



MADE TO PAY

Punished Every Day

MIRANDA BIRCH



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By [Miranda Birch](#)

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Jack Harper gets on the wrong side of a powerful woman. She decides to punish him for his insolence. She subcontracts the task to an acquaintance of hers, a professional dominatrix. Before he knows what has hit him, Jack Harper is a naked prisoner in a dungeon. He is subjected to all sorts of cruel abuse by the dominatrix and her maid. He is insulted and taunted, caned and whipped, even given golden showers... Here is just one day of his torment. One day of — who knows how many? Certainly not Jack Harper. He has no idea when it will end!

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Click! Clack! Click! Clack!

Miss Zoe's high heels made a loud, resounding sound as she descended the broad stone steps down into the cellar. Upstairs, she 'maided' for Mistress Sophie while she learned the ropes as a dominatrix. She met all of Mistress Sophie's slaves. Down here, she had a different sort of job. For it was down here that Mistress Sophie kept her *special* slave. His name was Jack Harper. Or rather, it *had* been Jack Harper. Mistress Sophie had renamed him Pisspot. Pisspot was no client. Pisspot was a *real* slave.

Click! Clack! Click! Clack!

Miss Zoe knew the sound of her stiletto heels on stone would fill Pisspot with dread. For him, nothing except suffering and humiliation ever followed that sound. But what was suffering and humiliation for him was fun and amusement for her and Mistress Sophie.

The only uncertainty that would be in his mind would be whether she was coming down into the cellar to torment him on her own account or to take him up to Mistress Sophie. Which did he fear most? Probably the Mistress, she thought. After all, Mistress Sophie was totally in charge of him, whereas she was just a willing assistant. And Mistress Sophie had so much more experience than her. Wow! Some of the things she thought up to do to him! Not that Miss Zoe wouldn't be feared in her own right. She had made well sure of that over the last few weeks!

Miss Zoe was wearing a maid's uniform. Mistress Sophie's clients liked that. It was one of many she possessed. This one was in the classic black and white 'French maid' style, with a very short skirt and a low-cut top, leaving plenty of black-stockings and bare cleavage on display.

Click! Clack! Click! Clack!

Miss Zoe strode across the stone floor towards the heavy iron grille set in the centre. Reaching the grille, she looked down through it into an oblong pit of concrete, about six feet deep and ten feet square. Pisspot, she saw, was slumped down in an attitude of despair on the only item of furnishing in the pit, a block of hard wood some six feet long and two wide.

Maybe he thinks I've just come down to piss on him, she pondered. That was one of her favourite pastimes and Pisspot had given up trying to avoid the frequent 'golden showers' that descended on him. He had been punished for doing so. Now he just stood and took it. She smiled to herself. No such 'luck' this time — he was not going to get off so lightly! Although as a little starter — why not?

"On your feet!" bellowed Miss Zoe.

Pisspot stirred. He had not been asleep. He pushed himself up. He was a rather short, slim man; about thirty years old, Zoe thought. He swayed slightly.

"I want your full attention!" Miss Zoe roared at him.

"Yes, Miss," Pisspot croaked, just able to stand erect in the shallow pit under the iron grille.

He has learned to be very respectful, thought Miss Zoe. Not much left of that male macho bravado and arrogance he had shown to begin with. But then, she and the Mistress had taken care to beat that out of him!

"How are you feeling today? Fit and well, I hope? I'm taking you to your Mistress in a bit."

"No, no.. Miss... not fit and well," protested Pisspot feebly. "I'm naked and cold."

Indeed, Pisspot was completely naked. Except that is for a stainless steel iron tube securely fastened to a ring tightly enclosing the root of his cock behind the balls. It was locked with a sturdy padlock, and was pretty much impossible to get off. Of course, if he had ever managed to get it off, he would have been found out and severely punished.

Perhaps needless to say, neither of the attractive young woman who now controlled his life had any interest in him

sexually. The main purpose of this device was therefore to deny Pisspot giving himself sexual relief. And so to keep him *totally* frustrated.

“Oh dear, oh dear,” sighed Miss Zoe with mock concern, “I *am* sorry about that!”

She smiled sweetly, but her eyes were cold.

“But then, as you know, you have been sent here to be punished,” she continued primly.

“It is so cold down here,” said Pisspot weakly. “I’m freezing all the time.”

“Oh don’t exagurate!” snapped Miss Zoe. “It’s well above freezing.”

And it was indeed a few degrees above zero.

“Perhaps I could arrange for you to have regular exercise sessions,” said Miss Zoe. “That would warm you up.”

Pisspot made no response.

