

Rawley Academy

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September 2002

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1 Part 1

By TopLegal

WARNING This contains graphic descriptions of sexual intercourse and sadomasochistic activities between adult males. If this offends you, is not appropriate for viewing in your location, or you are not of legal age, do not read it. Any resemblance of characters in this story to the living is purely coincidental.

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Professor Schlosser

“Mr. Calhoun,” the teacher said firmly, “see me after class.” My heart sank, two of my fellow jocks looked at me with deep sympathy. Staying after in Professor Schlosser’s class inevitably meant corporal punishment. I had never had to stay after in Schlosser’s class before, most of the professors left me alone since was I rich and mostly behaved myself.

Throughout the rest of the class I got more and more distracted from the English lessons as I tried to come up with excuses to escape punishment. By the time class ended everyone filtered out quickly. I knew better than to stand up. Will had tried to walk out on Professor Schlosser once he ended up in the Dean’s Office and got fifteen strokes of the cane.

I stayed firmly planted in my seat. Professor Schlosser shut the door and pulled the blinds down. He then sat down at the desk directly across from me.

“Mr. Calhoun,” he intoned, “I am severely disappointed with the fact that you keep coming to class unprepared.”

I started to open my mouth and found that he had whisked me out of my chair and over his lap in a single motion. “When I wish for you to speak Mr. Calhoun, I will ask you to do so,” my professor explained as he struck my jeans covered butt firmly.

I started to stammer about my dad getting Professor Schlosser in trouble with the Dean and the trustees and he laughed and continued to spank me firmly until I finally stopped. I felt thoroughly humiliated. I was then returned to my seat.

“Now, Mr. Calhoun,” Professor Schlosser continued, “I believe I was starting to explain that I find the way you come to class unprepared disappointing.” My heart sunk, I had been spanked thirty-plus times over the professor’s lap and that was not going to count for anything.

“Mr. Calhoun pay attention!”

I focused my eyes on Professor Schlosser.

“Zone out again and you will be back over my lap again.”

I stared at the professor intently but kept my mouth shut.

“I checked around with the other professors here, they all put up with your bullshit apparently,” Professor Schlosser explained as he stood up and walked over to his desk. “I even discussed this with the Dean.”

I let loose an expletive softly, “fuck!” No sooner than I had muttered it I had realized my mistake and Professor Schlosser had returned from his desk with a paddle in hand and violently repositioned me over his lap.

“Mr. Calhoun, what were the instructions regarding speaking without being spoken to?”

“Not to,” I responded.

“Precisely,” Professor Schlosser said as he began to wail my butt with the paddle. I was still wearing my jeans but the blows were intense. Fifteen blows later the assault stopped. But a firm hand from the professor on the small of my back clued me in that I was going to be staying in this humiliating position. I was also sobbing softly.

“The Dean suggested that I speak directly with your father,” Professor Schlosser continued, “who readily agreed with me that you needed guidance. Your father understands that the antics that the Dean and teachers used to let you get away with here at the Academy in middle school will stand in the way of you making it into Harvard in high school. I think that summarizes why we are here now. Do you have any questions or comments Mr. Calhoun?”

“No Professor,” I responded meekly, still pinned over his lap.

“Good, well I hope that in the future when we have these meetings we can focus more directly on the specific behaviors requiring punishment,” Professor Schlosser said calmly. The import of his statement was quite clear, I was going to be staying late a number of days after Professor Schlosser’s English class.

I felt my belt being undone and made the mistake of moving an arm to stop Professor Schlosser. My arm was quickly pinned to the small of my back and ten violent blows of the paddle were delivered. Then the Professor finished undoing my belt and took it off and into his hand.

Professor Schlosser lifted me off his lap and carried me towards his desk. “Drop your pants to your ankles,” he instructed. I did.

“Bend over the desk and grab the far edge,” he instructed. I bent over the desk and grabbed the edge.

Professor Schlosser lifted my dress shirt up off my back and placed one hand firmly on my back. The next sensation I felt was the sting of my own belt against my backside. After the belt pulled away from my bare backside the stinging intensified.

By the tenth lash of my belt I had given up trying to stay stoic. I was wiggling around the desk but Professor Schlosser held me firmly in place and continued the assault on my butt.

After thirty lashes I was crying and begging, “Please; I’ll study harder” and so forth.

After fifty, Professor Schlosser stopped and ran his hands across my brutalized naked buttocks. "I think that will do for today," he said as he continued to caress my bare buttocks.

Professor Schlosser lifted me off the desk and handed me a slip of paper with a set of instructions. "If I were you Mr. Calhoun, I would make sure you get each of the items on this list done before class tomorrow."

He then promptly walked out of the classroom leaving me standing in front of the desk with my pants at my ankles and my reddened butt facing the empty classroom. He did not bother to shut the door. Luckily most students were already out at sports practice. I pulled my pants up and then stared at the list: (1) Read Acts I-III of Romeo and Juliet, (2) Prepare a three page essay summarizing the role of family loyalty as viewed by Shakespeare, (3) Write a sonnet (today's assignment).

"Fuck," I said aloud. I involuntarily shuddered slightly half expecting to be paddled again.

Revenge?

Rawley Academy is prestigious to say the least. Many alumni were among the ranks of the rich and famous. All boys still and covering grades 6-12, Rawley Academy was steeped in the South. Though segregation was banned, there were only a very small handful of non-white students.

I walked back from the classrooms to the dorms in disbelief. I was untouchable. All of the other students and professors knew that. I routinely got away with "murder" as the Dean used to say as he would shrug it off as "boyish indiscretions." Now here I was with a bright red ass which was welted and sore from my own belt.

The further I got from the classroom the more self-confident I got. "My dad will put a stop to Professor Schlosser... He can't treat me like that..."

At the dorm my roommate Will was still out. I changed into soft shorts and a T-shirt. I paused for a moment to examine Professor Schlosser's handiwork on my backside and resolved to get back at him.

When Will got back from practice he asked how I was.

"Fine," I responded.

"So did you get your ass beat?"

"Fuck off," I said, "let's get that asshole."

"No way," Will said, "no fucking way I'm crossing that guy again. He's like a fucking martial arts expert and he already turned my ass into raw meat once."

