



MIRANDA BIRCH

MATURE
MATRON
DISCIPLINES
AND TRAINS

BBW Domination

Mature Matron Disciplines and Trains

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By [Miranda Birch](#)

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This tale of female domination follows the career of a strict mature BBW. From Matron at an exclusive school where she exerts rigorous discipline over her young charges, to landlady of a very special guest house where young men come under her complete control. She uses her leather strap to subjugate her young victim, who then, sobbing and with red bottom, must worship her body for prolonged periods, the threat of another strapping ensuring that his oral performance meets her exacting standards.

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My name is Sue Coleridge. I have always been a big girl, and have always found it difficult to meet men who satisfy my particular, ah, requirements — of which more anon! On reaching ‘a certain age’, I applied for and was accepted for a position as matron in a good class private school. This post was ideal for me. My charges were all teenage boys, as it was a same-sex school. I was robust in my dealings with my charges, quite stern with naughty boys and thoroughly enjoyed corrective sessions. I used corporal punishment for discipline and correction, of course. But also I added certain ‘refinements’ of my own. To be honest, my corrective duties became bound up with my sexual life, which consisted of affairs with the older boys at the school.

As housemother to teenage boys, it was my duty to impose discipline for offences not only in the dormitories but also around the school. The school rules would often confine culprits to their dormitory for a whole weekend or even longer periods when necessary as a punishment for various offences. Naturally the boys hated this form of discipline. As a result, I often offered a boy the choice of accepting personal punishment from me as an alternative. Although I was well known for my strictness, a number of boys preferred to get their punishment over and done with, and therefore accepted my offer. It would look odd if boys were *invited* to my rooms, but of course being *summoned* for discipline was something else altogether. I was expected to deal firmly with breaches of discipline — and I can assure you I did.

Once a boy agreed to punishment from me, I gave him a specified time at which he was to report to my rooms. I always ensured that he was aware of what I expected from him and the form of correction he was to receive. As soon as he arrived I locked the door behind him to assure privacy, then I started the session. I was always pleasant, but very firm and I made a point of dressing up for such sessions. Sexy lacy lingerie; stockings and suspenders; blouse and skirt — business-like but just that little bit tighter than usual, enough to show off my ample curves to best advantage, and the blouse unbuttoned a little bit further than usual, to show off plenty of cleavage. Sometimes if I was anticipating a very long discipline session, I would even get my hair done!

First off, I reminded the young man of his reason for being in my room, and that he will have to accept punishment completely on my terms,

Next I would bring out the special discipline jacket that I had had made by a specialist in leather especially for these discipline sessions. This jacket was of mini length, barely reaching the waist and had long sleeves which are sewn up at the cuffs and short straps and buckles stitched around them. It was put on from the front and the straps fastened the sleeves in the small of the back. Once a boy had been put into the jacket and it was zipped up the back, with the sleeves buckled in position, then the boy is completely helpless and at my mercy. Even the older, stronger boys got quite nervous when they were put into the discipline jacket for the first time. They realised that they had no choice but to be submissive to me.

Now, with one or two of the older ones, I would sometimes give orders to strip naked right at the beginning. There was nothing more exciting than having a well-developed young man stripped and kneeling before me.

Oh, it was marvellous hectoring and berating my nervous young charge!

“Kneel there!”

“Hands on head!”

“Legs wider than that!”

“Wider, I said!”

“Head up, look at me when I am speaking to you boy!”

And then I would take my time in lecturing him at length on his faults, seeing in his eyes that he knew only too well what was coming.

I must confess, my dears, that I always got quite a thrill and felt quite damp when one of my youngsters was completely under my control.

However, this was a special treat for me. Usually, the procedure was as follows.

Once I had the boy secured in the jacket, I brought out my well-oiled black leather strap that I keep for these occasions. Those who saw it for the first time usually swallowed very hard and looked very nervous when I hooked it over the back of a chair that is always placed directly in the centre of the room. I would then seat myself on the chair and instruct the recalcitrant boy to stand before me. I spent a few moments just staring at him with my most severest gaze. This caused the boy to become quite nervous and docile indeed, which never failed to excite me further.

