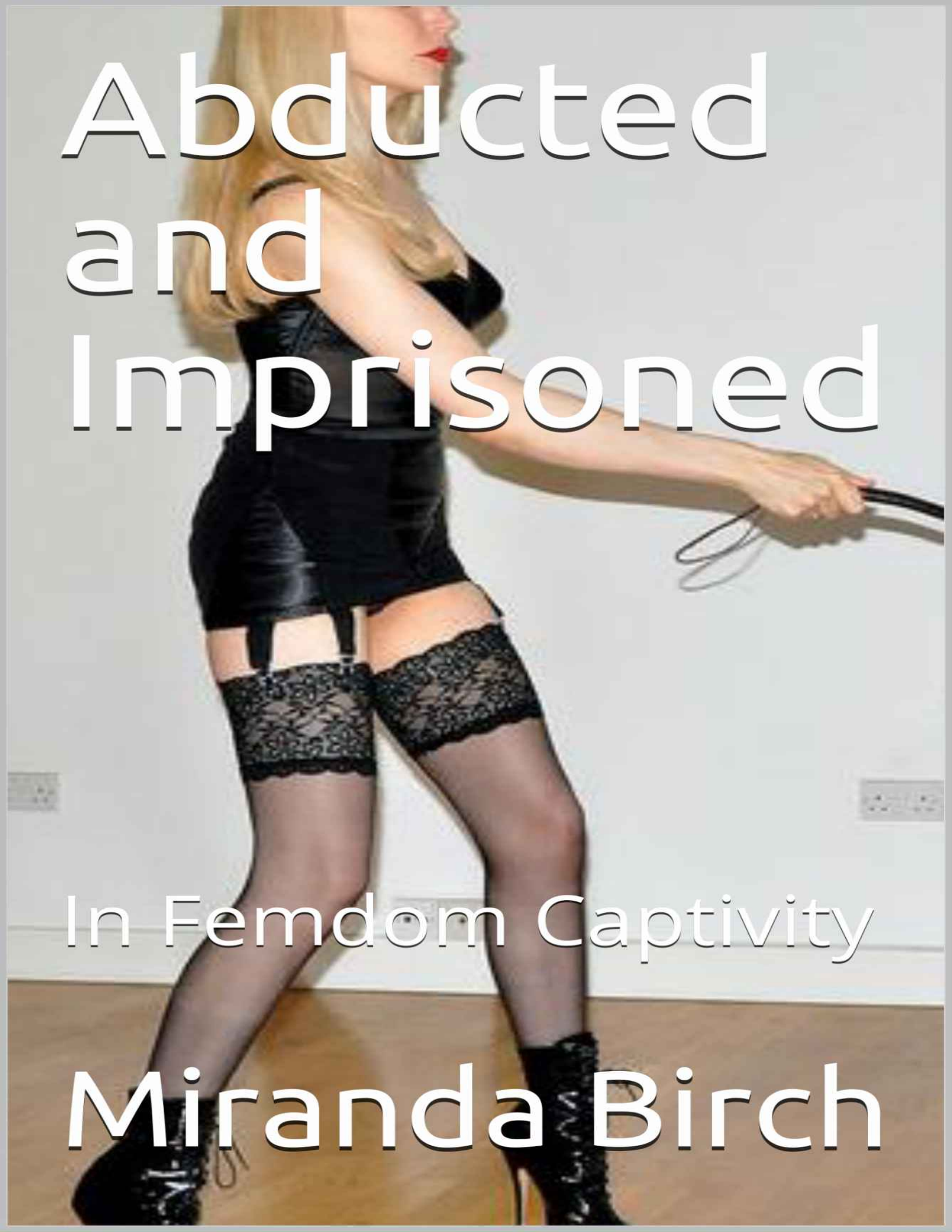


A woman with blonde hair is shown from the waist down, wearing a black leather corset-style top, black lace garter belt, and black stockings. She is holding a black whip in her right hand. The background is a plain white wall with a wooden floor.

Abducted and Imprisoned

In Femdom Captivity

Miranda Birch

Abducted and Imprisoned In Femdom Captivity

By [Miranda Birch](#)

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Linda and Natalie, two well-off young women, have a hobby. An unusual hobby. They kidnap and enslave men — for fun! Once in their power, their helpless victims soon learn to submit and obey — or else! All men beware! These two strict bitches are — deadlier than the male!

PREPARATION

CAPTURED

LOCKED AWAY

REBELLION

RETRIBUTION

INITIATION

CRIME

AND PUNISHMENT

PREPARATION

The young woman stood silent, her phone raised to her head, just nodding now and again as she listened to the caller on the other end. She was clad all in black: a black satin blouse with black leggings and high-heeled 'pirate' boots. Slowly, a look of pure pleasure spread over her pretty face.

"Thanks, Mike," she said at last, then hung up.

"There's another one gone over the wall, Linda," she said matter-of-factly.

Linda, a well-built young blonde, was lounging on a wide couch, wearing nothing but a see-through baby-doll nightie which displayed the full length of a magnificent pair of legs and barely contained her full bosom. At Natalie's words, she sat up. Her full, firm breasts thrust against their flimsy covering as though impatient of their

confinement. She tossed her hair back, and asked eagerly, "How long ago?"