“But then again, so would a regular thrashing with my riding crop!”

Said crop suddenly lashed through the iron bars and caught the naked captive on one arm. He gasped, even though it was a minor pain compared with what he could and did suffer.

“Well? Would you like that?” demanded Miss Zoe.

“N-no, Miss, I don’t think so.”

“I’ll talk to Mistress Sophie about it anyway. The decision will be hers. I shall tell her about your being a little bit chilly. She may like my idea. I know I would.”

Miss Zoe saw Pisspot shudder. Sometimes she felt a little sorry for the poor bastard. But she didn’t let it affect her work. This was a dead cushy number, and overall it was great fun dominating and humiliating this poor prick.

“Look up at me, Pisspot,” she ordered.

Pisspot looked up. He saw her standing legs astride on the grille. He was looking right up her skirt, into the V of the briefest pair of panties imaginable. With a little shimmying movement, Miss Zoe exposed herself to him. It always amused her to do this, knowing how it would arouse him and, at the same time, totally frustrate him. He would wonder too if she were about to piss on him. Pisspot was used to being pissed on by now but it never got any more enjoyable!

“Like what you see?” simpered Miss Zoe.

“Yes, Miss,” replied Pisspot meekly. He knew he had to be always polite and respectful, unless he wanted to suffer. And he suffered quite enough, without asking for more.

“Then mind you keep looking, slave,” Miss Zoe said warningly. “How long since you enjoyed one of these?”

Miss Zoe loved playing these teasing, taunting games.

“A long time, Miss.”

“I expect you’d like to have a wank right now, looking up my skirt.”

“Yes, Miss.”

It was advisable to be truthful. If he said, ‘no’, then the next question might well be, ‘Oh, so I’m an old dog then, am I?’ And then the whip would be used, to punish him for such a terrible insult!

“No chance, I'm afraid,” smiled Miss Zoe. “Mistress Sophie's orders. So even if I did want to fuck a slob like you, which I do not, I would not be allowed!”

She cackled.

“Can you see my tits, Pisspot?”

“Yes, Miss.”

“I've got a good pair on me, haven't I?”

She cupped the heavy breasts in her hands and lifted them, as though offering them to Pisspot.

“You'd like to get your hands on these girls, eh?”

“Y-yes... yes... Miss.”

“I bet you would, you randy old bastard!”

She bent over as far as she could to display as much bare breast-flesh as possible.

“Put your hand through the grille.”

Pisspot did so at once. Miss Zoe gave the upturned palm a vicious lash with her riding crop.

“Try it on with me, and you'll feel that instead!” she laughed.

Pisspot recoiled with a gasp clasping his hand under his armpit.

“Randy sod!” sneered Miss Zoe down into the pit. “Can't keep your hands off ‘the birds’, eh? Well, now you're paying for all that!”

Pisspot stifled a sudden sob. Indeed he was. His lecherous predilections were the basic cause of his present predicament. It had been bloody stupid, he knew that. But how could he have known he would end up like this, just for making a pass at a woman? A pass which had suddenly, absurdly, been changed into a rape accusation? But with his checkered past, Pisspot felt he needed to avoid any police attention. So — in retrospect, most foolishly! — he had agreed to be ‘privately punished’ by Ms Fletcher, the ‘lady’ in question. He had not anticipated much. I mean, she was a bird, what could she do?

Great was his surprise when he was delivered into the hands of Mistress Sophie and Miss Zoe. Even greater was his surprise when the two young women proved more than a match for him physically. Beaten up, roughly stripped naked, bundled into the back of a van — and taken somewhere. Where he no was. Where he had been every since. And for how long yet? He had no idea.

Mistress Sophie had been delighted with Ms Fletcher's proposal. She enjoyed her work as an up-market female domination specialist, but the idea of having a quasi-permanent slave had been exciting. One who wasn't paying. One who was unwilling. One who would rather not be there at all. Oh, yes!

Jack Harper, quickly renamed Pisspot by Mistress Sophie, had proved quite a handful at first. He had been arrogant and violent, unable to accept that he could be controlled by women. But Mistress Sophie and her assistant Miss Zoe had risen to the occasion. Numerous severe thrashings had taught him that he could be. In due time he learnt to hold his tongue and submit to Mistress Sophie's orders. Every fibre of his being rebelled against it, but in the end he had to submit to defeat.

“Look up at me, slave!” Miss Zoe ordered.

Pisspot looked up with trepidation. He could guess what was going to happen. Miss Zoe smiled down with evil relish. One look at her face confirmed his worse fears.

“Open your mouth,” she ordered.

