

## **THE LANGUAGE SCHOOL**

A BDSM fantasy by Peter Mann © 2008

I read the ad in the newspaper.

“Overseas opportunities with all expenses paid. Full-time residential foreign Language Course and Cultural Indoctrination Course. Guaranteed Placement overseas after Course completion. No Course fee required. All relocation expenses paid.”

It sounded a good opportunity. I had been out of work since leaving the Great West Airline six months ago. I had been a pilot there for only three years when the airline ran into financial problems, so I was one of the first to be laid off. After six months without work, I needed a job badly. I had applied for many things. Most jobs were desperately poorly paid. But I was getting desperate too. I called the number. I was immediately given an appointment.

“What language do you wish to learn” I was asked. I realized I had no idea what I wanted. I just needed money, a job. “What do you have most need for” I replied. “Most of our placements are in the middle east, although we still have some in the far east” the lady replied. “So what language would that be?” I asked. “Arabic is in most demand right now. Persian is also in great demand. Whatever you choose, we’d be happy to teach you a second language, or a specialized dialect, later” she replied.

“I was based in Arabia when I was training with my airline” I replied. “I do know some Arabic words already. I can read their alphabet”

“Very well. That sounds ideal. When can you start?”

“I can start anytime. I understand there is no cost to me? Is that right?”

“No, there is absolutely no cost to you, provided you sign our standard contract. The Contract commits you to complete our residential language course here in our facility, and to complete final training in an overseas country. After your final training, the laws of that country will be applicable. It’s up to you to be conversant with those laws: for legal reasons, we don’t have anything to do with that. We do required a personal interview, but if you are a healthy male and of at least average intelligence, you will almost

certainly be accepted. We have one vacancy on our present class. Can you start tomorrow? I can offer you an interview tomorrow at 8am”

I arrived promptly for my interview. My interviewer was a nice looking lady of about 50.

She smiled at me. “I am Ms Grange, Peter” she said. “May I call you Peter? Good. Peter, there is a good demand for western men who can speak Arabic. I have many requests here from wealthy Arabian ladies who can’t speak English, so seek healthy western males who are fluent in their language. So that language would be a good choice for you, especially since you already have some experience with it. We will teach you Arabic, then will place you in an Arabic-speaking position with one of the overseas ladies who seek a man like you, all without any cost to you. The courses run for six, eight or twelve weeks, depending on the applicant and his background. Since you have a degree, and some background in Arabic already, I can offer you the six-week course. You must be in residence here for the entire time. Does all that sound acceptable?”

“Yes. But I have never been much good at foreign languages. I may not pass the course. What happens then?”

She smiled. “I don’t think you need to worry about that, Peter. Our teaching methods are very thorough, and I promise that you will learn your lessons well”

“I have our standard Contract here, if you wish to proceed. If you wish to wait and think about it, that is perfectly acceptable also. But you will then have to wait a few weeks for a vacancy on the next class”.

I didn’t want to have to wait! I was almost out of money.

“No, I’d like to start now. There is no reason to wait. Where do I sign?”

“Don’t you want to read the Contract first?” she asked

“No, I don’t need to read it. It all sounds fine to me. You have explained it well enough. Let’s get this done. I’d like to start today” I said.

“Then let me call in my secretary. We need to have it witnessed and notarized” she said.

I signed the Contract. She asked me to initial each page, which I did. It had a lot of pages, I thought. That surprised me, since it had not taken much time for Ms Grange to describe the agreement.

Ms Grange took the contract back from me, and signed it also. Her secretary notarized the Contract with an official stamp.

“There. The contract is now legally enforceable”. She stood up. “Please go through the door behind you, Peter. Your training will start immediately” she said.

I got up. She was very attractive. “Would you like to have dinner, one evening” I started to ask. “No, Peter! I’m afraid not! Now you have signed the papers, you will have no free time for the next six weeks! None at all! And after your language training is complete, you will be immediately transported overseas to your new position”.

I hesitated. Maybe I should not have rushed into this.

“Please go through that door, as I asked you to. Or I will call in a guard! It will be better for you, if you do as I ask!”

