



# NO SANCTUARY

Imprisoned and Disciplined

MIRANDA BIRCH

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## Imprisoned and Disciplined

By [Miranda Birch](#)

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Mike, on the run from prison, thinks he has reached certain freedom when he finally walks through the door of the safe-house his contacts have told him about. But he quickly learns that he has merely exchanged one form of captivity for another. And this new captivity promises to be tougher than prison. Naked, locked in chastity, treated like an animal, and feeling the lash of whip and cane, the harsh regime of Mistress Stone is worse than anything he has ever suffered. And there is no escape from this prison!

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Mike was sweating freely as he slunk down the streets of Blaine's Reach, a small town somewhere in the mid-west of the USA. Sure, it was hot; but the sweat was mainly generated by a mix of excitement and fear. Had he got away with it? Had he really? The first gigantic step had been taken: he had escaped. But there were still several more, smaller steps to be taken, each one of them vital to avoid recapture. He sucked in air, trying to breath slowly and deeply, to calm himself.

He stood in the entrance to an alley-way between two shops, trying to look inconspicuous, going over again in his head all the instructions he had been given. "Hal's Bar" was his next objective. There he would find a motorcycle. My, I hope I do, he thought. After that there was a three-mile ride out of town to a certain landmark. A big tree, standing alone not far from the road. "You can't miss it," he had been told. Christ, he hoped so!

One step at a time, he told himself. The main job was over. He was out of that prison. All the same, his heart was still in his throat. The nearer you got to true freedom, the more anxious you became.

Struggling to control his nerves, he relived the escape in his mind. Down a ventilation chute (a guard being bribed to turn a blind eye), then a wearisome hour sawing at bars of a cellar window. After that a scramble through a ditch filled with barbed wire. Up the other side, over a wall. Obstacles enough, but all the same, he'd made it. Even though there were patrolling guards all around. His nerves were still on edge from the experience. And the whole thing was by no means over. He concentrated on the instructions he had been given, then looked up at a street name-plate. He was on the right track. Mike's hopes began to rise.

Perhaps, after all, he would not have to serve fifteen gut-rotting years for drug-running. Perhaps, after all, he would be able to collect the loot he had so carefully and secretly stashed. Then off 'south of the border, down Mexico way', to a new life of dissolute luxury. Chicks, drink, drugs, whatever he wanted. Hell, he'd earned that much, hadn't he? Done everything the hard way; taken all the risks. Then they'd caught him (had he been snitched on?) and slammed him away for sixteen years. He had served one year and then a guard had approached him. Given him a note. Escape was possible, it seemed, if the money was right. Mike had told them the money was right. He had the money, after all. They knew that too.

Steadily it had built up, with not just one guard but three co-operating. On the evening decided, Mike got away. Amazingly easy really, in view of the fact that he had been held in a high security prison.

But now he was in a side street of Blaine's Reach, sweating in case he suddenly caught sight of the law, armed and in uniform. Carefully, close to the walls, he followed the directions which had been given to him. Oh dear, so near and yet so far! The thought of fifteen more years in that jail was petrifying. I'd kill myself rather than that, Mike had told himself. Even though as he was aware that he was not quite that brave.

Then, almost disbelievingly, he saw the sign. At the end of a cul-de-sac. Hal's Bar! It was all becoming true. It was working. He was actually escaping. Joyous delight surged through him. Even more so when he saw a motorcycle leaning against a side wall. Lucky it wasn't stolen, he thought. I guess someone has been keeping an eye on it. He mounted, turned the waiting key in the ignition, and motored swiftly out of the town. It seemed unlikely to Mike that there were any police about at that time of night. He sincerely hoped so.

Then the big tree he had been told about appeared, looming out of the darkness. It was unmistakable. Mike pulled in and stashed the bike in some long grass. he sat down beside it, and waited. There he sat, panting with nervousness, hoping that the miracle would continue. For something like half an hour, he remained there. content. Mike simply wanted to savor the idea of freedom. How wonderful it was to be outside prison walls, a free man!

There came the hoot, like that of an owl. Once, twice, three times. The signal! Mike rose and walked out of the grass to the side of the road. A muffled figure approached silently, took him by the arm and escorted him to a plain, windowless van which had pulled up just ahead. A door opened and he was thrust in. The doors closed and the van moved off.

Mike was close to tears. But they were tears of joy. Now he really was on the right road to freedom.

After some time, the van doors opened, Mike jumped out, and found himself on a gravel drive, leading up to a large house set in its own grounds. He was surprised by this. Everything, so far, had been quite low key. Still, there were rich and powerful personages in the drugs game. Some of them still seemed to want to protect him. And even use him again. Gratifying.

"Just go up and press the bell," said his driver. The engine was still running, and already the van was moving off.

"Thanks," Mike called after it, and set off towards the house. There was the front door: big and impressive. Mike pressed the bell. Nothing happened. A long time passed. Mike began to panic a little. Then he pressed again. Surely it could not all go wrong now?

Then, to his utter relief, the door opened. There was no light but he could just make the outline of a figure standing well back.

"I... I'm... Mike..." he gasped out. "You know... Mike... yes?"

"Oh yes," said the figure. "I know. I've been expecting you. Glad you were able to make it."

"Me... me, too..." said Mike. But the thing that amazed him was that the person receiving him was a woman. That didn't quite make sense. Still, he would have to put up with it. What counted was that he was free!

"Come in, Mike," she said in a silky voice.