I then proceeded to slowly unfasten the boy's trousers and slowly unzip the fly front, never taking my eyes from his while I did so; and then slowly and deliberately drawing his trousers all the way down to his ankles. Needless to say, they blushed profusely during this, and I even got some pleas to be spared this indignity. Of course I always ignored such pleas, much as I enjoyed them! I then slowly took down the boy's pants to completely expose him, I believed (and still believe) that it is good for the offender to be humiliated completely. Naturally, the boys were well embarrassed at being bared this way for their punishment, but despite this, however, most of them seemed to find it quite exciting to be prepared by me in this way and I was often confronted with a firm erection.

Scolding and chiding the culprit until he was very red-faced, I proceeded to put him over my lap. With the spanking jacket and his lowered garments restricting him most effectively, I could hold even the bigger boys quite easily in this position. Once I had the culprit in position, securely over my sturdy knees, bottom bared from waist to knees, I took a firm grip on the handle of the strap. I have had a lot of experience of strapping boys and I always used a vigorous smacking action that slapped hard across both buttocks. I did not give any special number of strokes, but simply administer a good strapping until I was satisfied with the results.

As the strap blazed across their bottoms, setting them on fire, the boys never failed to cry frantically and squirm and wriggle about on my lap. The thrashing never stopped until the culprit

was crying like a very little boy. I am the first to admit that it was always a great thrill to put a young man through his paces with the strap and to listen to him crying and pleading with me — particularly if I could feel his erect penis pressing against my thigh!

When the spanking finally came to an end, sometimes I would simply dismiss the boy and allow him to leave. But that was usual only with the younger boys. With older boys — particularly those who had shown a — how shall I put it? a *masculine response* to the discipline — I took the training session further, and this extended session might last a very long time indeed.

Leaving on the spanking jacket, and with his trousers and pants still around his ankles, I would put him in a corner, with his nose pressed to the wall, for a period of up to half an hour. Why rush things? After all, he wasn't going anywhere! It was such a thrill sitting there, surveying the results of my handiwork in the shape of a well-reddened shapely young bum, feeling the tension in the air, knowing that the lad was now utterly in awe of me. At last, I would make him come to me and fall on his knees before me. I would then berate him for getting so excited, making a point of handling his genitals as I scolded and admonished him. I would tell the miscreant that he was a very naughty boy and that I would have to punish him further for making such an exhibition of himself in front of a lady. Depending on his reaction and various other factors including my own mood, I would make the young man submit to various humiliations. I usually pulled my skirt up high to reveal the tops of my stockings and my panties, and I made him kiss first my stockinged feet, then my knees and finally my bare thighs, just above my stocking tops.

If I was in the mood (and when was I not?) and I felt that the boy was properly trained, or prepared for it, I would have him perform the most intimate of oral services for me, with the threat of another sound strapping if he failed to please me. I would remove my panties and stretch out on my bed, hiking my skirt up to my waist. Still confined helplessly in the spanking jacket and restricted still by his lower garments, the boy would be instructed to kneel between my legs and lick me all over down there with his tongue. And I made him explore deeply! Most of the newer boys were of course inexperienced at this, and it was always a great thrill to teach them how to do it *exactly* as I wanted it. Sometimes I kept a boy's head down there for a very long time, following my instructions to the letter, the odd lash with the strap reminding him of the consequences should he displease me. I always finished by having an intense climax on these occasions. Sometimes, if the boy had been very good, I would use my hand to bring him to a climax. Perhaps with some boy or other, I gave a boy his very first one! I found that after a few experiences in my room some of the boys become quite willing and submissive sex slaves.

My favourite age was — well, I suppose I had better not say! At any rate, there is something so very appealing about a boy that age. Just becoming a man, and often quite brash and cocky. Brash and cocky, that is, until they come under my control! They are no match for my age and experience I loved taking a brash, cocky young lad, good at games and not at all frightened of a 'harmless' older woman like me and, under the discipline of the painful strap, the embarrassment of nakedness, and the humiliation of long, stern talkings-to (while standing to attention before me starkers, natch!), turning him into a docile, compliant boy-toy, bent to my will and all too \$anxious to do anything I commanded in order to avoid another dose of that fearsome strap!

Alas! All good things come to an end. Eventually the story of my activities came out, and as you can imagine I had to leave the school under something of a cloud. It threatened to become

something of a scandal. But they managed to hush it up. After all, I was a upstanding member of the community, regular church-goer and so on. I had to leave, as I say, but I ended up with a nice little settlement which enabled me to buy a boarding house in an English seaside town.

