

Chapter 1: Punishment

Tim Harris sat slumped down in his chair so far that his chin was at the same level as his desk. His arms lay listlessly across the desk covering his open but unused notebook. A pen dangled uselessly from his slack fingers. He stared vacantly and with infinite boredom at Mr. McGregor holding forth on some unfathomable topic at the front of the classroom.

“... it was built in 1068, just two years after the Invasion,” Donald McGregor droned on, making the fascinating details of English history seem utterly dull, “and became the base for defending the Islands from any other invasion for the next thousand years. Successfully too – since William’s invasion was in fact the very last one to occur!”

The bell rang, cutting off further words. The class of boys stirred, surreptitiously gathering up their books, but none dared to move without the word being given. Mr. McGregor was a fearsome man when roused to anger, and no-one wanted to feel his wrath, a wrath literally vented on one’s behind with an old supple gym shoe!

Tim marginally raised himself up so he could make a quick getaway as soon as it was safe to do so. He stared at his teacher with all the hatred he could manage, hoping that somehow he could will him out of

existence. With that thought, he began to lose himself in a fantasy, devising a plot to do away with this, his most hated teacher. As a result he did not hear the question thrown to him.

“Harris!” The explosiveness of his name yelled by an angry Mr. McGregor invaded his nascent daydream and shocked him back to reality.

“Yessir?” Tim choked out, struggling to sit upright.

“Bring your notebook here boy! The rest of you sit still. No-one leaves until this is dealt with.”

Fearfully, Tim traipsed to the front of the room carrying his virgin notebook with him. The snickers of the other boys followed him up. Everyone was equally afraid of ‘MacGag’ but they were always ready to enjoy the discomfort of someone else.

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McGregor took one disdainful glance at the untouched pages, and said quietly, “Bend!”

Tim knew better than to protest or even speak at all. It never did any good, and often resulted in a far worse punishment.

He stood in front of his teacher, turned sideways so that his backside would be reachable by the man’s right arm, and bent over, straight legged, touching the toes of his scuffed black shoes. His grey flannel pants

stretched tight over his rear end, outlining his buttocks clearly. They were partly obscured by his black school jacket.

Slowly, drawing out the suspense and the fear, Mr. McGregor lifted the tail of Tim's jacket clear so that the exposed and vulnerable buttocks were accessible to his imminent ministrations.

Tim knew full well what was coming, and the anticipation, dragged out like this, was the worst part. He stood as still as he could, trying not to tremble. That was not easy, as he knew the indescribable pain that was about to be inflicted on the most tender part of his anatomy. The other boys craned up in their seats as far as they dared, to get a good look at today's victim. Things had been quiet in History class lately – it was at least a month since Mr. McGregor had selected a victim.

Tim felt McGag's left hand rest gently on his spine to steady him. He felt the 'slipper', an old and floppy gym shoe, gently pat his buttocks right in the centre, evenly touching both cheeks at the same time. Tim wished he was wearing thicker clothing, but his underwear was old and threadbare, and his gray school pants were likewise worn and thin, offering little protection.

After a couple of pats from the slipper as Mr. McGregor got his aim lined up, the long right arm was raised high and with unbelievable force, swung back down

delivering a powerful blow to Tim's barely protected backside! The force of the delivery almost caused Mr. McGregor to jump off the ground, and it pushed Tim forwards to be caught by the teacher's left hand.

The pain, as always, was like a searing, flaming thunderbolt through Tim's entire body. He bit his lip hard and focused his entire concentration on not making a sound to enrage the sadistic man, nor

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to allow his knees to crumple sending him to the floor. His focus was to escape a prolonged punishment, and to bear this stoically, at least until he got out of the room. He held on as the pain spread across his body and back, finally settling into a raw burning, centred in his ass.

"Very well," said Mr. McGregor almost kindly, pulling on Tim's shoulder to raise him up, "that's all. You bore that well boy."

Tim stood and faced the teacher, looking squarely into his eyes – another way of avoiding more punishment. Mr. McGregor hated boys who could not, 'look me in the eye like a man!' Tears brimmed in Tim's eyes, but did not fall. His lips trembled, but he held on knowing that it was only for a minute or so before he could leave. Just hold on!

“Now, Harris, that makes three times we’ve had to do this in one term! Not a good record!” McGag’s voice was serious like a judge about to pronounce a death sentence. “I don’t expect to punish a boy this much. Clearly my methods do not work with you! I will have to go to Plan B.” Tim’s face frowned slightly in panic wondering what Plan B could possibly be.