"About an hour."

"Well, that gives us plenty of time. Pity though, in a way. I was just thinking, Natalie, how nice it would be to spend the afternoon in bed."

Natalie walked lithely across the room. She was tall and sinuous with wide-set dark eyes and black hair falling softly to her shoulders. She kissed the blonde Linda on her forehead and fondled one of the thrusting breasts.

"First things first, Linda," she said.

"Oh quite," agreed Linda and slipped off the couch. "I'll go and get dressed."

Natalie fondly watched the seductive roll of Linda's broad hips as she moved towards the door. She was always rather envious of Linda's superb figure. Not that her own figure was bad; it was just that there was rather more of Linda. A lot of lush softness. Delicious!

Natalie lit a cigarette and checked that the Walther PPK was in her handbag. Almost all escapees from the Prison headed north to the ferry, making their way towards the City. She and Linda had picked the last one up on that route. No reason why they should not succeed again. Her pulse beat just a little harder at the thought of what might lie ahead. It must be all of three months since they'd finished off that Geordie bastard. He had given them a lot of fun. And how were they to know he had a weak heart? Now he formed part of the concrete structure of a new bridge over the River. Dead men tell no tales.

Linda came back into the room. She was now wearing a light blue trouser suit over a crisp white blouse, with a matching light blue ribbon holding her hair at the back. She looked just like a busy

female executive hurrying off to some important meeting or other. A style of dress unlikely to attract any undue attention — which was important, in their line of activity.

Natalie saw at once how bright-eyed and happy her friend looked. She is as excited as I am, she thought. Well, why not? The thought of having a male slave again *was* exciting.

“It's a good time,” she said. “By the time we get through the City it will be dark. *That's* when he'll be on the move.”

“Should be,” agreed Linda. “The only risk is if someone picks him up before us.”

“I know... I know... Let's just hope we're lucky again.”

“We usually are.”

Natalie took Linda's arm and they walked linked together towards the lift which would take them down to their private underground car park, where stood a Volvo and a BMW.

“Let's take the Volvo,” said Linda. “I'll drive.”

“Just as you like.”

A short time later the two women were speeding towards the City. On a ‘mission of mercy’, thought Natalie, smiling. To help an escaped prisoner; to reform him; to make him a useful member of society. Well... useful to the two of *them*, anyhow. Natalie's smile grew wider. Oh, it would be soon. She could hardly wait!

CAPTURED

Roger crouched in a ditch, shielded by the dense growth of long grass from any but the most observant gaze. It was not a warm day, and he was shivering slightly. At least night was beginning to fall and, so far, things had gone as well as could be expected. With

Mike's help he had got out of that bastard prison and got clean away. What was more he'd broken into a deserted house and stole some more suitable clothes — shirt, jeans, jackets, trainers — which made him fit in quite nicely with others on the outside. Now his next destination was the Town. Mike had given him an address of someone there who would help on the next stage. Roger's ultimate destination was the City. I'll hitch a lift down to the Town, he thought. Far too bloody far to walk. It would be a bit of a risk but it would be worth it. If the driver got nasty or suspicious, Roger was quite sure he would be able to deal with him.

When it was dark enough, Roger got out of the ditch and headed south.

Natalie and Linda were parked on the verge of the road about 30 kilometres north of the Town. They had parked there before, on a similar mission, with success. Now they could only keep their fingers crossed that luck would run their way again. They were on a minor road. It was not very busy. Occasional headlights would flash by. Not many people stopped to pick up hitchhikers on this stretch, since it was mostly local traffic. They were relying on that.

An hour or more passed. They tried to be patient.

“Someone's coming,” said Natalie suddenly.

Linda looked round and, in the dim light of dusk, could just make out a figure walking on the very edge of the roadway.

“Pretend to be asleep,” she said. “He's bound to see us in a moment.”

The two women closed their eyes and lay back.

A bit of luck at last! thought Roger, seeing the parked car. None of those damned stuffed-shirt motorists had bothered to stop for him. Typical. He approached the car cautiously. The thought that it had

been abandoned crossed his mind. Then, peering through the driver's side-window, he saw two women, asleep by the looks of it. Women! That was an even better bit of luck. No worries! A bit of the old charm and a hard-luck story, and he would have them eating out of his hand. He rapped twice on the window. Almost at once, the glass hissed silently down.

"Er... sorry to bother you," said Roger. "I was wondering if you had broken down."

Linda looked

"No," said Linda.

She eyed the man up and down. He fitted Mike's description; this must be the one. OK, gently does it.

She yawned.

"Just resting."

"Oh, I see," nodded Roger. There was a pause. "Er... wouldn't be heading for the City, would you?"

"What's it to you?" called Natalie from the passenger seat.

Roger's head was filled with female perfume. It excited him. He hadn't had a woman for... too long. Far too long.

Emboldened by their youth and attractiveness, he plunged boldly on.

"Well, to be frank, I'd like a lift. I mean, if you wouldn't mind."

"What do you think, Natalie?"

"Well, I'm not too keen on picking up strange men."

Linda looked dubiously at him.

“Where have you come from?”

“Oh, er... the Town,” said Roger.

“Bit short of cash, are we? Hitchhiking, I mean.”

“Something like that,” replied Roger.

