



THE SOFT OPTION

Part One of White Collar Crime, Slave Collar Punishment

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By [Miranda Birch](#)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Mine don't!" she had interrupted.

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

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

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

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

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

"I... I haven't got either, Ms Forbes."

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

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

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

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

"There is however an alternative. "

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

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

Nigel had been confused.

"A short, sharp...?"

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

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

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

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

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

The BMW swung through the gate which had opened automatically and drove slowly up the long drive towards the large house set back from the road in its own grounds.

Nigel heard the car door open. Then the boot swung open too.

"Get out... get out, you thieving swine!"

Ms Forbes had a riding crop in her hand — she always kept one in the car — and was lashing it across Nigel's jacketed back.

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

"Can't?" Virginia's voice was scornful. "I'll remove that word from your vocabulary! Out, I say, out!"

The crop lashed down several times in quick succession, and, howling, Nigel forced himself up over the edge of the boot and crashed down on to the gravel drive. He was panting with fear, almost whimpering, feeling utterly unmanly. Virginia's high-heeled shoes gleamed under the BMW's rear lights.

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

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

"Yaaiiieee... aaaggghhh!"

Ms Forbes's pointed toe had caught him sharply in the cleft of his rump. Oh, it hurt! He almost collapsed to the gravel again.

"I *said* — into the house," came that relentless voice.

Nigel staggered on towards the curving steps which fronted the darkened mansion.

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

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

The short sharp command came suddenly:

"Strip."

"What?"

That had come out of left field! Nigel stared at her.

"Are you stupid as well as dishonest? I *said* strip."

Her voice was low and calm, but with an edge to it.

"But that's... I can't..."

"Oh, sod it, to hell with you, I'll let the Old Bill deal with it..."

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

"No!"

Nigel hastily began to disrobe, tearing at his shirt buttons even before he had his jacket off. Ms Forbes set the receiver back down. She tapped her riding crop against the chair leg impatiently, watching him like a hawk. As he undressed as quickly as he could, his mind was racing. He... he wasn't here just for a bit of the old slap and tickle, was he? That would be... well, she was bit older, but Nigel supposed he could manage. And if that was all it was, well...

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

Mute with astonishment, he went and got one of the bags, then stuffed his clothes into it and handed it to her. She gave the neck of the bag a twist and dropped it by her side.

Now he stood stark naked before her. There was disdainful amusement in her eyes as they roamed over him, a contemptuous sneer on her face.

"Stop slouching! Stand to attention while I'm speaking to you!"

Nigel straightened up and put his arms straight by his sides. Her cold, blue eyes continued to wander over him, callous and indifferent.

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

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

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

"S-sorry..." he muttered.

"Don't be sorry, you great ninny! I *enjoy* not liking men."

She smiled — but only with her wide painted mouth; her eyes were cold, and fixed on him like those of a snake.

"As a matter of fact, I eat boys for breakfast. Especially boys like you..."

She let her voice trail off, with all the implications hanging in the air.

Nigel had a sudden sense of dread. This woman was something else entirely. He'd heard of this sadistic stuff, dominas and chains and whips and so on. But surely it was just for the sad old dirty mac brigade, leafing

through porno mags in grotty shops in Soho; and for kinky MPs who paid loads of cash to have their backsides whipped by leather-clad call-girls: 'Mistress Whiplash' and all that. It didn't go on in ordinary life, did it? With respectable businesswomen like this? Nigel began to feel the fear of uncertainty, of really not knowing what would happen next. Was he in the hands of a mad woman?

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

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

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

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

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

Nigel felt shocked and numb. "S-slave?" he queried in disbelief.

Her lip curled.

"You know the meaning of the word, I suppose?"

"Yes... yes... of course I do..."

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

"Yes... yes... I suppose so..."

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

"From now on you will address me as 'Mistress'," she said, standing back. "Got that?"

Nigel nodded. "Yes..." he said unhappily.

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

"I said, from now on," rasped Ms Forbes.

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

"Get on your knees. Apologise."

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

"I... I'm sorry, Mistress" he found himself saying.

"I should hope so, too."

Ms Forbes stretched and yawned.

"Now, listen to me. Tomorrow, you're going to be put to work. But, as I'm tired, I can't be bothered with you now. I'll just lock you up for the night."