Mike went through the door, catching the scent of the woman as he did so. It excited him no end.



"Thank you... oh, thank you. I can't tell you how grateful I am."

"That's quite alright," said the female voice. "My pleasure."

The next thing Mike knew was receiving a violent blow on his head... and he swooped swiftly down to oblivion.

Melody Stone, Mistress Stone to those in the know, pressed a high-heeled shoe on to the neck of the unconscious creature on the floor before her.

"Are you quite sure, Mike," she said to the senseless prostrate figure, "that you are 'grateful' to be exchanging one prison for another?" She chuckled mirthlessly.

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When Mike came to his senses again, he was lying on a rough hard bed in a cell-like room. For a few moments he thought he was back in his old prison. The only odd thing was that he had nothing on except some kind of leather device about his genitals. He was bemused. How had all this come about? He had escaped as arranged and made all his rendezvous. He had been on the way back to a decent criminal life... so now what had happened? Perhaps he was being put through a kind of debriefing. The drugs world had to be careful, especially about its top members. Mike breathed out, and decided to just wait and see it through. He was feeling reasonably relaxed. It would all work out, after all, it had all been arranged. From the outside. He found himself smiling inwardly. After all, when you think about it, I'm quite a clever bastard really. It wasn't everyone who got sixteen years and was out after one! And with three million dollars stashed, he had no worries now. Mike began to relax and think of a happy future.

At that moment, the door of the little room opened and there stood a woman. She was quite ravishing, and wore nothing but a pair of thigh-length boots and a tiny cache-sex.

What the hell was this? Something the boys had arranged? Yeah, it must be. Hell, look at the tits on that! And that Kardashian ass! A grin began to creep over his face.

Mistress Stone smiled contentedly as she closed the door. Mike sat up on his hard bed, bewildered.

"So, you thought you had escaped, did you Mike?" smiled Mistress Stone. It was a very cold smile, even if it revealed a row of perfect wide-set teeth.

"Of... of course... yes... I have escaped. It was all laid on. I was directed here. This is my last port of call."

"That could well be true."

"Then away. I'm not saying where, of course. But someone... someone in the hierarchy is looking after me."

"Is that so?"

"How else could this have happened?"

"There are other reasons."

"I... I don't understand. Who are you anyway? When am I going to be moved on?"

"You can call me Mistress Stone. It is only fair that you should know that it was I who arranged your escape. Down to the last detail. Not too difficult, was it? It was I who arranged for you to be brought here.

Here to remain, as my prisoner."

Mike's jaw dropped. This he had not expected.

"I... I don't understand you."

He paused and gulped, his thoughts racing, trying to find the words to express his confusion.

"You... you are part of my escape line," he continued.

"That was the impression you were given, yes. But, sometimes, one has to be... economical with the truth."

She laughed briefly and mirthlessly.

"I still don't understand. When I got here as arranged, I was knocked out. Now I'm in... well... a kind of cell. It's crazy."

"You'll soon understand everything," smiled Mistress Stone. It was still a very cold smile.

Mike sank back, still utterly baffled. Why was this incredible-looking woman so provocatively naked? What was going on? His rather simple mind could not grasp it. But then, what mind could have done? The woman he now knew as Mistress Stone came closer. Mike's lust mounted. She was quite superb. Perhaps, he thought, she had lured him there temporarily for a sexual adventure. That was quite possible. Yet how did that tie in with his escape plan? It was all so strange.

"Mike Scorsese," said Mistress Stone, "as I told you, I arranged your escape. And for a very good reason."

"Yes?"

"Yes... because I do not consider a Federal Prison is sufficient punishment for vile creatures of your kind."

Mike was stunned.

"V-vile creatures? What do you mean? Surely you must be one of us. Otherwise, why should you have done all this for me?"

"Because I intend to punish you as you deserve," said Mistress Stone coldly.

Mike's jaw dropped. A surge of anger flooded through him, and he rose to his feet.

"Are you crazy? Let me out of here. Now... right now!"

Mistress Stone raised a hand.

"Perhaps you would like to go back to your stinking prison. Right now. It can be arranged."

Mike recoiled.

"No... noooo!" he cried.

His anger was mingled with fear now. Sweat broke out on his body. The very idea was complete anathema to him. Yet, had he but known it at that moment, it might have been a less painful decision. "Well then," said Mistress Stone with a shrug, "I shall keep you prisoner here. And it will be a far harder regime than you have so far experienced."

"I... I still don't understand. What has gone wrong?"

"You have gone wrong from the start," said Mistress Stone with an edge to her voice. "You... you stinking drugs dealer!"

"I thought... I thought... you were one of us... with us..."

Mistress Stone came closer to him, eyes now blazing. "Let me tell you something, which might make matters clearer, on account of filth like you, my sister died. She was lured into drugs; then became a pusher herself. She died at the age of 22. People like you are responsible for that..."

"Well... I wouldn't exactly go along with that..." began Mike. At that point he received a pile-driving fist in his jaw which rendered him virtually senseless. He slumped back, moaning.

Slowly, very slowly, he recovered, rubbing his jaw. He would have to deal with this mad-woman prancing about near-naked in kinky boots! She was up to something. And not for his good. Somewhere along the line, something had gone wrong. He gathered himself, filled with rage at the blow he had received, and hurled himself at the arrogant-looking beauty. Unhurriedly, quite easily, she cut him down with a Judo blow to the neck. Mike collapsed quite senseless to the floor.