I was startled by her tone. What did she mean by calling a guard? Was there something in the contract about guards? Maybe I should have read it all before signing? She was very dominant, quite frightening all of a sudden. I decided to do what she said. Despite the Contract, I knew I could always skip out one evening, if I found I didn’t like it here. I got to my feet. I went to the door, and opened it. I went through it. I looked back, but Ms Grange had already gone.

### **My Training Starts**

I opened the door she had indicated. The door closed behind me. I found myself in a small windowless room. Another door faced me, shut. The room was empty except for one chair and a small table. I sat down and waited. After thirty minutes, I thought I should find out what the delay was. I went back to the door I had entered through. It was locked. I realized that the door was

steel, painted to look like wood. I went back to the other door, and found the same thing, I went back to the chair and sat down again.

After about an hour, the door opened, and a nurse entered.

“Sorry for the delay, Peter. This won’t take long now. I just need to give you a brief medical checkup. Please take off your clothes, and put this on. Then drink this. I’ll be back in ten minutes”

She handed me a paper cup with some liquid in it, and a hospital gown, and went out. I took off my clothes and folded them over the back of the chair. The gown was one of those embarrassing ones that opened at the back. I drank the liquid.

I sat in the chair. The room was warm, and I started to doze off. The nurse came back in. She was very pretty. I stood up, and felt giddy.

“That’s the medication, Peter. It’s just a strong sedative to make you easy to handle. It will wear off in an hour. Please turn around”

I turned around. I felt the hospital gown being slipped off my shoulders. My arms felt so heavy. The gown slipped to the floor. I felt the nurse pull one hand behind my back. I felt something cold slip onto my wrist. Then my other hand was pulled behind me, and again something put on my wrist. I realized she had handcuffed me. I felt so sleepy that I didn’t feel at all alarmed by this. She pushed me over the table. “Spread your legs, Peter. This is a body search. It’s to make sure you don’t try to bring anything into our facility. Just a security precaution”. I felt her finger probe inside my ass. I was then stood up again, and she ran her gloved hands all over me, searching every inch of my body. She even checked my hair, inside my mouth, the soles of my feet. I had nothing concealed, but I realized she would have found anything that I tried to bring in.

“That’s good, Peter. You have nothing on you. We don’t allow our prisoners to have any loose objects. None at all. It’s good that you didn’t try to conceal anything. You would have been severely punished if I had found anything”

I stood naked and handcuffed, almost asleep on my feet. She took a light chain from her pocket. It had a steel shackle on the end of the chain. She lifted my cock and slipped the shackle around my balls. It fitted snugly.

She stood back, holding the chain, and looked at me. I stood naked before her. "You have a nice body, Peter. Some lucky lady will be happy to have you as a slave!"

"Now come with me!" she said, and pulled on the chain leash to my balls! Leashed like this, there was no way I could resist! What was going on here? But I just wanted to go to sleep. I would deal with this after I had slept.

But I was not allowed to sleep. She tugged on my leash whenever I tried to slow down.

She led me out of the room, and down a stone corridor.

We entered another room. At the front of the room, on a raised platform, stood a teachers desk and chair. A lady of about fifty was seated at the desk. I saw a rattan cane was lying on the desk. There were a set of small clocks on her desk too. In front of the desk were a row of eight heavy wooden benches. One bench was empty. On each of the other benches, a naked man knelt, held by his neck, wrists and ankles by locked pillories. In front of each man's face, a book lay open, on a wooden stand, a few inches from his face. The men were intently staring at their books, and did not move or even look up as we entered. I saw that most of them had weals on their buttocks, obviously from a cane. Used hard.

The lady stood up as we entered.

"Hello Peter" she said "welcome to my classroom! Come and join your fellow pupils! I have them hard at work already! Come and join them! You can have the last bench!"

I was led to the empty bench and ordered to lay on it. I obeyed. It was solid, heavy oak, polished dark and smooth by the bodies of the men who had sweated on it before me. A heavy wooden yolk was lowered around my neck and padlocked. It fitted my neck snugly. I felt another yolk being lowered onto my ankles, and heard the sound of another padlock. My handcuffs were unlocked, and my arms were pulled downwards, and my wrists each padlocked into their wooden restraints. My ball leash was unlocked. I lay on the bench, completely helpless. My sweating face was facing down and forwards, towards the teacher's desk. I could look upwards only with great difficulty, as my neck yolk held my head down.

“I’ll leave him with you, Ms Wilson” the nurse said, and left the room.

