rose off of his aching knees, the change in posture bringing new pain to add to the throbbing welts which the crop had raised across his rump only a few hours ago. Despite the pain, he was glad to hear the whistle, for the sun was low and it was getting a bit chilly.

He hurried into the house. Mistress, as he now almost instinctively thought of her, was still in the living room, watching television now. She frowned when she saw him.

“What do you mean, traipsing dirt into the house like that?” she demanded. “I’ll show you...” and she reached for the quirt on the sofa by her side. Then she seemed to change her mind. “Oh, I can’t be bothered right now. Get yourself cleaned up and start on dinner. The menu is on the counter.”

She turned back to the TV. Nigel was not quite sure if that meant he had been dismissed. He decided to chance it.

“Very good, Mistress,” he said as humbly as he could manage, then left for the kitchen. She did not respond.

After a quick wash and rub-down, he started on Mistress's dinner.

Dinner was served in the dining room. He managed to get through it without getting a whipping. Afterwards, Ms Forbes seemed still tired despite her afternoon nap, and announced yawning that she would have another lie-down. Suitably subservient, Nigel wished her a good rest. She snorted, and went upstairs.

Left alone, Nigel got on with clearing up after dinner. When he was done with that, he realised that Ms Forbes had still not come down. He had heard nothing from her, no blast of a whistle, nothing. An idea formed in his head? This was his chance!

Cautiously, she left the kitchen and crept through the hall to the front door. He tried it, not really believing that it would be unlocked. But it was! Slowly, slowly, he pulled the door inwards, expecting at every moment a loud creak that would betray him. But the door moved smoothly inward in silence, inch by inch. At last, he had it open enough to squeeze through. Out into the portico and so onto the front drive he went. But — what now? No clothes, no money — nothing even to say who he was — not, as a fugitive from justice, that he particularly wanted anyone to know who he was. What now?

He would think of something. Nigel crept as quietly as he could down one side of the drive, trying to use the hedge that lined it as shelter. Then, he heard the gate at the foot of the drive rattle. Someone was coming! He stood frozen. He heard the crunch of feet on gravel; they were coming up the drive. And then lights came on, all along the drive, lighting up the way to the house, obviously controlled by a motion sensor near the gate.

In the sudden brightness, a stark naked Nigel stood stock-still, staring at a stout middle-aged

women, who in turn stared at him. She recovered her composure first.

“Well I never! Bit cold for streaking, young man!”

She did not seem at all frightened, merely surprised.

Nigel found his voice.

“Please, you've got to help me! The woman's mad!”

“What? Eh? Who? Slow down, young fellow! I think I need some explanations! What the bloody hell are you doing wandering about here starkers! This is private property you know! I've a good mind to call the police!”

“Oh, no, don't .. No... or, no wait, yes, please, yes, phone the police!”

Nigel's thoughts were racing. Even prison would be better than staying here! And they had white collar prison now... and he would get time off for good behaviour... and... and...

“But what on earth is going on?”

The woman's querulous voice brought him halfway back down to earth, but he was still too excited to be fully coherent.

“This mad women... she lives here... kept me prisoner ... took my clothes...”

The woman looked aghast, but had stopped objecting, and seemed prepared to listen. Nigel tried to continue his story more calmly. As he recounted his summary of the events, he thought he was gaining her sympathy.

“Right,” she said with determination when Nigel was through. “I'll take care of this!” She took him by the arm and began to march him towards the front door. Nigel took fright. “There's nothing to worry about!” she soothed him. “I'm here now, we'll get this all sorted out!” With trepidation, Nigel allowed her to lead him to the door. It was still unlocked. They went inside, the woman keeping Nigel close at her side. “Don't worry!” she whispered, and gave Nigel an encouraging smile. Nigel felt renewed courage. Finally he was free of that harpy!

Ms Forbes appeared at the top of the stairs, Nigel gasped — and at the same moment, his arm was twisted violently behind his back, and up. He shouted out in pain and dropped to his knees.

“Everything alright there, Mrs Hammond?” enquired Ms Forbes, seemingly quite undisturbed by the intrusion.