“Wouldn't have escaped from the Prison, I suppose?” enquired Natalie with an abrupt directness. Roger heart leapt in his mouth, and he was momentarily at a loss for words.

“Oh! Er... No! Of... of course not,” said Roger, striving to recover from the shock.

“As a matter of fact, I was on a walking holiday when I got robbed, cash, credit cards, the lot. I'm on my way to friends in the City who will help me.”

Natalie nodded to Linda.

“Oh, I'm sorry to hear that. Better hop in then, hadn't you?” said Linda brightly.

The back door opened and Roger climbed in. No worries, he thought, Though that dark one had given him a nasty shock. Poor sort of joke. Still, they couldn't know — how could they? Just play it cool, Roger boy...

The blonde woman started the car, turned on the lights and began to drive.

On my way, Roger thought happily. He sat at his ease, spreading his arms along the back of the rear seat.

Suddenly, he found himself looking down the wrong end of a pistol. The dark-haired one was holding it point right at him. Her hand was as steady as a rock.

“Don't move a muscle, Roger,” said Natalie. “The authorities would thank me for shooting a prisoner on the run. In self-defence, of course.”

Roger almost collapsed with shock. The shock of the pistol — and the shock that they knew his name!

“Wh... what is... this?” he stammered. “H-how do you... know my name?”

“We know quite a lot about you, Roger,” said Natalie.

“Shall we take him straight back to the Prison?” enquired Linda innocently.

“Noooo... don't do that... I...”

Roger had sat up straight and tried to somehow regain control of the situation. But his words came out as a kind of beseeching squeal.

“No, we won't do that,” smiled Natalie. It was a sadistic smile. “We'll take you home first. You might turn out to be rather interesting. And now shut up! We'll do plenty of talking when we get where we're going. ”

Roger slumped back in his seat, shaking. What in God's name had he got himself into?

LOCKED AWAY

An hour or so later, the Volvo slid quietly into the underground garage.

With a gun at his back, Roger was escorted to a non-descript door. The blonde unlocked it.

“In,” she said.

Natalie emphasised the order by kicking Roger sharply in the backside. With a gasp he stumbled in, followed by the women.

There were in a long, dimly-lit corridor, with doors here and there on the far side.

"Hands behind your back," said Linda.

Then Roger felt the cold steel of handcuffs on his wrists. Fear gripped his guts like a wrench. Already he had been recaptured. So soon! And by a couple of girls! Except... this surely wasn't standard police procedure...

"You... you can't do this to me," he said weakly.

"Oh shut up, you stupid oaf," rasped Natalie. "We can do just whatever we like with you."

"Drug-smuggling, wasn't it?" asked Linda.

Roger blanched. So they knew that too.

"Fifteen years, wasn't it?" Linda continued.

Roger said nothing.

"And out in under ten, most likely," said Natalie. "Having lived the life of Reilly inside, at the expense of the State.

Roger stood silent, gawping at them. What? Had they any idea what it was like inside? He opened his mouth to speak, but the blonde cut him off.

"This lady's sister died of an overdose," said Linda. "She doesn't look too kindly on drug-smugglers."

"They should be *punished*, not pampered," said Natalie fiercely.

"And I whole-heartedly agree," said Linda.

"In short," continued Natalie, "we are going to take over where the State left off. Or rather, didn't even bloody start."

"W-what do you mean?" quavered Roger, getting a word in at last.
"T-Take over?"

"We mean," said Linda, "that we are taking *you* over. You are no longer a State prisoner. You are now *our* prisoner."

"You... you can't do that!" protested Roger.

"We've done it," answered Natalie flatly. "No one knows you are here and no one ever will. You will be an escapee, missing presumed dead."

She gave a thin, cruel smile.

Roger was beginning to feel, and look, scared. These women must be crazy. But they didn't look it. They looked sophisticated and wealthy and seemed to know exactly what they were doing. It was weird. Was there any possible way out, he wondered?

"you are going to learn what being punished truly means," said Natalie. "You are going to *pay* for your filthy crimes."

Roger gulped. Talk about out of the frying pan and into the fire! He had had enough of this bloody lark. And, when all was said and done, you couldn't just kidnap people! He just had to let them know he was not going to play along.

"I'd like to be taken back to the Prison," he said firmly, and drew himself up.

Natalie smiled unpleasantly. Linda laughed out loud; a cold laugh, as cold as her eyes.

"I dare say you would," she said. "you should be so lucky!"

Roger decided not to press the point. Best to keep going, and try to reason it out with them.

"How... how long are you going to keep me here?" he asked nervously.

"For just as long as we want," replied Natalie. "Weeks, months, years. It makes no difference."

She shrugged.

Roger's voice was a harsh whisper as he managed:

"But... but — you can't do that!"

Both women just laughed at that. They didn't seem to deem it worthy of a reply.

Should he jump them, wondered Roger? Even with wrists cuffed, he might be able to overpower them — head-butt them into insensibility, use his feet, whatever. Wasn't it worth a try?

As if sensing his thoughts, Linda came right up close to him. He saw then felt her fulsome breasts pressing against his chest. Even in this predicament, he experienced a stab of lust. What he would do to her if...

