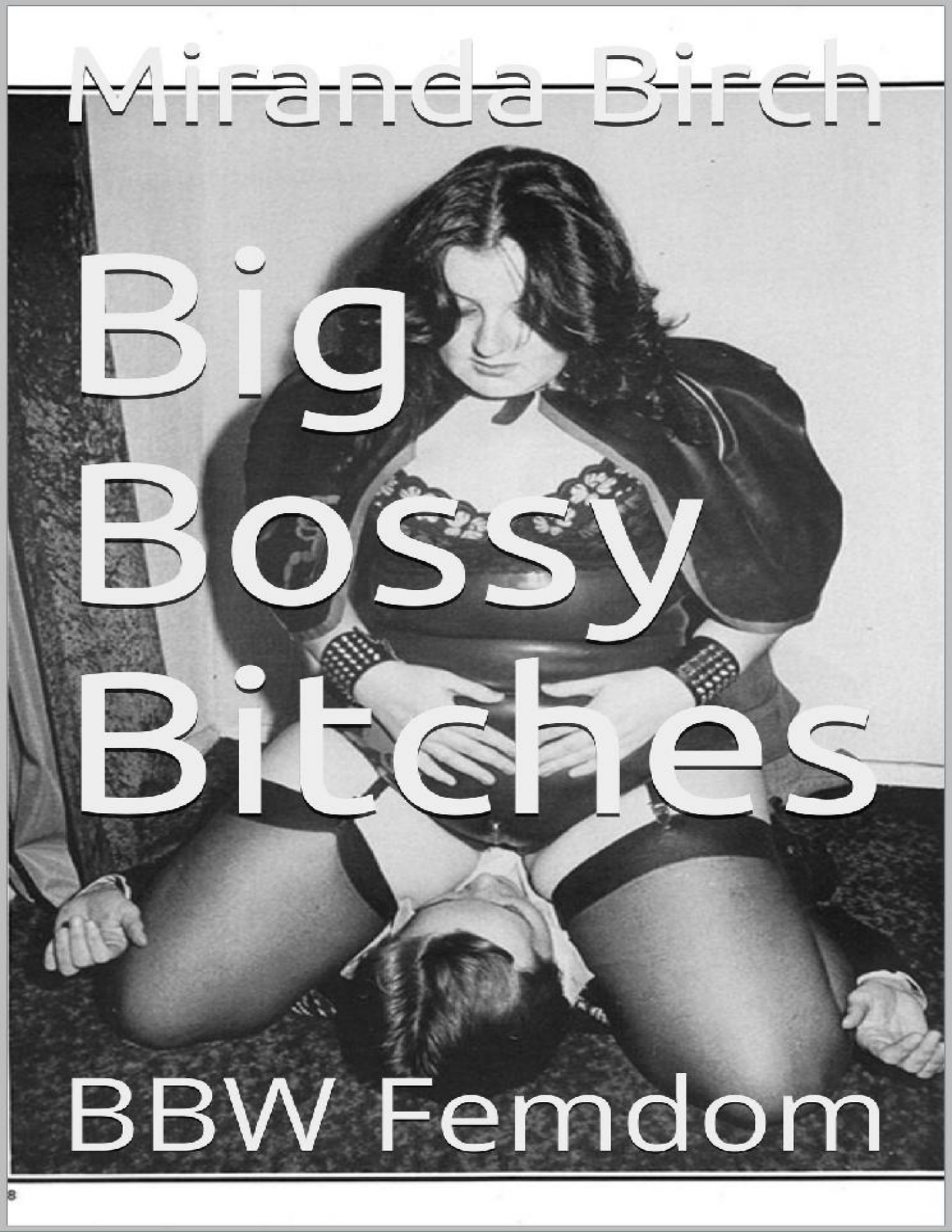


Miranda Birch

Big Bossy Bitches



BBW Femdom

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BBW Femdom

By [Miranda Birch](#)

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This book contains three previously-released stories at a special BARGAIN price.

Here are three tales of big fat bitches who dominate weaker males TOTALLY! Nudity and chastity are the rule for males here, as well as total obedience. These submissive males are severely punished for any fault, however minor. And they must worship EVERY INCH of their owners' big fat bodies.

Oh, yes — these BBW are COMPETELY in charge!

[TANYA HYDE](#)

“Come into my parlour said the spider to the fly...”

A young man's fantasies lead him into a unusual real-life relationship with a dominant BBW. He quickly loses control over events, and descends in a spiral of submission, slowly at first, then plummeting down to his doom. He ends up as the property of a very strict and demanding Mistress. There are no more fantasies now, only harsh realities. And there is no escape!

[PERFECTLY LEGAL](#)

The confessions of a mature BBW dominatrix. She tells how she enslaved a younger man — and got away with it! Read how she ruthlessly uses and

exploits her naked captive! Lurid details of their life together as Mistress and slave! Gosh! That's a bit “News of the World-y”, isn't it! (That's Weekly World News for American readers, I believe). Sorry, I couldn't resist! Anyway, here is my guide to, as the subtitle says, owning your very own male slave — and getting away with it!

LOVE SLAVE TRAINER

A mature BBW has gone into business as a “love slave trainer”. Husbands and boyfriends are delivered to her well-equipped home to be trained as body slaves. The trainee will stay there in captivity until he has learned to please to the Mistress's exacting standards. The trainee is kept completely nude and in a state of total sexual denial. Of course he is teased — but complete chastity is the rule! He is subject to a rigorous training regime until he has become a devoted body slave. When training is complete, he is released into the custody of the lady friend who sent him for training. He will spend his life in service to his former wife or girlfriend — now his owner!

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Tanya Hyde

A Tale of BBW Femdom Tyranny

In the 1980s, before the Internet was widely available, before the World Wide Web had been dreamed of, there were magazines sold in special shops, where the “dirty raincoat brigade” furtively went to buy their brown paper bag-wrapped wares. This is the story of one member of that group, a young man called Nigel.

One day, after work, in his small flat where he lived alone, Nigel reached under the pile of shirts in the top drawer and pulled out a magazine. It was his favourite magazine of all.

There she was, right on the front cover, in stark black and white. A cruel expression on her heavily-painted face topped by short blonde hair. Huge breasts crammed into a too-small bra. A black leather cincher struggling to contain her considerable flesh, a roll of pasty white flesh spilling out below. A broad black suspender belt stretching across her belly. Voluminous black knickers struggling to hold the lower half of that belly. Black leather boots which reached to half-way upon her huge thighs, joined by straps to the suspender belt. She was kneeling with thighs wide, looking imperiously, contemptuously, to one side. As though, Nigel thought, she was sitting on the face of her slave.

And inside, a whole double spread! Pose after pose showing of this big dominant-looking woman. Her name: Madame Tanya Hyde. He imagined worshipping all of that big, fat body; of being under that big fat bottom! His hand began its familiar motion...

Nigel was not very good with people, and did not have much experience with women. This was pretty much the closest he got.

One day, on his way to a client site (he worked for a firm of computer consultants, and they sent him all over the city), Nigel's eyes was suddenly caught by a head of short blonde hair, with under it a pudgy face that

seemed very familiar... It couldn't be! But it was, surely! He tried not to stare.

He stared while trying to look as though he weren't staring. Finally, his stop coming up, he mustered up his courage. Just then, she rose from her seat. She really was very big. Smartly dressed, done up to the nines in fact, had heavily made-up. She stood out in the carriage filled with drearily-dressed office workers.

Oh God! His heart was suddenly in his mouth. She was coming up to him. She stood right in front of him just as the train pulled into the station before him. Her cold blue eyes bored into his. She smiled, but only faintly. He could hardly breathe. She thrust a card into his hand. "Call me". Then she was gone, stepping onto the platform and merging into the crowd.

Nigel couldn't believe it. Had his "magazine lady" really just made a date with him?

That evening after work, he plucked up his courage and rang the number. It was much more simple than he had anticipated. She simply suggested what, when and where — coffee, Café Pierre, 2PM on Saturday — and he readily agreed.

That Saturday, they chatted over their coffee. Tanya quickly put him at his ease. It was her job, dealing with men, and she was very, very good at it. In fact, she was a professional dominatrix. Not that she told Nigel that. And he didn't dare to mention his favourite magazine.

She had to admit this shy, diffident lad, some ten years her junior was very much her type: tall, slim, clever, shy. The type that would be willing to let her take control...

After that afternoon, he called her again next day. he had summoned initiative to ask her out this time. And so a relationship developed.

They had several dinner dates, while she waited for him to "make his move". But he didn't. Was intimidated by her already! Or just too

inexperienced to know what to do? Finally, she bit the bullet and invited him back to her place. His face lit up. She liked that.

Back at hers, she fixed them both a drink, and they sat for a while, not saying much. Finally, she stood up, and placed her drink on the mantelpiece. Now we'll see, she thought. Excusing herself, she left the room.

A few minutes later, the door opened and Nigel took his eyes off the magazine he had been leafing through idly. His heart gave a sudden leap. Tanya was back — stark naked! His eyes bulged. She was really very, very big. She moved into the room, her eyes fixed on his..

“Like what you see, do you?” she asked.

Clearly, he did. “Oh, y-yes, yes, very much. I think you're beautiful.”

She turned round slowly, running her hands over her belly, then her bottom.

Like most big girls, Tanya had doubts about her physical attractiveness to men and she knew she was no oil painting in the looks department. But she could see that Nigel was already turned on.

“Why don't you get more comfortable too?” she smiled at him, almost coyly.

“Oh! Y-yes, if you like...”

“Oh I *do* like” she smiled widely, encouragingly.

Quickly Nigel pulled off his clothes, dropping them higgledy-piggledy in his eagerness. Tanya almost laughed.

He stood naked, already erect. Tanya caressed herself.

“So you like my big fat body, mmmm?”

“Oh yes!”

“I can see you do! It's a body to be *worshipped*, isn't it?

she strutted before him.

”Oh, yes, yes!“

”Go on then, kneel before me, and worship me. Start with my feet.“

He knelt and began kissing her feet.

Clearly, he was very excited, but also nervous. Inexperienced, she realised with feminine intuition. She had him work his way up slowly. Thighs; belly; breasts; neck.

She couldn't believe it, he was really into her.

He couldn't believe it, she was letting him do it.

Then came the test, the decider: was he her type really, or wasn't he?

She turned and pointed to her vast arse.

”I want my beautiful big bottom kissed all over,“ she stated loudly.

And he did, most lovingly. Was obviously delighted to.

Oh, yes: this one was a keeper!

She kept him there on his knees for quite a while, before leading him into the bedroom. He came too quickly, but she didn't mind. He was eager to use his tongue, and although he wasn't much cop at that either, he responded eagerly to instruction. She enjoyed a long evening of pleasure, guiding his hands and mouth and tongue just where she wanted them to be.

And so their relationship progressed, and so it continued. Since Tanya never had any form of sexual contact with her clients — she kept her knickers and bra on even during facesitting — this was a pleasant addition on her daily routine. She loved her job, but she had needs like any other woman, and

they had not been being met. She was a 'lifestyle' domme as well as a professional one, and a firm believer in female supremacy. But it had not been easy to find what she wanted in the 'scene'. She was too intense for most so-called 'slaves', and nowadays she went to scene parties only for the social life. Most of her female friends were active there too.