I recalled that Will had been in the infirmary for two days after visiting the Dean and Professor Schlosser. Perhaps fifteen strokes did not really do things justice.

I called my dad at his office but his secretary reminded me my dad was traveling in Asia for

all of October and was unreachable. I debated asking if she had records of him talking to Professor Schlosser and then thought the better of it.

I was on my own. I should have heeded Will's advice and focused on my list. Instead I ducked out, hit the mess hall, stole some eggs and headed for the faculty housing.

I was outside his home and pulling the eggs out of the carton when I felt a tap on my shoulder. I froze and felt a vice-like grip on my neck. "Mr. Calhoun." I recognized Professor Schlosser's voice. "Am I to assume that you finished your assigned tasks already and came to make me breakfast?"

I was too scared to say anything.

"Put the eggs away and come into the house with me." I complied and with a tight and somewhat painful hand directing me, I got led into Professor Schlosser's faculty housing.

The Dean was in the living room along with Will. Will would not make eye contact with me and as I entered the Dean explained, "Well done Mr. Krudski, I'll remove the discipline report from your file now. Professor Schlosser, I'll leave Mr. Calhoun's care to you."

With that the Dean left taking my roommate Will Krudski with him.

"Mr. Calhoun," Professor Schlosser said, "I would have thought you would be avoiding me not seeking me out for more discipline. This is quite the cry for help." He took the eggs from me and pushed me to sit down on the couch and disappeared for a while. I looked at the coffee table, I was shocked to find gay magazines, both news and porno, sitting out. The Dean had to have seen them I thought, Professor Schlosser entered as I was thumbing through the stack of gay porno.

"And they said you were straight," he said. I started to open my mouth but then thought the better of it. "Good boy Scout," the professor said, "you don't mind me call you Scout do you boy?"

"No," I said.

"No what?"

"No Professor," I said a bit unsure.

He nodded approvingly. "Scout get undressed and toss me your clothes." I hesitated and he commented that my butt would probably not appreciate the cane tonight. I quickly stripped naked.

He then passed me a copy of Romeo and Juliet and commented that pen and paper were on the side table. Then he left the room.

I was at a complete loss. I was ready to piss myself from fear but decided to focus on my homework. I managed to ignore the humiliation of being naked and got through the first part of the play rather quickly. I then put together the required sonnet and essay. I decided to stay put and not say anything but rather to wait for Professor Schlosser.

As I waited I decided to sneak a peek at the porno. I picked up a copy of Freshmen and

scanned through the pictures of the young naked guys. I had to admit it was somewhat hot. I realized also that with me sitting naked in my professor's house I looked a lot like those guys. The thought was a bit revolting and humiliating but also arousing.

I did not notice Professor Schlosser enter. When I did look up finally, he was standing over me. I handed him the porno magazine and he closed it and put it back on the coffee table. He had a paddle in his hand. He lifted me off the couch, kissed me on the forehead and then flipped me over his lap.

"This is for trying to egg my house," Professor Schlosser explained as he assaulted my already tender, bare butt. Fifteen blows of the paddle later I was sobbing loudly. Professor Schlosser lifted me off his lap and stood up to guide me up to what was going to become my bedroom.

"The Dean and I agree you should stay here for now, Will and he walked over your stuff while you were reading Romeo and Juliet," he said as he guided me up the stairs. We bypassed the main bedroom and walked down a hallway to a door with a deadbolt. Professor Schlosser unlocked the bolt with a key and admitted me to a small, stark room. The room was lit by a single desk lamp and featured grey walls. The window had been painted grey making it hard to see out.

The furniture was bleak. A wooden table with the lamp. A stool and a wooden bed frame with a thin mattress covered by a sheet. A single blanket and pillow were at the foot of the bed. Professor Schlosser rotate me around to face him and kissed me on the forehead and then patted my sore butt. "I trust there are no complaints?"

"No Professor," I responded.

"Good, use the bathroom down the hall to brush your teeth and void yourself. Then come back here and I will tuck you in."

He disappeared. I headed to the bathroom and followed his instructions. I was back in the bedroom in about five minutes and resting on the bed. It was not particularly comfortable. I decided against commenting to him and he kissed me on the forehead again, turned off the light, and then walked out. I heard the deadbolt lock behind him. I was locked in.

The events of the day were overwhelming me and I found myself sobbing hoping for someone to rescue me. But whoever Professor Schlosser was it was clear he was quite powerful and was in control.

Day 1

I did not really sleep at all and without a watch I could not figure out the time. When I heard the deadbolt turn, Professor Schlosser entered with a school uniform in hand. "Take your shower and get dressed and come downstairs. You have thirty minutes to be downstairs."

I felt my ass, it was still sore. I decided against taking any stands and took a shower. Then I got into my uniform and went downstairs. My schoolbag was sitting on the counter and there was some healthy-type cereal on the table.

“Have a bowl of that and a banana for breakfast,” Professor Schlosser instructed.

“I don’t really like,” I started. Before I could finish speaking I was over Professor Schlosser’s lap and he was spanking me violently by hand. After ten painful smacks, he righted me and repeated the instructions.

I poured the cereal and forced myself to eat it. Then he handed me a banana and I ate that as well. “Good boy Scout,” he said.

“Yes Professor,” I said. I had a lot of questions I wanted to ask and decided to see if I could ask a question, “Permission to ask a question Professor.”

He nodded approvingly.

“How long will I be here?”

“That really depends on you Scout, if you can turn your act around quickly maybe just a few days. If not, the whole school year.”

“One more question Professor?”

“No,” he said firmly and I could tell ‘pushing it’ would be unwise. I stood up and was quickly pushed back into my seat. “Ask to be excused.”

“May I be excused Professor?”

“No,” he said, “sit at the table till I am ready to leave.” He then left the room. I noticed that the kitchen, like the living room, and my bedroom lacked a clock. If I had been more observant I would have noticed that the Professor never wore a watch and that he had removed the clocks from his classroom.

The doorbell rang and I almost stood up but remained seated. I could hear the Dean’s voice. “Dayton, how’s it going with Scout?”

“He is no problem at all Mark,” the Professor responded back.

“Glad to hear that, Mr. Krudski fully understands what he needs to say about what happened with Scout if he wants to avoid expulsion.”