"In case you're thinking of trying anything..." Linda whispered into his ear — and then, swiftly stepping back a pace, the edge of her palm cracked suddenly and without warning into the side of Roger's neck. The blow felled him instantly. Lying there, half-stunned, it felt like he's been whacked with a two-by-four! He felt paralysed all down that side. He looked up to see the voluptuous, long-legged blonde looking down at him contemptuously.

"I think you ought to know we are both Karate experts. Black belts, as it happens."

Roger closed his eyes hopelessly. He felt too weak to get off the floor. But by degrees he recovered from the blow he had received. It had indeed been a timely warning to him not to attempt any violent action.

"Shall we put him away for the night?" asked Linda.

"Might as well," said Natalie. "We can introduce him to his new regime tomorrow. On your feet, tough guy!"

Somehow, Roger managed to stagger upright. He was a bit dizzy, and swayed to and fro. The women were looking at him coldly, as if he were an object rather than a human being.

Then, to his surprise, a steel panel in one of the wall slid up. He was pushed through and found himself in a small passageway. It smelt musty and cellar-like.

He was frog-marched along the passageway and through a cell-like door.

"This will do for tonight," said Natalie.

Roger found himself in a kind of police cell, A small, bare one. Very small, hardly bigger than a wardrobe. Stone floor, plank bed: nothing else. Natalie shoved him on to the boards and he sat down heavily.

"Sleep well!" she said.

"Happy dreams!" added Linda.

The two women swung out of the cell, the light went out and the door slammed. Roger heard a key turn in the lock.

He was alone. Alone with his confusion, his disappointment, his fear. Despite that burden, Roger fell asleep quite quickly, for the event-

filled day he had just lived through had left him quite exhausted both physically and mentally.

He awoke at some time in the night with a bladder fit to burst. What was he to do? There was no toilet, not even a hole in the floor, just... nothing.

He fought down the urge to relieve himself for an hour or more. But it was no good. Handcuffed as he was, there was no way to open his flies and get his dick out, let alone take his pants and trousers off. So, in the end, he simply pissed himself. Then he lay there uncomfortably, angry with himself; with those two *bitches*; and with the world. It was intolerable. Unbearable. Yet — it *had* to be borne.

REBELLION

The following morning, Natalie and Linda were in no hurry to deal with their new captive. After all, he wasn't going anywhere. They bathed, took a leisurely breakfast and then dressed. It was a rather special kind of dressing, designed to emphasise their dominating roles.

Natalie was clad all in black leather. A bolero jacket, a short pleated skirt, and calf-length boots with very high heels.

Linda had chosen red leather: a skin-tight leotard which showed off every curve of her voluptuous figure, and a pair of thigh-length red leather boots with heels as high as those of Natalie.

Each woman carried a slim riding switch— one black, one red — composed of leather tightly plaited around a thin wire core. Very flexible, very cutting, very durable — and very painful!

They looked at each other admiringly and then said simultaneously,

"You look great!"

The lift took them down to the underground car-park and their high heels rang loudly on the stone floors. It was a sound, they knew, which would reach Roger's ears and fill him with dread. They entered the cellar complex, then unlocked the cell door and entered.

"This place stinks," said Natalie.

"The bastard's only gone and pissed himself!" exclaimed Linda.

"How disgusting!"

"It's on the floor too!"

"I couldn't help it," protested Roger, blinking and sitting up. "What do you expect? Stupid bitch!"

At that, Natalie strode rapidly to the plank bed and seized Roger by his hair, hauling him up. Then she smashed her palm and the back of her hand, again and again, across his cheeks. Again and again and again and again. Gasping and yelping, Roger found his head jerking uncontrollably from side to side. He saw flashing stars, bells rang in his ears. It went on and on, until he thought he would lose his reason. Then, suddenly, it stopped. Natalie continued to hold him by the hair and looked closely into his distraught, blubbering features. The cheeks were scarlet and quivering.

"If you ever talk back to me again, you stinking animal... or if you ever address me in that fashion again... I'll whip you *raw*."

Natalie's voice grated with menace, her dark eyes glittered like big black diamonds.

"Do you hear me? Do you fully understand me?"

Roger's head was shaking violently. Incoherent sounds were coming from his throat.

"Answer!"

Roger's head nodded up and down.

"Answer!" repeated Natalie in a voice of steel.

"Y-yer... essss..." croaked Roger weakly. He was still in a state of semi-shock after the violent assault upon him.

"Yes, *Miss!*" Natalie almost snarled. She gave her victim two more vicious slaps.

"M-miss... yessss... Miss..." whined Roger.

His head was ringing. He felt dizzy and rather sick.

What had this woman said about whipping him raw? Could she possibly mean it? Then, for the first time, he noted the slim switches each woman carried. Whips. Yes, they were holding whips — riding whips, they looked like. A freezing sensation went through him. There seemed little doubt she did mean it!

"Stand up!"

Roger wobbled unsteadily to his feet. These women were crazed. Somehow he must find a way of appeasing them. He felt the cuffs removed. His wrists felt the relief at once.

"You will now strip naked, *slave*" said Linda sharply. She relished pronouncing the words.

Roger gawped at her misbelievingly. Did she really mean it? He saw the red switch swishing easily too and fro in the blonde woman's hands. God... what a figure she had! If only the circumstances were different!