When he came around, some ten minutes later, Mistress Stone had a foot firmly on his chest as he sprawled on the floor. She seemed quite indifferent to what he could see of her body.

"Let me make it quite clear, once and for all Mike, that you cannot overpower me. Stand up... come on stand up."

She accompanied her words by a sharp kick in his side with her stiletto heel.

Head throbbing, Mike got up. It was very evident that this bizarre woman knew how to look after herself.

"You can make this as hard as you like for yourself," she said. "I don't care if I have to lay you out twenty times, in the end, you will submit to me. Oh, and if you do ever attempt to attack me again, I shall flog you until you are senseless."

Mike gasped. She really means it, he thought. And she can do it, she had proved that. She can lay me out.

"Have you ever been flogged?" the statuesque blonde continued.

"No... no, of course not..."

"Why of course?"

"People aren't flogged these days. It's barbaric."

Mistress Stone laughed.

"What a simpleton you are, Mike. People certainly are flogged. Certainly, my slaves are flogged."

"Slaves?"

"Yes, you are one of my slaves now. On that account, henceforth, you will address me as Mistress."

Mike shook his head in disbelief; but Mistress Stone took it for a denial. She punched him savagely in the belly and once more Mike collapsed. He was groaning breathlessly.

"How do you address me, slave?"

"M-mistress..." he managed to say. Had the whole world gone crazy? How could this be happening to him? Somehow, he had fallen in to the hands of a vicious female sadist. A virtual madwoman. The idea was spine-chilling. He had heard about such women but had never seriously believed they existed.

"I am leaving you for a while," stated Mistress Stone, "to think over your new situation. Your new status. That of a slave. A slave who has to obey my orders without question. A slave who will be punished if he does not. Clear?"

Mike nodded, still not quite believing. "Yes..." he said. "M-mistress," he added quickly as he saw the dangerous glint in her eyes. Mistress Stone turned and headed for the door. He saw her smooth white back and that curvaceous bum. Oh, but she was a magnificent creature! Should he leap on her now, while her back was to him? Then he remembered what she had said. Flogging him senseless. He dare not risk it. Probably she was deliberately luring him on and would be ready to parry any attack. The door opened, she went through. He heard heavy bolts being drawn. This was indeed a prison... even more secure than the one he had just escaped from.

Mike lay uncomfortably on his bunk, feeling the various bruises and aches he had acquired. His jaw, his neck, his belly. This woman seemed as powerful as any man and, in many ways, far more capable. How long was she going to keep him prisoner? She had been indefinite about that but it could be a long time. She was out to revenge the death of her sister and a woman in that situation could be very vindictive. Unreasonably so.

Perhaps an hour later, Mike heard the bolts being drawn. His nerves tingled with dread and, when Mistress Stone appeared, the hair on the nape of his neck seemed to rise bristling. For she was carrying a whip.

The door closed.

"When I enter your cell, slave," said Mistress Stone, "you stand and bow to the waist. Do so now."

Mike very much resented the arbitrary tone, and what he had to do. It was as if he really were a true slave. All the same, he did as he was told. A woman with a whip was a fearsome sight.

"Have you accepted the situation, slave?" he was asked.

"It... it is very difficult to," he answered. The whip flicked. "Very difficult, Mistress," he added. Mistress Stone nodded.

"Understandably. But it is a fact. It is also true that you are here to be made to suffer by me personally. Even so, that can never compensate for what your kind did to my sister." Carlo felt a shiver of dread go through him. He was moved to protest.

"B-but it was not I who... who... did it..." he said. The whip snaked out and caught him across the flank. The pain was terrible and he let out an involuntary gasping-howl.

"I said your kind," snapped Mistress Stone. "You will have brought misery and death to many another's sister." Mike did not deny it. It would have been pointless. The whip snaked out again and caught him on the other flank. He clasped at the welt, gasping again. "You forgot to call me 'Mistress'," said Mistress Stone.

For perhaps the first time, Mike realized to the full his terrible predicament. This was no bluff, no game. He really was a captive and this woman could do very much as she liked with him. "M-mistress..." he croaked. Mike found himself trembling. Never before had he been subject to any woman. He had been

very much the macho-man. Dominating, directing, taking or leaving. Now the boot was definitely on the other foot.

"I have decided, in order to make you understand your new status more fully, to give you a whipping."

Mike gasped in dismayed disbelief.

"Not a serious flogging but a whipping all the same," the scantily-clad blonde continued.

"P-please, Mistress... what have I d-done to deserve it?" asked Mike.

"Nothing," replied Mistress Stone. "It is simply a way of my introducing myself to you; of making you respect me and appreciate the degree of domination I have over you."

Mike looked at her, then at the whip. It was terrible-looking thing, a thick handle and a long coil of leather. Something that could take the skin off a man's back. He felt a sudden surge of unreasoning terror.

"For goodness's sake... please... nooooo!"

But already, the whip was up and back. It snaked out cracking across his flank. He howled and turned to run. But there was nowhere to run. The whip caught him again, across the buttocks. He howled more loudly. The whip cracked again, across the other flank. And again, across the buttocks once more. Oh, the pain! He had never known pain like it. Wildly he tried to fend off the cracking whip with his hands and arms. But it was useless. They simply curled round and bit into his body in any event. Then his back got it, as he twisted and turned in torment.

Crack! Crack!

Back to his buttocks.

Crack! Crack!