Feeling sick with horror and disgust, Pisspot obeyed. He had no choice. He knew what was coming, and the prospect filled him with disgust. But he knew what the consequence of disobeying orders was. He saw the exposed cunt above him. Once again, he was to know total degradation at the hands of a woman. Grinning lasciviously, Miss Zoe urinated upon him. She had been saving it up and Pisspot gasped and spluttered as the warm liquid streamed over his face.

“Keep your mouth open!” yelled Miss Zoe. “Drink it up!”

Somehow, Pisspot forced his mouth open again. He was almost blinded by the intense shower of piss raining down on him, getting into his eyes, his ears, up his nose, as well as his mouth. The acrid taste disgusted him. But he forced himself to swallow.

He felt totally, utterly degraded. It was impossible to believe that young slip of a girl woman was actually pissing on him. Treating him literally like a toilet. But it was happening. Oh yes, indeed it was happening! At last it stopped. Pisspot stood there wretchedly with the stinking liquid dripping on the stone floor.

“That’s what I think of you, Pisspot,” laughed Miss Zoe. “You are just what you are called — a pot for pissing in! Nothing more!”

Fury surged through Pisspot. How he hated this young bitch! It was incredible he could have got himself into this absurd situation. He was being treated worse than an animal! He was just an object! And all this from some slip of a girl! He struggled to control his feelings. He *must* not let anger or resentment show on his face.

“How can you do this to another human being?” he groaned, hanging in head.

“Oh, it’s easy!” retorted Miss Zoe lightly. “I find it the greatest fun really. Nothing I enjoy more than totally humiliating a fucking twerp like you!”

Again anger soared within Pisspot. He almost cursed her but just managed to hold his tongue. He had suffered enough in the early days through losing his temper. Better to bite the bullet than be mercilessly beaten.

“Dear me, what a mess!” exclaimed Miss Zoe then. “Get it licked up!”

Oh! He knew she would say that, but still it cut into him like a knife. He got on all fours and licked the floor of his tiny cell. He licked and licked and licked. Finally, Miss Zoe was satisfied.

“Right,” said Miss Zoe from above.

Pisspot glanced up. With legs wide apart she was still showing herself most provocatively.

“I’m now going to let you out of there.”

Pisspot heard the key in the lock of the grille, then he saw it swing open. He was free — but he had nowhere at all to go. The two women had a foolproof security system. There was no way he could escape from the cellar. Mistress Sophie, in the house above, had electronic control of the cellar locks. Even if he were to knock Miss Zoe out (or even strangle the bitch!), only Mistress Sophie could release him. In any event, tacking Miss Zoe was a non-starter. He had once tried an assault on her, out of sheer desperation. He had then discovered that what Mistress Sophie had said about her was true: she was a martial arts expert.

He been well and truly beaten up, ending up on the floor unconscious. He had then been flogged several times a day, every day, for a full week; and, in between floggings, had had electrodes fastened to his balls. The excruciating electric shocks he had received had almost driven him out of his mind. At the end of that week he was a broken man. There was no more resistance from him after that. He knew what those two could do to him.

“Up you come, Pisspot,” ordered Miss Zoe gaily. Her riding crop swung menacingly above him. If he delayed, he knew he would feel it. Wearily he climbed out of the stone pit.

“My God, you stink, Pisspot,” said Miss Zoe callously.

You would imagine that the smell was his fault!

“You'll have to have a shower before I take you to your Mistress. Move!”

The crop caught him painfully across one flank and he stumbled after the scantily-clad young woman. He looked at her long, shapely legs and wiggling bottom and felt a vague stirring in his loins. But he could do nothing. The cock restrainer he had to wear turned him into a de facto eunuch. And how those two loved reminded him of that fact!

They came to the small shower room at the far end of the cellar.

“Get in there, stinker!” rapped Miss Zoe, and gave him another vicious cut with the crop.

Pisspot yelped, and staggered into the cubicle. The next moment, freezing cold water was lancing down on him, robbing him of breath, making him gasp.

“Jump up and down, Pisspot,” sneered Miss Zoe, “keep yourself warm.”

Pisspot jumped. His teeth were chattering. He had been cold enough in the pit, but now he was bloody freezing. Miss Zoe kept him under the shower for a good ten minutes, occasionally giving him a stinging flick with the crop. What a she-devil this young woman was! Only out-done by Mistress Sophie. At long last the barrage of cold water ceased.

“Out!” ordered Miss Zoe. An imperious finger pointed down to the cellar. “I want you running round this cellar until I tell you to stop. Move your arse, Pisspot! I want you flat out.”