"Come *on!*" barked Natalie. "Get stripped! And be quick about it!"

She raised her hand with the whip. The blonde raised her switch in turn.

Rogers eyes flicked from one to the other. He was un-cuffed, the door was unlocked... It was now or never! Suddenly he threw himself at the blonde, bringing her to the floor — he thought. Certainly she was lying, and he was on top of her, but... she had him gripped fast!

And then he was flying through the air, through no will of his own this time. He crashed heavily down, and the big blonde was on him. She got a death-grip on his throat as she knelt on his arms, pinning them. The other sat suddenly on his stomach, driving the air out of him. his legs kicked uselessly. He saw stars...

Linda released her hold just before he lost consciousness. He lay winded, not able to move. And then the beating began. The two girls worked him over systematically while he lay on the floor, trying in vain to cover belly, face, genitals, from flailing fists and feet.

Roger was a petty thief. He was no hard man. Either one of the girls would probably have been more than a match for him. The two of them together gave him no chance at all.

Both girls were flushed and sweating when they decided he had had enough.

Roger lay there panting, sobbing weakly, nose bleeding, pain all over. Broken.

Roger's eyes widened in terror as he saw the kitchen knives. Both of them had one. They approached him. He lost control of his bladder again.

"Ha! He's pissing himself!"

"What, again? Dirty bastard!"

While Linda seized him in a lock-hold, Natalie simply cut the clothes from his body, pulling the rags

When he was naked, the torn and ripped remnants of his clothes lying on the floor about him, Natalie took a firm grip on his balls, squeezed hard, bring a high-pitched squeal from the now utterly terrified victim, and stroked the long heavy blade oh-so-lightly across the base of his penis, tracing a circle with the very point of the blade.

"Any more trouble out of you, hard man, and you'll be even less of a man than you are now."

Natalie looked into his eyes and saw the fear: raw and uncontrolled. She looked up to Linda and nodded.

"Twenty-four hours punishment?"

The big blonde nodded.

"Right, let's get him in there."

"A thrashing first though, I think?"

"Oh, right enough!"

They took an arm each, and dragged their naked captive out of the cell.

RETRIBUTION

They entered another and very much larger cell, with heavy chains and manacles hanging from the walls. It look very medieval, like a — Roger's mind resisted the implication, but he could not avoid it — it looked like a *torture chamber*!

"We call this the playroom slave," said Linda sardonically.

"Something tells me you will be spending a lot of time in here!" She laughed cruelly.

In the middle of the room was a humped contrivance with a leather top to it and many straps attached to it. With horror, Roger realised

that he was looking at a whipping block.

"Over!" barked Natalie, pointed with her whip.

Roger meekly draped himself over the block. He felt leather straps tightening on his wrists and ankles. He was secured: quite helpless.

Linda stalked up to stand close by his head. She raised his head as high as it would go, pulling painfully on his hair.

"You are now going to be punished slave. Punished *properly*, not just a few slaps."

She smirked, released his head, stalked back out of view.

Roger waited, trembling.

Suddenly, A searing pain scorched across his rump! Then another! He howled.

Linda and Natalie took it in turns, working over his buttocks and thighs systematically. They gave him a dozen each. He was sobbing again long before the end...

Roger felt the straps un-buckled and loosened. His was dragged roughly to his feet.

He felt helpless, degraded, and utterly unmanned.

"Kneel!"

With a helpless sob, Roger obeyed at once.

"Kneel erect! Hands on your head! Eyes front!"

Like an automaton, Roger obeyed each command instantly. He would do anything to escape another beating like that. And he knew now that they would have no hesitation in giving him another.

Linda walked over to a cabinet, opened it, and produced from it a curious, odd-looking contrivance of cast iron. It looked like something from out of the middle ages.

"And this will teach you, I think."

Roger stared at her, and at what she was holding. He was already bitterly regretting his act of defiance. And now, what new torment was this? It was like a helmet or something, but big enough to cover the whole head... He looked — and guessed. His eyes widened in terror. Oh, no! No! They couldn't!

"NOO ... OOOOOOO!" he cried.

He cringed down, covering his head with his arms, more like an ape than a man: as though he could escape his fate if he didn't look at it.

Natalie laid about him with her crop.

"Hold your position! Or you'll get another thrashing, and *then* the head cage!"

With a sob, Roger knelt up straight again and held still. Linda placed the cage over Roger's head. Its bottom rim rested on his shoulders and it was held securely in place by an iron ring which could be screwed tight until it was firm about the neck. All the time Roger was begging and pleading.

In the front of the cage, before the mouth, was a hole. Through this, Linda now screwed a pear-shaped object made of iron. The knob pressed to Roger's lips but he kept them firmly closed. But the solution to *that* was simple: Linda thumped him hard in the midriff and Roger's mouth gaped as he gasped for breath. Quickly, the iron phallus was screwed further - and into his gaping mouth. Linda went on screwing it in until the big knob was at the back of Roger's throat and he was half choking. Through the lattice, his eyes could be seen wild and wide with panic-stricken horror.

"There," said Linda, "after twenty four hours like that, I have the distinct suspicion that you will be regretting being unable to control your big mouth!"