Nigel blinked. He was coming to realise that this woman's punishment might be far worse than that of the law. Still, there was not much he could do about that now. Attack her, perhaps? Run off with her car?

As if reading his thoughts, Virginia Forbes spoke.

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

"Well, more or less."

Nigel flinched inwardly at the look on her face.

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

Nigel shuddered. He was sure she was not bluffing.

"R-right, OK..."

"You pillock!"

Ms Forbes lashed the crop across his flanks. The pain was agonising and, with a yell, he clasped the freshly-raised weal.

"You've forgotten already?"

Forgotten? What did she mean? Ah yes.

"Mistress", he said.

Ms Forbes nodded.

"If you forget again, I'll give you half a dozen like that," she said.

She means it, she really does! Nigel's mind was in a whirl. All this was quite unbelievable. But it was actually happening. Fear began to seep up inside him.

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

He gaped at her.

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

Was the woman mad?

THWACK!

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

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

THWACK!

"Ooow-eeeh! Two! T-thank... thank you, Mistress."

THWACK!

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

"Oh, please, that's enough, it's too much!"

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

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

"Now, you're getting that one again."

"And do hold on to the back of the chair, it will help," she added, in a matronly tone dripping with condescension.

THWACK!

"Ooowwww! Three!"

"Thank you, Mistress! Yes Mistress!"

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

THWACK!

"Argggghhh! Four! T-thank... thank you, Mistress."

THWACK!

"I said, won't it?"

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

THWACK!

"Aggggcchhh! Six! Th-thank... thank you, Mistress."

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

"Oh, stop snivelling. And stand up."

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

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

Nigel followed. What else could he do? Ms Forbes led him right through the house, through a door at the back and led him out into the grounds. He shivered. It was a very clear night, with a full moon and a hint of frost. Where was she taking him? She strode purposefully down a dirt track in the overgrown garden, simply assuming that he would follow. He did. Then, looming up in the moonlight, he saw a spooky-looking timber-built building — a large shed.

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

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

And of course, he had forgotten again.

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

"No! I'm sorry... Mistress... Mistress."

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

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

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

THWACK!

Again!

THWACK!

Nigel clenched his fists. He could feel his face contort with pain.

Then again!

THWACK!

"Stop! Stop it! YYYeeeeeeoooww!"

He couldn't help it, he had to beg. So soon, right on top of the first six! It was too much!

THWACK!

The fourth stroke bit. Agony! Agony!

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

"I... I'm sorry... Mistress... no more... no more!" Nigel pleaded.

But two more came in quick succession.

THWACK! THWACK!

Ms Forbes stopped after those last two whip-lashing cuts. There he was, literally sobbing as he bent, humiliated, shivering in the cold.

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

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

"On your knees, slave."

Nigel went down on his knees on the leaf-covered earth.

"Kiss it, slave."

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

"And now thank me for correcting you, slave." her gloating voice said then.

"Th-thank you, thank you... for correcting me, Mistress," Nigtel heard himself saying, scarcely able to believe it.

Then, still on his knees, eyes cast down in shame and misery, he heard a key turning, then the creaking of a door swinging open.

"Get in there, you thieving bastard," barked Ms Forbes.

Nigel stumbled up, bending forward, wincing with pain. He looked forward. The door to the shed stood ajar.

"In!" came the repeated order and, this time, Ms Forbes emphasised the order by kicking Nigel hard in the cleft of his buttocks. It was like a knife

going into him, robbing him of breath. As he fell to the earth floor, groaning, the door slammed behind him and was locked.

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

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

Overwhelmed with self-pity, Nigel cursed the day he had got the job at to Forbes & Parker... and first set eyes on Virginia Forbes. How could all these ghastly things be happening to him? Ordered to strip naked, whipped for the slightest thing, punched, kicked — and now locked naked in a shed for the night!

He ran his fingers over the ridged weals which the crop had raised on his buttocks. My God, how they hurt! He would do a great deal to avoid getting a hiding from that crop again, he knew that for sure. He *must* remember to call her 'Mistress' for a start, demeaning as it was. And to obey every order without question, demeaning as that was. The more so as he had no idea *what* orders would be coming. But what did humiliation matter compared with such pain?

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

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

CONTINUED in [Worse Than Prison](#)

This book's code is: HkMV45LUrp

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