At once Pisspot broke into a fast trot and started on a circuit of the cellar, staying close to the whitewashed wall. At least, for the time being, it was better than being under the shower. At least, to begin with.

“Faster!” bellowed Miss Zoe, flexing her crop menacingly.

Pisspot increased his pace but tried to keep something in reserve. He never quite knew what would be demanded of him next.

THWACK!

The leather tab of the crop caught him on the flank as he passed Miss Zoe. He saw her grinning with cruel amusement, and hated her even more. Sometimes he liked to think of what he would do to her if he ever had her at his mercy. Some hope!

Pisspot lost count of the number of circuits he made around the cellar. He began to get short of breath. Then he got a stitch, and there were pains in his chest. On and on he struggled, no longer cold but now steaming with sweat.

Then he stumbled and sprawled, falling almost immediately in front of Miss Zoe.

“Weakling!” she snarled and her agonising crop went vigorously to work.

“Mercy, please, mercy, Miss, I can't go on,” Pisspot pleaded weakly. But Miss Zoe laid on regardless. Cruel stroke after cruel stroke fell on defenceless bare male flesh, wrenching cries and squeals from Miss Zoe's cringing victim.

At last the crop ceased to fall. Pisspot lay there sobbing weakly.

“I reckon that did you the world of good,” said Miss Zoe callously. “You may thank me, Pisspot.”

“Th-thank you, Miss,” he whined. He knew he was pathetic, and quite unmanly, but he simply couldn't help it.

“Look up at me,” ordered Miss Zoe.

Pisspot looked up and could see right under the girl's short skirt. There right before him was the little thin V of the girl's briefs. He gazed at it hopelessly, despairingly. i am no longer a real man, he told himself. These two woman had broken him down and defeated him utterly.

"Still fancy a bit of tail, do you Pisspot?" asked Miss Zoe with a wicked little smile.

"Y-yes, Miss," he replied. It was the best answer to make, he well knew.

"Bad luck," said Miss Zoe. "You'll get none around here. On your feet! It's high time I took you to your Mistress."

Pisspot forced himself up, the dread within him increasing. What did Mistress Sophie have in store for him this time? It was always something degrading, and painful, but rarely quite the same twice.

Miss Zoe turned and headed for the door at the end of the cellar, and Pisspot followed. He felt weary already, partly on account of the way he was forced to live, caged down here like an animal, partly because of the exertions he had just been forced to make. The welts raised by Miss Zoe's crop throbbed and stabbed cruelly.

"Crawl!" ordered Miss Zoe suddenly.

At once, Pisspot went down on his hands and knees and started to crawl like a dog after the clacking high heels. Over the cold stone floor. Then up the cold stone steps.

Click! Click! Click! Click!

The highly polished leather flashed before his eyes. He had polished those shoes until they positively shone. That was just one of the tasks they set him, when they weren't tormenting him. Miss Zoe would hurl dozens of pairs of boots and shoes into the pit in which he was kept and Pisspot would have to clean and polish them to perfection. Any fault found was of course punished. Miss Zoe would make him kneel on the floor and thrust his hindquarters up to the maximum, then she would either use a cane or a crop on him.

His whole existence seemed filled with pain. The pain during of the actual punishment, afterwards the pain of the welts that had been raised. No mercy, no let up. After such a punishment, Pisspot would lie on the unyielding plank bed in the pit and sob hopelessly and despairingly. how could all this be happening to him, he would ask himself. And all because he had simply fancied some bird!

Click! Click! Click! Click!

Miss Zoe stopped and buzzed the intercom.

"Yes?"

It was the voice that Pisspot dreaded most in the world.

"Open up, here we come!" said Miss Zoe.

"Everything alright?" asked Mistress Sophie.

"Couldn't be better," replied Miss Zoe. "I've just been giving Pisspot a bit of a warm up. He was whinging about the cold."

Mistress Sophie uttered a short, harsh laugh. "Too bad," she said. "Bring him up then please, Miss Zoe." There was a buzz and the cellar door clicked open.

Pisspot now found himself crawling on carpet. that, at least, was a relief. How extraordinary, he thought wretchedly, that he could be pleased about such a little thing.

"I wonder what your Mistress has in mind for you," said Miss Zoe with a little laugh. "Nothing to your advantage, I am sure."

If it were possible for already hopeless despair to intensify, Pisspot's would have. Apart from thrashing him without mercy, Mistress Sophie had done some exceedingly humiliating and unpleasant things to him in the past. She was a woman with imagination and an expert in the art of degrading the male sex. Some men paid her to do these things to them. Not Pisspot, though. He got it for free. But he didn't want it. Well — too bad!