“I am Ms Wilson, as you heard” the teacher lady said, standing before me. I looked at her black shoes. “Look up!” she ordered. I lifted my head, but could only look partially up, and could not see above her waist. “That’s right boy, you can’t look up! In my class, your attention will always be down on your book!” She pushed a wooden bookstand in front of my face, and placed a book on it. She opened the book at the first page. I saw it was an Arabic-English vocabulary. “You are here on a six week course in Arabic! It is starting now! To begin, you will memorize this page! I will give you a test in three hours time from now! I will set a timer to remind me when your test is due”.

“You may begin now.”

“Please, Ma’am, I don’t like this! I want to go home!”

“There is no talking in my classroom” she snapped. You may only speak if I speak to you! No exceptions! Next time you speak without permission, you will feel the cane! Don’t think I don’t mean it!”

She walked back to the platform. I could not see her up on the platform, but I heard the scrape of her wooden chair as she sat down at her desk. I knew she had all of us in view. There was complete silence in the room. She had eight naked men strapped to benches in front of her, all completely at her mercy.

I looked at the book. It had a long list of Arabic words and their English equivalents. I had three hours to learn the entire page! I remembered the cane weals I had seen on the other mens’ buttocks! I twisted in my restraints and tried to look up at her.

I heard My Wilson stand up. I heard the click of her high heels as she walked towards me. She walked around behind me. I heard the sound of her cane being swished. “No wriggling, Peter! And no looking up! In my classroom, your eyes will stay on your book! I am a strict disciplinarian! And it’s time you found out what my cane feels like!”

I heard a rush of air.

CRACK!!!

A line of white fire blazed across my ass! I had not realized a cane was so painful! It was agony! I choked back a scream.

She walked back to her desk and sat down again. I heard the cane being placed back on her desk. There was complete silence in the room. I stared at my book, motionless. I dared not move. I knew she was watching me! And she had that cane! Sweat ran down my nose and dripped onto the floor.

I kept my eyes on my book. I am not sure how much time passed, it seemed about an hour, then I heard a chime from one of the clocks on Ms Wilson's desk. I heard Ms Wilson stand up and step down from the platform. A thrill of terror ran through me! I had not memorized more than half of the page!

I was terrified! I kept my eyes on my book and prayed. I heard her walk to another of the benches. Thank God! She wasn't going to test me!

She stood in front of a prisoner on a bench to my right. "Time for your test, George" she said. She lifted the book from the bookstand in front of George. She read out words at random. George promptly gave her the translation of each word. I could tell from his voice that he was scared out of his wits. After about twenty words, all answered correctly, she was satisfied.

"Good, George, I'm pleased! You are learning well. Keep up the good work." She turned the book to a new page, and set it down in front of his face. "Here's your new lesson, George" she said. She walked back to her desk and sat down again. George was left on his bench, staring helplessly at his next lesson. He would be tested in three hours, and would be caned if he failed.

After another few hours, I heard a chime from her desk. It was time for my test! She came down to me and picked up my book. She read out a word. I answered with the translation. On the fifth word, I could not remember the translation. She immediately set the book down in front of me again. She walked back to her desk, then returned to me. As she walked past me again, I could see she had the cane in her hand. She was holding it down where I could see it. She walked behind me. I tensed. I was going to get another stroke of the cane!

**CRACK!!!!**

I wanted to yell, but I choked it back. I forced myself to remain still.

“You can buck and yell, if you need to” she said kindly. “I don’t mind that, in fact I like it! I like to see the cane being effective! You won’t be able to stop yourself, after a few more stokes, anyway! You have five more coming! Beg, too, if you want to! It won’t make any difference!”

CRACK!!!!

CRACK!!!! This time, I yelled.

CRACK!!!!

CRACK!!!!

CRACK!!!!

I was sobbing and begging and moaning, writhing on the bench, but securely restrained, held perfectly in position for caning.

I felt her cool hand on my buttocks, feeling the raised weals. “Nice weals, Peter!” she said. “I so enjoy marking a man’s ass! It’s like painting a canvass!”