“I have not had to use Plan B for many years,” he announced addressing the whole class of open-mouthed boys. Everyone stared at him almost without breathing.

“Harris, the very next time I have to punish you, I will deliver the same single swipe to your rear end that I did today,” he paused almost smirking at the puzzled expression on Tim’s face, “except, young man, I will take your trousers down to do it!”

The shock that registered on Tim’s face was almost enough to cause Mr. McGregor’s already erect and leaking cock to spurt there and then. With manly determination, he clamped down on his thoughts and his body, willing himself not to cum. He was wearing tight underwear to conceal his cock as he always did. This boy Harris was just too delectable to bear. He wanted to drag this out as long as possible. The very thought of his bare naked ass in front of all these boys as he laid into it ... but no, think about that later, not now!

An audible gasp went around the room as the boys all reacted to McGregor's words. They looked nervously at one another, hoping that the promised punishment only applied to poor Tim.

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Finally released from the hated classroom Tim ran the gauntlet of the insensitive comments of the other boys, to lock himself into a washroom stall. Here he used the tissues to wipe his eyes and blow his nose. He pushed his pants and underwear down trying to crane his neck around to inspect the damage. He couldn't see, but it felt good to have the injury exposed to the air without his clothes rubbing on it. He cracked open the door to make sure the washroom was empty, then he cautiously stepped out of the stall and tried to see his backside in the mirror. He could just catch a glimpse of a large red patch on either side, but could not get a really good look at the whole extent of the wound. For that he was going to need two mirrors.

"Need a hand?" A quiet voice came from the doorway. Tim jumped like a scared rabbit, dropping his shirttails to cover his dick as he faced the newcomer. Robert Sears was a very tall, quiet boy, whom Tim suspected was queer. He hated all kinds of sports and was excused from anything physical, and he always had a suggestive remark to make in Tim's direction. Tim always tried to ignore him.

“Nah, I’m okay,” he said bending to lift his pants up.

“No you’re not,” Robert stated matter-of-factly, “You need this.” He held up a little tube.

“What’s that?”

“Soothing Balm,” said Robert, “just what you need to take the pain away and make it heal up real quick.”

“Oh,” said Tim uncertainly, wanting the benefits of the proffered balm, but not sure he wanted to be beholden to one such as Robert.

“Come in here,” Robert led the way into the stall Tim had just vacated. He sat down on the toilet seat. Tim reluctantly walked toward him, his pants and underwear still around his ankles, pushing the cubicle door shut. This felt very weird.

“Lay over my lap,” Robert ordered firmly. Tim hesitated. “Think of me as the doctor,” said Robert seriously, “come on, it won’t take a minute.”

In spite of himself, Tim did as he was told. This felt definitely very weird. His bare bum stared up at Robert in all its crimson agony.

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Tim's cock and balls hung down between Robert's legs, where Robert proceeded to squeeze them gently between his thighs, wishing he were as naked as Tim.

Robert's fingertips very lightly brushed the sore area on Tim's bum. The balm he was using was cool and Tim gasped. The sting was intense from the touch, but he was amazed at the gentleness of Robert's touch. Gradually Robert dabbed and brushed with his fingertips, spreading the balm all over Tim's injured backside. As the anesthetic qualities of the balm took effect, Tim sighed with relief. At that signal, Robert began to rub the soothing balm in more vigorously, but still with incredible gentleness. Tim sighed again and wiggled his bum to Robert's touch.

Before long, Robert was using the palms of both hands to gently massage and smooth Tim's scarlet bum cheeks, letting his fingers seemingly accidentally venture into the tantalizing crevice between them. Tim's cock began to inflate as the pleasurable sensation spread, taking away the inflamed pain of the single slipper-stroke.

Robert's thighs registered the fact of Tim's growing arousal, and he squeezed them together adding a massage element to Tim's cluster of jewels.

Between the erotic massage of his bum and the squeezing of his balls and his growing cock between Robert's legs, Tim was entering a zone of sensation

unlike anything he'd ever experienced in his young life before. It was certainly distracting him from the intense pain of his recent beating!

All too soon Robert ceased his ministrations. "We gotta get to class soon," he said gently, helping Tim to stand. Tim stood, his pants around his feet and leaned giddily against the wall. Robert took his cock in his hand and kissed the head tenderly, flicking it with his tongue.

"Ahhhh!" exclaimed Tim at the erotic touch. "Later, baby, later," promised Robert.