At first, Nigel came over to her place after work. When they started spending the weekends together there, it became necessary to tell him about her job, since she usually saw one or two clients on Saturday. She made it clear that there was no sex involved, in case he would be worried about that. He took it in his stride, and confided his secret in turn. That that day on the Tube hadn't been the first time he had seen her. He told her about his magazine collection, and about his favourite magazine. This was grist to Tanya's mill. Submissive fantasies, eh? She would see if she couldn't turn them into reality. For this 'vanilla' relationship, 'vanilla' at least by Tanya's standards, had already begun to pale. She found herself wanting more from him — much more.

Her first step was a simple one, a first tentative "toe in the water". One Sunday morning, after being licked to full wakefulness by her sex-slave (as she had started to think of him) and enjoying a lovely oral orgasm followed by an OK penetrative one, she produced a package from her bedside cabinet.

"You know, I am still very jealous."

Nigel started to protest, but she cut him off.

"Yes, I know you say there's no need to be, but I *am* anyway! I am fat, and older, and..." She shrugged, letting her voice trail off. Then, brightly: "But, I have the solution!"

She opened the box, showed him the device, explained how it worked. He looked surprised still, but also a bit intrigued. There was her opening.

"Also, I don't want you playing with yourself, that makes me jealous too."

He blushed. She quickly reassured him, anxious to keep the momentum going her way.

”I mean, I *like* watching you play with yourself, but only in front of *me*, on your knees, worshipping *me*. *This* will ensure that *all* your energy is saved up for *me*.“

Nigel had to agree that that was a good idea. So, she packed him off to the bathroom to wash himself, and when he came back she fitted the device expertly on him — she kept several clients in chastity — and clicked the padlock shut. She hung the chain with the key on about her neck.

”I’ll wear this always. Every time I look down at it, I’ll know that you love me, and I’ll *know* that you are not cheating on me.“

Nigel was somewhat abashed, but was happy to do what she wanted. After all, he hardly *needed* to wank nowadays, when he could see Tanya so often! She was insatiable!

After he was gone that evening — he lived quite a way away, and had to be at work early next morning — she thought about what had happened that morning. It had been much easier than she had expected. He's just let me lock his cock up, just like that! she thought, hardly believing it still. And I've got the only key! She fingered it where it hung between her pendulous breasts. Her sadistic nature came to the fore, a wicked smile stole over her face. I wonder what else I can get away with? The thought took her by surprise; but, thinking it over, she realised: she didn't want a boyfriend so much as a slave. But not like the client slaves, who came and went. She wanted a slave who was always there, a slave who would be at her beck and call. In short, she wanted a *real* slave!

Several weeks went by. Their relationship seemed at an impasse. That is to say, Tanya was at an impasse. The chastity had been a start, but although he continued to respond sexually, as he had done from the start, to her bossiness and ”take charge“ attitude, and was a good little sex-pet in regard to body worship, he objected to a lot of stuff: too much, for her liking.

For instance, she had attempted to introduce her tawse into their sex life, though she was careful not to lay it on too hard. Even so, he complained about it, and the long, hard thrashings she ached to dish out were clearly out of the question — for now. Generally, it seemed to her that he wasn't really a submissive at all. The femdom stuff seemed to be just a wank-fantasy for him — he had shown her his copy of the magazine, sheepishly — whereas for her, it was the core of her being. But, that could change. That *would* change. But how to take things further?

Then, talking over coffee one Saturday afternoon in her favourite cafe, he told her that his contract had ended, and he was at a loose end, unable to find another. He was a bit worried about money. Tanya sympathised, then a sudden thought struck her.

”Why don't you move in with me for a while? You could save the rent, that would be a big help.“

London flats are so expensive, it's true, he thought; even my little place. But he looked doubtful.

If he moves in, things can go a lot faster, she thought. She spoke again, pressing the issue.

”You're not particularly attached to that flat, are you? You're always complaining about it!“

This was true. He nodded.

”Well, then! And you know I'd like seeing more of you, you know that, don't you?“

She fingering the key, hanging as ever on the chain between her heavy breasts.

He noticed, and blushed.

”Yes, it is a good idea — if you are sure you don't mind?“

”Of course not!“

She looked at him, an impenetrable look on her face. Yes, she was thinking, with him living with me I can have him all to myself, all the time, and not have to worry so much about... She cut the thought off. Plenty of time for that later!

She leaned over and kissed him.

The week he moved in, she sprung her next little surprise.

"I do have a maid, but she's on holiday" — a half-truth; she *was* on holiday, but she wasn't coming back; she had been let go once Tanya was sure Nigel really would move in with her — "but while you're looking for work, surely you could do a bit to help?"

He had to agree. And after all, it was true, he did have plenty of time, he could easily do a bit of Hoovering or whatever.

He discovered that evening, however, that Madame's standards were high — very high.

Fresh back from dealing with a client, still in her "gear", she confronted him.

"I don't want to come up here after dealing with these wankers all day to find the place in a state like this!" she said crossly.

Nigel, never a very assertive fellow at the best of times, was no match for this. And he was at a disadvantage: he had agreed after all, and was living rent-free...

Seeing him in difficulty, Tanya sprung — time to turn the screw another notch! She unhooked her tawse.

"Get your trousers down! I am giving you six of the best!"

Meekly, Nigel dropped his trousers and lay over her lap. She went easy on him, but still, they hurt a lot.

Every day there seemed to be more things to do, and each one to those high standards. She had presented him with a list. It was several A4 pages, a detailed schedule of what to do when. He attempted to point out that this was quite a lot to expect, but she merely repeated her line.

”After all, I’m a working girl, you’ve got plenty of time.“

Except that, between Tanya’s demands for attention when she was in the flat, and the chores to be done while she was with a client, he *didn’t* have much free time any more. Tanya in fact was more demanding than any job he had ever had.

One morning, having served Madame Tanya breakfast in bed — she liked him to serve this naked, so he left off dressing until that was done — he turned to the wardrobe to get some fresh clothes, those from yesterday being already in the wash. These he would carry to the next room to get dressed. This was another thing that had become routine, so as not to disturb Madame at her breakfast. But they weren’t there! There was nothing there! The wardrobe was empty!

”Oh! Er, Madame...“. He had started calling her Madame after he moved in, he couldn’t quite exactly remember when she had stopped being Tanya and started being ”Madame“, but it was already habitual

”What?“ she asked tutting, pretending to be cross at being disturbed, although she had been waiting for his question, and knew exactly ’what’.

”Umm... my clothes aren’t here. Where did you move them to?“

”Oh, they’re in one of the big wardrobes downstairs. I needed the space in here. It’ll be locked, of course. Now where did I put that key...“

She frowned.

”You don’t have to get dressed straight away, do you?“

”Well, no... I suppose not...“

”Good, then let me finish my breakfast in peace, you fuss-pot! I have a full day today, we’ll sort it out in the evening.“

But they didn't sort it out in the evening, since Madame initiated a sex session that went on until late and put the thought right out of Nigel's mind.

The next morning, Nigel attempted another feeble display of self-assertion. As they both sat up in bed, having just awoken, Madame somewhat surprised by not being woken with breakfast, and about to protest, Nigel took the bull by the horns.

”Look, I know I should have got breakfast already, but we need to talk first.“

”What about?“ Tanya said, feigning sleepiness. She had been expecting this.

”I need my clothes! This is silly!

“Well, yes; but not while you're indoors you don't. And you said yourself that there's no point in looking for work this time of year, it won't pick up again until next month, you said that yourself.”

“Well, yes, but I don't see...”

She changed tack.

“But I like it! I think you're well lush! I love looking at you naked.”

Which was in fact true.

“Go on,” she pressed, “do it for me! Be my naked sex-slave for a couple of weeks! It's just a bit of role-play, there's no harm.”

“Well, I suppose...”

She leaned forward, and kissed him long and passionately. Then, breaking off the kiss:

“Good boy! Now, where's my breakfast?”

The downstairs doorbell rang, and Nigel swallowed hard. Dropping the duster on the mantelpiece, he hurried down the stairs, and asked through the intercom who it was. “Slave Roger” came the voice. With a deep breath, he pressed the button that opened the outer door. then, taking another deep breath, he opened the inner door, and said:

“Good afternoon, sir. I am Madame Tanya's slave. How may I help you?”

The portly, red-faced gentleman in his 50s, pin-stripe suit and bowler hat and brolly and all, regarded him with considerable surprise. As well he might; for Nigel was stark naked, save for his cock restrainer and — a black dickie-bow, fastened about his neck. His “butler's uniform”, Tanya called it.

The city gent regarded him pop-eyed.

One of these “scene” fellows, it would appear. Madame Tanya's “slave”, eh? Rather you than me old chap! Two hours once a fortnight is quite enough for me! Coming to himself, he said:

“Ahh... er... I have an appointment, with... ah... with Madame Tanya.”

“May I have your name, Sir?”

“Ah... yes... umm... Roger,... Roger Coverdale...”

It wasn't of course; but one had to be discrete in his position.

“If you would like to follow me, Mr Coverdale, Sir, Madame will be with your shortly.”

“Maid on holiday, is she, eh, what? You, er... helping out, are you?”

“Yes, Sir,” said Nigel, his face crimson.

He led the gentleman to the 'playroom', and said,

“If you will just wait here, Sir, Madame will be with you shortly.”

He closed the door and scurried back up stairs. Madame informed, he returned to his dusting. He found it impossible to keep his thoughts away from what he had just done, what he did several times a day now. This was the most humiliating thing Tanya had ever made him do. Even though the other men was presumably submissive, he could still see the mockery in their eyes. But the thing was, these guys was paying for an hour or two of “sessioning”; when it was over, they would put their clothes on and go their way; whereas *he*... He... Nigel couldn't finish the thought. What *was* he doing here, really? He shifted his concentration back to the immediate matter at hand. It was one thing to help out with housework (although in fact he was doing it *all*); but this was going too far. She had said it was just for a week, while the maid was on holiday, but it was going on for three — and he realised he had never seen this “maid” to begin with... He wondered, not for the first time, how he had got himself into this state — and how he would get out. He would, he realised, have to have a serious talk with Tanya...

“Madame Tanya, we need to talk...” he said boldly.

“Later,” she shook her head dismissively. Then, as was her wont, she moved at once to counter-attack. “Oh, no, actually, yes, we *do* need to talk! We need to talk about your performance last night! Don't fancy me any more, or what?”

He had spent a good part of last night, into the small hours in fact, as he generally did, head alternately pinned beneath her broad backside or clamped between her massive thighs, pleasing her with his tongue “front *and* back” as she liked to put it.

“Well, yes of course... but...”

He was as usual quite unequal to Tanya in full flow.

“Well, we need to do *something* about your tongue work. And I think I know what. Get that gear off, and come with me!”

She strode decisively off, and he quickly removed the dickie-bow, and followed. He would tackle her about this “butler” thing later, when she had cooled off a bit. It was not wise to cross her when she had one of these moods on.

They went down into the ground-floor flat, and she lead the way into the cellar, where he had never had never been before. There, near the foot of the stairs, she stopped and opened an unusually sturdy-looking door. It opened slowly with a groan — it was clearly heavy. She flicked the lightswitch on the wall beside the door, and Nigel stared with disbelief inside.

The harsh light from a naked bulb dangling from the high ceiling threw the little room into stark relief. Well, *she* had called it a 'room': It was more like a big cupboard, or at most a walk-in wardrobe. It was quite empty, with walls and floor of unfinished concrete, a ventilation grill high in one wall. “This is your training room,” she announced. You can do your daily tongue exercises in here in future. She pushed him inside.

“Kneel!”