She took her hand away. “That’s enough blubbering and wriggling. No more sound now, Peter!” I immediately became silent. I knew I would get another stroke of the cane if I was disobedient! “Good. Get your attention back on your book! You have one hour to study that lesson again, then I will retest you. Expect another six, if you fail again! In my classroom, the penalty for failing any test, is six of the best! I’m absolutely strict about that! So learn your lesson, or feel the cane! It’s your own decision, choose whichever you wish! If you choose the cane, that’s fine with me!”

She walked back to her desk.

I focused hard on the book. She retested me in an hour. This time, I answered perfectly! I realized that the teaching methods here were extremely effective!

“Good Peter. Here is your new page” she turned the book to the second page, and set it down in front of my face. My heart sank. It was straight on to the next lesson! There was no rest here! I stared madly at the new page. I so wanted to get off this bench! I was enrolled in this language course for six weeks! I had signed the contract!



“I will test you in three hours, Peter” she said, and walked back to her desk. I heard the click as she reset my timer for three hours.

### **Locked up for the night**

I studied as hard as I could. I was obsessed with the thought of her cane! I knew she had it on her desk, ready to use! My ass was burning from the six she had just given me! I could not bear another six!

Before my three hours were up, a bell rang. Ms Wilson stood up and walked down the line of benches, collecting up the books. “Good day, boys. Class will resume at 8am tomorrow. Your tests will continue tomorrow, after your allowed study times have been completed. Have a good night”

She put the books on her desk, and left the room. We were left helplessly on our benches.

After she left the room, I dared to look left and right at my fellow pupils. They were all secured to their benches, just as I was. They all stared straight ahead, completely silent. “Hello” I said to the man next to me. His face turned white, but he did not move or answer. None of them looked at me or said a word. They just stared ahead, silently, not even struggling. They knew that escape was impossible. I was new, but they had each been here for many weeks already, forced to complete tedious, boring lessons for ten hours every day, under the watchful eye and strict cane discipline of Ms Wilson.

I looked ahead again. I noticed that a red light was blinking at the front of the room.

The classroom door opened and three women entered. They were dressed in black, and carried leather straps on their belts.

“The red light’s on! Who has been speaking, and who has been moving? Speak!” the first woman called out.

We were all silent. I knew it was me, but I was not going to admit that!

“Own up, or you will ALL get double punishment!”

The first woman stood in front of me. “I’m sure it was you! It’s always the new boy! The others know better! Did you speak and move? Admit it, and you’ll

only get the standard punishment. If you don't admit it, you'll get double punishment, and so will all the others! Well?"

I would get double if I didn't admit it was me! I could not get away with anything here!

"Yes, Ma'am. I did speak. And I did glance to the side. I'm sorry! I only said one word! And just a glance" I moaned.

"You may not speak or move without permission! The sound and movement sensors will detect any of that, when you are not being supervised!"

She took the strap from her belt, and held it in front of my face. It was thick black leather, smooth and polished from use. "You will get six strokes of the strap!"

She walked behind me, and gave me six rapid strokes of the strap across my already-wealed buttocks. It was agony.

"Let that be a lesson, Peter. There is no tolerance for disobedience here! Discipline here is strict and hard! Be obedient, or be punished! It's completely your own choice! And you are here for the next six weeks! After that, you'll be shipped in chains to the middle east, where your new owner will complete your training!"

My hands were released from the pillory, and handcuffed behind my back. I felt a ball leash being locked back on my balls. My neck and ankles were then released, and I was ordered to stand. I stood with the other prisoners, each of us naked and handcuffed and ball leashed. I saw that our ball collars were on a single light chain, keeping us in a line, ball shackled together. Each guard took one end of the coffer chain. The guard at the front gave a tug on the chain, and led us out of the classroom. She led us down the hall, a line of naked men ball shackled together. I found I had to carefully keep a constant distance behind the man in line in front of me, or the chain painfully jerked on our balls. The man behind me sometimes did not keep his own proper distance, and I suffered then too. After a few minutes, I was able to keep the proper distance.

We came to a line of steel doors in the wall of the corridor. The doors were about four feet high, solid steel except for a small barred opening. Two heavy bolts secured each door. We halted at the first door. The door was unbolted

and swing open. I saw the cells were about five feet deep, bare concrete, with straw on the concrete floor inside. Just inside each door was a heavy steel collar on a chain. The chain led to a ring bolt in the floor just inside the cell.