Being unable to utter a sound through his mouth, pleading, whinnying sounds were now jetting down Roger's nostrils. Despite the heaviness of the cage, he kept shaking his head from side to side. As though if he denied vigorously enough what was being done to him, they might stop doing it!

"What is more," continued Linda, "I think you will watch your tongue in future, my boy. Nobody ... but nobody ... speaks to me like that and gets away with it!"

More whinnying; and snorting; and some choking sounds too. It would seem that Roger was trying to say he was sorry. That he had not really meant it. And he would do anything if only they would take that awful thing out of his mouth, the iron thing that filled it and stretched it jaw-achingly wide.

"One final thing," said Linda, smiling again through the iron grille, "When I do take that off tomorrow, I am going to have you over the Punishment Block again, and I am going to give you another good, hard thrashing. If anything, you deserve it even more than you did before!"

Last thing that night, Linda decided to go and see how Roger and the head-cage were getting along together. Natalie was already in bed. She went down to the cellar unlocked the door to his cell and clacked loudly in in her high-heeled boots.

Immediately she did so, she heard loud, whimpering-snorting noises. Roger had knelt up on the plank-bunk, hands holding the heavy iron cage over his head, shaking it slowly from side to side. The urgent whimpering went on and, through the grille, she could see his eyes staring imploringly.

Not quite so cocky now! Linda thought triumphantly.

"You don't appear to like the head-cage," she remarked nonchalantly.

The cage shook slowly, awkwardly, from side to side.

"Tut-tut! What a shame. It is such a good fit on you. But you don't like it?"

The cage shook slowly from side to side once again. Inarticulate grunting noises came through the grill.

"What's that? Are you asking me to take it off?"

This time there was a violent nodding of the cage.

"Really?"

Nod ... nod ... nod ... Oh those beseeching eyes!

"Pity. It's not coming off until tomorrow morning. And after that, you are getting a good thrashing. One that you will remember for a long time, I promise."

Poor Roger slumped down on the hard bunk, the iron cage clanging. Linda smiled her cruel smile, flipped off the light switch again, and slammed the iron door shut, leaving the tiny cell in total darkness.

INITIATION

"Wakey-wakey!"

Roger was jarred from an uncomfortable sleep by the loud clang of the cell door, the bright light shining unshaded from the ceiling, the loud voice — and what? Suffocating, filling his mouth... he remembered the cage. With sick horror, he realised he would be wearing it as long as the two she-devils who had captured him

wanted him to wear it. He was grabbed, pulled up into a sitting position.

"Hold still!"

Roger felt the horrid iron gag which filled his mouth coming out. Oh the blessed relief! Then the helmet was raised slowly from his head. Oh, at last! His mouth was rigid, his jaws ached.

"Kneel!"

He fell awkwardly to his knees.

"You must be thirsty?" Natalie queried.

He nodded, stiffly but enthusiastically. Maybe they weren't so bad... His imploring eyes looked up at her.

Natalie grinned. And then she hitched her skirt up. She wasn't wearing any knickers. Positioning herself in front of his face, she began to urinate. Right into Roger's open mouth! Roger knelt staring dully into space as the warm liquid splashed into his mouth and over his face.

"Oh! Me too!" squealed Linda.

The women changed places, and then Linda too emptied her bladder into Roger's gaping mouth.

"Have you anything to say, slave?" asked Natalie then.

Roger stared at her, open-mouthed, uncomprehending. Suddenly the young woman brought her crop down on her leather-gloved palm with a loud 'splat'. Roger flinched, and gulped out desperately the first words that came to his head. Luckily for him, they were the right ones!

"T-thank... thank you, Miss," he intoned, the words slightly distorted as his mouth recoiled at the acrid taste of their piss.

"Good boy!" replied Natalie with an air of intolerable smugness.

"I suppose you are quite hungry too?"

"Y-yes, Miss... "

"Work first, then eat! That's the rule here!" barked Natalie.

"Take him along to the shower, please Linda, and get some of the stink off him," she continued.

"Sure," nodded Linda. "Out," she said, pointing to the door with her switch.

Roger stumbled out and along the corridor.

"In there."

Roger turned left into a small stone cubicle. The next moment he was gasping breathlessly as freezing water jetted down on him. Linda closed the door of the cubicle.

"You can stay there for five minutes," Roger heard her say.

Continuing to gasp, Roger jumped up and down. It was as if he had been delivered into a madhouse, he thought. Only slowly did he become adjusted to the stinging jets of water. He looked down at his flank, seeing the thin weal that had been raised. The *bitch*! NO! No... he mustn't think like that. It was too dangerous. The word might reach his lips. Slowly the ringing in his head subsided a little; but his cheeks and ears burnt fiercely. I must do *nothing* to antagonise them, he thought. They seemed quite capable of doing *anything* to him.

At last Linda came to fetch him. Looking like a half-drowned rat, he followed her back down the corridor. Even in those moments he was conscious of the voluptuous swing of that magnificent, shapely rump. Perhaps... perhaps... that would be a way of winning their favours,

he thought desperately. But, in his heart, he knew he had no hope in that direction.

Back in the cell, he saw that Natalie was holding a small iron tube in her hand. It was about three inches long.

"Would you mind doing the honours, Linda?" she said, "I don't think I could bear to touch him."