Dazed, he did so.

“Legs wider than that! Wider!... wider! ... Clasp your hands behind your neck... Straighten up!” She kept on and on at him, until he was just right. “Oh, I suppose that'll do.

”Before you, you see the worship wall.“

He looked ahead. The wall was only a few feet away. It was covered, he now saw with photographs of various parts of Madame Tanya's nude body, particularly of her big pasty-white backside.

”You will do your tongue exercises looking at that, it should give you some encouragement! You will keep exercising non-stop from the time I put you in here until the time I release you.“

”Look“.

She pointed up in one corner, and following her arm he saw mounted high up a CCTV camera, red light blinking.

"I can keep an eye on you in here, and don't think I won't. If I see you slack off for a second, you'll get the cane!" He looked up in horror. "You don't like the cane, do you?"

He shook his head dumbly. She had only caned him once, "six of the best" she had called it: it had reduced him to tears. His protests afterwards had been such that she had never used it again, reverting to the relatively mild tawse, her favourite anyway. He would get as much of the cane as she cared to dish out, in due course; but even now, she was careful not to go too far too fast.

She smiled coldly.

"By the way, you'll be down in here for at least an hour every day, so get used to it! She paused, then: "So? What are you waiting for?"

Nigel, overcome by a feeling of utter helplessness, stuck out his tongue and began the elaborate series of tongue movements that she had taught him. It was a routine of her own devising. He had often done them before, for five minutes or so, usually kneeling in front of her; she had told him she expected him to do them daily, for longer; but of course, he hadn't.

She watched for a while from the doorway (indeed, there was hardly room for them both in there), then shut the door. He heard a key turn in the lock. Not knowing what else to do, he continued with his tongue exercises...

The end of the month came. Tanya knew that Nigel would expect things to return to 'normal'. Although she had been turning the screw oh so slowly, getting him gradually accustomed to more and more of the life she had planned for him, one little bit at a time, she knew there had to come a time when she must hit him with the rest, all at once, so that he would be overwhelmed and thus rendered far less likely to pull himself together and resist. Her intuition told her it was now or never. If he got his clothes back, he could go out again, he could resume looking for work. If he found work,

and he would, he was independent again. He could find himself a new flat, move out... leave her. And she wasn't having that. He *belonged* to her now! she said to herself fervently.

By now, the training room was doubling as a punishment room, where he would be tightly bound in some uncomfortable posture and left in the dark, sometimes even spending the night there. He was there now, on his knees, waiting for her.

Suddenly he heard her heavy tread outside, and the door opening. She came in wearing the outfit of his dreams, the one in the photos in his favourite magazine.

“Up!”

He obeyed at once, and she led him out and up and into the main 'playroom', part of the downstairs flat where Tanya dealt with clients. Nigel had been here before, the downstairs flat having been added to his cleaning routine not long back. But now he was in here with Madame, as though he were a client. What was going on?

“Kneel!”

He obeyed, instinctively dropping into the position she had taught him: legs wide, hands clasped behind his neck, looking up at her. She stood before him, arms akimbo, and regarded him with a cruel little smile.

“I've just been to Oxfam to drop off your clothes,” she announced. “All of them. The nice lady was *very* pleased with them!”

She laughed at the look of shocked surprise which spread across his face. He was numbed with the suddenness of it; he couldn't speak. He looked up helplessly at the obese blonde bitch who, he realised with shock, now really did *own* him. This hadn't been a game at all! She had been, and was, totally serious! It was as though she read his thoughts.

“Yes, I *own* you,” she said with relish. “You realise that now, don't you? Forget your old life, it's gone. You now belong to me, and will spend your

days and nights serving me.”

“Now, fetch the cane. You know where it is.”

He didn't move, staring at her open-mouthed. Then his mouth began to form words... she moved up close to him and gave him two stinging back-handers across the face.

“You will OBEY your OWNER! Now fetch the fucking cane!”

Stunned by her vehemence, he rose and scurried off in near-panic, to the wall where the instruments of correction were arrayed, then scurried back, and presented the dreaded rod to her.

“NOT like that! On your knees and offer the cane on both outstretched arms, palms up!”

By concentrating on petty details in this way, and by keeping the shocks come thinking and fast, she knew she could prevent him from taking in what was happening all at once. When he did realise fully, it would be too late.

When she was satisfied with this position, (that took another dozen back-handers) she took up the evil-looking rod and swished it through the air.

“Now, nose down, arse up!”

He dropped to all fours, and again was harangued until his posture was satisfactory.

Tanya was nervous. She had gone further than she had ever really dreamed it would. Further than ever before, with anyone. Even clients rarely took such abuse. And they were only around for a few hours! Her nervousness only fuelled her resolve. It was now or never!

Meanwhile, Nigel knelt there on all fours, silently, quivering with dread. This was so unfair! He hadn't done anything!

Her voice cut into his heart again.

“After each stroke, You will count it, and you will say 'thank you, Madame Tanya'. If you don't you will get it again.”

And then suddenly there was a pain like a red-hot blaze of fire across his taut, upturned rump.

“Aaaaahhhh... Ohhhh... O-one... th-thank... thank you, Madame Tanya!”.

Tanya gave a little smile. What an obedient little plaything he had become! He remembered what to say, despite the sudden shock of pain, to which he was not at all used, which must have come as a horrid surprise to him. The six strokes she had given him once had been mild ones. These were regular ones. Shame he did really, she mused. Would have been nice to give him number one all over again! Still, never mind...

The cane swished down again.

“Uuuuuuhhhhheerhhh! Two! Madame.. Thank you, Madame Tanya. Please no more!”

She ignored his pleas, which increased in volume and urgency as she laid on stroke after stroke. He was soon in tears. She took her time. When he had sobbed out “twelve”, she left him in position for a few minutes. Then:

“Up!”

He knelt back up, head hanging, shoulders sagging. A sob wracked his frame, then another.

“Kneel up properly!”

He did so at once, Tanya saw with delight. Yes, truly broken to her will!

“That was *not* a punishment,” she said callously, relishing his evident shock and misery, and relishing even more the surprise that these words brought to his eyes. “That, *slave*, was your 'daily dozen',” she continued. “You will get your 'daily dozen' every day of your life. I will enjoy seeing the ever-fresh welts on your pert little bottom, and knowing I put them there!”

He continued to sob helplessly.

“You will now thank me for this, and for all I have done for you. You will also do this every day of your life, right after your 'daily dozen'. There is a little speech of thanks I prepared for you — it's not long, so you can easily memorise it.”

She handed him a piece of paper, a sheet of A4. He began to sob out the words.

“You have got the rest of the day to have that off by heart. I am taking the piece of paper away before I lock you away tonight. If you don't have it word-perfect tomorrow, you will get a proper punishment caning right over your daily dozen!”

He couldn't believe what he was hearing, what she had done, what she had said she was going to do. It was all too much for him. Numbly, he knelt there, staring blankly into space, his tear-stained face a study in misery.

Things went quickly after that.

Just a few days later, while Nigel was hand-washing some lingerie in the kitchen sink, a bell rang. It was the bell for the bedroom, summoning him. he dropped what he was doing hastily dried his hands, and ran along.

Madame was standing there in her street clothes, a look of impatience on her face.

“Get me undressed and help me into my bottom worship gear. You're gonna spend the rest of today under my arse. Then you can have an early night. Big day for you tomorrow; my mate Sam's coming round to do your body mods.”

Conditioned to obey, he heard the order and obeyed it. He disrobed her, moving like a robot. He placed her outfit in the washing hamper, then fetched her “bottom worship outfit”. This consisted a a large, sturdy peep-hole bra, a black leather waist cincher, a black suspender belt, and black

fishnet stockings. He dressed her in these skimpy garments, the very same she had worn in the photos he had wanked over so often — she knew that of course, that was precisely why she wore them — then, without needing to be told, took up his position on the bench. He dreaded what was to come. The thought of it had once excited him, and he had fantasised about it, and had masturbated to those fantasises... but that was then, and this was now. He didn't — couldn't — masturbate any more, and what was once exciting was now only something to be endured: hours enduring all of Madame's 30+ stone pressed down on his head, his face buried deep in the cleft between her vast pale bum cheeks, his mouth wide, tongue probing deep into his owner's arsehole, kissing and sucking and licking.

Tanya had discovered that she experienced marvellous orgasms from anilingus, but it took a long time to bring her off even once — and she was never satisfied with just one orgasm — and it was very hard to persuade even guys in the scene to stay at it that long, one of the reasons for her disenchantment with 'play'; whereas with 'licky boy' (she no longer even thought of him as 'Nigel'), she could sit on his face all day if she wanted: he just had to take it.

His jaws and tongue would ache with fatigue long before she had had enough, but he dare not give them any rest. The punishment for such “slacking” was a vigorous application of the 8-thonged martinet to his cock and balls, which while doing no permanent damage, was quite excruciatingly painful, all the more so as a facesitting session was just about the only time these days when the restrainer was unlocked and taken off. Tanya in fact took great pleasure in bringing him to erection with her hand. She allowed him no relief at all any more, either in or out of her body; but it amused her to see his prick stiff and quivering. Even if it was necessary to use the martinet, his permanently-denied state made it a simple matter to get him rock-hard again quickly. Sometimes it pleased her to judge his tongue-work inadequate several times, just so she could flog his cock flaccid, hearing and enjoying his muffled cries of pain; then bring it all the way back up again. And then, after a while leaving the helpless organ there quivering on the edge, picking up the martinet and starting the cycle all over again.

It was her custom to strap 'licky boy' securely down for one of these sessions, so that even if, goaded beyond endurance by the agony of half-suffocation and the searing pain of the martinet, he involuntarily attempted to throw her off, he would be unable to move an inch. A delicious thought! His vain struggles as he strained in vain against the sturdy leather straps would only add to her pleasure.

Later that evening, after the gruelling bottom worship session had finally come to an end, lying miserably in the pitch dark on the floor of the training room, where she had locked him up for the night after sating herself with his mouth and tongue, he had time before he succumbed to his exhaustion and drifted into uneasy dreams, to ponder her words earlier. “Your body mods”, she had said. What on earth did that mean? Tattoos? Piercings? He thought with mounting trepidation. He *hated* tattoos — she knew that. She wouldn't — would she? He lay there miserably in the dark, bitterly regretting what he had got himself into, but without the strength of will to get himself out.

He found out what it meant soon enough. “Sam” turned out to be a female tattoo artist, heavily pierced and tattooed herself. First, he was depilated — completely: she even took his eyebrows off. Then, he was pierced and ringed through nose, nipples and the head of his penis. Lastly, he was tattooed. “Just on the arse, for now,” were his owner's words to Sam. “Appropriate for an arse-licker really!” she had added with a laugh.

When it was finished, she lead him to a mirror. He stared in shock, hardly recognised himself. She gripped him by the neck and turned him so he could see his rear reflection. On the left cheek were the words “licky boy”. On the right cheek were the words “Property of Tanya Hyde”. “Your name... and the name of your owner,” she explained, superfluously, pointing with her quirt (she had taken to carrying this as well as the tawse, it being handier to deliver a sudden whiplash with) to each cheek in turn. A sob shook his frame, then another. He broke down and cried, helplessly. She licked her lips and smiled her cruel smile, then barked “On your knees!” Automatically he assumed the position. “I'll leave you here for a while for you to admire your new look,” she said mockingly. “Don't move an inch,

and keep your eyes on your reflection! I'll be watching!" This was no idle threat. Her flat was equipped with CCTV; there was a camera in every room, and she could easily heck up on him from time to time, he would never know when. She trod heavily to the door and was gone, leaving her wretched victim to contemplate what she had done to him.