“Oh, nothing to worry about Ma'am, just found your houseboy wandering about in the dark. I brought him back in before he got himself into even more trouble!”

“Ah, good.”

Ms Forbes descended the stairs swiftly, riding crop in hand. Nigel was still on his knees. The

crop rose and descended, hitting any available patch of bare flesh. He twisted and writhed, trying to avoid the crop and to get free of the bloody old bat who had hold of his arm; but that 'bloody old bat' proved to be quite strong enough to hold him in that grip, and it hurt so much. He soon desisted, and suffered under the whip until Ms Forbes had had enough.

"Be so good as to bring him into the lounge, Mrs Hammond. I do believe its time you and I had a little chat with him."

She stalked off into the lounge, and Mrs Hammond forced a bent-over, sobbing Nigel to walk in front of her.

Ms Forbes took a seat.

"I know you've had a long trip, Mrs Hammond, "could I trouble you to stay with me to keep an eye on him?"

"No trouble at all Ma'am."

"Oh thank you Mrs Hammond."

Her attention turned to Nigel, and her voice and gaze alike hardened.

"Stand to attention when I am addressing you, boy!" she barked.

That familiar tone of command bit into Nigel's soul. Here he was again. He straightened up.

This lady, Cuthbertson, is Mrs Hammond, my housekeeper. She has been on holiday, and has just got back. "Now, Cuthbertson, I am putting you in the charge of Mrs Hammond. If you give her any trouble, you will answer to me for it!"

She glared at Nigel, who stood there in a daze, welted rump throbbing. It was all too much for him.

"I think we had better put Cuthbertson under lock and key, Mrs Hammond, and then you and I can have a chat before you go and take a well-earned bath!"

They frog-marched the hapless Nigel through the kitchen out the back door and down to the old familiar shed. He was bundled inside, and the door locked. In the pitch dark, he sat down and wept bitterly. He was at his wit's end. He was broken.

Back in the house, Mrs Hammond was being filled in on developments.

"Cuthbertson will be with us for some time, Mrs Hammond. He is...er...paying off a debt, and so he'll be staying rather longer than my... my usual guests."

Mrs Hammond nodded understandingly. She knew all about Ms Forbes's 'usual guests', and thoroughly approved of how her employer handled them.

"I am putting him in your charge, as I said," Ms Forbes continued. "Think of him as your

assistant. He can do all the scrubbing, all the menial stuff, that sort of thing. Keep him hard at it. That should free you up to do just the cooking — God knows, he isn't much cop at it.“

”Understood, Ma'am.“

”I'd like you to take this. I think it may help.“

She delved in a large canvas sack which lay on the coffee table, and produced a thick leather strap, one end of which was divided into two thongs. She hefted it in her hand, admiring its weight and suppleness.

”This, Mrs Hammond, is called a Lochgelly tawse. It's the best that money can buy. Use it on him as you see fit. Remember: spare the leather, spoil the slave!“

She passed it over to Mrs Hammond, who took the tawse and in her turn hefted the sturdy leather strap in her hand. A wicked grin crept over her face.

”Seems just the thing for taking care of naughty boys, Ma'am!“

”I am glad we understand one another, Mrs Hammond!“

The next morning, a new phase of Nigel's new life began. He was woken at six by Mrs Hammond. ”Wakey-wakey!“ she bellowed. He got up and stumbled out into the grey light of dawn. Mrs Hammond was standing just outside the door, waiting for him. She was wearing a skirt and blouse. There was a wide belt round her waist, and hanging from the belt were two large bunches of keys, and the Lochgelly tawse. She saw him eying it. She patted it and said coolly:

”You'll be feeling my little friend here if I have any cause to be displeased with you. You felt my strength last night. Believe you me, you don't want to feel it again, wielding this! Do we understand one another?“

”Y-yes, Mistress...“

She slapped his face.

”Silly boy! You will address me as Ma'am. There's only one Mistress in this house — my employer, and your owner!“

Nigel's eyes were a picture of misery as he heard this blunt reference of his predicament.

”Y-yes, Ma'am...“ he stuttered out.