“Wonderful, see you tonight then Mark,” the Professor said and I heard the door shut.

He came back in the kitchen carrying his briefcase and then put it down. “Scout can you come back upstairs with me for a minute.”

I followed him to my room. He sat me at the stool and there was a stack of books from my English class on the desk. “Scout given your recent behavior you will be doing your classes from here with just me as your instructor. I hope you can understand that.”

I did not understand and I thought about asking a question but I knew that would get me a red bottom. Professor Schlosser left the room and locked me in it.

I do not know how long it was before I heard the deadbolt turn. The Professor was standing there and invited me to come down for lunch. I followed and sat down at the table.

While I had been trapped in the room all morning I had resolved to murder Professor Schlosser but when he opened the door I felt utterly dependent on him.

He served me a peanut butter and jelly sandwich and a glass of milk. When I finished he told me to go to the bathroom and then head back to my room.

I should have run away. But I did not.

I went to the bathroom and then back to my bedroom. After a few minutes Professor Schlosser joined me, "Scout I want you to finish Romeo and Juliet this afternoon and write a second essay, ten pages, about the role of messages and mixed communications in the play. After that start on your algebra book Chapter III, I want you to do all the even numbered problems in Chapter III."

"Yes Professor," I said.

He kissed me on the forehead and walked out and locked the door.

I could tell it was getting dark and a long time had passed because my bladder was full. I was so pre-occupied with the homework that I had forgotten to be angry about being a prisoner. When he opened the door he instructed me to strip naked, go to the bathroom and then come down for dinner.

I was so happy to see him I jumped to it and pulled my uniform off with abandon. He was reviewing my work and I found the kitchen empty when he got there but sat down on a chair and waited. He took another twenty minutes to show up and commented, "Good work today Scout."

"I am going to make some pizza for us and then you can watch TV," he explained.

I nodded and watched him make pizza more or less from scratch. The doorbell rang and he left briefly to get it and brought in the Dean.

I wanted to crawl up into a ball and hide because I was embarrassed to be naked but I had nowhere to go. "Hey Scout," the Dean said to me.

I nodded politely.

"You can talk Scout," Professor Schlosser said as he pulled the pizza from the oven.

"Hi Dean," I responded.

"You can call me Mark now Scout. You aren't a student here anymore," Mark explained.

"Ok," I said, "hey Mark."

"Dayton treating you ok?"

I nodded as Professor Schlosser–Dayton–put some pizza on a plate in front of me.

"Dayton is a real specialist in troubled rich children," Mark explained, "your father selected him to work on you at considerable expense."

I suddenly lost my appetite.

Dayton had sat down and was happily eating pizza as was Mark now.

“Scout,” Dayton said, “good boys eat everything on their plate.”

I almost threw a temper tantrum but Dayton beat me to the punch, “Scout, I am going to give you to the count of five to compose yourself. If by the count of five you are not eating your dinner politely and participating nicely in the conversation you will find out just how effectively I can use a cane on a boy’s bare bum.” Mark nodded approvingly.

I sniffled a few times and quickly started eating. I also apologized for being rude.

Over dinner Dayton’s history of “training” troubled children came out. I was a notch in his belt as far as both he and my father were concerned. When everyone had finished eating I asked to be excused.

“Scout you can watch TV in the living room,” Dayton said indicating exactly where I was to go. I found “Dawson’s Creek” on and contented myself to watch something that resembled normalcy. Dayton and Mark entered about twenty minutes in and Mark asked for the remote which I handed over without even having to think about it.

Mark selected CNN news and he and Dayton sat next to each other on the couch. I was completely naked in front of them and feeling more and more self-conscious about that as Mark began to kiss Dayton intensely. The dominance of the relationship was clear: Dayton—Professor Schlosser to me, was in charge.

I also could not avoid fixating on the two of them and watched intently as Mark nuzzled against Dayton and eventually unzipped Dayton’s fly. A few minutes later I watched Mark perform fellatio on Dayton. I found the whole thing rather erotic and even got a bit hard myself. Next I watched Dayton fuck Mark in the butt until he orgasmed inside the older man. Then Mark contented himself to rest in Dayton’s arms.

Around ten o’clock, Dayton instructed me to go to the bathroom and get ready for bed. I got up and headed for the bathroom. Again I perhaps *should* have run away. But I was naked and not really all that unhappy.

A bit later Dayton came to my room, “very good boy Scout, most boys I work with need much more severe corporal punishment for the first month than you. This is most promising.”

He kissed me on the forehead and commented as he turned out the light, “also my name is Dayton but that’s Professor to you.”

Day 2

Perhaps my first day in prison had gone too well and perhaps I just needed to test the limits but the next day was where I learned fully why Will had ratted me out.

Dayton woke me up with a gentle kiss on the forehead. “I want you downstairs in twenty.”

“Clothing,” I said.

I was quickly over Dayton's lap for twenty firm slaps of my bare butt. "No talking unless spoken to Scout, if I want you in clothing it will be given to you."

I showered and went downstairs. Mark was still there and the same cereal was on the table. I really wanted something different, something I liked better. "Permission to speak Professor," I said.

"No, you will eat a full bowl of that cereal and a banana today and every day for breakfast Scout."

I then made a big mistake. I threw my spoon on the floor.

I was over Dayton's shoulder and being carried to his office before I could even get out an apology. He restrained me to a low-slung bench with my bare ass sticking out.

"Please, I'm sorry, Please Professor," I begged.

But my pleas were ignored. I saw him pick up a cane from a rack to my side. I knew that the cane had hit me but the pain came a second or so later. And it was intense. Dayton was a martial arts expert and was inflicting unbelievable pain to my buttocks with the cane. I was hollering in pain and crying for him to stop.

Fourteen blows later I was a complete mess and was then carried back to my bedroom still crying and locked in. A few hours later he came in and told me to come down for lunch. The cereal was still on the table. My ass was like a slab of raw meat. Another caning would do me in but I did not want to eat the cereal.

After thirty minutes I was taken back to the bedroom without further punishment but hungrier still. I cried in the bedroom and when dinner came I was really hoping to eat. But it was the cereal again. Mark was there already and commented that my ass looked worse than Will's ass did. Dayton said proudly, "That is nothing."