The first prisoner was ordered to kneel, and his neck was padlocked into the collar. He was then removed from the cuffle and his handcuffs unlocked. He crawled into the cell, and the steel door was slammed shut and bolted. We were then led on to the next cell, and the next prisoner was locked into his cell in the same way.

As we passed the bolted cell doors, we could see the prisoner inside staring out through the small barred grille.

My turn came, and I was collared and pushed into my cell. The steel door slammed behind me and I heard the bolts sliding shut. My chain was only about three feet long, so I was held facing the steel door. I looked out through the bars and saw the line of prisoners move on down the corridor.

I lay down on the straw. I could not stretch completely out, the cell was too small for that. But at least I was able to move as I wished. I felt my buttocks. They were still stinging and burning, but placing my hands on the weals eased the burning a little. I could distinctly feel each raised weal that the cane had left. They were accurately placed on the lower part of my buttocks, parallel and regularly spaced. Ms Wilson was well practiced at caning men, I realized.

After the cells were all bolted, the guards left. There was silence from the cells. I now knew better than to call out through the bars! The straw was scratchy and smelled of sweat. I wondered if we got put in the same cell each night. Probably they just put us in the cells at random, I guessed. So I had to sleep on the straw that some other prisoner had used. I ran my hand over the walls. They were smooth, bare concrete. There was nothing in the cell except the straw. My collar dragged down on my neck, and I shifted it around so I could feel the padlock. It was locked. I felt the links of the chain. They were thick steel. The end link was welded around a thick steel ring set in the concrete floor. I realized that when the guards opened my cell door in the morning, I would be secure on my chain, and would be handcuffed before the collar was unlocked.

I had six weeks of this ahead of me! And then they said they would place me with a Lady in the Middle East! I had heard that Eastern ladies prized western

men as slaves! I stared madly out through the bars. There was no escape from this cell! And another day in the classroom tomorrow!

### **The second day**

The next morning, my cell door was unbolted, and I was ordered to crawl out. I obeyed, stiff from the night in the cramped cell. I was handcuffed and ball shackled to the other prisoners, then my collar was unlocked and I was allowed to stand up in the line. We were marched back to the classroom, and put back on our benches.

The door opened and Ms Wilson entered. I kept my eyes forwards and down, and remained motionless. "Good morning, boys" she called. "Our lessons will resume. Brian, you will be the first to be tested today. Your test will be in 25 minutes".

She walked down the line of benches, putting an open book in front of each man's face. I could not bear to see my book again. It was only the second day, and I could not bear the thought of another day of endless hours staring at the book! It was so boring! But then, I remembered the cane! I broke out into a sweat at the thought!

Poor Brian failed his test, and was caned. I knelt helplessly secured on my bench, sweating with fear as he yelled. I knew it could be me later on! Ms Wilson would have no mercy, I knew that! I stared madly at my book, forcing the words into my memory.

I passed my test. I was so happy! I was not going to be caned!

Ms Wilson calmly turned the page on my text book. "There you go, Peter. You may start your next lesson. I'll be back in three hours to test you! Have fun!" She laughed and walked away. I could have killed her, the sadistic bitch! But she had me helpless! I gritted my teeth, and stared at the new page.

I passed my next test too. I was doing well. My ass was still quite sore from yesterday's caning, but much better now. Ms Wilson turned over my page, and left me to study my next lesson.

I failed the next test. I had become too confident, and hadn't studied hard enough! Ms Wilson calmly walked back to her desk, and came back with her

cane. She passed her hand over my ass, feeling the raised weals from yesterday's caning. She didn't say anything. I heard her take a step, then the rush of the cane.

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!!!!!!!

She gave me six strokes, without pausing. I tried to remain quiet, but was yelling and wriggling after the second stroke. She took no notice. I was held in position by the bench, perfectly positioned for caning! It was all over in less than 10 seconds, I'd estimate. But what a 10 seconds! The pain was absolutely unendurable. But I was secured in position, and HAD to endure it!

She walked back to her desk, leaving me sobbing on my bench. She let me blubber for a minute, then called out sharply "that's enough noise Peter! Be quiet now, and get back to your study! I will give you your test again in one hour!"

I immediately forced myself to become quiet. I knew well that I'd only get another stroke if I wasn't silent. The tears ran down my face and dripped on the floor. I blinked my eyes, and forced myself to focus on my text book. I hated that book! I hated this school! I so wanted to get out of here! But I knew they would not release me until my six week course was completed! And this was only the second day!