They climbed some more stairs and went along a passageway. It was a journey Pisspot had made all too often, always with dread in his heart. For, in the early days, when he had been inclined to be rebellious, he was certainly on his way to a cruel flogging.

"I reckon your Mistress is going to give you the biggest hiding of your life," Miss Zoe had said gloatingly on one such occasion. "And you deserve it, Pisspot. You really are thick, aren't you? It's simple. You obey my orders, you obey your Mistress's orders. If you don't, you suffer. A bloody dog could work it out! But not old Pisspot!"

Now Miss Zoe stopped before the familiar white-painted door.

"Kiss my feet, Pisspot, and thank me for looking after your welfare so zealously."

Pisspot pressed his mouth to the shiny black patent leather, smelling its pungency. He got a kick from the shoe he was not attending to.

"Well, go on, thank me."

"Th-thank you... Miss...for... for looking after me..." croaked Pisspot, in the intervals of pressing lips to leather.

"That's *not* what I told you to say!"

Feeling a flash of hate/fury — but quickly subduing it — Pisspot corrected himself.

"Thank you for looking after my welfare so zealously, Miss."

"Believe me it's a pleasure, Pisspot," laughed Miss Zoe.

Then she buzzed another intercom. A grille in the door opened and Mistress Sophie looked out. Another security check. Just in case.

"Thanks, Miss Zoe," said Mistress Sophie cheerfully. "Just leave him there, will you. Oh, and I'll have his hands on top of his head and his nose pressed to the wall."

"You heard your Mistress," snapped Miss Zoe. "Adopt the posture, slave."

Pisspot did so.

"Got a coin on you, Miss Zoe?" enquired Mistress Sophie.

"Sure."

"Stick it between his nose and the wall," said Mistress Sophie crisply. "It will help concentrate Pisspot's mind. If the coin happens to fall, I'll take most of the skin off his backside."

"Quite right too," laughed Miss Zoe.

Pisspot felt the coin go between his nose and the wall. He pressed firmly. There was no room for error here. His Mistress's threat was still ringing in his ears. And she didn't threaten idly.

"OK, Zoe," said Mistress Sophie, "you can have a couple of hours off. I'll handle him myself this afternoon. I'll give you a bell when I need you."

So it was afternoon, thought Pisspot. He invariably lost all count of time in that dark, cold cellar.

“Righty-oh — have fun, you two!”

With that, Miss Zoe strutted off down the passage.

“I will,” said Mistress Sophie gaily after her. Then, “I’ll deal with you a bit later, slave.”

The grille slammed. Pisspot was left alone, pressing his nose hard to the wall. Total indignity. Total helplessness. Total misery. Soon, Pisspot’s arms and neck ached. the recently raised weals continued to throb and burn. Nothing he could do about it. Nothing. He could only wait. for all he knew, he could be left standing here for five minutes — or five hours. It was entirely up to Mistress Sophie.

His nates twitched with dread at the thought of what would happen to them if he dropped the coin. He went on pressing firmly, driven by sheer terror. How long had he been doing it? It *seemed* like hours and hours. But probably no more than an hour at most. Tears of self pity filled Pisspot’s eyes. Sometimes he wished he could end it all. Simply die. But he sensed he was not going to be permitted to do that. Or perhaps, if he were going to be allowed to die, his tomentresses would make sure he did so in a most unpleasant way.

He had awful nightmares of being strapped face up on a table — with his Mistress approaching with a sharp cut-throat razor — he was screaming for mercy — for he knew she was going to castrate him!

Pisspot felt the sweat beading on him. It could happen! After the most awful agonies, his body would be disposed of. No one would ever know.

The door opened suddenly. Pisspot almost dropped the coin.

“On your knees, slave,” ordered Mistress Sophie sharply. Pisspot fell quickly to his knees, relieved at least to be able to change posture.

He caught a glimpse of his Mistress’s gleaming high-heeled boots. It looked as if they had spurs on them. From her right hand dangled a cruel looking switch. She had come prepared to whip him at once. Pisspot was glad he had kept that coin in position.

“Come!”

He crawled after the gleaming boots — their gleaming being a result of his zealous polishing, of course! — into the very large room which Sophie termed her ‘playroom’. It was divided into two sections. One was filled with feminine luxury, including a large bed; the other was what Sophie termed her “discipline area”.

The boots stopped. Pisspot stopped.

“Kneel erect!”