Now, in my fifties, I am still very active in the training and disciplining of young men. I am very selective in my choice of guests. I avoid the usual holiday crowd, and focus on long-term single male guests. Young single male guests.

I have the pick of all the young men who come to my door and not to put too fine a point on it, fall into my hands. It is such a popular place that I never want for choice. I keep my charges down and I suppose my reputation has been passed on by countless young wimps over the years. That does not worry me. It's the way I like it.

I know that I am still a handsome woman. I'm tall, dark and full figured, well filled out, with sturdy thighs, voluptuous hips, big breasts — the lot! I have a bit of a tummy of course, but I keep it well in with firm foundation garments that give prominence to my massive breasts, clearly the part of me that has all those young men gasping. Well, if you must know, I'm a 48DD cup, something that seems to attract my victims like parched travellers to the fountain of life.

I have a lovely face, or so men have told me over the years, but I know it is hard, even cruel. They say when you are young you carry the face God gave you, but when you become an adult your character creates its own. I suppose its my dominating personality that has etched the lines on my face and given my lips that cruel, hard look that masochists seem to appreciate.

My young men come to my door and I can pick and choose and I only take on those who are handsome and eager. But best of all I like those that are vulnerable, soft and meek. I like the shy ones who don't understand what they want until I teach them.

My friends sometimes say that my attitudes towards sex are like a man's. Well if that is true so be it. I like to indulge my appetites with new flesh whenever I fancy it. Whenever I want to indulge my pleasures I do so and I arrange life so that I can pick and choose. I simply love having a new youngster grovelling at my feet or trapped between my thighs or under my lash. Its just a question of organisation. I can have sadistic sex every night of the week if I care to.

There is nothing I like more than breaking in a new boy and showing him my own style of cruel sex. And over the years I have had dozens of supplicants. If I fancy a young man who comes to my door, I quickly assess whether I can catch him in my web. Most men are weak and there is usually a way of seducing them; it is only that the seduction turns out to be rather more painful for them than originally anticipated. Oh! it makes me quite wet even to think of breaking in a new lad and making him into my abject slave.

I kept the good old 'spanking jacket' and still get it out on occasion. But I know have far more equipment, and even a well-equipped 'dungeon' in my basement.

It was a long time ago but I think the first lodger I brought under my power was called Tony. From the time I first saw him I knew I wanted to have him in my power. He was one of those fresh-faced young lads from a public school who had arrived down her to take up his first

position with a firm. Just starting out in life. He was one of those shy, weak types who always wanted to please. I had to be sure that when he came to me it would be entirely on my terms.

Anyway I gave him a room and acted like a friendly but firm landlady. I could tell he was quite keen on me but far too shy to make a move. Experience has since taught me that I can soon tell whether a lad would make a victim or not and in Tony's case I was right. One hundred per cent right.

I always dressed very sexily and wore plenty of perfume. Whenever I got the chance I gave him a flash. When he was sitting opposite I would part my legs as if by chance and give him a glimpse of black stocking tops and creamy white thighs and black knickers above. Once or twice I think I caught him blushing as a result of my blandishments.

But he was certainly interested and I decided to set him some traps. After an early bath one night I accidentally dropped a pair of shiny black knickers that I had worn through a long sweaty summer's day, right by the bathroom door. When he went for his bath I watched through a crack in my door down the passage and I noticed him first pick up my intimate garment then smell it longingly. He looked guiltily towards my room and then knowing he was being a naughty boy pocketed the knickers and went into his room.

I gave him a few minutes, opened my door and tiptoed to his room. Inside I could hear heavy breathing and the gasps of a masturbating man I decided this was it.

I burst in. He was lying on the bed with the covers drawn back and masturbating in full view, with his head inside my knickers — the crotch piece was stretched tightly across his nose.

“What are you doing, Tony?” I shouted. “Those are my knickers, you miserable little worm.”

With one hand he pulled the black silk garment from his face while the other hand tried to shield his rampant erection.

“Oh! I am sorry Mrs Coleridge, I am sorry.”

“Sorry you maybe, but not half as sorry as when I tell your parents of the way you defile a lady's hospitality.”

As I up-braided him he pleaded with me, begging me not to tell and accepting my absolute right to censor him. After pleading and promising me the earth it was eventually agreed that I would keep silent and punish him myself.

I knew immediately that it was my big chance to indulge those nascent sadistic instincts that had incoherently been growing inside me.