There was no escaping that deadly whip.

"Enough!" he cried. "Agggghh... no more!"

Mistress Stone strode hither and thither on her long limbs as she positioned herself for each succeeding stroke. She was calm and unruffled. It was as if whipping a man was as natural as breathing. Perhaps it was with her. At each stroke, at every stride, her beautiful big breasts bounced and quivered delectably. Even in his agony, Mike was aware of the eroticism of that. Crack! His calves. Crack! His back. Crack! His buttocks. Crack! His thighs. There was no place to hide. No avoiding the biting plaited-rawhide leather.

"Mercy!" he cried. And again, "Mercy!"

It was the first time he had ever begged for mercy... and he was asking it of a woman. He saw a faint derisive smile pass over Mistress Stone's wide lips, and she went right on whipping him. Soon, becoming exhausted with pain, Mike stumbled to the floor. That made things easier for Mistress Stone. She continued to lay her whip across the helpless being who twisted back and forth on the floor.

It seemed to Mike, soon, that huge bats were flying around the cell. Then they were in his head. Flapping wildly. Darkness was overcoming him. It seemed he was falling down some well shaft...

Slowly his senses returned. The whipping had ceased. But the pain of the welts all over his body was persistent throbbing torment. He opened one eye to see high heels right before him. The whip was trailing to and fro over his back, gently but menacingly.



"Do you now accept that you are my slave?" came the question.

Mike's throat seemed dry and cracked from his howling. "Yes, Mistress," he managed to answer in a hoarse whisper.

"And you will obey my commands?"

"Uggghh... yes... Mistress..."

"Realizing, naturally, that if you do not you will be whipped again. And more severely next time."

How coldly authoritative that voice was! Hypnotic almost. Obviously accustomed to power. Accustomed to being obeyed.

"Yes... Mistress..." whimpered Mike weakly. His mind recoiled from the thought of being whipped again. He must do whatever this woman said; he must submit to her will, however wounding for his pride that might be.

"You may go to your bunk," said Mistress Stone. Mike, too weak to stand, crawled there and flopped down. Oh, the pain... the pain! He'd always imagined to be whipped must be a terrible thing. Now he knew the awful reality of it. No wonder slaves could be driven to toil far beyond their normal capacities. No wonder the whip could extract secrets and confessions. No wonder it could make a human being cringe and crawl before it. Mike moaned. He was, in that moment, quite defeated.

"I shall return later on and do something for those stripes," he heard Mistress Stone say. What did she mean by that, he wondered? He hoped it would be something pleasant. He heard the click of her heels across the floor, the opening of the door, the closing of it, the drawing of the bolts.

Turning on his side, Mike covered his face in his hands and began to sob like a child.

Before long, he fell into a kind of exhausted stupor. The nervous strain of the day and now this, it was all too much. As he slept, nightmare thoughts flickered to and fro in his brain. He was branded. Whipped again. Then he saw joggling white breasts. They grew larger, crushing him down. With a cry, he awoke, sweating, wondering momentarily where he was. Pain overwhelmed him again. He sank back, suddenly aware that he had an erection which was pressing painfully against the leather thing he had about his genitals. He strove to remove it but, for the first time, found that it was held in place by a tiny padlock. This woman had not only whipped him, she had effectively neutered him. He hated her. Yet he was aware that it was dangerous to do that. It could lead him along paths which could only bring him even greater pain. He must force himself to submit to her, to obey her, however humiliating that might be. Yet, gently running his fingers over some of his weals, he knew he had to make the tremendous effort to do so.

The bolts were being withdrawn!

Terror turned Mike's stomach to water; he half sat up. Then he remembered he had to stand and bow to her. Mistress Stone came in, as naked as ever, but without her whip. That was a great relief. Mike stood with sagging knees, swaying from side to side. He made a semblance of a bow. Then collapsed.

"Ahhh, slave, so you remembered. At least that is something. Even if the performance was a little wanting. You may get back on your bunk."

Thankfully, Mike did so. Then he saw that Mistress Stone carried a jar with her.

"Lie face down," she ordered.

Mike did so at once. Then he felt ointment sticky fingers running over his weals and welts, instantly seeming to ease the pain. Mike moaned with relief. He no longer hated. Simply, he had a kind of adoration for this all-powerful woman who was bringing him succor. After the raging storm, the calm peace of harbor, he thought. He felt like a child being soothed by its mother and a sheen of tears came to his eyes. How kind she was being to him... and she had no need. After all, he was only her slave.

"Turn over."

He did so, wincing at the renewal of pain in many areas. Mistress Stone continued her ministrations. There were welts around the front of Mike's thighs as well as over his belly. It had been a cruel whipping; impossible to imagine what a severe one would be like! Mike realized, as he looked at the beautiful breasts quivering softly just above him, that the painful pressure in the leather contrivance had returned. Mistress Stone, however, seemed utterly indifferent that he could gaze upon her female nakedness. In such matters, a slave was no more than a dog looking at her.

The soothing fingers ceased their movement. Looking up at this magnificent female, Mike now somehow felt a kind of awe for her. She owned him; he was her creature. The pressure in his genital pouch never lessened. He realized he had the fiercest of desires for her; no matter what she had done to him, it was there. He realized, also, that it was a desire most unlikely to be slaked. This woman, though she oozed sexuality (why else had she come to him naked?) seemed immune to its drives herself.

"Have you nothing to say, slave?"