Pisspot did so and there was Mistress Sophie right before him, eyeing him with venom and disdain. As ever, she looked magnificent. Her long black hair shone, her emerald eyes flashed. Apart from her thigh-length black leather boots, she was wearing a skin-tight body, also of black leather. It zipped up the front, and Mistress Sophie had pulled the zip only partially up, exposing a generous expanse of white cleavage, just as the high boots left revealed a lot of bare white thigh. It could not be denied that she was an intensely desirable woman. Despite his terror of her, Pisspot felt the familiar urge of lust go through him at the sight of her.

“I hear you have been complaining about the cold, Pisspot,” said Mistress Sophie.

“It... it is very cold down there, Mistress,” said Pisspot humbly. “I have no clothes, no covers, nothing...”

“There are ways of warming you up, Pisspot.”

The switch flicked menacingly.

“For example, I can make a bottom positively glow with heat. So can Miss Zoe. As well you know...”

“Yes, Mistress,” agreed Pisspot humbly.

“I see she has given you some attention already.”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“The reason?”

“To encourage me to run faster, Mistress.”

“Good! Now in future, to make sure you stay fit and healthy, I think we’ll have a daily physical training session. Good idea, eh?”

“If Mistress thinks so,” said Pisspot glumly, trying to sound suitably humble and not too pissed-off.

“I do, Pisspot,” said Mistress Sophie sharply. “I certainly do. And no time like the present, eh? We shall start with some running on the spot, I think. But... to make it more interesting, you will wear this.”

Mistress Sophie gestured at a rucksack lying in a corner. Pisspot put it on as directed. It was bloody heavy! It must be full of sand or something, he thought. But he was not given much time to think about it.

“Right! Off you go! Running on the spot!”

And so Pisspot began running on the spot. The straps of the heavy rucksack cut into his shoulders. And he was already tired from Miss Zoe’s work-out. But he strove his utmost. However, it seemed his utmost was not enough. For soon the room was filled with the unmistakable sound of a crop swishing through air and impacting on skin as Mistress Sophie ‘encouraged’ her naked captive.

“Up! Up! Up! Get those knees up!”

Pisspot got his knees raised to his chest with every step.

“Now run forward!” Mistress Sophie barked.

Pisspot ran at full speed for a few yards until —

“Stop!”

Pisspot juddered to a halt.

“Touch the ground!”

Pisspot stooped, touched the ground, and stayed in that position for a moment, crouching, panting and sweating.

“Return!”

Up came Pisspot again and, resuming his high stepping gait, returned to Mistress Sophie at the double. And continued to run on the spot in front of her. By now he was sweating profusely.

“Too slow!” Mistress Sophie barked and gave him a couple of swats with her riding crop. “Go on, do it again!”

And off he went... And so it went on and on and on

Mistress Sophie’s taunts and cajolments were almost continuous.

“Run faster, you lazy bastard!”

“This isn't *slow motion* drill!”

“You're just trying it on!”

And again and again the whip would lash out across Pisspot's back or thighs or belly or chest...

Yes, Pisspot was put well and truly through his paces by Mistress Sophie. She turned out to be most exacting in this new form of punishment; and was probably even harder on him than usual.

Pisspot was sweating freely and panting. He was trembling too, and it seemed almost at the end of his tether; but Mistress Sophie gave him absolutely no respite. She mostly had him just running back and forth at the double as before. Every so often, Mistress Sophie interrupted the running, and had him do a sort of ‘stand up/sit down’ movement, going right down on his hunkers and then up again ramrod-straight. One instance where a change is as good as a rest hardly applies!

At last Mistress Sophie decided he had had enough. Enough of drill, that is. He had plenty more punishment to come!

“No, no, no, no, no,” she intoned as she stood over the sweating, panting figure kneeling before her. “Not anywhere near good enough, Pisspot! You think you can swing the lead with me, do you boy? well, you have another think coming! Get up!”

Pisspot staggered to his feet.

“Now bend and touch your toes. Grip your ankles in fact,” came the order. There was nothing for Pisspot to do but obey her. He was shivering as if with fever. Though it was nothing new to him by now, to bend like that made him feel exposed and vulnerable.

“Legs astride,” came the next order.

Mistress Sophie came round behind him. Pisspot felt his nates contract with involuntary dread.

“I am not going to strap you across the bench...” she announced.

Pisspot's heart rose for an instant. Could it be she was not going to thrash him?

Then his taut buttock flesh was tapped lightly with a cane. Then nothing. Then another tap. Then nothing. His momentary illusion was dispelled. Oh, he was going to be thrashed alright!

A long time seemed to pass. Pisspot knew what she was doing, and hated her for it. The torture of anticipation was almost as bad as the pain of the cane itself.

“I am going to give you twenty four strokes, boy! As a way of encouraging you to try harder next time!”