Tanya was now more or less retired, but still saw a few old clients from time to time. One of them was a certain Mr Higgins. He had an appointment this afternoon. Getting dressed for the session, she looked at the heavy tawse which she *always* wore hanging from her waist — and took it off and hung it up. A wicked idea had suddenly occurred to her. Higgins had seen licky boy when he was “butlering”, but that was before his full transformation. In fact, no-one had seen him, yet. She smiled her cruel, sneering smile.

The doorbell rang.

“Yes”.

“It's... it's slave wanker, Madame.”

That was Tanya's name for Higgins. She said nothing, just buzzed him in. Higgins entered the front door and waited to be led in. Instead, a loudspeaker crackled into life:

“It's already open. You know the way. Get in here now!”

Higgins obeyed, somewhat puzzled. No butler any more, eh?

In the playroom, Tanya began at once.

“Right, get stripped off, wanker!”

It was her custom to start their session with a good hard tawsing which would reduce wanker to tears. She reached as though in anticipation for the tawse which always hung from her waist cincher. But of course it wasn't there! Crossly she toggled the intercom button.

“Bring my tawse up here now. I've a got a weedy wanker up here who needs it across his backside,” she barked into the intercom.

Her words sent a thrill through Higgins.

“Go on, get them off!” she shouted. He hurried to remove his clothing as fast as possible, wilting under Tanya's implacable gaze.

Then, the door opened and Higgins automatically turned towards it. His eyes widened at the sight that presented itself. She seized the proffered tawse from 'licky boy', then sneered at Higgin's expression.

“This is licky boy, my full-time slave. You can count yourself lucky to be part-time, only a client. Go on, take a good look. Don't cross me, or you might just end up like him!”

She stared hard at Higgins, who gulped nervously. Tanya's cold blue eyes always had that effect on him, even without the iron in her voice. He glanced again at “licky boy” — who stood there rigidly at attention, staring expressionlessly straight ahead, waiting for an order from his owner — taking in with astonishment the shaven head, the pierced nose and nipples, the ludicrous dickie-bow around his neck, the narrow iron chastity tube padlocked on his prick, which, he now saw, was also pierced through the tip.

Higgins couldn't tear his eyes away. One always felt she meant it, that she was for real. It was exactly why he visited Tanya in preference to any other dominatrix And now — well! He had known she was “lifestyle”, not just in it for the money (though she certainly took enough from him!), but — this fellow was proof positive that she was 100% for real. He believed without question what she said, that the wretched fellow actually did *belong* to her. He certainly was glad not to be in this poor chap's position! The afternoon of rigorous discipline to which Madame would subject him — an ordeal he simultaneously longed for and dreaded — would be more than enough for him. With an inward shudder, he suddenly grasped what it would be like to have no safe world, no end of the session — to have a life-long session, in which he would have to endure whatever Madame saw fit to dish out!

Madame Tanya interrupted his reverie with curt words addressed to the motionless creature.

“Alright you, so back to your chores!” 'Licky boy' at once turned towards the door, and Mr Higgins saw the tattoos under the fresh red welts that criss-crossed the poor bloke's buttocks: “slave licky boy” on the left cheek, “property of Tanya Hyde” on the right. Christ!

Back upstairs, 'Licky boy' picked up where he had left off. It had been a shock, this sudden intrusion of the outside world. Licky boy didn't play butler any more, though he retained the dickie-bow, and he was hardly aware of the existence of a world outside his owner and her house.

That morning, as every morning, he had woken at five minutes to six in the training room. He had already endured countless hours of “tongue training” in this stark little cell, at least one hour a day; sometimes three, or even four, if Madame deemed it necessary, working through an elaborate series of tongue exercises of Madame's own devising, over and over and over, the unwinking eye of the CCTV camera high up in one corner reminding him that his owner could be watching, all the while in “the position”: kneeling erect with legs wide, hands clasped behind his neck. Any slouching or change of position was punished severely if discovered, as was any slackening in the movements of his tongue. It was hell. But it did result in a strong and agile tongue with great powers of endurance — and that was all that mattered to Madame. Now, he spent his nights here too. An old iron camp-bed, without mattress, had been squeezed in, with a single threadbare blanket and a bucket stuck in the corner “just in case”.

At precisely that time every morning, thanks to a little home automation, the light came on, its 200 Watts flooding the tiny room with intense light, the loudspeaker fitted next to the CCTV camera blared loudly, and the electronic lock that now controlled the door to the training room buzzed and the door unlocked. He had risen, stiff and aching after an uncomfortable night, and had as ever crept up the stairs, being ultra-careful not to wake Madame, and set straight to work. Madame expected him to be on his hands and knees scrubbing the kitchen floor by six o'clock sharp. And the CCTV tapes would betray him if ever he were not.

He had toiled non-stop until Madame's breakfast time. Madame took breakfast in bed, then had him attend her in her toilette, and then amused herself with him for what was left of the morning, as she often did. Now she was with one of her old clients, and he was back at his never-ending chores. This evening, she might require his personal services, or she might not. If not, there were usually enough domestic tasks, she made sure of that; or, more frequently of late, after serving dinner he might be locked up in the training room straight away, and left to kneel there in the dark until he thought it was late enough to risk lying on the uncomfortable bed and trying to sleep. But before that, at some time, he would be given his due: his 'daily dozen'. True to her word, Madame Tanya gave him his 'daily dozen' every day, at some time, he never could tell when it would be; and every day, after the rod had been laid across his ever-tender flesh, he had to kneel before her and sob out his pathetic speech of thanks.

He hardly remembered his past life. Madame Tanya had totally transformed him, body and soul. His existence now took only two forms: either domestic drudge, or sexual plaything. With helpless resignation, he continued to dust.

Higgins had paid for, and got, two full hours; and he certainly got his money's worth, and then some. Showing off her slave had aroused Madame's natural sadism to an even higher pitch. After it was over, as he closed the front door to her house, sore but satisfied, and made his way to the tube, he pondered what he had seen this afternoon before the session. That slave... what was his name? 'Licky boy'? The thought of that fellow under Madame Tanya's total control excited him... and scared him. For him femdom was a fantasy, a relief from the real world, and play-acting his fantasy for a couple of hours every so often was enough for him. He wondered with a vague air of disquiet whether 'licky boy' hadn't once been... like him?

Perfectly Legal

How to Own Your Very Own Male Slave And Get Away With It

In this day and age, as you are no doubt aware, slavery is highly illegal, so any lady so inclined cannot just go out and buy herself a slave! But — and this is a big but! — there are ways and means, even in our modern world. To illustrate what I mean, let's take the case of my own slave, whom I have owned for just over two years now. Note, I say “slave” and “owned”, and I mean precisely what I say. How can this be? you are no doubt wondering. Did I not just say that slavery is illegal? Am I admitting to breaking the law? No, not all. Let me explain. And to do that, we must begin at the beginning.

My name is Maeve (pronounced 'Mayv'; my Mum was nuts about all things Irish) and I am 55 years old. I trained as a nurse, and now lecture in nursing for a well-known university. I won't say which one, for reasons which should already be obvious! I am quite tall for a woman, 5'8“, and I am a very big lady. I ignore my doctor's nagging to diet, and don't even know how much I weigh; but it must be well over 20 stone. I am top *and* bottom heavy, big belly,... hell, big everything! I am no oil painting; but I have grown to accept, even love, my body; and I think, though not conventionally pretty, am quite good-looking in my own way.

I am divorced, and had not much luck with men after my husband and I split up. Why? Well, here we come to the heart of the matter. You see, I have always been a very domineering sort of person. Most people would call me bossy. This has played havoc with my love-life, as men just couldn't deal with it. The sort of men I like, anyway. The quiet mousey ones would, but I can't stand them!

Anyway, alone in my big old house in the evening, I got into looking in to what men want and like. And, in the process, I discovered the big bad world of on-line porn, and one area in particular, that of 'femdom'. Of course, I had know about female domination in general terms, but had always thought it a thing for the ”dirty mac brigade“, or for kinky judges and

ministers who would pay some "Ms Whiplash" absurd sums of money to tie them up and whip them or pee on them or God knows what.

But my on-line explorations revealed there was much more to it than that. In particular, reading about all the male fantasies in femdom was eye-opening. A lot of it simply wasn't for me — bizarre costumes, urinating on men, you name it, no matter how weird, there are men into it! Also, I realised that this wasn't what I wanted either: this was all about fulfilling male fantasies when it came down to it. I wasn't about to change myself for anybody. No, what I wanted to find was a man I could change into just *exactly* what I wanted. But, there were some things in this world that I liked very much. I had never really thought about it, but, as I read more and more, I realised that yes, I probably was what they call a dominant woman, or "domme", or "dominatrix", of whatever. Realising this allowed me to accept that I wanted certain things that most women don't want — or, as I myself had done in the past, don't admit even to themselves that they want...

The upshot was, I realised that if I wanted to get and keep a man, I would have to take *total* control.

When I thought I was quite ready, I made an account on a website called Dating BBW — the name explains itself, I think — and started contacting likely prospects. It was a job of work, weeding through the chaff, and I was becoming quite discouraged. And then Mark popped up on a search — "male, 25-40, single, 6' or over" were the criteria, if I remember rightly. I liked the look of his profile, despite the lack of photo: it was well-written, and witty. I dropped him a line, and he wrote me a lovely letter back. I gave him my phone number, and we talked. during the course of our phone chat, we were getting on so well that I proposed a date.

That first date went marvellously. Mark was tall, quite slim but well-built with it, clever, bespectacled, younger than me, and just a little bit shy and nervous — oh, my! He just pushed all the right buttons! And he clearly fancied me — at least, he couldn't stop looking down the front of my dress! — which did wonders for my self-confidence, battered as it was after the divorce and the "gamers" who infested the dating scene. I hadn't meant to leave my dress unbuttoned *that* much, and did it up when I caught his eye and realised where he was staring. We laughed together at his wandering

eye. Neither of us wanted the date — a lunch date — to end, so we wandered off, found somewhere secluded, and enjoyed a long kiss.

I think I already knew after that first date. But I didn't decide for definite until we had slept together, which was after only the second date. Yes, fast, but, you know, fate... The way he made love to me was just marvellous, kissing my body all over, especially my big belly and even my fat bottom. My breasts got lots of attention too, needless to say. He came far too quickly, but I didn't mind. He was eager to use his tongue, and although he wasn't much cop at that either, he responded eagerly to instruction. I guided his hands and mouth and tongue to just where I wanted them to be. In short, I enjoyed a long evening of unadulterated pleasure!

That morning, over breakfast, as we chatted I looked at him and thought, oh Mark! If only you knew! It won't be long before you *belong* to me! There he sat, in a very nice suit, full of life, chatting away, and I must say, being very charming — and in my mind's eye, in a flash, I saw him as he would be in some months time: kneeling stark bollock naked in front of me, the heavy padlock of a secure steel chastity device dangling between his legs, hands clasped in supplication, eyes wide with pleading, begging to be excused a caning! A shiver went through me. I could hardly wait!

