

Bad littleboy
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I grabbed his ear and he scurried to keep up with my steps across the room. As I pulled, he crawled ferociously, ignoring knee-burn from the carpet, just to stay in step. I walked him in a big circle and we visited all the furniture in the large room.

He said he had always harbored a schoolboy fantasy but I wanted to know more about what excited him - which furniture, what type of desk or table, what sort of chair. He had to have some flashpoint and I was going to find it and exploit it. If his knees survived the current experience intact, then his ass would illustrate the extent of his dreams. There's something special about bringing a fantasy to a submissive that has embraced it for so many years.

His ear was hot to my touch and his breathing deep and intense to my ears. I think he knew that he would shortly taste the sting of his teacher's birch rod and the indignity of public exposure, and even though he resisted the scene a little at first, I knew he'd become fully involved in a few minutes. I can always tell when my submissives endure for my benefit and when they recognize that I am bringing them what they've always longed for. Mr. Spock be damned, this boy would realize that having is better than wanting.

"Sit in your assigned seat," I ordered clearly and he rushed to position himself in the chair I indicated. "Be quiet and do your lessons," I concluded.

The rest of the class snickered, happy to be spectators and not the focus of my afternoon's attention this time. The odd mixture of male subs and female dominants with a few female submissives mixed in was a real coup on my part. Arranging the scene with an audience had been challenging and I intended to enjoy every minute of it. Further, I had promised the group a fascinating time. Mr. Spock be damned.

"Hand in your assignments," I instructed. Peering over the assembly, I intentionally pressed my glasses to the edge of my nose and adjusted the long cuffs on my white blouse just so. Everyone passed a paper forward, save for my littleboy who had been busy inspecting the classroom furniture with me only moments before. He looked perplexed and even from across the room, I could feel his body heat rise.

As I collected the papers, I wandered around the room and stopped at his desk. "Your paper," I demanded again.

He looked up at me with a plaintive stare of disbelief.

"Your paper." It was not a question. I watched him wince and drank in a little joy from the sight of his trembling fingers. It wouldn't be long before other parts of his body undulated from the fear I would engender in him. There's

this special fear that submissives display when they are truly frightened. I love that fear. I can taste it.

"Finishing on time and performing quality work is the core of learning," I intoned. His fingers danced almost uncontrollably on the desktop.

"What do we do with littleboys who do not finish their work?" I asked no one in particular.

The group responded as if on cue. "We discipline them," they parroted.

I suppose that I had used that expression once or twice in the warm-up, and every one of them remembered not only the words but also my intonation. It was delightful to watch all those heads turn toward him at once. I think it was the forcefulness of the unison response that made his leg start to twitch.

By now, his anxiety was palpable. I could almost feel the terror tug at his stomach and panic threaten his composure. His foot tapped an awful rhythm on the hardwood floor. His hands balled up into fists and his neck stiffened as panic overtook him. The people were real; the canes and switches in the umbrella stand next to my desk were real; my white blouse, black skirt and high heels were real. His trepidation was very, very real. All eyes turned toward me.

"Stand up!" I ordered loudly and motioned once with my chin toward the desk at the front of the room. Obediently, he arose and began walking toward the desk.

"Stop!" I insisted and he froze almost in mid-stride. "Class," I turned my attention toward the odd mixture of dominants and submissives, "what has this bad littleboy forgotten?"

I watched as their eyes twinkled and their lips curled upwards. One male raised his hand and I recognized him.

"He forgot to drop his pants!" the ebullient male observed.

"Indeed," I agreed and turned my attention toward the now-trembling male who stood silently in the aisle. "Drop your pants," I admonished. "You'll learn better discipline if you feel my switch directly against your skin." It seemed so obvious to me but the look of incredulity on his face implied that I would have to repeat my order. He would learn that making me repeat a straightforward instruction would add to the duration of his discipline. And to the intensity.