I whimpered slightly and Dayton asked if you do not want the cereal just go up to your room and I will tuck you in. I whimpered again. "You have three choices now," he explained, "eat the cereal and then you can watch TV with us; go up to your room hungry; or keep acting out and then you will get another caning."

I stood up and headed to the bedroom hungry. In my room Dayton came up quickly and kissed me on the forehead even though I was crying and then turned out the light and left me.

Day 3

I was so hungry in the morning I gladly ate the cereal and the banana. "Good boy Scout," Dayton said, "do you have any questions about my expectations for you?"

"Yes Professor," I said.

"Ok," he said, "*if* you can make through today without getting your ass caned again, then tonight after dinner we can talk about those expectations."

“Thank you Professor, I will be good today.”

“Well today is starting out much better than yesterday,” he commented as he guided me back to the bedroom and gave me a list of homework that there was no humanly possible way I could complete.

“Professor?”

“No questions Scout,” he said and walked out locking me into the room.

Before he came back to see me for lunch I was feeling despondent about finishing everything and threw all my books on the floor. That was a bad mistake.

When Dayton came into the room and saw my books on the floor he commented, “so much for today being better. Let’s head down to my office.”

I stood up and walked down willingly. I figured if I was cooperative he might not cane me quite so hard. That was perhaps true but fifteen violent strokes on the bare butt is fifteen violent strokes.

I was then brought back to the bedroom without lunch and instructed to cleanup and work on my homework or there would be another caning and no dinner or TV.

I quickly cleaned up my books and then lay on the bed, butt in the air, working on my homework. When Dayton returned he was pleased to see I had gotten back to my studies and commented that *if* I had worked instead of losing my temper I *could* have finished in time.

We discussed fair punishments extensively and agreed that I would be caned immediately after dinner and then sent to my room. It was weird setting my own punishment. But it was something I would do more and more regularly for Professor Schlosser. Each punishment was always brutal and he never spared the rod.

This night Mark cooked a nice steak fillet for us and served a nice salad. This was the best dinner I had had in ages. Dayton permitted me a half hour to digest the food and then suggested I go to the office for punishment. I was waiting on the bench to be tied up for him. He restrained me tightly before ripping my ass apart with the cane. It was the first—but not last time—Dayton would make me bleed during a punishment session. He cleaned the blood up with alcohol which stung more and then sent me to my room without TV.

Day 4

The next morning the cereal that was the bane of my existence was on hand. But the strange thing was that like many things about my new life with Professor Schlosser, I was learning to like it. My two favorites were the tender, fatherly kisses on my forehead and “good boy Scout.”

I ate up heartily and as Dayton sat down next to me to walk through the homework for the day Mark was under the table giving him a blowjob. It was a bit surreal and I wanted to

watch the two of them have sex but Dayton rapped my knuckles on the table a few times to keep me focused on his instructions.

As soon as he finished giving me the list I headed up to my bedroom to start working. I was afraid the homework list was too long but I started working anyhow and resolved not to have a temper tantrum.

About thirty minutes later the Dean, Mark, entered naked and said that he was going to be spending the day tutoring me in Japanese. Dayton came by a bit later to lock us both in.

Mark was resolutely asexual with me but both of us being naked was a turn on for me. He explained that Japanese was my father's selection and that he would be tutoring me in it intensively seven days a week henceforth. We spent several hours on Japanese and then he told me to work on my other assignments. He lay on my bed though and jacked himself off.

At lunch we were both let out and Dayton remarked that he was glad I was doing so well on my homework. Lunch was a PB-and-J and a glass of milk. My routine was quite clear. After lunch I got permission to be excused and headed up to get an early jump on my homework. It was already very dark out when Dayton came to fetch me for dinner. I had finished everything—just barely.

Mark was cooking dinner and I noticed that he was now naked in the house at all times and present in the house at all times as well. Dayton commented that I had made it through the day without a caning and was entitled to an explanation of his expectations for me.

"So how long will this go on for real?"

"You will not be back at Rawley Academy this school year," Dayton explained.

I nodded, "and it will just be like this?"

"Will you be having sex with me?"

"Absolutely *not*. I do *not* have sex with my charges and Mark will not be having sex with you either. You are fourteen Scout and will not be touched sexually this year."

"So the only thing I can control is *not* being caned?"

"It's a whole year, if you've been paying close attention I never lie to you or make idle threats or promises. I think you have enough information to know how you need to behave for the foreseeable future."

"Thank you Professor," I said.

Mark served us up a wonderful paella for dinner and then I got to watch TV. It was a Saturday.

Day 5

Professor Schlosser woke me with a tender kiss on the forehead. "Good morning Scout, after you shower come down to my office first."

I showered and headed down the stairs to Professor Schlosser's office. The spanking bench was not visible but a chair was out in front of his desk and it seemed appropriate to sit down there. On sitting down I noticed a thick report. Glancing at the cover I could see that it was a letter to my father.

"Ah excellent, you showered quickly," the Professor said to me upon walking in. "This is the weekly progress report I send your father each week. I make it a practice to have the subject sign the letter to confirm that they read it and so they can see my frank assessment of their performance."

Professor Schlosser sat down at his desk facing me and studied my face as I read the letter. The front page was standard business correspondence and requested that in light of the attached progress notes the next payment of 25% was due.

I turned the page. Detailed handwritten notes outlined Professor Schlosser's comments on my behavior. Minutiae made the report along with a detailed listing of corporal punishments. Each day of the report filled three or more pages. I finished the report; disturbed by the ease with which the Professor described violently caning me or depriving me without food. Each was described though in terms of my bad behavior: "failure to follow instructions", "disobedience", "temper tantrum", etc.

When I finished the Professor handed me a pen to initial each page of the report. I went through quickly and attached an "SC" to each page. Professor Schlosser took the report from me and inserted it into a FEDEX mailer with my father's business address on the front.

"Get yourself breakfast now Scout," he said as he stepped outside the front door to place the FEDEX for pickup. Mark was in the kitchen naked cooking breakfast for him and Dayton. I knew better than to ask for anything and got my cereal and banana and ate them quickly.

Dayton made me stay at the table and watch him and Mark enjoy their nice omelets. I tried my best not to get frustrated and then I was sent upstairs for extensive Japanese practice before lunch. Mark was in the room with me as well and mentioned that the entire day would be spent on Japanese. After several hours he gave me some written work to practice on and he lay on my bed and jerked himself off.