And so I began to lure him into my web. I went slowly at first, so as not to frighten him off. If he had even suspected only half the things I had planned for him, he would have run a mile! It helped a great deal when he confided in me that, when younger, he had often fantasised about being the 'sex slave' of a large, mature lady — a lady rather like myself, in fact, or so it seemed to me. He laughed it off, and clearly for him it had just been a masturbatory fantasy of his youth, long left behind. However, I encouraged him to be candid about these old fantasies, patiently brushing aside his bashfulness, and I had managed to pierce together quite a complete picture. This confirmed me in my confidence that I had made the right decision. So I cherry-picked those parts of his fantasies that appealed to me, discarded those that didn't, and set about turning *my* fantasies into reality!

The first thing was chastity. Since we were only seeing one another at weekends in those days, I played the jealous older woman card for all it was worth, and persuaded him that, during the week, while he was not with me,

it would be better if he, or rather, his male member, were safely locked up — locked up, that is to say, in a secure chastity device. That way, I would *know*, for certain, that he was not — could not be — cheating on me. He refused at first, as I expected he would, and rather took offence at my lack of trust in him. I explained patiently that it was not a lack of trust in him, but an all-too-familiar knowledge of other women and their wiles and ways, that led me to worry about him. He took some persuading, but after a few week-ends with the PMT-bitch-from-hell (which I could switch on and off at the drop of a hat, but that's another story), we sat down and had another long talk; the upshot of which was, that he finally agreed to let me lock him in chastity just before he left for the week — and unlock him on Friday evening, of course. Yes! The first brick in the wall!

I still remember that evening as though it were yesterday. I exclaimed “Oh, thank you so much darling!”, kissed him passionately, then I went at once to fetch the device, which was lying in my drawer waiting for him, I having had it made-to-measure by a specialist firm weeks ago. I got him to fetch some ice from the fridge, then led him into the bathroom and had him wash his penis. Then, I made his penis shrivel with the ice, dried it briskly, slipped the ring behind his testicles, and eased the narrow iron tube on. It covered the organ from base to head, and was a *very* snug fit. “Oh, darling, it fits so well it could have been made for you!” i said, kissing him on the cheek. I didn't tell him that it was! He was bashful and embarrassed but I showered him with love and attention, and continued to do so all evening. It was important to let him know that doing what he was told got rewards. It was mostly 'carrot' in the beginning; there would be plenty of time for 'stick' later...

The next thing was nudity. It doesn't sound such a big thing, does it? After all, when making love to me, he was as nude as I was. But, you see, it's one thing to be nude in the dark in bed at night making love, and another thing to be nude all the time, and another thing again to be nude in the presence of a fully-clothed woman (me, for instance!), and another thing again in the presence of fully-clothed *women* — ah, but there I am anticipating myself. Anyway, with him in chastity during the week, the next step was to have him be nude while in my home. It was quite easy, actually. I presented it as a game, a sex game, and he took it as such. Well, men stop thinking when

sex is introduced into the equation, don't they? In fact, he was quite flattered that I wanted to see his body all the time. Not without cause, be it said: he was — is — rather well-built, and jolly easy on the eye!

So, having established chastity when not with me, and nudity when with me, the next step was — you guessed it! To make chastity his normal state *with* me, as well! Not that we stopped having sex. Far from it. However, the point was now established that he got unlocked when I said, and only when I said. I held the only key, which I now began to wear on a thin chain around my neck. I enjoyed the feel of that little key nestling between my breasts. And I enjoyed even more, that every time he peeped into my cleavage — and he was forever doing so, the naughty boy — he saw the key that held his cock imprisoned too.

As I drew him further into my web, I was able to up the pace a little. He was confused about what was going on, but I guided him gently but strictly along, allowing not the slightest deviation from the direction I wanted things to do. He responded to this, perhaps unconsciously. He still had no idea what was going on, I am sure. Men are so easy to manipulate!

Moving in with me permanently was probably the hardest thing to accomplish. Mark was quite a strong-willed, independent-minded chap — one of the things that made me pick him, actually: no point in enslaving a doormat, is there?! — and so it followed that he was not at all keen to give up his independence. It was all plain sailing after that, comparatively. So how did I do it? I must confess, chance came to my aid here.

He lost his job suddenly, and was having difficulty finding another. Money worries appeared. I didn't make it too abrupt, but suggested casually one Saturday evening he move in with me for a while, just to tide him over. He turned this down at first, but next week-end we had another little chat and he reconsidered and accepted. I was already exerting more influence and control over him than he realised. He was convinced it was all his own decision!

With him at home all day — the job hunt had still borne no fruit — and me continuing with my busy life on campus, it was only natural to suggest that he help with the housework. Eventually he would be doing everything

(again I anticipate!), but as ever the watchword was, *festine lente* — “make haste slowly.”

So, by now I had a live-in boy-friend, locked in chastity, taking care of the house while I was at work, more often than not delighting me with a well-cooked meal in the evening, and then spending the evening serving me naked before taking me to bed and making wonderful love to me. Now came the hardest part. The irrevocable transformation of this boyfriend into a permanently naked, permanently chaste slave.

I started by being feigning annoyance, being much more cross and grumpy than usual. There were evenings when I hardly said hello to him, and even denied myself the pleasure of sex. He even ended up sleeping on the couch once or twice. All this had the effect of making him very anxious to please me, and therefore more likely to go along with my next suggestion, which was simple: that he not wear clothes while in my house at all any more. That wasn't too hard. It was summer, anyway. At this point, I took the precaution of moving his clothes to another wardrobe, and locking it. Best to be on the safe side!

I decided to have a small walk-in wardrobe converted into a “training room”. It is totally unfurnished, of course, and lit by a bare bulb hanging from the ceiling. The door is lockable from the outside, and the light switch is outside too. Not a very nice place to spend much time in, but I am afraid it was necessary for Mark to spend many hours in this stark little room. Let me tell you a bit more.

Although his tongue-work was already very good, I felt there was room for improvement, and so I introduced an hour a day in the training room into his already quite full schedule. Here he would spend the time, on his knees, hands on his head, legs wide, working non-stop on his tongue technique according to an elaborate series of exercises of my own devising. The light was left on for this, because the opposite wall was covered with nude photos of me in all my glory, particularly of my big bum, since bottom worship, as I may have said, is a particular favourite of mine. I wanted the link burned deep into his brain between those tongue movements and a certain very big bare bum, with its pale white cheeks and long dark cleft between them... well, I won't go into details; use your imagination! I was

able to keep an eye on him by installing a CCTV camera. If in glancing at the display in my office, which of course I did from time to time, I noticed, any slouching or change of position or any slackening in the movements of his tongue, and he simply got another hour. He soon learned that the best course was to be a good boy and get through the hour properly — or he might end up spending the night in there! This has resulted in a very strong and agile tongue with great powers of endurance

This training room also doubled as a punishment room, in which he could be left for varying periods of time. Far more effective than corporal punishment, especially since training was ongoing during the whole time of confinement.

Another excellent means of training which I used often was confinement plus sensory deprivation plus audio indoctrination. Think of it: kneeling there naked in the dark, trussed up like a turkey, weeks without a cum; and, through the headphones strapped to his head, a very loud voice in his ears droning on and on and on, non-stop, hour after hour, repeating over and over and over the basic facts of his new life in a few set phrases:

You are a slave You are Maeve's slave Maeve is your owner You belong to Maeve You love Maeve very much Maeve loves you very much You live to worship Maeve's body You are a slave ... etc. etc.

Simple stuff, but surprisingly effective when repeated enough times.

He was always just about done-in when I released him from one of these sessions — which took place every day, without fail, by the way, as did tongue training. I continued to expect all his chores — which meant of course, *all the chores*, period! — to be done during this period; as well as more personal attentions for me, usually twice a day, sometimes more... He was a very lucky boy if he got four whole hours sleep in this period. All part of the training, of course; sleep deprivation is known to make a subject far more suggestible.

Once I was absolutely certain he was completely in my power, I introduced him to two new aspects of his life that I had long had planned: the cane, and

complete sexual denial. Let me explain in more detail what each of these entail.

First, the cane. The authorities I consulted were unanimous that, while training him up, I should *not* use corporal punishment, as this would have the paradoxical effect of strengthening his will and thus his ability to resist me. Now that he is fully trained, though, I feel I can indulge myself. I am afraid I have become a bit of an old fuss-pot as I get older, and I do find rather a lot that isn't up to my standards, even now. The upshot of which is, that Mark gets a damned sound thrashing if I find so much as a speck of dust. It made me feel vaguely guilty for a while; but then, why *shouldn't* I expect perfection? And, if I'm honest, I do like laying it on. Mark trembles when he hears my quiet but firm order to “fetch the cane” — I never raise my voice, by the way — but of course by now it would never even enter his head to disobey, or even hesitate. Returning with the rod, he kneels before me and presents it on outstretched arms, palms up. Then, he assumes the position: nose to the ground, bum up as high as he can get it. He kneels there trembling for a few minutes, and then I start to lay on. I have no fixed number of strokes; I just give him what I think he deserves for whatever fault is being punished. I rarely go over two dozen, though: that would be excessive, it seems to me. After it is all over, I have him kneel up and thank me before returning the cane to its place and getting on with his chores. I expect gratitude — after all, I am helping him to be a better slave-boy, aren't I? — and he has learned that any hint of insincerity in his thanks will earn him another half-dozen or so. Needless to say, his thanks are always profuse, indeed eloquent! It is so sweet, to see his tear-stained face looking up at me, eyes wide and full of pleading, and hear his trembling voice thank me oh-so-politely for thrashing him! I am a trained nurse, and am always careful to ensure that I don't cause permanent injury. After all, Mark is my property, and I am hardly likely to want to damage my own property, am I? Sometimes, therefore, it is necessary to delay a thrashing for a day or two, to give his bum time to heal. I have him pencil in the number I have decided on upon my wall calendar in my kitchen, and require him to remind me on the appointed date. If I am too busy to take care of him straight away, he must remind me at regular intervals until I do find the time. It's a bit cruel, isn't it? But oh so much fun! And I am sure Mark enjoys our little games just as much as I do, deep down... So much for the cane.

The other novel aspect, complete sexual denial, is something I think at least as important as the cane — come to think of it, probably more so. Of course I had Mark locked in chastity already, but I was giving him release once a month — sometimes even more, if I felt he *really* deserved a nice treat. We would have a nice kiss and cuddle first, then I would take him in my hand, and... well, you know. Then, a quick application of the ice bucket, a brisk rub-down with a towel, squish his little willy back into that narrow iron tube, and snap! goes the padlock. While this was a great deal of fun for us both, I did notice that such relief, seldom as it was, had a bad effect on his attitude for a day or two. You might not have noticed anything, but I did. I therefore decided on total orgasm denial. Now, don't get me wrong: I don't simply leave the chastity tube permanently locked on. That would be unhygienic, for a start. In fact, he gets the tube unlocked and taken off more often now than before. It's just that, tube off or on, he doesn't get to cum. I take his penis in hand, and get to work on it, and it is soon big and stiff and hard. Then I continue stroking it and fondling it, and even kissing it, just until the point where... — and then I stop. And I wait. And then, when he starts to droop, my hand goes to work again. I have lately taken to sitting on his face for these teasing sessions, as that way *I* get some pleasure as well — that's only fair, isn't it? If he should start to weep with frustration, as he sometimes does, then the feel of his tears on my bum-cheeks is quite exquisite — but that is perhaps an acquired taste... He probably thinks that his performance with his tongue bears some relation to whether or not I will finally masturbate him to completion, and who am I to shatter his dreams? He has to have something to look forward to, no? Anyway, when I have had my fun, it's the good old ice bucket treatment again, and there he is, all locked away nice and safe, until the next time. I know it must make me sound perfectly horrid, denying him any release at all. I must stress that it *isn't* that I want to deny him pleasure as such. I know he takes great pleasure in worshipping my body, for instance, even if for him it's all foreplay and no climax. *But* — I found during the course of his training that an extended period of denial made him much more docile and obedient and eager to please. And so I decided to impose a regime of *total* denial: simple as that!