"O.K.," replied Linda with a grin.

She put a tiny key in the side of the tube and opened it up. Then she looked at Roger.

"This is going round your cock," she said. "And it is going to stay there indefinitely."

Roger shivered more in shock than as reaction to the cold as the chill iron tube went round his flaccid penis, fitting just behind the phallic head. The lock clicked; the tube enclosing his penis hung down. It was heavy and tight-fitting. Roger realised at once that, if he got even an incipient erection, it would be exceedingly painful. not that he felt much in the mood, right now!

"That should keep you subdued, my lad," said Linda with another grin.

"Stand to attention! Look at me!" barked Natalie then.

"I am now going to lay down a few ground rules," she continued.

"You address me as 'Miss Natalie' or 'Miss'. You address 'Miss Linda' as 'Miss Linda' or 'Miss'. Forget and you'll feel this — at *least* this."

The black switch was swished menacingly, vigorously back and forth through the air. Roger flinched.

"You will be fed morning and evening, eating from a trough in the cell you are going to occupy from now on. You will eat up *all* food that is

given to you. You will need it to keep your strength up, believe you me. During the morning and afternoon, you will be put to work. Hard labour, it used to be called in prisons. They don't seem to go in for it no more — we do, however! You are going to be made to sweat your guts out, day in, day out. Got it?”

”Yes...” said Roger. It came out as a kind of groan. ”Miss...” he added quickly as he saw a switch raised. Oh God, he mustn't forget!

”Shall we give him his first taste of his Cordon Bleu diet?” asked Linda grinning mischievously.

”Why not,” replied Natalie. ”Out — *slave*!”

Roger stumbled into the corridor. Slave... *slave*? They definitely were crazy.

”Yes,” he heard Linda say behind him, ”that's what you are now. Our slave!”

As he walked before her, she kept flicking the tip of her switch on his rump. It was as though she couldn't wait to get stuck into him. Then don't give her an excuse, Roger reasoned to himself. Just do as they say — for now... Later, when I get the chance, I can make my break...

Linda with a grunt of effort pulled open the heavy door. It swung slowly open. she flicked the switch which was mounted in the wall beside it. The trio stood in the doorway of a small room, only slightly larger than the punishment cell in which he had spent his first two nights here. A bare bulb glared down from the ceiling, throwing the sparse contents of the room into stark relief. The room was very small, featureless, bare, almost devoid of furnishings. A wooden plank bed, a ring bolt above one end. There was an even smaller annexe, with a stainless steel toilet.

”This is where you are going to be kept, animal,” said Natalie.

"Welcome to your new home!" said Linda with a sarcastic grin.

"Not too cosy, but more than adequate for the likes of you," Natalie went on.

She then pointed across the cell to the farther end, where, Roger now saw, two small iron troughs were set down on the floor, firmly fixed to the stone flags.

"That's where you feed," she said.

"In fact, its time for din-dins now," remarked Linda superfluously.

Natalie nodded.

"Move!"

Roger went towards the troughs. he saw one contained water, the other was empty. Above the empty trough was a small chute projecting from the wall. Alongside was a lever, with a key-hole under it. Natalie inserted a key, then pulled the lever.

"Won't keep you waiting too long, slave," said Linda.

Then out of the tube-like chute came some whitish-grey substance. It slopped into the trough and looked disgusting... like cold porridge containing left-over bits and pieces. It was, in fact, cold porridge containing left-over bits and pieces. In fact edible and sustaining, if in appearance and taste quite, quite revolting.

"Get your snout in," ordered Natalie.

Roger looked down and felt his gorge rise. Not only did it look unpleasant, it smelt unpleasant.

"I... I'm not hungry..." he mumbled. "Miss..." he added quickly.

A switch lashed searingly across his buttocks. He yelped, clasping at the long weal which formed instantly across his already stripped

flesh.

"I *said*, get your snout in," said Natalie remorselessly.

Roger groaned in despair. He did *not* want to feel that switch again! In order to reach the trough he had to kneel on his hands and knees upon the stone floor, which hurt his kneecaps. He tried not to look down at the mess beneath him. Closing his eyes, he lowered his mouth and slurped some of it up. Yeuch, it was bloody awful! Unsalted cold porridge, with goodness knew what added to the goo. Their leftovers, he guessed. Heaving, Roger choked it down.

"You'll eat it *all*," stated Natalie, sawing her switch across Roger's flinching buttocks.

Roger groaned again despairingly and forced himself to continue. It was hideous but what else could he do? He choked again.

"If you're sick," warned Linda, you'll eat up your own vomit."

That hideous prospect made Roger strive urgently to keep better control over his heaving stomach. He felt that these two bitches were just *waiting* for the chance to make him do that! And they could: he knew that now. Steadily but so slowly he got the nauseous mess down inside him. He was panting and retching, the sticky goo was filling his nostrils, covering his cheeks, getting into his eyes. The trough was virtually empty. Roger remained there, head hanging into it. At least, I made myself do it, he thought.

"Lick it clean," ordered Natalie remorselessly.

Groaning, Roger began to lick the metal trough, until every last vestige of the mash had disappeared. Dear God, he thought: I'm going to have to do this twice a day!