I studied hard, and passed the test the next time. Ms Wilson was pleased. She passed her hand over my buttocks. Her cool touch made the burning slightly less. "You are well marked now, Peter, just as I like men to be! You will find that I'm completely strict about caning! You will get six of the best, every time you fail a test! No mercy! So study well!!"

The second day finally came to an end. I was locked back in my kennel for the night. After the guards had gone, I knelt and peered out through the closely spaced bars. The corridor was silent and empty. The guards didn't bother watching us at night, they knew that we were secure in our bolted kennels, and knew that they would find us still locked up, just as they had left us, when they came back the next morning.

I realized that there was no escape from this institute. And no mercy would be given if I didn't learn my lessons well. I was here for the next six weeks, and there was nothing I could do about it!

## **The course finishes**

Every day was the same for the first week. Days passed. I lost track of the days, but I realized I had been here for more than a week. So there were no weekends off. Our lessons continued every day, without a break. I studied as hard as I could, but still usually had a caning every day. After a caning, I was always frantic to avoid a second caning, and luckily always managed to avoid that. I knew a second caning on one day would be more than I could possibly bear. But I also knew that Ms Wilson would not hesitate to cane me a second time! She would not hesitate for a second! She would enjoy it!

After a few weeks, I moved on to grammar and spoken conversations. I found that it was quite easy to speak the new language, since my vocabulary was good, and the grammar seemed to come naturally to me. Ms Wilson conducted the grammar lessons, and then a new teacher conducted the spoken lessons. The new teacher was dressed in Arabic dress, with a veil, and was obviously a natural Arabic speaker.

I progressed rapidly. I realized that I did in fact have a good aptitude for learning languages. I had been too lazy to put in the required effort before. But now I was forced to work, I learned rapidly, and got caned less and less. I could sense that Ms Wilson didn't like me avoiding canings. But the other men still got caned regularly, and she enjoyed that.

One evening, after we were locked in our kennels, I heard footsteps in the corridor. I looked out through the bars. It was Ms Grange! I had not seen her since my initial interview. I put my fingers out through the bars. I wanted to attract her attention! Maybe she could get me out of here!

She had a leather crop at her belt. She unclipped it, and leaned down and rapped me sharply across my fingers. It hurt like hell! I pulled my fingers back in, and crawled to the back of my kennel. I knew then that she would not help me!

I heard her call out. "Pay attention, Peter! Your course here has been completed. You have been allocated to a position in northern Arabia. It's an area that is little known in the west, since tourists are not allowed there. You have been assigned to a Lady of that country, who wishes to have a western male as a slave. The ladies there are very rich, from oil revenues, and can afford the facilities needed to keep slaves. You do not have a choice in which

lady you are assigned to. The choice has been made for you. She does not speak English, but you will find that you will be able to understand and speak her language fluently. Your position in that country will be that of a 'voluntary slave', which is a form of slavery which is legal under the laws of that country. In that country, once an agreement to be a slave has been signed and witnessed, then the slave is a real slave until the Owner decides otherwise. I know that you would probably argue that you are not 'voluntary', but in the legal sense, you are. You are 'voluntary' in the sense that you have signed a Contract, in which you agreed to be trained and kept as a slave. The fact that you didn't read the Contract makes no difference, legally speaking. So when you get to your new country, you will legally be a real slave under their laws, without any rights whatsoever, totally in the power of your Lady Owner. I advise you to be obedient, because this Lady is not merciful with disobedient slaves!"

"You will be transported to your new Owner in the next few days. Until then, you will remain locked in your kennel. It's been a pleasure having you here! I wish you well in your new life, as a slave! Goodbye Peter!"

Later than night, Ms Wilson came down to the kennels. She walked down the corridor and looked in through the bars of my kennel, and personally wished me 'good luck'. She seemed genuinely sad to say goodbye. I also felt somewhat sad. I knew I would never see her again. She had been strict, but fair. She had never shown me mercy, but she also had never caned me unless I had deserved it.

"Goodbye Peter", she called out as she walked back down the corridor. "And to the rest of you: I'll see you back in class tomorrow, promptly at 8am!"

She laughed, and left.

**End**