Now, by this point some of you may be thinking that this is all rather extreme, and surely he can't like any of this? Well, my response to that is

simple: he can leave at any time! I have *no* legal hold on him — after all, as we established at the beginning, slavery is not recognised in law, is it? Now, I grant you, he has no money, no clothes, no place to go, no ID, etc., etc. Nevertheless, if life with me were really so bad, he *could* just up and leave, couldn't he? Hmmm? The fact that he *doesn't* speaks volumes! He *must* like it, deep down. I think most if not all men *need* to be under the strict control of a woman. all things considered, I think that Mark is really jolly lucky that he found me!

So, having established how we got here, let's take a closer look at “here”. Here is “a day in the life”, so to speak.

Mark shares my bed, as I do like a good cuddle before I go to sleep. At first sleeping together was a tad inconvenient, as I would be woken early in the morning by him getting up — I like him to be started on his chores by six, as he does have a lot to do. This was alright on work-days, but a bit of a pain on the weekend. But I have got used to it now, and usually just sleep right through. He serves me breakfast in bed at half-six during the week, mid-morning on the weekends, then bathes and dresses me.

On weekdays I am off to campus of course, and in my absence the house is cleaned from top to bottom. It is important to keep a slave busy I feel, so the house gets a thorough clean every single week-day. To help with 'keeping busy', I have dispensed with most of the 'mod cons' a modern house has: I no longer have a dishwasher, or a washing machine, for instance. All washing is now done by hand, using no power other than elbow grease. You could say I'm a green slave-owner!

I like to be greeted by my slave waiting in the hallway on his knees. He hears my car in the drive, so this isn't difficult for him. We have a quick kiss and cuddle, then sometimes he may attend me as I take a relaxing bath, or curl up at my feet while I catch up on some paperwork.

Dinner is at seven in my house. It is cooked and then served by my slave. I usually have Mark wait on me while I eat, unless it's a very special occasion, when he may be privileged to join me at table. But usually he must stand motionless in a posture of rigid attention several feet from the table, and respond instantly to my needs — pouring more wine, picking up

a dropped fork, serving the next course, and so on. I have him very well trained at table service, and rarely have cause for complaint. When I am finished, he is allowed to eat his own dinner before clearing up. I let him have the same food as me, usually, though when I was training him we did have a “cold porridge and tap-water” period.

Normally we go to bed not long after dinner and spend the evening making leisurely but passionate love. It is simply marvellous to have a man who is not in a rush — not that he has a choice, bless him! But anyway... I am kissed and stroked from head to toe, and then his mouth goes to work on my most intimate areas. We often fall asleep in each others arms, something I love to do. It might seem a bit strange to treat a slave so tenderly, but I am a loving and caring owner, far from being a sadist, and my darling is a sex and love slave as well as everything else. My strictness with him, and in particular my use of the cane, is really only being cruel to be kind...

An aspect of my life which I haven't mentioned is the social. Of course, having no clothes means Mark can't leave the house. But then I find as I get older that I don't care much for socialising as much as I used to, and the odd girl's night out, where the presence of a male companion is not expected, indeed would be unwelcome, is sufficient for me. But what about visitors? Well, those are rare, and by appointment only. At such times, I simply lock Mark into the training room until my guest leaves. Better safe than sorry. I mean, what if I left him doing chores in the kitchen, went to the loo, and came back to find my innocent visitor staring incredulously at my naked slave! This has the beneficial side-effect that Mark sees very little of the outside world, increasing his dependence on me.

My extensive, secluded garden was a bonus here. After all, he would be out there quite a bit — hanging washing, serving afternoon tea, and so on — and it would be a bit of a nuisance to have nosey-parker neighbours complaining. But I am in the happy position of having no-one in a position to peep in on my property. My garden is old and ringed with trees, and the nearest neighbour is fifty yards away. So what goes on in my grounds is strictly my concern.

This is just as well as, given the current state of the law, the sight of a naked male slave, bottom well-marked from the cane, bringing me my afternoon

tea might well give rise to more than just ribald comments! I have good reason to be discrete.

That said, I have shared my life-style with two close friends, Carole and Jill. They both come round regularly for coffee or drinks, and once we even had a little garden party. Mark waits on us of course. This was quite shattering for him the first time — it was the closest he came to rebelling, and I had to use all my will and wiles to get him back in line. This was before I had introduced the cane, too, which made it all the harder. Nowadays he would get the thrashing of his life for a fraction of the insolence he displayed then! But we overcame this obstacle, as we overcame all the others. Now my docile slave-boy carries out this duty as he does any other, silently and without hesitation.

Jill loves to tease Mark, which I encourage. It does him no real harm, and is a useful additional reminder of his servile status; though I don't suppose he really needs reminding! Just the other day the three of us were enjoying a glass of champagne out in the garden under a sun-shade on a glorious Summer afternoon. Not a cloud in the sky, and a gentle breeze alleviating the heat. Noticing the glasses were getting low, I summoned Mark with a click of my fingers. He hurried over at once. Oh! I should explain that, on such occasions, I like my slave to stand at attention on the patio, several feet from the garden table, far enough away not to be a nuisance, but close enough to provide almost instant service at my signal. He must remain very alert, as I don't like to make a big song and dance about things, and usually beckon him over with simply a wave of my empty glass or, as on this occasion, a single click of my fingers. Anyway: as he bent to refresh our glasses, Jill suddenly reached out and grabbed his balls firmly. She gave them a non-too-gentle squeeze and said “Ooooh! These feel very full and heavy! Not much wanking going on around here, eh?” Carole gave Jill her prim and proper look, but I found it funny, and laughed out loud. Poor Mark, bless him, just continued to pour, then, finished, replaced the bottle in the ice bucket and waited for her to release him. I was jolly proud of him for not making a fuss, and there and then decided to reward him with a special treat that night: an extra-long cock-tease.

Carole, on the other hand, I think feels just a little bit sorry for him, though she has swallowed my line about him being a natural-born masochist who is continually pestering me with requests to treat him far more severely! Of course, I am discrete in what I tell even these, my closest friends — they really don't know the half of it.

Well, there you have it. I am absolutely delighted with what I have accomplished with Mark, and look forward to many, many more years of our special life together. And I am sure he does too, really, in his heart of hearts... or maybe he doesn't. Whatever!

Love Slave Trainer

BBW Body Worship For Dummies

Bella grunted and opened her eyes. The morning sun was already flooding her bedroom through the large picture window facing south. She yawned, raised her head and groggily looked at the clock on the bedside table. Ten... OK... no wait a minute... three minutes PAST ten! WTF? At that moment, there came a knock on the door. About goddamn' time! thought Bella.

“Enter!” she called loudly and curtly.

The door opened and in came Bella's personal slave bearing her breakfast tray. He looked nervous, as well he might — three whole minutes late with Mistress's breakfast!

Bella sat up heavily in bed. She was wearing a shortie nightie in powder blue. Her long blonde hair was dishevelled, her eyes still bleary with sleep. She had stayed up far too late last night. It was always a temptation to over-work when one had a new trainee to break in — and just now Bella had two!

“What time are you supposed to wake your Mistress with breakfast, slave?”

“Ten o'clock, Mistress.”

“And what time was it when you knocked this morning?”

“It was...”

“It was *three minutes past ten*, slave.”

“Yes, Mistress. I... I beg your forgiveness, Mistress.”

Bella grunted.

“Go and write it down in your punishment book. I'll ring when I am ready to be dressed.”

“Yes, Mistress. Thank you Mistress.”

The nude male placed the tray carefully on the bedside table, bowed low, and scurried off. Bella, somewhat mollified by the utterly abject subservience that her slave had displayed — thanking her in advance for a punishment! — tucked in to her ample breakfast.

Oh, yes, how Bella enjoyed the lazy, care-free existence of a slave-owner! She had not to do a hands' turn herself. She had a slave to wait on her hand and foot, to take care of every conceivable mundane chore.

Her breakfast finished, Bella rose and cast off her nightie. Regally nude, she waddled heavily into the walk-in shower, followed humbly by her equally naked male slave. The water was already running, at *just* the right temperature, and she stepped under it. Then she stepped away from the jet, the signal for her slave to begin soaping her ample body all over.

As usual, Andy began at her feet. He worked slowly up, taking great care. He held up her belly apron to soap thoroughly underneath. Then he worked over her big fat belly. Moving up, he lifted each big heavy breast to soap underneath. To her rounded shoulders. Down each flabby arm in turn. Down her soft back. He soaped the cleft between her broad dimpled bottom cheeks. Then each big cheek all over. Then he put down the soap, Then Bella stepped back under the jet to wash the soap off.

Andy's cock pressed painfully against his cock cage as he waited.

her stepping out from under the jet again was the signal for her humble serving-boy to shampoo her hair, which he did. Bella noticed how attentive he was — even more so than usual. Trying to alleviate his coming punishment, no doubt. Hah! She rinsed her hair off, then stepped out of the shower and into the large soft fluffy towel held out for her by her waiting slave. he rubbed very gently, drying her, while she stood there.

Once dry, Bella walked back into her bedroom. As today was a training day, she would not be wearing much. She selected a fine lace black bra and

pantie set, with a matching suspender belt and silky smooth low denier black stockings, and a shiny pair of black court shoes with a four-inch heel.

Her slave carefully pulled up the panties to enclose her big belly. Put the bra under her heavy breasts. Then he knelt and carefully rolled a stocking up each fat leg. Then he stood, brought the suspender belt around her ample belly and fastened it behind. Then he clipped each stocking to the belt. Finally, he knelt again and slid the shoes onto her fat feet.

And there! His Mistress was ready for work.

Bella primped and preened herself before her full-length mirror, admiring her ample curves, running her hands over her big belly and breasts and hips, smirking as she saw her slave try not to stare at the white flesh spilling out of her skimpy tight undies. Her slave was a real BBW admirer, she knew. She enjoyed all the more keeping him chaste for extended periods!

So, it was time to start the day's work!

Bella made her leisurely way down to the cell block she had constructed in her basement. Stark and bare, it made a vivid contrast with the sumptuous luxury of the rest of her large house.

It was pitch dark down there, She flicked a light switch, and bright light flooded the corridor and the row of cells on either side.

First, she selected a riding crop from her collection of 'toys'. This was more for display than punishment, though it would be used, and used frequently!

She stood before the first cell. The barred door allowed her to see in. She was gratified to see that, despite the tight restrictive bondage in which he had spent the night, slave 'wanker', roused by the bright light, was already struggling into display position: kneeling erect, legs wide, hands behind his head.

She always gave trainees demeaning new names. These were temporary training names. The wife or girlfriend might in due course chose a new

name for her property. Although Bella knew for a fact that there were several male slaves who had passed through her hands who were now permanently renamed as 'wanker'.

When he was done, she gave him a reward: "Well done, wanker!"

He was making good progress.

Then she moved on to the other occupied cell, a way down the corridor. Here, 'jerkoff' was still being difficult. He lay sulkily on the bare wooden boards of his bed. He had managed to get turned around, despite the tight bondage, and was facing the wall. Bella tutted, unlocked the door, and stepped in.