”Good! Now come on, we'd best make a start. You have a long day ahead of you!“

That day was spent doing an unbelievable amount of chores under Mrs Hammond's very close supervision. Nigel thought he had been worked hard that long, long weekend under Ms Forbes's direct control, but of course the lady of the house cared nothing for routine maintenance — she

paid someone to take care of that for her. Mrs Hammond, on the other hand, knew just what had to be done, and now she had someone to do it for her... well, let's just say her standards took a dramatic upward turn.

Finally, Mrs Hammond decided to call it a day. She lead Nigel outside, to the shed. Before locking him up for the night,

"Now boy, you won't find me as easy-going as Ms Forbes. I am sure you took every advantage you could with her. But it won't be like that with me!"

"Yes, Ma'am." said Nigel miserably.

"Now, in there and get some sleep. You're going to need your rest."

She gave him a shove, he stumbled into the cold dark shed, and she locked the door behind him.

Ms Forbes was needed in town for important business, and was gone all week. On her return on Friday night, she was pleased to see her housekeeper keeping her slave well under control. She found her standing over him as he scrubbed the bathroom floor.

"Come on, Scrubs! Put some elbow grease into it!"

Ms Forbes looked quizzically at her housekeeper.

"What's that you called him?"

"well, Ma'am, Cuthbertson is a bit of a mouthful, isn't it? Scrubs is nice and short, and ... well, it seems more appropriate."

She gestured at the naked young man on his hands and knees, scrubbing away with some old rag at the stone flags, a bucket of water beside him.

Ms Forbes cackled with delight.

"Oh, Mrs Hammond, you're so right! Scrubs it is!"

Earlier that day, rummaging in the cupboard for a rag to use in his daily task of scrubbing the kitchen floor, Nigel had came across a large piece of cloth that looked somehow familiar. With a shock, the realisation hit him that it *was* familiar — in fact, it was a fragment of the suit he had been wearing when Ms Forbes ordered him to strip on that terrible, fateful evening which now seemed so long ago.

He was staring at it dumbly when Mrs Hammond arrived to check up on him. She twigged at once what was up — it was she who had taken a pair of scissors to his clothes the previous night, an idea which Ms Forbes had okay-ed with evident approval of her housekeeper's resourcefulness.

"Come on Scrubs, get a move on!"

She then realised what he was holding. A wicked grin crept over her face.

"Yes, Ma'am," said Nigel in a trembling voice. He filled the bucket with cold water, dipped in the rag, and, on hands and knees, set to work.

Mrs Hammond supervised him closely, waiting for her chance to taunt him. When he was nearly half-way through, she decided to place her barb.

"Your days of prancing around in a suit are over, my lad! Now get that floor finished, or I'll take my strap to you!"

Menacingly, she made to unhook the heavy leather strap. Choking back a sob, Nigel at once redoubled his efforts, pleading desperately, "I'm finishing it, Ma'am, I'm finishing it!"

Mrs Hammond nodded with smug satisfaction, removed her hand from the tawse, and left the kitchen. Miserable and alone, Nigel continued to scrub.

On Saturday morning, Ms Forbes found Mrs Hammond laying in with a will with the tawse. Nigel cowered under the strap.

"Caught playing with himself, Ma'am!"

Mrs Hammond said in explanation when she saw her employer watching.

"Ah, I see. Carry on."

"Very good Ma'am."

THWACK!!

"Arrggghhhh!"

THWACK!!

"Arrggghhhh!"

Ms Forbes watched her housekeeper thrashing her slave for a while, then sauntered off, a thoughtful expression on her face.

The following week-end, she called Mrs Hammond to her. "I have a solution for Scrubs's wanking problem," she announced. She handed Mrs Hammond a box. Mrs Hammond opened the box, which contained a curious curved metal tube, a ring, and a padlock. Ms Forbes explained the purpose of the device.

"I'll keep one key, you can have the other."

"Right Ma'am, I'd better go and get this fitted straight away!"

She whistled for Scrubs, and took him up to her room.

"Who does this belong to?"

She asked, grabbing hold of his penis.

"It... it belongs to ... to... er... it belongs to Ms Forbes, Ma'am?"

"Well, in a manner of speaking, yes; but Ms Forbes gave you to me, didn't she boy?"