My lunch was a peanut butter and jelly sandwich served with a glass of milk. Dayton and Mark discussed a faculty-student picnic that afternoon. I realized that I would not be attending and felt pretty frustrated.

Dayton cuffed me and said, "Scout don't blow it today, you've gone several days without a serious caning. If you throw a temper tantrum you will end up quite sore and still not get to go to the picnic."

"May I please be excused to my room," I asked.

Dayton nodded and told me he would be up to lock me in shortly. I went upstairs and lay down on my bed and curled up in a fetal ball and just started sobbing.

Write the Author

These stories are e-mail'ware, show your appreciation by dropping some feedback (in English) to the author at toplegal@yahoo.com.

See other works by me at <http://www.asstr.org/~TopLegal/>>

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2 Part 2

By TopLegal

WARNING This contains graphic descriptions of sexual intercourse and sadomasochistic activities between adult males. If this offends you, is not appropriate for viewing in your location, or you are not of legal age, do not read it. Any resemblance of characters in this story to the living is purely coincidental.

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Day 6

I was able to hear the outdoor concert in my room at the Professor's house. Meanwhile I was stuck naked in a small locked room of a new professor's house and subject to violent corporal punishment for even mild misbehaviors.

The worst part was the realization that my protector, my father, not only knew about these indignities but was the financial sponsor of my humiliation.

Professor Schlosser kept me busy so many hours a day that it was difficult to focus on much but crying so much about the picnic and concert had left me without sleep and a lot of time to think.

An idea for escape began to form in my mind. If I had thought things through I would have recognized the futility of the plan. But acting before thinking was what had landed me in 24-hour nudity at the hands of a strict disciplinarian. I resolved to sneak out when Professor Schlosser let me out for my shower and my breakfast. I hated breakfast anyhow, some vile, cement like cereal and a banana every single day.

Professor Schlosser commented when he came in to wake me that I "looked terrible. Now get up and get moving." I decided to go for it without showering and as soon as Professor Schlosser headed out I went to the bathroom and started the water for a shower.

Then I walked downstairs and opened the front door. I was stark naked and also already in quite hot water. I had not even stepped out onto the patio when I felt Professor Schlosser's firm hand on my shoulder: "Big mistake Scout."

The Professor unceremoniously carried me to my room like a sack of unwanted goods. "I'll be back with a bullwhip later this morning," the Professor explained as he restrained me face down to the bed. I had never noticed the restraints before. Now I was stuck waiting and scared shitless. It felt like the better part of a day before he returned and when he did I started begging for forgiveness.

"Scout, I am so disappointed about this morning," the Professor explained as he let the coil of a bull whip rest on the small of my back. "You had been making so much progress and

then this.”

With each statement he gently lifted the whip off my back and then placed it back down. It was a terrifying and firm reminder about my upcoming fate.

“Please Professor, it was a terrible mistake and it won’t happen again,” I begged.

The Professor responded, “I am certain that after this evening’s punishment that you will not walk out on me again.”

There were several minutes of awkward tension before the punishment started. The first stroke of the whip was the most intense and searing pain I had ever felt in my entire life. The horrible part is that the pain continued as the Professor lashed me over and over again with the whip. My screams went completely unheeded as over thirty lashes landed violently and precisely across my back.

“Do you have anything to say now Scout?”

“I am sorry Professor,” I responded.

“And?”

“Thank you for punishing me Professor,” I found myself saying despite the intense pain I had just endured. As I said it I found myself realizing that I felt genuinely ashamed about my earlier behavior. But the worst feeling was that I felt like my punishment had been barely adequate for my misdeeds. What had Professor Schlosser done to me in just six days?

I went to sleep restrained to the bed and without any food for the day. The next day would start again with Professor Schlosser’s violent conditioning program.

Day 7

Professor Schlosser entered at the usual time and released me from the restraints. I was still unbearably sore and Professor Schlosser pushed the restraints under bed and out of sight. He then scooped me up gently and kissed me on the forehead tenderly and carried me to the bathroom for a bath.

I felt like a little child as he dipped me into the bathtub and sponged me down.

When he finished and helped me out I thanked him profusely and went downstairs for my breakfast. Somehow the cement-cereal and banana did not seem so bad for a change. Mark, Rawley Academy’s Dean and Professor Schlosser’s lover, was in the kitchen. He commented on my whip marked back. Each day in Professor Schlosser’s “care” brought new humiliations to my life.

My studies were intensive and Professor Schlosser gave no slack for having been out of commission the previous day. In fact it was apparent that I had been given two days worth of studies for a single day.

I resolved *not* to throw a temper tantrum and took the homework eagerly and dove into it

with abandon. By the time Professor Schlosser came to unlock me for lunch I had made surprising headway and got a kiss on the forehead and a “Good boy Scout.”

After eating my lunchtime PB&J and drinking a glass of milk the Professor showed me the basement workout room. He showed me a workout chart and explained how to use the different equipment.

“Ok, Scout every day after lunch you will come down here and work out. After forty-five minutes on the elliptical machine you will do the strength training and then head upstairs.”

I nodded.

“While you work out today I will be modifying the lock to your room to be self-locking from the outside. After your work out you will take a quick shower and then lock yourself up for the afternoon. Any questions?”

“No Professor,” I responded and then immediately started the workout. There was a pair of socks, sneakers and a jock strap on the floor for me to wear during the workout.

Before Professor Schlosser disappeared he pointed out the closed circuit cameras in the gym that would allow him to review my workout in detail.

It felt really good to workout and I lost sight of the soreness in my back as I worked my body on the elliptical machine. The free-weight work felt really good too. I toyed with disobeying the Professor and my sore back started to tingle and I gave up the thought.

As I walked up I noticed more small cameras throughout the house, in the bathroom I showered in and even in my bedroom prison cell.

Locking myself in the room was another new low for me but I did it willingly. I found it felt really good to please the Professor and the thought of disobeying him was terrifying.

I finished the rest of the homework and studies easily before dinner and was really proud to show my work off to the Professor when I was unlocked for dinner.