"Thank you for doing that, Mistress."

"You see, slave, I can be a kind as well as a cruel Mistress," Mistress Stone rejoined. If you only knew, slave, she thought. The healing ointment is only applied to render you fit for much punishment, more pain!

"Yes... yes... Mistress..."

There was a little sob in Mike's voice.

"Also, you must thank me for the whipping." Mike was puzzled. "Do you know why?" "No, Mistress."

"Because it has made you aware that you truly are my slave. And that I am your all-powerful Mistress. That is why."

Mike gulped.

"Thank you for whipping me, Mistress," he said weakly.

Mistress Stone inclined her head in satisfaction but her features remained expressionless. She was, it seemed, accepting no more than her due. All the same, inside, she was pleased with the degree of submission she was already receiving from this hardened criminal. It satisfied her deep, sadistic cravings. Another male pig was being molded to her will. In fact, she quite liked the look of this one. He was well-muscled, strong, reasonably good-looking. It was better to tame a man who looked like a man than one who looked like a wimp.

"You will find, slave, that the ointment will heal your skin quite remarkably quickly."

Mistress Stone smiled.

"So that it will be soon ready for my whip again, if need be."

Mike shuddered. There could be no doubt there was limitless cruelty to this woman, no matter how beautiful she might appear. "Are you thirsty, slave? Hungry?"

Until that moment, Mike had hardly thought about it. But then he realized he was parched and also ravenous.

"Yes... Mistress..." he answered weakly. "Both."

Mistress Stone nodded.

"Go to that cupboard at the side of the cell. It is unlocked."

He walked there unsteadily, conscious of the stab-stab-stab of his numerous welts. He opened the door to discover two bowls before him. One contained water and the other something which looked like gruel.

"Put them on the floor, then eat and drink, slave," ordered Mistress Stone.

Mike placed the two bowls on the floor, realizing the only way he could eat from them was to go down on his hands and knees. Like an animal, he thought. It was what she intended. To degrade him further. But, such was his thirst and hunger, he made himself kneel and dip his head into the bowl. First the water, then the gruel-like substance. It tasted mustily unpleasant and clung to his cheeks. I am being treated like a dog, he thought, feeling the whip continue to be traced back and forth over his back. Ever menacingly.

"Eat up well, slave," said Mistress Stone. "You will need your strength. It may not taste very good but it is full of vitamins."

Mistress Stone laughed softly. She loved seeing a man humiliated in this way; love having him flinching at the simple touch of the tip of her whip, as he ate like a pig from the floor.

Mike got halfway through the bowl. His stomach was filling. He drank some more water, then felt reluctant to return to the food bowl.

"I... I've had enough, Mistress," he said.

"Eat the rest," ordered Mistress Stone. A sharp kick. "You don't imagine I'm going to waste food on a slave, do you?"

With a despairing groan, Mike plunged his face back into the nauseous mush and began to slurp it up. He knew that this she-devil would not be satisfied until he had eaten the lot.

Somehow, he managed it; he never knew how. And, when the bowl was empty, his face was coated with the stuff and his eyes filled with it.

"What a disgusting sight," drawled Mistress Stone, as if it were his fault. "Stand up."

Mike did so. He had never felt less of a man.

"Follow me."

Mike went to the other end of the cell, still half blind. There, he saw, was another door which Mistress Stone opened.

"Wash," she said, then unlocked the thing about Mike's genitals. "And do whatever is needful. This will be put back and not taken off until tomorrow morning. That will be part of your daily routine."

"Yes, Mistress..."

Mike washed his goo-coated face and then used the lavatory. There was certainly nothing macho about him at that moment. He emerged crestfallen and the device was locked back on him.

"Back to your bunk," ordered Mistress Stone.

Mike stumbled back. He was only too grateful to lie down. He felt so weak; so helpless. Mistress Stone was looking down at him, her eyes wide and hypnotically possessive.

"Tomorrow," she said, "will be your first day of punishment. The day when you truly begin to pay for your wicked crimes."

Then she was gone. The light was extinguished... and there came the sound of those bolts being pushed home.

Mike gazed into the darkness, trembling with dread, and with lust, for the Goddess who now controlled his life.

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Mike awoke several times in the night, always feeling the throb-throb-throb of the weals and welts raised on his body. The ointment may have eased the pain but it was still present. His mind was in a turmoil, whether he was awake or asleep. Nightmares pursued him and waking really was a nightmare in itself. What was going to happen in the morning? He shuddered to think. What was going to happen in the days ahead? Weeks? Months maybe? He shuddered even more. Though he had loathed his former prison, he was quite terrified of this one. Would you go back to that prison, given a chance, he asked himself?

He thought he very well might. Even though fifteen years was a very long time. However, he told himself, you never quite knew with a woman. They were creatures of moods. After a while, she might decide to release him. There was always the hope of that.

The passing of time seemed interminable. He could not tell whether or not it was morning, for there were no windows in his cell. Always constant darkness. Then, at some point, the bolts were pulled back, the light came on and Mistress Stone entered. She was, as on the day before, almost naked but for her high heeled boots and the skimpy panties. What a ravishing-looking woman, yet a terrifying one too. This time, she had not brought her whip with her. Mike got off the bunk as quickly as he could and bowed low. That had been Mistress Stone's instruction yesterday. She said nothing at first, simply walking around him.

"You are already healing," she informed him.

Mike said nothing, but was surprised. That ointment must be something special. Certainly, he now felt far less pain.