I think the best words for the expression on his face were disbelief and astonishment. Part of him must have remembered how badly he wanted this; however, a larger part of him was fully involved in the play. That larger part overwhelmed him so fully that he took on the full persona of the littleboy I

wanted him to be. With quiet desperation, he unbuttoned his jeans and allowed them to fall to his ankles.

Two things were perfectly obvious to me and to my audience. First, he wasn't wearing any underwear. Second, he was as hard as a rock. I was so amused at his plight that I started smiling broadly at his predicament.

"March!" I ordered. "Hands on my desk!"

Partly out of a sense of obedience and partly from sheer terror, he complied and waddled toward the desk as quickly as he could with the pants shackling his ankles in an odd sort of bondage. With every step he took, my smile broadened and I noticed that the entire audience had become part of the scene, not an accessory to it. Everyone was completely involved in my littleboy's experience.

His naked backside protruded as he planted his hands flat on the desktop. It was a delicious sight as his trembling legs produced a concomitant tremor in each asscheek. With his fingers spread wide and a great deal of his weight balanced on them, I stepped toward him.

First, I kicked his legs slightly wider apart. I could see the pile of jeans around his ankles strain as his feet lurched into position. When I stepped behind him, I realized I could see his organs dangling precariously between his legs. They would make a wonderful target for the pointed end of the birch switch.

For a moment, I was lost in the delightful daydream of what his yelping would sound like as each stroke as the tip of my cane caught the soft flesh that drooped from his body and made such a perfect target. Each blow would bring a fresh cry of anguish from his tight lips until I would force him to open them wide and shriek the song I hungered to hear.

I had to force myself back to reality.

Stepping toward his side, I pressed his head dangerously low toward the desktop. I wanted his ass higher, angled astronomically to afford me the apogee of delight. I also wanted him further humiliated before the group. Nothing makes a male more submissive than exposing his ass to an audience. Except perhaps filling it. But that's another story that will soon be told.

I knew he was chagrined; I could see it in his heaving chest. Literally gasping for air from his utter embarrassment, I added to his misery with a swift cane stroke across his calf. He hadn't expected it there.

And he knew right then that I intended to work him from the bottom up - to his bottom. The thought amused me and I broke into a huge grin.

It was time.

"Were you a bad littleboy today?" I asked in my most sarcastic voice. I wondered if he'd have the courage to respond or if he was so involved in his shame that he'd shut his lips and refuse to answer the simplest of my questions.

After waiting a few seconds for an answer and receiving none, I stroked the rattan's thin circumference across his other calf. That one would draw a welt in just a few minutes.

The class was entertained by his silence and also by the two easy strokes I landed on his legs. The women wanted more; the men seemed oddly quiet. I guess each figured it could easily have been himself standing there, spread-eagle, face planted on the desktop, ass in the air. And the funny thing was, they were right.

"Were you a bad littleboy today?" I asked again with an even greater hint of sarcasm in my voice. "You know what I do with bad littleboys, don't you?"

And I ran the cane again across his leg, a little higher this time. I wondered how much he'd take before realizing that I demanded a response.

"Class, this littleboy has been VERY bad," I commented. They nodded expectantly. "Bad littleboys must be punished." More nods. "There's only one way to teach bad littleboys a lesson, isn't there?"

Soon there was a sea of heads bobbing up and down in silent affirmation.

I bent down to whisper in my littleboy's ear. "You are a BAD littleboy," I hissed. I could smell his sweat and feel his shuddering and shaking.

Slowly, I walked behind him and took the twisted plastic cane from the container. Whipping it noisily behind him, I allowed him to feel the air and hear its impending threat. His legs quaked in fear and his ass jiggled with each involuntary shudder. It was a delightful vision and I allowed myself to enjoy his very real misery.

The tip of the cane was sharp, even pointier than I needed it to be if I used it strictly as a slapper. I had worked hard on that tip and had it filed to meet my specifications. It was going to be a magnificent fiend in the expert hands of an expert. Pressing the malevolent tip into his dangling testicles, I watched his face grimace in reaction to the unexpected pain.