Pisspot seemed to freeze inside. That was twice as many in one go as he had ever had before. And that after all he had already been through today! Miss Zoe had already made sure that his rump was tender with that blasted riding crop of hers. But the cane...!

“Ohhh... no... ooooo!” he gasped involuntarily.

“Oh yes,” she replied. “And I don't care if it takes all afternoon to do it.”

“P-please, Mistress... pleeeeeease...”

She quite ignored him.

“And, if I consider your behaviour during your punishment not up to scratch, I shall give you six extra.”

It was difficult to grasp the enormity of thirty strokes from that cane, yet that was what he was facing.

Tap... tap... tap. He flinched and twisted.

“Keep still and keep your bottom square,” Mistress Sophie rapped out sharply.

He tried to obey. Then the tapping stopped and there came that all too familiar high-pitched whistling sound as the cane slashed through the air. The willow cracked across his tight skin and he immediately lost grip on his ankles and jerked up, gasping out. He realised in that instant that the cane on a taut-curving bottom is much more painful than when the flesh is relatively slack.

“Bend back over, boy,” Mistress Sophie said harshly. “And be quick about it!”

Then came the second cut. Again he jerked up, gasping. The pain was just too awful. How could he possibly stand twenty four like that? Thirty maybe?

“If you don't stay bending over, my lad, you'll get those extra six for certain sure,” rasped Mistress Sophie.

He bent over again and grasped his ankles fiercely, gritting his teeth. I must not let go! he thought to himself.

SWISH... CRACK!

“Yeeeowwwww!”

Pisspot managed to hang on but a bellow of pain was torn from him. His behind twisted left and right in torment.

SWISH... CRACK!

“Aagghhooooowwwww!”

Only by a tremendous effort of will did he manage to stay down. His nails were digging painfully into his ankles. But what was that pain compared with the pain of the weals already raised?

“Hurts, doesn't it, Pisspot?” Mistress Sophie remarked callously.

“Uurrrff... mmmfff... yes... Mistress...”

“It's meant to! Just what a filthy lecherous beast like you needs!”

SWISH... CRACK!

“Yarooooaaahhh!”

He was up again, but only halfway. Back down he went as quickly as he could. The sixth stroke came almost instantly and up he jerked again. No matter about that threat of six extra, he simply couldn't help it.

“Six,” said Mistress Sophie. “Eighteen more to come.” The very thought quite unnerved him. He turned and faced her, tears misting his eyes.

“P-please... Mistress... not so many... oh please... I won't be able to stand it...”

Pisspot's voice was croaking. But Mistress Sophie looked as grim and as determined as ever. Well, she was a professional!

“Oh yes you will,” she said calmly. “Never fear. As I said, I've got all afternoon to give them to you. Bend over boy, it's going to get a lot worse before it is over.”

She was right. A loud sob burst forth from Pisspot as he bent again, feeling the increased stab of the weals over his flesh. His bottom was twisting first to one side then the other in a hapless attempt at evasion. Expecting a stroke, he suddenly flung back a protective arm.

“If you do that again, boy,” she said menacingly, “it won't be six extra, it will be twelve! Get your backside square!”

Pisspot forced himself to obey. Again she kept him waiting. His nerves were raw. He was twitching. He closed his eyes. Tears seeped out from between the closed lids.

Then the caning was resumed.

As stroke followed relentless stroke, Pisspot howled unashamedly. And not only did he howl: he twisted, he writhed, he jerked up and down. At one point he found himself on his knees, head bowed to the carpet. Mistress Sophie gave him three slashing strokes across his exposed bottom in quick succession.

“Up... up... up!” she commanded.

Somehow he staggered up and bent yet again. He couldn't stand it, he couldn't! Yet he knew he was going to have to.

Mistress Sophie was caning harder than she had ever done before. Some kind of demon seemed to have got into her. Or maybe it was just that time of the month. Whatever, Pisspot had never felt the like before. And God knew he had been thrashed often enough during his time of captivity here.

He lost count of the strokes. They seemed never-ending. There came a time when, having lost all control he was on his knees, frantically clasping her ankles, begging her to stop.

“You're getting thirty strokes now, boy, no matter what you say or do,” came Mistress Sophie's grating voice. “Get up and bend over this instant!”

He didn't know how he made himself do it. But he did. His knees were buckling and he was crying like a kid. Pisspot had lost what last shreds of pride he might have still been clinging to. He felt no shame any more — he just felt pain: pain, more pain and yet more pain.

At some point Mistress Sophie announced that she had delivered the promised twenty-four strokes.

“And it would be over now if you'd behaved yourself better,” she said.