"You are fed at nine A.M. and six P.M.," said Mistress Stone. "It is now 9 A.M. Go to the hatch."

He did so and went through the same routine of eating the nauseous mush from a bowl. Then he was taken to the other end of the room, into the lavatory. Five minutes were allowed for washing and natural functions. Then he was ordered out and his restrainer put on. He realized that a daily routine was already being implemented.

"Follow me," ordered Mistress Stone, moving to the door. Mike followed, fascinated by the sinuous movement of that splendid rump. Was she deliberately provoking him? It must be so. Why otherwise was she always near-naked? But, even if she was provoking him, he was aware that he was going to be frustrated too. Otherwise, why the leather restrainer?

They went a short distance down a passageway and into another room. Mike was startled to see it contained little save for a wooden trestle. On the trestle lay a cane.

"Make your way around the edge of the room," ordered Mistress Stone. "On all fours. You could do with a bit of exercise."

Mike got down on all fours and began to move along one wall. It was not only an undignified posture, with his backside high in the air, but it was soon going to be a very tiring one. Round and round the room he went whilst Mistress Stone seated herself casually on the trestle. Completely in command.

Mike could not remember when he had felt so helpless and so humiliated. How was it possible that he, a once-macho man, could be made to submit to this indignity? Of course, in his heart of hearts, he knew how. He had not forgotten those paralyzing Judo chops and punches. Nor, needless to say, had he forgotten Mistress Stone's whip, cracking and cracking again and again over his writhing body. He was in mortal dread of her and what she could do to him.

It was not long before Mike's arms and lower limbs were aching abominably; he was beginning to sweat and occasionally stumble.

"Ennnnouggh... Mistress... I'm done in... huuuh... oh Mistress... please may I stop..."

"No," replied Mistress Stone easily. Then she stood up and picked the cane off the trestle. Mike's nerves tingled with dread and he tried to summon up hidden reserves of strength. Long-limbed Mistress Stone walked alongside him. Click... click... went the heels of the glistening black leather boots on the stone floor. Mike's muscles were burning with fatigue. The sweat was running into his eyes; perhaps there were some tears too. His mouth was now open and he was sucking in air. I can't go on... I just can't, he told himself. Then he crumpled down on the floor, groaning.

Instantly the cane lashed across his backside. Once! Twice! Thrice! Mike rolled over and over, kicking out, bellowing. The thin-searing bite of the cane was different to the crack of the whip. A different kind of torment.

"Get up... get up, slave!" yelled Mistress Stone. "You haven't finished yet. Up... up... and move!"

Three more times the cane bit and, yelping and gasping, Mike somehow forced himself up. The blood pounded in his head; he was dizzy with the effort needed to remain on all fours and keep moving. But he was ever conscious of the hovering cane (oh how that hurt!) and forced himself on and on.

He could not see Mistress Stone's features but, if he had done so, he would have seen a smile of sadistic satisfaction on them.

A few minutes later, a moaning Mike collapsed again. He flung out a hand and an arm to ward off the cane but, in fact, it did not fall. Mistress Stone knew when a man had reached the end of his tether and no amount of beating could force him on. She raised her arm and swished the cane through the air, without touching the welted flesh of her victim, and was most gratified to see him flinch in terror. She swished the cane back and forth at measured intervals, savoring the trembling and flinching of the naked male groveling on the floor.

Then she returned to the trestle and surveyed her sobbing, sweating victim. The filthy drug-pusher deserves it all, she told herself. But deep down, she knew she wasn't punishing him for his crimes; she was punishing him for her own satisfaction and pleasure. Mistress Stone had no qualms of conscience

about being a sadist. She could equally well have been a woman with nun-like compassion. It was simply a matter of genes; how your system was made up.

Slowly, Mike's sobs and heaving breath abated but he still lay prostrate on the floor, the muscles of his arms and legs twitching occasionally.

"Crawl here," came the command. Mike crawled wearily across the floor. Before him, he saw the boots. "Kiss," came another command. Mike did so, pressing his lips to the leather. Another humiliation, but he wasn't caring about that so much anymore. He simply wanted to avoid additional pain.

"That cane hurt, didn't it, slave?"

"Yes... (kiss, kiss, kiss)... yes... (kiss, kiss)... Mistress..."

"You will feel plenty of it if ever I think you are not making the required effort. Understood?"

"Y-yes, Mistress... (kiss, kiss, kiss)..."

Could a man ever be more humbled, he asked himself wretchedly.

"Stop! Kneel up... hands on top of your head."

Mike did as he was told. Once more he was fascinated by those superb breasts, once more she seemed unperturbed that he could look upon them. Not to mention other feminine charms.

"What are you?"

"Y-your... your slave, Mistress..."

A slight nod of Mistress Stone's head.

"You accept that completely now?"

"Yes... oh... yes... Mistress." Another nod.

"Good... good. That may make life a little easier for you. Rebellious slaves far more than those who submit. As you can imagine, I suppose."

"Yes, Mistress."

He could indeed well imagine.

"Very well, now you will do some press-ups. You seem very unfit to me, slave. Didn't they exercise you in prison?"

"Only walking in the yard, Mistress."

"Ah... that accounts for it. Things will be very different here."

Mike's heart sank. He had never been much of a guy for working out. What the hell for? But now he assumed the press-up position, still feeling weak.

"Back straight," said Mistress Stone. "We'll start with twenty-four."