"Drink, animal," said Natalie, tapping Roger's buttocks with her switch. He plunged his face into the trough of water and began to suck the liquid up as best he could. It was easier than eating from a

trough had been, and mercifully, it also cleaned up his face a little. He drank for quite a while, slurping and snorting.

“He does sound rather like an animal, doesn't he?” sniggered Linda.

“Only to be expected; he pretty much is,” replied Natalie. “Right! On your feet slave! You can have another good tuck in to your tasty grub tonight! Now it's time to put you to work.”

Roger stood up and followed the two women out of the cell. What were they planning for him? He felt sick with dread, and in addition, his stomach was still heaving with its contents.

They went through a door and into yet another cellar room, big and bare. At one end was a wall of bricks about twenty feet long and six feet high. Natalie pointed to it.

“You, slave, are going to move these bricks from one end of the cellar to the other. You will work continuously and the task will be complete by midday, which is in three hours. If the task is not complete, you will be thrashed. Now move your arse and get on with it!”

Roger was shocked and shaken. He knew nothing of manual labour. The task looked formidable, even impossible. So many bricks! Then a switch lashed across his buttocks and he screamed in surprise and pain.

“I said... move your arse!” rasped Natalie.

He stumbled to the wall, took two bricks and carried them to the far end of the cellar.

“You'll never do it like that, you thick-headed imbecile!” said Linda. “You need to carry at least six at a time.”

Roger duly went back and awkwardly collected six bricks in his arms, and humped them the length of the cellar. Light enough when taken

individually, six bricks at a time were heavy enough; and they were abrasive to boot — he could feel them scratching against the skin of his hands and arms. Already Roger feared that this was going to be a well-nigh impossible task.

“Don't forget what I said,” warned Natalie. “A sound thrashing if you're not finished when we return.”

Roger heard the sound of two pairs of high heels clicking out of the cellar. He went on carrying bricks from one end of the cellar to the other end of the cellar. Apart from the effort required, the sheer futility of such an exercise was bitter to contemplate. Hate for the two women burned fiercely within him. But fear was also there, damping the flames of rage. They had him just exactly where they wanted him; there was *nothing* he could do.

CRIME

After only an hour, Roger felt exceedingly tired. His hands were sore, his arms and back ached abominably. He simply was not used to such hard labour. After two hours, Roger felt totally exhausted. He was sweating like a pig, his breath was laboured. Yet the new wall he was creating seemed to be growing so very, very slowly. He felt close to despair as he recalled Natalie's threat. Surely she couldn't mean it! It wasn't fair! He was doing the best he could!

Roger was slumped at the foot of the new wall he was building when Natalie and Linda returned to check on his progress. He had finally been physically unable to continue. He raised his head weakly as he heard the clang of the door, the clack of their heels on the floor.

“You slack bastard!” bellowed Natalie.

“Doesn't seem like much hard labour going on here,” remarked Linda flatly.

“Too bad for someone!” her accomplice responded.

And with that, Natalie strode across the cellar, riding crop at the ready. Roger began to yelp with pain as Natalie's switch lashed again and again across his naked body. It fell haphazardly, every stroke an agony. All the while, Natalie berated him.

"You idle swine!"

THWACK! THWACK!

"You're nowhere near" (THWACK!) "finished! I'll" (THWACK) "teach you not to" (THWACK) "disobey my" (THWACK) orders, slave!"

THWACK! THWACK!

Linda strode over and joined in, the two switches rising and falling in a synchronised rhythm.

Roger was threshing about on the stone floor, howling for mercy.

"Stop... stop it! I've done my best. I can't do the impossible, you STUPID BITCH! You're crazy... both of you!"

The switch ceased to fall. In the sudden silence, there was only Roger's sobbing.

Then Natalie's calm, light voice broke the silence.

"Did I hear right, Linda?" she asked.

"I am sure you did," replied Linda.

"Well, he can't say I didn't warn him. He's just earned himself his first *proper* whipping."

Roger froze, whimpering. He had just realised his total stupidity in losing control of his tongue. He raised imploring hands.

"Nooo... have mercy!" he begged.

"You will find no mercy here!" snarled Natalie.

The pointed toe of Linda's right boot jabbed into Roger's ribs.

"Follow!"

Roger followed, on hands and knees. Remorselessly, Natalie helped him on his way with kicks from her pointed boots and blows from her crop. He crawled, kicked and whipped, following Linda's shining leather boots, towards his fate.

AND PUNISHMENT

Five minutes later Roger was chained to the wall in the punishment room. He was sobbing pathetically, whining and begging for mercy.

"I... I didn't mean it..." he kept saying. "I couldn't help it... I-I just lost it... have mercy.. pleeeeeease! Have mercy..."

"A slave does not insult his Mistress. That you are now going to learn," retorted Natalie callously.

She had a vicious bull-whip in her hand. It trailed across the stone floor. Linda leaned against the punishment block, smirking. She loved to watch Natalie in action with a new victim!

"You'll never speak to me again like that, *slave* — never!"

Then the first stroke fell across Roger's helpless back with a resounding crack. A howling shriek of torment echoed round the cell. And another stroke; and another howl. And again another stroke; and again another howl. On and on and on...

Roger was now truly learning what it meant to be a slave!

TO BE CONTINUED

This book's code is: Ea5HIYJb9m

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