Those last six strokes were the most terrible of all. For most of them fell where the cane had already fallen. The purest agony! Pisspot fell to his knees again; his legs had simply buckled under him. Fortunately, he checked himself throwing back a protective arm just in time. For he knew well that if he had done, despite his pitiful condition, Mistress Sophie would have given him yet another six extra. She was, as Pisspot had learned to his cost, a woman of her word. On the other hand, she didn't seem to care that he was no longer bending but now kneeling, head to floor. His tears were making a wet patch on the carpet. She simply laid the last of the strokes across his battered behind whilst he stayed there, jerking back and forth, twisting and turning uncontrollably.

Then at long last it was over.

Pisspot stayed where he was, absorbing the intensity of pain. Thirty cruel weals throbbed simultaneously. They seemed to pulsate deep, deep down. And they burned excruciatingly. He couldn't have felt more sorry for himself. He didn't deserve all this. He didn't!

But Mistress Sophie seemed to think otherwise.

“You deserved that, Pisspot,” he heard her saying, as though she had read his mind. “And just remember, it will not be the last!”

“Mmmff... uurfff... mmmmf... mfff... yes... oh y-yes, Mistress... mff... mfff...” Pisspot sobbed incoherently.

Mistress Sophie looked with contempt at the snivelling creature stretched out on the floor. Then she picked up the intercom handset.

“Zoe darling? Yeah, I've finished with him. Come and fetch him, will you?”

She put the intercom handset down, and snarled at Pisspot: “get up you miserable prick, or I'll give you the same all over again!”

Somehow, Pisspot managed to rise to his knees.

“Kneel in the corner facing the wall and wait for Miss Zoe. I don't want to have to look at your ugly mug!”

Groaning, Pisspot shuffled forward on his knees until his nose was pressed to the wall.

Mistress Sophie surveyed his bruised and welted buttocks with smug satisfaction, then stretched out languorously on her couch. It had, she reckoned, been a most satisfactory afternoon. Although for her slave, no doubt, a most unsatisfactory one!

After a most painful journey back down into the cellar, Pisspot stood beside the pit, being inspected by Miss Zoe.

“Looks like your arse has been well attended to,” said Miss Zoe. “What happened?”

“I was caned, Miss.”

“Oh, you lucky boy, you!” said Miss Zoe with mocking enthusiasm. “Lots of men pay premium rates for a thrashing from Mistress Sophie, and here you are getting it free, gratis and for nothing!”

She laughed.

Pisspot did not respond, for he was almost out on his feet. Unable to stand any more, he fell weakly to his knees.

Miss Zoe smirked. She considered flogging him back up, then decided better not. He looked about done in.

“Oh dear, poor Pisspot!” she mocked. “You had better have a lie-down!”

The plank bed down in the hole, hard and bare though it was, looked positively welcoming. Miss Zoe raised the grille.

“Get down there,” she said. Pisspot more or less fell into the pit. He stumbled onto the bench and lay there moaning feebly.

“You had better get some rest,” said the voice from above, “we've got a lengthy physical training session tomorrow morning, Pisspot. But in the meantime, I've been saving something for you.”

And, with that, Miss Zoe straddled her thighs and released a powerful golden shower upon the wretched creature below. The second that day. Pisspot just lay there, hating her and hating himself, as the piss splashed over him. Finally she was done.

“It stinks down there!” Miss Zoe announced then. As though she had nothing to do with the strong stench of urine which pervaded the wretched hole in which Pisspot was confined! From a corner she picked up two plastic buckets. She clacked over on her stilettos to the tap in the wall, filled one of the buckets, and came back with a rag as well as the buckets. She opened the grille, threw the lot down on Pisspot, then locked the grille again straight away.

“Get your deluxe bachelor pad scrubbed clean!” she ordered. “I will be back in an hour, and if I smell piss...” She swished her riding crop through the air “... I will take some skin off you!”

She slammed the grille shut with a clash. She took one last final relishing look at that miserable naked male captive, and went back upstairs.

It was not the first time Pisspot had had to scrub the tiny cell clean. Miss Zoe made him do it at least once a day, whether she had pissed on him or not. He dipped the rag into the bucket of water and began to scrub the cold

concrete. From time to time, he wrung out the rag into the empty bucket. It was at one such time that he noticed the large piece of cloth 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 Mistress Sophie ordered him to strip on that terrible, fateful evening which now seemed so long ago.

He realised that she must have cut his clothes up for scrub-rags and dust-cloths. He had absolutely nothing. He was a naked captive in a hole. The only time he left the hole was when he was ordered out to be beaten, abused, tortured. And he had no idea how long it was going to last...

THE END

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