"We have to teach bad littleboys lessons," I commented dryly. Stepping back, I pulled the cane into position and let loose with two quick strokes, one to each asscheek. His

grunts were music to my ears. I knew that he and I both wanted more.

Because this was merely the first part of the lesson, I unleashed a rapid torrent of firm strokes to his ass and his thighs. With his legs spread apart, it was easy to reach in and torment the tender skin between them. I'm not sure if his reddening ass is what brought the first tear to his eye or if it might have been the agony I inflicted on his sensitive inner thighs. Either way, the sight of his watering eyes touched me.

I wanted more. Much more.

"Have you been a bad littleboy?" I asked one more time. Although his mouth placed flat against the wood desk muffled his response, I recognized a hint of an affirmative reply.

"Yes, you have been a bad littleboy," I finished for him. "In fact, by not finishing your work, you were a bad littleboy to the rest of class. Weren't you?"

I hoped he realized that the question was rhetorical.

"I'll bet that there are many members of the class who are insulted with your behavior." Turning my attention to the room of rapt observers, I held the cane out toward them. "Who is insulted with this bad littleboy's behavior?" I asked.

A single raised hand caught my gaze and I held the cane out toward her. "Would you like to show the bad littleboy how you feel?" I asked casually.

I know my friends and I understand their styles. She would bring his asscheeks a new level of instruction and I was happy to stand to the side as she lifted the cane and felt its weight and balance. Within a few seconds, she was swinging it against his welted ass and admiring his now-feral grunts that greeted each stroke. Her considerable talent with a cane was enchanting to watch.

"Who's next?" I inquired as I watched the bad littleboy's face contort in shame.

Not surprisingly, the woman I selected rejected that particular cane and headed to the bin to choose another. I knew her skills and fondness for certain implements. To no one's surprise, she lifted the birch switch from the lot. It was heavy, solid and unyielding. It was a mirror of her style.

I don't know exactly how many blows she landed, but her artistry was apparent. Welts crossed his white cheeks and each one caused a sharp yelp from between his tightly clenched teeth. He stood there and took it all.

I stepped in to look into his eyes. Lifting his head by his hair, I saw that his face was drenched with tears. I was touched by his agony and impressed with his stalwartness. But it was almost like he was daring me to go to the next step - to take him one level higher. I love a challenge.

He needed another type of lesson.

Like most bad littleboys, he had thought and dreamed of the fantasies that I could bring him. What he had waited for so long was for me to find him. I had warned him that reality is a good deal more painful than fantasy, but after all the warnings, he insisted that he was ready - and excited - to receive his dream. I was only too happy to bring it to him.

With his legs still spread and aching from his stolid stance and from the cane's kiss, I donned a glove and filled my fingers with enough lubricant to pack his virgin ass sufficiently to be safe. I wanted his virginity for myself but I also wanted his plight to be burned into the memories of my audience. After all, what's the point of so much pleasure if no one is around to see me enjoy it?

Inserting one finger, I felt his muscles tighten and his breathing speed up. "Oh god, oh god," he mumbled into his tears as he began to realize my intention. When there was sufficient lubrication, I added a second finger.

His moans increased in volume and speed.

"Ow, no!" he uttered with a guttural groaning I loved.

I added a third finger.

"Tight little ass," I commented and smiled. "Easy enough to fix," I concluded as I spun my wet fingers in circles, separated and twisted them mere inches inside him.

"Oh, god, ohmigod, oh... oh!" he repeated as I drove my fingers slightly deeper inside.

I watched his fingers try to grasp the flat wood of the desktop. As they flailed in vain for something to hold onto, I pulled my fingers out quickly and enjoyed his fight to retain rectal control. It's always so much fun to watch a terrified virgin try to hold onto a shred of dignity.

My tingling toes told me that I was enjoying the spectacle and I hungered for more.

His ass dangled deliciously in front of me as I stepped into the new strap-on holder I recently had commissioned. Adjusting it for the perfect fit, I inserted the new plug I had ordered just for such an occasion. It was firm but flexible. It was also 14 inches long. Having waited too long to use the little monster, I was excited to put it into action.