He was appreciative and led me down for dinner. After dinner I got to watch TV with him and the Dean. It was odd to hear the Dean, Mark, talking about some of the students getting into trouble for a prank. It was odd though, it felt like all of that was a world away.

As the news came on Dayton, the Professor, sent me up to bed. He did not come up right away but when he did it was really nice to be kissed on the forehead by him.

“How are you feeling today Scout?”

“Really good Professor,” I responded.

“Does it make you feel good to please me?”

An odd question I thought but even odder still I found myself answering, “Yes, it does Professor.”

“Good,” he said as he gave me a gentle hug, “and how do you feel when you disappoint me?”

It felt wonderful to be hugged by the Professor despite the fact that he was a violent disci-

plinarian who kept me a nude prisoner. But my feelings about disappointing the Professor surprised me as I said them aloud, “I feel terrible after I disappoint you Professor and feel like I deserve to be punished seriously.”

The Professor smiled warmly at me, “that is good, I think it is very important that you have strong positive feelings about pleasing me and very unpleasant feelings about displeasing me.”

I nodded.

“My charges all start off hating me,” the Professor said matter of factly, “but usually about two to three weeks in they come around to your point of view. You are coming along quite quickly.” He pulled me quite close and held me tight.

“Thank you Professor,” I responded. I felt empty as he let me go to fall asleep.

Day 8

I woke up the next morning eager to please Professor Schlosser. My whip marks were healing nicely and I was surprised to be invited to his office that morning before breakfast.

Professor Schlosser was absent but a stack of reports on my progress were the desk facing me. I picked them up and read through them. Seeing the list of my progress—and misadventures—laid out in graphic detail for my father was overwhelming. In particular the comment on my runaway attempt: “Severe disobedience requiring maximum punishment (30 lashes)” was the entire description.

My dad would know I was getting whipped and was going to pay this man to keep doing it to me. Like the earlier report I initialed the pages and then left them to be sent out by Professor Schlosser.

In the kitchen Mark was under the table sucking Dayton’s cock. Professor Schlosser was eating a beautiful omelet and bacon that Mark had prepared. I had my cement cereal and a banana.

I liked it.

A lot.

After Professor Schlosser finished his breakfast he explained my homework for the day and sent me off to my room. I locked myself in eager to get to focus on my tasks and please the Professor.

Lunch was late that day and the Professor’s only comment was that he had been detained disciplining five unruly students after class. My PB&J and glass of milk were terrific. I finished and headed down for a workout without prompting.

I put on the socks, sneakers and jockstrap to work out. After finishing I locked myself back in and focused on the rest of my homework.

Dinner was a nice meal cooked by the Dean and after dinner, I was able to watch TV. The Dean and the Professor joined me after a bit and the Dean started sucking the Professor's cock in front of me.

"By the way Mark," the Professor explained to the cock sucking Dean, "I dealt with the troublemakers after their class this morning. They will not be able to sit down for quite some time. I gave each twenty-plus licks with the cane."

The Dean nodded approvingly as he sucked Dayton's cock eagerly. "Hey, Scout," Dayton explained, "it was the entire leading line up of the football team that got it this morning."

I knew better than to talk out of turn already and nodded approvingly.

The Professor orgasmed into the Dean's mouth.

The Professor walked me up to my bedroom prison and came in with me to tuck me in. "Scout are you angry at your father?"

"No Professor," I said after a few moments thought. It was true, I was not angry at my dad. I was not even angry at Professor Schlosser.

"Do you find it humiliating to have to sign off on your reports?"

"Yes Professor."

"Good," the Professor responded, "it should be. How about the food I am serving you?"

"I am learning to appreciate it Professor," I responded.

The Professor hugged me, "do you want some porno for your entertainment?"

"Gay porno?"

"Only if that is what you want," the Professor said.

"So I can have straight porno?"

"If you prefer."

"Why?"

"Scout, don't question everything so much, you are a fourteen year-old boy, you have urges, sometimes there is a need to let off steam."

I had always been straight, or at least "not gay." But watching Dayton's relationship with Mark was turning me on. "Can I have some of both types?"

"One closet-gay special coming up," the Professor said and left the room. He returned with a small stack of porn and left it by my bed. "Lights out in thirty minutes," he said and left.

I ended up pulling the gay porn from the stack and stroking myself to orgasm. It felt good to get some sexual release and given everything that had happened recently I was not even ashamed that I had wanked off to gay stuff.

Day 9

The next morning I felt the best I had since arriving into Professor Schlosser's prison. The cereal was awful but I found myself liking it more each day.

"Hey Scout," the Dean said, "I hear you asked for some gay porno."

"Yeah, so?"

"Just nice to see you are relaxing a bit and letting go of needing to be some top-jock."

I nodded. After breakfast, I was immersed in my studies until lunch.

Professor Schlosser entered with a young boy who could not be more than a year or two older than me. "This is Damien," the Professor said introducing the young boy.

"Hi Damien, I'm Scout."

"Damien was my charge last year and he is visiting for a long weekend," the Professor said as he helped Damien out of his clothing.

After Damien was naked we were both steered downstairs for lunch. Two PB&J sandwiches and glasses of milk were on the table. We both ate without prompting. Afterwards I showed the way to the basement and there were two workout outfits. We alternated turns on the machines without talking much to each other.

Then it was up to my room and since I had been quick with my studies and work there was time to ask questions.

"So," I asked.

Damien laughed, "your dad pay to whip you into shape?"

"Yeah."

"Well Dayton—the Professor—takes his job very seriously," Damien explained, "he is a Tae Kwon Do expert who specializes in administering corporal punishment and as studied mind control techniques for the better part of ten years to get to where he is."

"Mind control?"

"Come on, you hate that cereal, we all do, but you eat it anyhow, fuck you probably think you like it a bit by now."

He was right. I asked, "how long will I be here?"

"I was kept a prisoner for my entire freshman year of high school and then released. That seems typical."

"Typical?"

"He gets about one million per subject, before me there were twins, and before them others."

"So he arranges for us to meet intentionally?"

“Would you want to disappoint him by not visiting as instructed?”

I thought about it, “No, I hate to disappoint the Professor.”

Damien smiled, “Be happy, he won’t hurt you sexually and when he finishes your mind will be open to really learning.”

“So just enjoy getting whipped, and learn to like having my mind warped?”