"Yes, Ma'am..."

"So who does it belong to then?"

"It... it belongs to you, Ma'am."

"That's right! And I want no playing with my property! I want it in proper working order for when I want to use it!"

"Yes, Mrs Hammond," he said meekly.

With that, she began fitting the chastity device. It didn't take long.

"There we are Scrubs! No more wanking for you, my lad!"

Mrs Hammond exclaimed with a triumphant air. She added the key to the key-ring on her belt. Then, she became thoughtful.

"Can't have you running around in the nude, can we Scrubs?" she added drily.

Nigel looked confused, but replied dully,

"No, Ma'am."

She rummaged in a drawer, and held up two blue items for his inspection. One, he could see, was a bow tie.

"Blue for a boy, isn't it Scrubs?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Come here then."

One she tied in a bow on the head of his penis. The other she tied around his neck.

"There!"

She had finished and guided Nigel to the mirror. What a sight! A bright blue dickie bow round his neck, and a matching bright blue bow tied round the head of his imprisoned penis. Somehow

it made his nudity even more shaming. He felt, and looked, utterly ridiculous.

"Now you are a proper uniformed servant!"

"Yes, Ma'am."

He hung his head.

Ms Forbes was most amused by Nigel's 'new look' when he, as usual, he waited at table that evening. He came into the dining room with her first course on a tray. Her eyebrows lifted, and she stared. Then she laughed so loudly that Mrs Hammond came in from the kitchen to see what was going on.

"Well, Mrs Hammond, what can I say! Marvellous, marvellous!" and she clapped.

Mrs Hammond took a bow, grinning widely.

"Yes, I thought the anti-wank device looked a bit bare on its own, so I sorted Scrubs out with a full uniform."

"Splendid!"

Choking with laughter, Ms Forbes continued,

"I shall expect you to be in *full* uniform at all times in future, Scrubs, is that clear?"

"Yes, Ma'am", said the miserable wretch formerly called Nigel, choking back a sob.

"If you're finished in the kitchen I suggest you take the evening off, Mrs Hammond. Scrubs here can attend to my needs."

"Thank you, Ma'am."

As usual, after waiting at table, Scrubs was kept standing at attention in the kitchen, the door open, waiting for his Mistress's imperious summons from whatever room she happened to occupy. The whistle could be heard throughout the house. Sometimes, she didn't use him at all; other times, she had him running to her every five minutes — to light a cigarette, pick up a dropped magazine, pour a drink. Only when the Mistress retired would he be dispatched to the tender mercies of Mrs Hammond.

This evening, he was called only once. He stood to attention before Ms Forbes chair, and she looked him up and down.

"I don't need to tell you how fortunate you are, do I Scrubs?"

"No, Ma'am."

Ms Forbes nodded with smug satisfaction.

"That's what I thought. You have a lot to be grateful for: a roof over your head, as much left-overs as you can eat — even a smart uniform!"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Very well, Scrubs, that will be all. You may report to Mrs Hammond."

She dismissed him curtly with a wave of her hand.

"Yes, Ma'am" said Nigel in a low, controlled voice, then scurried off to find his task-mistress. His life, he thought, had become a sick, twisted fantasy, but he could find no way out.

And so the days became weeks, the weeks months. Mrs Hammond ensured that her 'Scrubs' was kept busy for eighteen full hours a day, seven days a week. At the end of a long day of menial toil, he would sometimes have further duties. Mrs Hammond sometimes summoned him to her bed, where she would continue to train him in how to please her with his mouth. On such occasions she would grope him shamelessly, and whisper to him things like "you are such a saucy slut, get upstairs and get out of that uniform! I'll be up in a few minutes!" Nigel had no choice. This fat, grey-haired matron was practically old enough to be his gran; but he was now her bed-warmer and licky-boy whenever she wanted.

And so there we must leave Nigel, serving out his time in punishment for his crime, held in naked servitude by two very strict and very demanding women. For the police and courts, his case has been filed away by now, just another villain who managed to escape justice. But in fact there was not, is not and will be no escape for Nigel Cuthbertson...or should I say 'Scrubs'?

THE END

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