Mike's heart sank further; he did not think, in his state, he could possibly manage the number. He gritted his teeth and began to lower and raise himself on his arms. He did it slowly, trying to preserve what



strength he had left. Ten, eleven, twelve. Oh, what an awful effort it was! And he was only halfway. "Back straight!" He got a warning tap on his buttocks.

Mike was panting again. "Huuuh... huhhh..." Thirteen, fourteen, fifteen. His muscles were burning again. "Please... Mistress... huhhh... please, let me rest... huuuuhhhh..."

"I told you to keep your back straight, slave!" said Mistress Stone. And this time, Mike got a stinging cut. "And I will be obeyed!"

Then pain caused Mike to collapse down on to the floor. He was gasping and whimpering. "Mercy... no more," he was whimpering.

"Up... up, slave... you'll do the whole number... up, I say!"

In dread of another stinging cut from the cane, Mike forced himself up. Nine more still to go. Could he possibly manage it? Down... up. Oh, the agony! Muscles working to their limit. Sixteen. Down again, arms almost buckling. Up again. Agony, agony! Seventeen. Oh, give me extra strength! Down... and up. But only just. Mike almost toppled over. Only six to go now. Only! It seemed like a mountain to climb.

"Back straight, slave!" She was always there waiting and watching, ready to strike!

He did his best to straighten his back but it was a near impossibility. Mistress Stone was aware of that but simply liked watching the effort being made. Eighteen... nineteen. If only she had made it twenty. The cane was tapping his bottom warningly again. A last, supreme effort. Only five to go.

Down... up. Twenty.

Down... up. Twenty-one. Mike only just made it. His whole body was shuddering with effort. Three to go. He must make it! He heard himself sobbing. This was sheer murder. Down... up. Two to go. His arms were beginning to feel like jelly. Quite useless.

"Stop!" Mike slumped to the floor, chest heaving, moaning breathlessly. Once again, Mistress Stone had seen that Mike had reached the limit. She waited until Mike had partially recovered. "Kneel before me again, as before." Mike did so. he was sweating and breathing heavily; trembling. "Aren't I a kind Mistress to let you off the last two?"

"Y-yes, Mistress..."

Mistress Stone smiled mirthlessly. "Well, I haven't let you off entirely," she said. "I'm going to give you two hard cuts of the cane instead. Preferable, eh?"

Mike blinked and looked at the cane being flexed. Was it? Mistress Stone stood up.

"Over the trestle," she ordered, tapping it with the cane.

The desire not to go over was fierce but, he knew, the penalty for disobedience would be all the greater. With a hopeless sob, Mike stretched himself over the trestle, stretching out his legs and placing his hands on the floor.

Sweeee... sweeettt!

Mike literally screamed as he writhed uncontrollably off the trestle. It was a far harder stroke than any he had previously received from the cane. He crouched there on the floor, head in his hands, sobbing. How much more of this sort of treatment could he endure?

Mistress Stone was relentless. These were moments she loved.

"Back over the trestle, slave," she commanded.

"Mercy... Mistress.... mercy... no more..." whined Mike.

"If you do not go back over the trestle this instant, slave," grated Mistress Stone, "I shall tie you down over it and give you a full dozen like that!"

That threat was sufficient incentive to make Mike move. He scrambled up and placed himself back over the trestle, his buttocks flinching and twisting violently all the time.

"Oh... oh... not so hard, Mistress..." he pleaded.

"Keep your backside still. And square," said Mistress Stone sharply.

Then, when there was a momentary stillness, she brought her arm back hard and with all the force she could muster brought the cruel rod swishing down with full force across the twitching buttocks of her wretched victim. Mike howled like an animal. Mistress Stone's eyes shined with sadistic glee. Gasping and bellowing, Mike writhed down to the floor again. and there he remained, sobbing, in a most unmanly fashion. He didn't care though. He virtually had no pride left anymore.

"Get up," ordered Mistress Stone. Could he get up? Had he the strength? The cane tapped on his bottom. "Get up," repeated Mistress Stone. And Mike knew he could get up. Could find the strength. Wincing, he came first to his knees, then his feet, and stood there, swaying. Mistress Stone regarded him dispassionately.

"In a few weeks' time," she said, "you'll be able to do twice that number of press-ups without any trouble at all."

Mike heard what was said, but just didn't believe it.

"Now," continued Mistress Stone, "you will go over and stand in that corner. Facing the wall. Hands on your head."

Mike walked unsteadily to the corner. Like a naughty schoolboy, he thought bitterly. He put his hands on the top of his head.

"Nose right into the corner," came the order.

He pressed in, conscious of the awful incessant pain in his rump. "Now you will stay there for an hour... and you will not move. You may or may not be aware of it, but I have means of surveying you in here." Mistress Stone did not elaborate. "I will be back in an hour... and then we will do that all over again..."

Mike could not believe he had heard correctly. She couldn't mean it. She couldn't! Despairingly, he listened to the high heels clicking to the door. He heard the door open, then close. More bolts were drawn. He stood there in pain and misery. Throbbing, burning... throbbing... burning. She couldn't mean it... she couldn't.

But, one most wearisome hour later, Mike was to discover that Mistress Stone did mean it.

"On all fours, round the room with you. Move it, slave!"

The cane switched loudly and warningly through the air. Once more Mike began to scramble round the room but now more painfully than before. Were there no limits to this woman's cruelty? Had she any idea what she was doing to him? How barbarically she was making him suffer?