My audience was rapt with expectation. Some males covered their eyes and others stared in anticipation of the bad littleboy's reaction to what would certainly be a memorable experience. Using two hands to spread his cheeks, I pressed the tip against his moist hole. Pressing gently, I informed him of what he already knew.

"You were a BAD littleboy," I impressed upon him again. The tip penetrated a mere inch when his voice evolved into a loud growl that spoke volumes about his utter mortification. It's one thing for a male to be caned in front of an audience. It's quite another thing to have his virgin ass taken before a crowd. I think there's nothing that makes a male understand his submissiveness faster than having his ass penetrated except maybe having spectators witness his humiliation.

"You were a VERY BAD LITTLEBOY," I reprimanded him soundly.

"Weren't you?" I allowed the question to hang while I pushed the plug in another inch.

His voice wouldn't respond but his body did. The utter shame of his position overtook him and he cradled his head in his arms. Sobbing the good tears, he nodded almost perceptibly. I took that as a yes.

Another inch. Three inches were now invisible and only eleven separated my black skirt from his naked backside. We would soon become closer - much closer.

"What a tight little ass you have, littleboy," I hissed as I spread his cheeks farther apart. After all, I wanted everyone to see the loss of his virginity firsthand. It makes a better lesson for the rest of the boys if they witness what could happen to them in real time. Videos just don't cut it sometimes. Besides, women simply love watching my taking my virgin.

With his welted cheeks in my gloved fingers, I rocked back and forth a while. Each impression brought new tears and new grunts from his throat. He was getting close to not being able to take any more. You have to be careful with virgins; you don't want to break them too soon.

He needed the final lesson. Using my chin to motion two males to my side, I yielded one cheek apiece to them and instructed them to separate the bad littleboy's ass amply for my needs. They complied without argument. That's another good reason to include trainees in the audience. They knew that it could easily be themselves in that exhausted position and it could be my fingers lubricating their holes in anticipation of receiving a 14-inch visitor.

Returning my attention to the littleboy who was spread so delightfully across my desk, I pressed the plug with more

force deeper into his now-quivering hole. Deeper and deeper, I felt his legs give out after a good seven inches were indistinguishable from his flesh. Just for good measure, I twisted and turned it a bit.

"Aaagggghh!!!" he shrieked and gasped for air. "Oh god, oh god, oh god," his grunts were in rhythm to my thrusts. It was a lovely symphony of abject humiliation coupled with the suffering that I love.

"Oh! Nnnnn....!" his arms flailed in utter desperation as his hips found the strength to lift from the desk's edge and greet the intruder.

My slutty littleboy was humping, crying and screaming simultaneously. What more could I want?

Well, there was one more thing that I craved; a small thing, but an important one. It's one thing when I humiliate a littleboy but it's an entirely other thing when he does it to himself.

Lifting him by the hair, I forced his face from the desk. Pulling to the right, I compelled him to turn his agonized body and confront his audience. I wanted them all to witness what a slut my bad littleboy was. As he turned fully toward them, I saw their faces light up in wonder as they saw what I knew would be there.

The slutty bad littleboy was hard as a rock.

As I took what I wanted from his ass, I invited my two friends to revisit their canes and switches and bring them to decorate his errant erection. As he was being invaded from behind, the women lashed out on his front. I drove one last time into him and he stood up with a jolt from the force and depth of the penetration. It was then that the class viewed his dripping cock submit to the whimsy of my friends.

When I was done with him, I dropped him to the floor.

After extricating myself from the strap-on, I nudged his sprawled body with my foot. "Go back to your seat," I instructed him. "You have an assignment to complete."

As he struggled to crawl back to his chair, I added, "Oh, and I'll keep your pants. You'll have no need for them today. You have an appointment with a private tutor."

Every woman raised her hand to volunteer.

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Read the rest of Amity's stories on her website:
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