“Look the twins who came before me fought it tooth and nail for the first year and had to spend an extra year. That was the only time the Professor’s techniques were not an immediate success. But perhaps that was because they were twins.”

“How does he do it to our minds?”

“No clue,” Damien said, “none of us have a clue. But we all love him to bits for beating the crap out of us and keeping us prisoners.”

“Are you angry with your parents?”

“No, of course not,” Damien said, “I love them so much for putting the Professor in my life.”

“Are you gay?”

Damien looked at me, “no, the twins were gay though, you gay?”

“I think maybe I am,” I said timidly.

“Cool,” Damien said.

“So why are you really here?”

“Grade and attitude check for sophomore year,” he explained. “Can we talk about something else?”

“Do you get good at telling time without a watch?”

“Yeah,” Damien responded, “but can we talk about something else completely. My stomach is in knots and after I get thrashed later I will have to take a Greyhound bus for 10 hours back to New York with a sore-red ass.”

An odd thought came to my head: if his ass was sore it was because he deserved it.

Damien commented, “yeah, I know what you are thinking. I thought the same thing about the twins when they visited. Heck, I even think it myself.”

We ended up laying next to each other on the bed, snuggling gently in an unusual, but also asexual fashion for the next few hours.

Professor Schlosser made me stand in the office and watch Damien get his ass beaten later. I was riveted at the sight of Damien’s smooth white ass being assaulted with the cane repeatedly. I was also certain that Damien thoroughly deserved every single stroke of the cane and that Professor Schlosser was absolutely right to administer it violently.

I was then excused as soon as the punishment ended to lock myself in my room. I would not

see Damien again for quite some time.

Write the Author

These stories are e-mail'ware, show your appreciation by dropping some feedback (in English) to the author at toplegal@yahoo.com.

See other works by me at <http://www.asstr.org/~TopLegal/>>

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3 Part 3

By TopLegal

WARNING This contains graphic descriptions of sexual intercourse and sadomasochistic activities between adult males. If this offends you, is not appropriate for viewing in your location, or you are not of legal age, do not read it. Any resemblance of characters in this story to the living is purely coincidental.

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Day 10

They say that curiosity killed the cat; perhaps I should have learned from that. Instead I became obsessed with learning how Dayton–Professor Schlosser–was controlling my mind. The day after Damien’s visit I was combing my bedroom prison for speakers or any signs of Professor Schlosser’s insidious mind control devices.

There was nothing. Not even a video camera of the type that dotted the rest of the house. For me that only deepened the mystery. My focus on ripping my room apart translated into a failure to complete all of my assigned work. After dinner the consequences were apparent.

I visited Professor Schlosser’s downstairs office much like Damien had the previous evening. Bent over a chair my already naked body was completely at the Professor’s disposal. Thirty strokes of the cane later I was reduced to tears and apologizing profusely.

I was then sent back to my room without a chance to watch any TV. I ended up laying on my stomach to keep my sore butt from hurting worse.

It was another hour before Professor Schlosser came to tuck me in. “Just so you know Scout this has become typical after the first visit by one of my subjects.”

“Permission to ask a question Professor.”

“Go ahead Scout,” the Professor said as he slapped my butt gently to remind me of my delicate position and draw further attention to my already quite sore ass.

“Damien said you do stuff to control our minds,” I said, “is that true?”

The Professor patted my head affectionately and said, “absolutely, there are all sorts of things I do. You probably know about most of them by now. Go ahead what have you noticed?”

“The nudity. The special foods. The corporal punishments.”

“Right,” the Professor said, “but what about the other sessions we have?” With that he got up and walked out without even giving me my good night kiss.

I thought about what he said carefully. There were no “other sessions.” Professor Schlosser had been a boy scout with me to a fault. Despite my constant nudity, he had never shown so much as an erection in my presence. Fatherly and authoritarian yes, but no sex. There were no other sessions. Or were there?

I fell asleep with my ass sore and my mind wondering if Professor Schlosser came into my room at nights or some such.

Day 11

The next morning I woke up with my cock stiff before the Professor came into wake me up. I pulled up some of the gay porn magazines the Professor had given me and started jerking off to them. I must have gotten lost in the moment because after I shot my load I noticed that Professor Schlosser standing over me smiling.

“By the way Scout have you wondered why my subjects alternate gay-straight ever?” At that, Professor Schlosser swooped into the box of porn he had left and took away all of the straight porn and walked out.

I immediately headed for the shower and then downstairs for my breakfast. Same as every day.

My ass was tender and the Dean–Mark–commented that it looked like meat. I had to eat my dry cereal and banana as I watched Mark and Dayton eat up beautiful omelets Mark had prepared.

“Professor can I ask a question?”

“Go ahead.”

“What did you mean by other sessions?”

The Professor smiled broadly, “Did Damien know how I controlled him?”

“No.”

“How about the twins before Damien?”

“No.”

“Or the ones before the twins?”

“No.”

“Why should you know?”

I found myself staring deep into the Professor’s eyes lost in a hypnotic trance. I felt bad for asking, who was I to question the Professor or demand more than the other boys. “Sir, my question was out of line, I think it would help me study if you paddled me before locking me in.”

Mark stood up and fetched a paddle from the office at the Professor’s instruction and I hauled

my freshly caned ass over the Professor's lap willingly. A few minutes later the Professor landed twenty savage blows of the paddle on my ass.

Afterwards he kissed me on the forehead as I left for my room to study. It would not be till after dinner that I would remember—and only fleetingly—that I was interested in how Professor Schlosser was programming me.

Day 12

One more night of Professor Schlosser's programming wiped my mind of the last traces of resistance. It had barely been two weeks and I was now putty in the Professor's hands. He said jump and I said how high. I was naked twenty-four hours a day except during my brief afternoon workouts. The only choices I was making were between the different gay porno magazines I had for jerking off.

The next morning after breakfast the Professor commented, "Scout you seem to really be fitting in to our routine."

I suddenly felt intensely good, I was being praised by Professor Schlosser. I almost talked out of turn to comment on how good it felt to be praised by him.

"I also am impressed by how quickly your studies are proceeding without distraction," the Professor commented.

"Permission to speak Professor?"