“Stand by the bed and do not move until I come back,” I ordered.

I then left him standing naked, vulnerable and still trembling. I was determined to discipline him. Nowadays I have an armoury of instruments of correction, but that that time I did not have a single cane or tawse. But then it came to me why not use one of my old gym shoes. Not one of

those modern day trainers but a real, old-fashioned gym shoe with a twangy rubber sole; that should introduce young Tony to his first taste of pain.

I went back to his room lovingly flexing the springy shoe in my hand. he was still standing there stark naked and at my mercy.

“Put your hands behind your head and come over here,” I said as I took a seat in an upright chair, allowing my black skirt to ride well up my thigh. He stepped towards me.

“Closer, I want to inspect you.” I stared hard and long at his genitals which were just about eye level. “Not much there,” I said, though in fact he had a very big cock for a young lad of his age. Something for me to enjoy to the full later. As I carried out a full examination he began slowly to come into erection.

“You little worm. You are getting a hard on. Not content with your knicker sniffing activities you are now become rampant right in front of my eyes.”

“Sorry I cannot help it. I do respect Mrs Coleridge. I really do.”

“Respect has to be taught, through hard punishment,” I replied. “And another thing from now on you call me Mistress, not Mrs Coleridge, understand?”

He nodded assent.

“What is this?” I asked him waving the gym shoe in his face.

“It is a gym shoe, Mrs Coleridge.”

“‘It is a gym shoe, Mistress’ is the correct form of address from now on,” I snapped. “Do you know what I am going to use it for?”

“No, Mistress,” he lied.

“Well bend over my lap and I will show you.”

He immediately did as he was told. At last I had my first young victim since I had left that school. He trembling, naked and entirely at my mercy. Oh! I had long dreamed of having this again, and now I was to take full sensual advantage. I could feel his hard cock against my stocking tops. It was a pleasurable sensation but first it was pain for him. I lifted my arm and brought the shoe whipingly down on his rounded buttocks. He gasped. I hit him hard again.

“Perhaps... (smack)... this (smack)... will... (smack)... cure you... (smack)... of your knicker smelling habits (smack)”

I punctuated my words with hard slaps.

Soon he was yelping and wriggling all over my lap and yet he was still in semi-erection.

“I think you are enjoying this but I am going to go on spanking you until you change your tune.”

And so his smacking continued. His bottom became bright scarlet and he soon began to howl, like the little wimp that he was. But I did not finish until I thought he had enough. By then he was really crying and I was getting wetter and wetter with sheer sadistic indulgence. It was easy, I had conquered this sex slave and was leaving a very hot and scarlet trade mark on his chubby bottom.

After the performance I had him on his knees before me thanking me for correcting him and grovelling between my knees.

“Here is where you can get better acquainted with the living knickers that you love so much. You can kiss and lick, but not touch,” I ordered.

“Yes Mistress,” he said with a voice of high reverence. But it was his panting and gasping that filled by ears as his soft tongue traced the inside of my softly parting thighs. Sensually he licked the creamy flesh on the insides of my legs. And I felt his hot breath and heard him breathing like an animal. By the time he reached my knicker crotch I was streaming with desire. I reached down and pulled his head into my very core.

That evening he earned his reward in my bed but it was my kind of sex throughout. I was firmly in control. He spent most of the night down the bed and trapped between my thighs except when he was flat on his back and I was riding his face to a climax. That is the way I like it. I like to lower my well padded posterior over their waiting faces and then wriggle myself so that they tongue every inch of flesh between my thighs. Then I simply rub myself to orgasm on their waiting faces.

It gives me that feeling of total domination, far more than the straight sex act itself. Though sometimes I do ride one of my boys especially if he has a big tool but I am always in charge. He is under me in every physical and mental sense of the word.

Tony has long since gone, but there have been a stream of other handsome young boys whom I have drawn into my net. At present, I have seven lodgers and every one of them is in my thrall. I don't take them on unless they are prepared to serve me, and I don't keep them after I get tired of them.

But to return to the present, I have constructed a veritable dungeon in the spacious cellar of this large Victorian house. To be more precise my young slaves built it over the years to my specifications, and under my lash, so to speak — indeed, sometimes quite literally under the lash! I refer to it as the punishment room and it is reserved for slaves that have disappointed me in some way. Henry a young trainee architect is down there at this every moment, naked and awaiting punishment. His crime was to fail to carry out my knicker laundry to my complete satisfaction.