It seemed not.

One hour, and over a dozen cane strokes, later, Mike lay virtually senseless from exhaustion on the floor of the room. Mistress Stone put a foot on his neck and pressed.

"That's how slaves should be treated," she said.

Mike scarcely heard her. He longed for oblivion. This was an existence not to be tolerated.

Mistress Stone, well satisfied, walked from the room, leaving her victim sprawled there.

One more hour and Mistress Stone returned. Mike was made to crawl from the room to his cell... there to collapse on a bunk. "I shall return in late afternoon," said Mistress Stone, "when I shall require you again." This time, Mike did hear and a spasm of stark terror went through him. What new devilry was this unbelievable woman planning?

Mike had recovered a good deal of his strength when Mistress Stone returned some six hours or more later but his weals still throbbed and burnt abominably.

"Time for a shower, let's get you cleaned up."

Mistress Stone led the way. Mike walked unsteadily after her, unable to take his eyes off her backside. That ass... oh, that ass! How could so attractive a woman be so evil!

Mike was both refreshed and cleaned by the cold shower and then, to his intense relief, Mistress Stone once more anointed his wounds with the soothing healing ointment. Once again, he felt that surge of adoration towards her as she did so. Here was a merciless woman who, it seemed, could also be compassionate. What an extraordinary personality!

"Very well, that will help matters. Now get up and follow me."

Once again Mike left the room behind Mistress Stone. Were they going back to that dreaded training room? he prayed desperately that they were not. His prayer seemed answered as they passed the door and turned to the end of the corridor. They came to another door and Mistress Stone opened it.

To Mike's amazement, he found they were in a luxuriously furnished bedroom. The contrast between it and the bare cellar-room he had just left was quite incredible. The air was filled with feminine scent the carpets were deep and soft. Curtains covered what he assumed were windows and pictures hung on the wall. These, he noticed, were mainly of an erotic nature. Either that or a sadistic one. A man on a rack, for example, which was being operated by a woman. Another one of a man secured to a triangle and being birched... they were very much in keeping with Mistress Stone's nature.

"I have certain special duties for you, slave," she said. "Privileged duties."

Mike felt a sense of puzzlement, but it was tinged with a certain, relief. Was she a normal woman after all? He felt he knew where this was leading. Mistress Stone was certainly beginning to have a sexy look about her, was she not? Or was it his fevered imagination?

"I shall outline them shortly. First, I have to make certain adjustments."

Mike was surprised and oddly excited when Mistress Stone unlocked his restrainer. It seemed that his suspicions were confirmed. He stood before her quite naked while she looked him up and down appraisingly. Was she going to make use of him as a stud, he wondered wildly? The bedroom, the whole atmosphere was pointing that way, surely?

Mike, despite his earlier fatigue, felt a stirring in his loins. Then Mistress Stone left him and went to a cupboard. To Mike's chagrin, she returned with another restrainer.

"This one has been specially designed," she said, with a wicked little smile. "Take a look."

Mike did so and was at first puzzled. The inside of the restrainer was lined with what looked like hairbrush bristles. yes, they definitely were bristles. Then he began to realize. "Feel them," invited Mistress Stone. Those bristles were horribly sharp and prickly. He took his hand away. This was more devilry. Dread was mounting in him. How could she be so viciously cruel? What was the point of it? "Stand legs astride," ordered Mistress Stone. Automatically, Mike obeyed her order. The restrainer was fastened on him, buckled and locked. he could feel the bristles just lightly touching his scrotum and his penis... and felt sick at the thought of the pain any tumescence would bring. "It would not be advisable to get excited," said Mistress Stone, almost winsomely. Then she moved sinuously on to the bed and lay full length upon it.

"I suppose you know how to use your tongue, slave?" said Mistress Stone softly.

So that was how it was to be! "Er... not really... Mistress," he managed to answer. He could not take his eyes off this seductive creature. Yet, he knew the penalty of lusting after her.

"No matter. You will learn, and learn fast," said Mistress Stone. "You will not touch me with your hands. Possibly with parts of your face, but not yet hands. Mainly it is with your lips and tongue you will touch me. Have I made myself clear?"

"Yes, Mistress."

Mike's voice was hardly above a whisper. The bristles were already beginning to impinge sharply. He was swelling... oh... he was swelling.

He must stop... he must stop! He gasped with pain, throwing back his head. Mistress Stone was regarding him enigmatically, smiling a Mona Lisa kind of smile. She knew exactly what was happening, of course. Mike moaned and hung his head, pressing his hands to the restrainer. That made no difference. It was only when the pain of the bristles intensified further that Mike was subdued. By that pain.

Slowly, Mistress Stone parted her thighs. Her lips parted sensually too. Then she beckoned.

"Come here, slave, and please your Mistress."

Mike crawled forward, as if in a dream, between Mistress Stone's outspread thighs. There was Mistress Stone's sexuality exposed to him. He had to please her, satisfy her. And, in the process, bring himself repeated torment. The wickedness of it was breathtaking. By making him suffer, Mistress Stone, he realized, would increase her own sexual pleasure. he had become an object... a toy... used for amusement!

It was not long before the torment inflicted by the tight bristled restrainer was intense. But he dare not stop what was causing the agony: the kissing and licking of Mistress Stone's intimate flesh. For Mistress Stone, even as she writhed in ecstasy, continued to hold that long, terrible whip!

THE END

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