"Denied," he said as he continued, "yes your studies are proceeding excellently. By next week I think we should have you ahead of the bulk of your classmates."

His praise was arousing me intensely and given my nudity, my boner was apparent.

Professor Schlosser flashed a wicked grin at me and continued: "Even though you had to be disciplined severely the other day, I think your next report will be quite positive. I know that your dad is as pleased as I am that you are adapting so well to my training schedule."

I wanted so badly to talk and knew I was being tested. Instead I sat quietly at the breakfast table with my cock at full attention, soaking in the Professor's praise.

Finally the Professor relented, "ok Scout, go lock yourself in and get started on your studies."

I stood up calmly and went upstairs and immediately after locking myself in I jacked myself to orgasm without even having to get out a porno.

Even though I had only been in the Professor's special care for a relatively short time I was learning to approximate time quite well without a watch. As it got later without the Professor appearing I started to get hungry. I focused on my studies and managed to finish the whole day's work before the Professor returned: "Scout go eat your lunch and then we have some business to take care of back at the school."

I knew better than to ask questions or worry too much about having to go to the school

naked. Instead I followed the Professor's instructions to the letter.

As I finished lunch, the Professor appeared with a pair of extremely skimpy running shorts and an even skimpier muscle-T. He did not have to ask me verbally to put them on, I knew what to do. I put them on quickly and then the Professor gave me fake beard to put on along with a baseball cap and sunglasses.

"This should go without saying Scout," he said as he paused dramatically, "but if you even wink or wave at one of your friends on campus you will regret it severely. Additionally, whoever you wave at will suffer severely as well. Do you understand?"

"Yes Professor," I said as I followed him to the door where I was handed my regular training shoes and socks. I put them on and followed Professor Schlosser back towards campus.

Being outside felt odd to me. I had been cooped up for around two weeks by my estimates and already something as minor as feeling the sun on my skin was a novelty.

We headed straight to the gym where the entire football team was standing in the center of the court surrounded by the entire faculty and the Dean. At that moment I noticed that Professor Schlosser was carrying a bag with several canes protruding out.

The Dean pulled forward the quarterback from the line up and took the trembling teen forward and into the locker room. Professor Schlosser gestured for me to follow him which I did. The locker room was empty except for the Dean, Professor Schlosser, myself and the quarterback.

"Joseph," Professor Schlosser started, "the prank went way too far. If you had stopped with the desks surrounding the lake we would not be here right now." The huge senior started to cry like a baby.

The Dean picked up, "we will of course have to report this to colleges for the whole team unless we get cooperation."

"NOOOO," the Joseph begged, "I'll talk."

"Good," Professor Schlosser said, "who threw the desks into the lake."

Joseph rattled off the six names quite quickly.

"Here is what we will do," the Dean explained, "we will all go back into the gym and you will publicly call out the names of the people who destroyed all of the teacher's desks."

Joseph let out a gasp and Professor Schlosser took the opportunity to pull the lad's pants to the ground and bend him over the bench. I handed the Professor a cane.

"Those students will be taken back here one by one to be thrashed with the bullwhip. The rest of you will then follow one by one for twenty strokes of the cane. The six that destroyed the desks will also have this incident reported up to the colleges they are applying to."

"Please," Joseph started to beg but it was already too late. Professor Schlosser pinned the gorgeous seventeen year old to the locker room bench and administered the first stroke.

The Dean stood up to walk out, "Oh and Joseph since you were responsible for this whole

team you will be getting twenty strokes now and twenty at the end.” The Dean then left Joseph alone with me.

At the Professor’s direction, I sat down on Joseph’s back so I would be facing Professor Schlosser. In addition to pinning the teen to the bench this would keep the lad’s flailing arms out of the way. From the Professor’s perspective he could see my erections as he caned and whipped teen after teen with me as his human restraint.

I stayed in the locker room as the Professor took the freshly caned quarterback out to the waiting gym. The calling of the names was brief and I was standing holding a bullwhip for the Professor when he returned with the Dean and two other faculty members holding the first victim for the lash.

The Professor’s penchant for corporal punishment was quickly on display as he quickly dug the whip into the first teen’s back in a few unbelievably violent lashes. The student was immediately removed to the infirmary after the punishment, blood running down his back. The process repeated itself five more times and then I sat on the backs of twenty of my closest friends to pin them down for canings.

Finally Joseph was returned to the room for his second batch. The second set of twenty strokes broke the skin in a number of places and Joseph was sent to join the other trouble-makers in the infirmary.

The second part of the punishment was having to walk out of the gym naked, butts striped from canings back to their dorms.

“Well Scout,” the Professor said.

“Well done Professor,” I responded somewhat tentatively.

He patted me on the back, “I really *do* enjoy my job.”

I put the canes and whip away in the bag and walked back to the house with him. Inside the door I stripped completely naked quickly and removed the fake beard as well.

“Scout,” he said, “I am really glad you could see that.”

“Permission to speak Professor?”

“Go ahead Scout.”

“Which aspect are you glad I got to see? Your prowess at administering corporal punishment? Or seeing my former teammates receive a well deserved punishment?”

The Professor smiled, “Both of course Scout, your review is in the office please sign off on it before dinner.”

The Dean did not come over so the Professor and I ate alone quietly and then he suggested I go to sleep without TV so I could think more about when corporal punishment was appropriate.

Up in my room as I jacked off the only thing I could think about was how sexy it was to pin my fellow classmates to the bench as they received their punishments. I so badly wanted to

have sex with the Professor but knew that was *never* going to happen.

I fell asleep quickly after orgasm, but would swear I remember being woken up in the middle of the night.

Day 13

In the morning there were pictures of naked men on the walls. Several pictures were quite explicit; some showed guys right after orgasm. Others showed guys having oral and anal sex. All told there were about fifteen pictures around the walls.

“What do you think Scout,” the Professor said.

I stood up and took in the pictures. “Quite explicit.”

“You would have preferred women?”

“No,” I responded, “I like guys, I am willing to admit I am gay.”

“I am so glad to hear that Scout, my initial profile of you indicated that you were going to have trouble accepting your homosexuality.”

“No Professor, I am not having a problem with that.”

“Good.”

Write the Author

These stories are e-mail'ware, show your appreciation by dropping some feedback (in English) to the author at toplegal@yahoo.com.

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