Every week the duty slave has to cleanse my knickers but in my house this is not done by Persil but by a slave's tongue. After supper on laundry nights the slave is given the garments that have been encased in my fleshy thighs and is ordered to carry out the laundry. Afterwards there is an inspection and woe betide those who fail to match my standards.

Poor Henry, I am just about to go down to him and teach him a painful lesson. He is kneeling naked in the corner, nose holding a coin to the wall, something I can see from my video screen in my bedroom where I am putting on my leather gear. I like to wear a black basque which makes the most of my breasts and enhances the swell of my buttocks. I have long boots coming to midway up my powerful thighs, with cruel six-inch heels.

I can see Henry waiting patiently in the punishment room. When he went down there, he will have walked apprehensively past the collection of whips, quirts, canes, tawses that festoon the walls. Above him are the pulleys, ropes, straps and other accoutrements of sophisticated bondage.

He knows that I will show no mercy but he does not know that I am planning to tawse him first until his buttocks are a tender red. I will then cane him until he is shrieking for mercy. But he will get none. On the contrary I then intend to thoroughly birch him between his well-spread thighs. It is a pity I can only use a light birch, but I don't want to damage him permanently only give him enough pain to have him squealing for mercy.

You see Henry's crime was very serious indeed. When I told him that his knicker laundry was unsatisfactory, he had the cheek to say that he had sucked the crotch for at least five minutes and that it was permanently stained because it had seen no detergent in weeks.

That is the kind of excuse I will not stomach, but even worse he had the nerve to accuse me of uncleanness and to cheek his mistress. I can assure you that a 45 year old dominant matron cannot take that from a young 18 year old slave.

So in a few minutes he will be suffering, painfully and only I will decide how much.

I did have one marvellous long holiday weekend when all the other lodgers had gone home for the occasion, and I was left with one of my favourites, a rather shy and retiring lad called Ian who was putty in my hands. I closed the guest house altogether, drew the blinds and put a notice in the door making explicitly clear that I was not to be disturbed.

Then I called Ian to me and sternly ordered him to strip naked. He was so awed by me that he obeyed without protest. I then proceeded to give him a long, thorough and (for him) most embarrassing physical inspection. I decided he had been rather lackadaisical in the hygiene department, so it was off to the bathroom for a good cold shower. I got out my scrubbing brush to boot, and gave the shivering wretch a good going-over with it, oblivious to his squeals of protest. When I was finally done, I threw him a towel and told him to report to me in the drawing room in five minutes.

He spent the entire long weekend stark naked and running around at my beck and call! I had him wait on me hand and foot. I did anything I wanted to with him.

Closely-supervised housework, with punishment for slacking and mistakes. Needless to say, I detected lots of slacking and plenty of mistakes, and the poor dear frequently found himself over my lap for a sound strapping.

I had him wait on me at table, serving me a meal I had prepared in advance. After my repast, I had him kneel by my chair and beg for scraps like a dog. Of course, the food was cold and greasy by that time, but still he had to wolf down every tidbit I fed him — or else!

Then it was time for some more intimate entertainment. First I had him undress me, slapping his face frequently and scolding him if I thought him too clumsy or suspecting him of trying to ‘cop a feel’. Then I had him attend me in the shower. I told him quite explicitly that he had better make sure I was squeaky clean all over, because before long he would be thoroughly exploring all those nooks and crannies with his tongue. The poor dear flushed beetroot red at that!

I took his penis in my hand and led him to my bedroom. There I stretched out on my big comfortably bed, regally nude, and had him start with body worship. I then did something I had always wanted to try. After having him kiss my big bottom lovingly all over, I instructed him sternly to lick me between my big bum cheeks. And he did it! I soon had him working busily between my cheeks as deep as he could get. My, he did arouse some exquisite sensations in my nether regions!

I kept him hard at work on my body for most of the night. I took breakfast in bed the next morning, served by my naked slave boy of course. And then it was another long day of fun and games!

Sadly, he was so overwhelmed by our little weekend of fun that he packed up and fled soon after. Oh, well, not to worry. I have plenty of other young victims to choose from, and a steady fresh supply of innocent young lads to break in. I have no intention of stopping as I grow older. Indeed, my libido seems to increase as I get older. I look forward still to many years to come of being served intimately by strictly-disciplined young lads!

THE END

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