"Wakey-wakey, jerkoff!" she shouted sternly.

It took vigorous application of her riding crop just to get him to kneel up nicely for her. Never mind. She would break him in the end. She always did. In fact, she preferred the difficult ones; they were more of a challenge. She watched him as he struggled to assume the required position. When he was satisfactory, she ordered:

"Down!"

Then she fastened the leash to the wooden collar padlocked about the trainee slave's neck, and led him out.

She returned to wanker's cell and performed the same routine. Then she lead her two naked and leashed charges to the small basic bathroom annexe that adjoined the cell block.

Breakfast was cold porridge. Unappetising, but it was the only meal of the day, so soon both bowls were licked shining clean, just the way Bella liked. Then it was time for a brief toilet break. No privacy was allowed for this. Then each slave was given a brisk cold shower. And then her two charges were ready to begin another long day of love slave training.

She grabbed the leashes and led them both naked males crawling on hands and knees into her comfortable, well-appointed training room.

There they knelt in display position, one on each side of a long, low leather bench which she used as her throne for training sessions. She decided to train nude today. Ordering her two captives to watch, she sashayed back and forth, making a big show of removing her skimpy undies. Although neither of the two trainees was a admirer of the larger lady, the total sexual denial combined with frequent teasing sessions had made them desperate for any form of relief, and they were almost drooling over Bella's big pale nude body as she displayed it before them.

She picked jerkoff for bottom worship this morning. She ordered him onto the bench. He shuffled resentfully forward on his knees, scowling. He disliked obeying a woman, that was clear. But he was too well aware of the consequences of disobedience to openly disobey a direct order. He stretched out on the cold leather.

Bella stalked forward, looked down at him with a haughty look on her face, and then planted her big bare rump full on his face. She wriggled to get comfortable.

“Begin!”

She sat still for a few moments.

“Is that supposed to be licking?”

THWACK!

The riding crop came down on his left thigh, then — THWACK! — again on his right.

“Oh, I think you can lick harder than that!”

THWACK! THWACK!

the cruel leather instrument cut twice into his cock and balls.

“I said...” THWACK! “...I think you can lick harder than that!”
THWACK!

“Ooooooh...! Yeah... See?...” THWACK “...I told you you could lick harder than that! Hahaha!... Oh my gawd... Oh *my gawd*! Oh yeah! Get that tongue right up in there! That's it...”

She lifted her breasts in her hands, and began to stroke her nipples.

“Oh, lick that ass! Yeah, yeah, baby... oh, you're the best ARSE LICKER I have ever owned. Are you ain't goin' no place, are ya? now, ain't ya? Huh?”

She bounced heavily once, then again.

“Huh?”

A muffled reply.

“Huh? Louder!”

She bounced heavily again.

“YYYYmmmmsssss!”

“Are ya gonna thank me? Huh?”

Bounce.

“So say ‘thank you’ then, but don't stop licking...”

Bounce, bounce...

“FFfffaaankkk ooou!”

She laughed. “Was that thank you? I do believe it was!”

Bounce.

“You're welcome, baby!”

Bounce.

“Oh yeah!”

“Oh my gawd you're makin' me come! Oh, you fuckin' WHORE! Oh yeah, oh fuck... tongue me, you whore, tongue me!!”

The other husband in training, nude and bound, waited on his knees for his turn under Bella's capacious rump. She liked to make them watch as some other male was put through his places and trained to be a good lickie-boy. And she insisted the watcher pay close attention! This slave's turn would come that afternoon. Such was Bella's custom when she had two boys under her control. One under her broad backside in the morning, the other in the afternoon.

“You pay close attention now, wanker!” she called now to the kneeling male. “You will be doing this this afternoon!”

Then she transferred her attention once again to the helpless victim under her. She lifted her rump for a couple of seconds, allowing him to take one long panting breath, then planted her full weight right back down on top of him.

“You know the rule, boy! The harder you work that long, wet tongue of yours, the more often you get to breathe!”

“We need to build up your stamina, jerkoff!”

She looked over at the on-looker.

“You too, wanker!”

As the morning wore on, the ministrations of the slave under her broad backside made her more and more randy. Finally, she called wanker over. She shuffled over awkwardly. Bella relished the sight of the nude and bound male struggling over at her command.

She held out one huge bare breast as he knelt before her awaiting her command.

“Suck!” she said simply. The trainee at once fastened his mouth on the nipple.

She drew a sharp intake of breath as a wave of bliss swept from her erect nipple all over her body. She quivered with pleasure.

“Other one!”

And the other big bare breast got the same worshipful attention.

With a moan of pleasure, she pulled the other breast away finally.

“Get your face in there!” she ordered majestically, pointing to her shaven pubis. The trainee knew better than to disobey. He pressed his mouth to the moist flesh and began to tongue her slowly and gently. Bella purred with satisfaction. She wriggled her big bare bottom around on the other trainee's face, and felt his hot breath panting against her naked flesh as he struggled to breathe.

“You keep that tongue working!” she called out warningly, and gave him another taste of the whip.

Oh, the exquisite pleasure of having two tongues at work at once, front and back!

She climaxed with a howl, pushed wanker away and settled her massive rump down even more heavily on jerkoff's face.

Bella sat there for a while, now and again lifting slightly to allow jerkoff a frantic gasp of air. Wanker knelt before her, watching her companion in slave training suffering under that enormous bare bottom. Soon, he knew, it would be his turn. ...

Just then, Bella's phone rang. She picked up. It was another prospective customer.

“Bella, call I help you?”

“That's true.”

“Uh-huh, sure.”

“Oh, yes, I get a lot of calls from women who want personal body slaves but don't have the time or talent to train them themselves. Or else we're sent husbands whose wives want them absolutely broken. That way the wife can take over their money. And when she gets a tamed oral pleasure-giver, well, that's icing on the cake.”

“OK, great! When can you deliver? Tomorrow? Oh, um... yeah, OK, that makes a threesome with the two boys I already have... no, no, that's fine... yeah, sure, until tomorrow!”

The new customer rang off. Bella sighed with satisfaction. Her services were not cheap, so that was more money coming in; and anyway she loved her work. It was a real ‘two-for’!

Around mid-morning, Bella decided to have snacks served by her personal slave. This would be the first time her two ‘newbies’ had seen a real slave. It would help with their training. she rang the bell, and moments later slave Andy rushed in, kow-towed, then stood up rigidly at attention, waiting to serve. Bella laughed at the expression on wanker's face — jerkoff could of course see nothing, still squashed as he was under Bella's 70" backside.

Wanker could not help staring, unable to believe that this... this creature represented his own future, what his wife fully intended, with Mistress Bella's help, to turn *him* into. The man was *completely* naked. But that was just the beginning. He was also shaven bare from head to toe. A large brass ring had been put through his nose, and smaller rings decorated his nipples. His penis was tightly restrained in a heavy-duty padlocked cock cage.

“Time for a snack,” Bella said casually.

“Yes, Mistress,” said the naked slave, and off he rushed. Moments later, he was back with a laden tray, which he presented to his fat owner.

“Mmmmm,” said Bella as she sampled one of her slave's offerings, a cylindrical pastry. “Reminds me of that little toy between your legs.”

She took hold of the the narrow, heavy iron tube which was screwed tight about her slave's flaccid penis. Total chastity was not just one of Bella's basic slave training principles — it was basic part of her life — and therefore of her slave's life! She wagged the trapped penis too and fro playfully.

“Not that this little toy is played with any more, hmm?” she continued coquettishly. “But maybe — just maybe! — if you're very good for the rest of today, then this evening I'll let you do what this new student is doing for me right now. You'd like that, wouldn't you?”

Bella smiled, and shifted her big fleshy bottom about on the face of the nude and bound husband who was being trained under her broad backside.

“You like any kind of contact with me, don't you, hmm?” she continued, taunting her permanent slave. “How does it feel to be transformed from a sophisticated, worldly guy into a humble slave obsessed with my body? He-he-he!”

Slave Andy remained silent, his features carefully composed. He was used to such taunting and teasing about his hopeless condition, but the words still stung. It was true that he was obsessed with his owner's body. Complete sexual deprivation saw to that. The closest he ever came to pleasure was worshipping his owner's body with his mouth. When she had trainees in hand, she enjoyed denying him this, since she got as much oral attention as any girl could want, training her newbies up to be good little body slaves for their wives or girlfriends.

Bella, finished the snacks, licked her fingers. Then she looked hard at slave Andy.

“I owe you a punishment, don't I slave?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Fetch the cane.”

Slave Andy swallowed hard, distress visible on his face. But all he said was “Yes, Mistress” before scurrying off. He returned shortly with the cruel rod, which he presented to Bella kneeling before her.

Bella rose slowly and heavily up from the face of the trainee named ‘jerkoff’. She took the cane from her slave's upturned palms.

“Assume the position!”

At one slave Andy swivelled round, went down on hands and knees, and thrust his rump up high.

“Now, slave Andy, I am afraid this is going to hurt a lot. You have to learn that when you are bad slave, you get hurt. And when you are a good slave, you get nice treats. Worshipping this, for instance...” She gave her broad backside a hefty slap.

Then she turned her gaze onto the two trainees who knelt naked side by side.

“I want you boys to watch. Remember: this is *your* life now too!”

She swished the cane to and fro through the air a couple of times, then brought it down with full force square across the tautly-upthrust rump of her naked slave.

He grunted with pain, but through long experience was able to remain otherwise silent. This was one of Bella's rules. One of her many rules. She could not abide a slave who made noise and fuss over a few strokes from the cane. On the other hand, she made sure to cane hard enough that eventually the whimpering would be unavoidable. She could make him howl like an animal, too; it was just a matter of going on long enough. Today, though, she felt a nice round dozen would suffice. Just enough to bring on whimpering and a few tears. A salutary lesson for her two guests.

Neither of them were at all experienced in corporal punishment — something that was already rapidly changing for them!

“Up!” she ordered curtly when she had done. Slave Andy at once sprang to his feet.

“Now, slave Andy,” Bella drawled as Andy stood to attention before her, still shaking, the tears drying on his face, “do you have anything else to say?”

This was Andy's cue. He knew exactly what he had to say.

“Yes, Mistress Bella, I am the luckiest man in the world. Thank you from the bottom of my heart for making me your slave.”

“Hmmm...” Bella looked at him coyly. “You sure you're not just saying that so I'll let you jerk off tomorrow?”

“Oh, no Mistress Bella.”

“Good. I am glad to hear that, slave. You won't mind if we don't do tomorrow's jerk then?”

“Oh, I... oh, no, Mistress Bella, of course I won't mind.”

It's always best to pick an intelligent one, thought Bella. They catch on so quickly!

“Mmmm, OK. If you ask me nicely, maybe we can NOT have a wank tomorrow...”

She saw the helpless frustration in his eyes before he mastered himself and replaced it with the required look of devotion. He knelt, joined his hands in supplication, and, looking up wide-eyed, said: “Please Mistress Bella, please postpone tomorrow's wank, would you, please?”

“No, not postpone honey, cancel.”

“W-will... will you please cancel my wank tomorrow, Mistress Bella, please?”

“Are you sure, honey-buns? that would mean going a whole extra month without a cum!”

“Oh, *yes, yes*, pretty please Mistress Bella, *please* cancel my wank tomorrow! I am begging you!”

Bella inclined her head and smiled her wicked smile.

“OK then, baby, if it makes you happy. No wank for another month!”

“Oh thank you Mistress Bella, thank you!” her slave replied, straining to sound and look pleased. He fell to his knees, bent forward and began to kiss her feet, continuing to thank her. This was perhaps a ruse so that she would not detect the frustration and disappointment which he feared would show on his face despite his best efforts to look grateful.

In the afternoon, it was wanker's turn under Bella's big fat arse.

“That's a good little husband,” she said complacently as she settled herself down on him, ready for a long, long ride. “I'll make you a proper arse-kissing wife-licker in no time! Making you *live to serve her* might take a bit longer. But we *will* get there! And hey! I am well-paid for it, so I don't mind how long it takes!”

“By the time I'm done with you,” she panted, “You'll be ready — even eager! — to do *anything* your wife wants! In bed or out! Oh, it may take a while, but that's alright with me. I love my work, wanker! It'll be worth the effort every time she calls to tell me how obedient you've become: how eager you are to kiss her feet, how frustrated you get when she teases you sexually but doesn't allow you any release, and how you *beg* to be allowed to gratify her with your mouth, in the desperate hope it'll soften her heart and she'll let you have sex!”

She reached out to the couch-side table then, where her discarded housecoat lay, and picked up the thin long leather riding crop. She gave wanker just one stroke across the very tops of his thighs. He jerked and squealed.

“She told me about that new sports car you treated yourself to. I am afraid she has had to sell that to pay for this training course!”

She paused and savoured the muffled grunts. Was he protesting? Hah!

“Oh now,” she scolded, “not need to make a fuss! You wouldn't have had any time to go driving it around in your new life! Hey, stop fussing down there! Don't worry about the silly old car — worry that you won't keep me happy, and I'll do *this*!”

The whip came down hard again, on his balls this time, with a loud thwack. wanker howled — just as Bella brought her big fat arse down as hard as she could! By the time she eased off and lifted her massive rump up slightly, he was fast running out of air.

“Keep your mind on your work or I'll suffocate you!” she warned.

She felt his panting breath warm on her bottom flesh, and felt renewed vigour in his tongue work. She rocked rhythmically to and fro on his face, turned on by his desperate efforts to please: so as to be allowed to breath, so as to save his genitals from further abuse.

“Ohhhhh,” Bella moaned. “That's fantastic! Your wife will have to share you with all her friends once they find out how talented you are! In fact, she may *want* to share you, just to add to your humiliation! You're getting me so hot, I might roast you like a turkey in there! Ha-ah! Uh-oh, I'm going to — Ooops! — sorry about that, must have had too much rich food yesterday. I can't seem to — Whoops! — control myself, can I? Better hope those fumes leak out the air-valve, or you're going to be overcome by my gas attack!”

The more excited Bella became, the less control she seemed to have. wanker was barely able to inhale in his smelly prison. His trainer held his head in position and toyed with the valve to keep him fearful of a lost air supply if he slackened his efforts. Though the hinges of his jaw were sore

and his tongue ached at its base from overuse, he continued to lick and probe, encouraged by the threat of suffocation and the threat of more pain from the whip.

“Harder! Deeper! You may not have much skill with that shrimpy pecker of yours,” she said between vocalisations of pleasure, “but you're going to be a perfect tongue-slave! You'll be your wife's licky-boy! Her licky-boy! Ha-ha-ha-haaa!”

The heavy blonde crushed her rear-end down hard on wanker's face as she neared that rare, much sought-after apex of sexual gratification — the ‘back door’ climax! It had taken him a long time to bring her to the verge, but now she was about to explode.

Bella held onto him, clenching her buttocks, and began to quake violently. Wordless murmurs escaped her lips and rose slowly to a loud, excited crescendo.

“Oh! Oh! Ooooooh!.... Oh, licky-boy, you wife is one lucky lady! She is going to agree that this course of treatment was — aaahhhh-woah-ooooh... oooooh — worth — uuuhh — worth *every* penny she paid! ... DON'T YOU DARE STOP LICKING! ... yeeeeessss, that's a good boy... oh, I forgot where I was... never mind... yes, just there, that's right, that's right...”

She bounced up and down, heedless of his pain and his need for air, until her finale had peaked. She then relaxed with the ebbing waves of sensation as they receded into a soft, lingering afterglow.

She just sat for a while. Then she looked over her shoulder at him and sighed.

“Oh, Licky-boy — you don't mind if I call you Licky-boy? It's like a pet name! After all, you don't do much wanking any more, do you? Maybe I'll suggest it to your wife... Anyway, that was so-o-o good, I'm going to let you do it again!”

The thought of having his confinement prolonged even further sent wanker into a panic, and he began to squirm violently beneath the dominant woman. She merely enjoyed his futile struggles. A few more rounds like this and he'd be ready to start *advanced* indoctrination! How was it she had described to that last guy — Roger, was it? Or 'pin-prick', as she had renamed him.

“We'll empty you out like a tube of toothpaste, then fill you back up with *our* ideas... *our* rules... *our everything!*”

Meanwhile, the husband under her was physically weakening, but Bella didn't let that keep her from her goal. Wanker's face was now pressed fast right up between the cheeks of her fat arse. She hunched her hips impatiently and ordered him to get his tongue to work.

“Maybe I could be persuaded to let you have a wank, if you continue to be such a good boy! Would you like that? Hmmm?”

A muffled reply that sounded like 'yes' came from beneath Bella's ample rump.

“Was that a ‘yes’? Well, we'll see!”

“Oh, by the way, your wife is selling your golf clubs,” she added casually.

She knew taunts like that would get his adrenaline flowing — which would give him more energy to keep up with her runaway libido!

“From now on, when you get a hole-in-one, it'll be with your tongue!”

She laughed at her crude joke, and at his utter helplessness.

“You'll be living a whole new life after you leave us.”

Bella pressed down with her full weight again, cutting his air supply, to coax him into a more vigorous performance.

“You'll try harder at work, so you can earn more and give it all to your wife. Every day, you'll rush home to wait on her, run errands for her, do the

housework. When she takes you into the bedroom, you'll hope with every bit of your heart that she'll let you have some release from the endless sexual tension you feel. But she'll just tease you... let you satisfy her... then leave you with your sperm so backed-up you can taste it!"

"That's good, wanker! Keep on doing what you're doing! I can't believe you're actually going to finish me off *again* that way!"

She rocked forward and back, shuddered, grabbed his head and pushed him so tightly into her arse he was afraid she'd flatten his nose! As her orgasm approached, she moaned incoherent phrases to him, as thoughts of his new life flitted through her head.

"I hope your wife makes you sleep on the floor like a dog... yeah, and, and.. oooh!... and eat from a dog bowl... and if she let's you come, it's by playing with yourself... while she laughs... and makes you — ah! — come on the — ooo! — floor and l-l-lick it
UUUUUUUUUPPPPPPPHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

While wanker served Bella intimately, she amused herself in the intervals between orgasms with torturing jerkoff. It was her practice to get 'the electrics' out for recalcitrant trainees, and jerkoff was really being most difficult. So for most of this afternoon jerkoff was writhing and jerking in agony as she applied the electrodes to various very sensitive parts. She took her time. She had all afternoon! Soon jerkoff would not longer be reluctant, as he had been that morning. Soon he would be begging to get his tongue up deep into her backside! Begging for the privilege of worshipping her big fat arse!

Finally, with a long deep sigh, Bella raised herself slowly off wanker's face, who lay puffing and panting, red-faced.

"Time for dinner. Come on boys."

She clicked her fingers. Wanker struggled up off the bench and went onto hands and knees, and jerkoff slumped down on all fours also. Both boys struggled awkwardly over to her. Bella smiled with quiet triumph. Good! They were learning. She grabbed both leashes and walked slowly and

heavily into her dinning room, And the two naked slaves in training crawled after her.

At dinner it was Bella's custom to have a trainee kneel in display position on either side of the table. This was by no means an easy position to maintain for an extended period, but both boys by now knew the consequences of failure.

Dinner was her favourite meal. Both boys were even hungrier by now, of course, and watched wide-eyed as Bella stuffed herself. They would get nothing until the following morning. She fed Andy some scraps as he knelt by her chair, just to make the trainees jealous.

While relaxing over coffee for a while after dinner, Bella had a wicked idea. After punishing her slave and sentencing him to another long month of *TOTAL* chastity, what better way to end the day with having him worship her bottom? That would add nicely to his frustration! She grinned evilly over at him where he stood, motionless, at attention, waiting to serve.

“Boy!” she called. He scurried over, kow-towed, stood attentively waiting.

“I think a nice long session of bottom worship is what I need right now. Let these slaves what the real thing looks like as opposed to their feeble attempts. Go get yourself ready slave.”

Slave Andy bowed low and scurried off.

Bella sat back in her chair and took another sip of coffee.

Regally nude, Bella trod heavily over to her ‘worship throne’. As instructed half an hour ago, slave Andy was ready and waiting for her: kneeling bent over backwards, elbows resting on the ground, face protruding through a hole in the seat of the chair. With a grunt, she sat heavily down, and wriggled to get comfortable. She smiled as she felt slave Andy fervently kissing every inch of flesh in the cleft between her vast bottom cheeks, which now engulfed his face. She enjoyed his humble attentions for a while

before imperiously directing: “more tongue!” At once the kisses ceased and she felt his tongue slavering energetically up and down the length of her bum cleft. After a while of this, she issued the instruction “nice long French kiss now!” and immediately his lips pressed against her arsehole and his tongue began to probe deep. She gasped, ran her hands over her erect nipples and then up to her head. She grabbed her long hair in bunches, and began to ride her slave's face slowly. The sensations aroused in her nether regions by her slave's skillful attentions were quite exquisite. As usual, it took a long time to bring Bella off like this, especially as she has not exactly gone without that day; but slowly, slowly, she approached climax. She closed her eyes. Under her, slave Andy did not let up for a moment in his fervent adoration of his owner's arse. She began to vocalise loudly as the magic moment approached.

“Oh yeah! Get it right up there! Uhhh... uhhh...”

“Oh yeah slave, lick that ass!”

“Oh yeah! Worship my ass! yeah, that's it!”

“Oh yeahhh... ummm...”

And all that time, both trainees were kneeling in tight bondage, helpless, watching.

She came loudly, slumped back. The room was quiet for a while. Slave Andy's face was half-crushed by her massive backside. He endured, being well used to it.

Finally, somewhat reluctantly, she rose.

“Time for bed, boys!”

Wanker and jerkoff were lead to their cells. Another uncomfortable night awaited them, nude and bound and hungry, with nothing to look forward to save another long day of hard training tomorrow.

Bella then went to the living room and watched some TV for a while before going upstairs. She summoned her slave to the bedroom. She was already nude, so he knew it wasn't to undress her. Could it be...? Bella looked him up and down.

“Put me to bed.”

Slave Andy pulled the duvet back, and Bella sat on the edge of the bed and let herself flop down on the pillows. Her slave gently lifted her legs into the bed, then pulled the duvet up to cover her big bare body.

“I was going to have you worship my body and lick my pussy,” she announced. “But you know what? I have had enough for today. Breakfast will be at ten, as usual.” She nodded in curt token of dismissal. Slave Andy trotted obediently off to his narrow, bare room, where he would snatch a few hours of sleep before rising early to begin another day of service to his fat owner.

Bella fell almost at once into a deep sleep, a happy smile of contentment on her face. She *loved* being a love slave trainer!

THE END

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