

Constance Pennington Smythe



Black Owned:  
LIFE  
SENTENCE



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## **BLACK OWNED:**

### **Life Sentence**

**Chastity Cuckold Tales # 13**

**Constance Pennington Smythe**

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To My Readers,

***BLACK OWNED: Life Sentence*** is the latest of my interracial-themed BDSM works. It's also the longest to-date and, according to some preview readers, the hottest of the current offerings. However, while this genre is the best-selling of all my fetish works, this content is *not* for everyone. Really, my darlings, if you are not into this type of fetish content, please shop for something else. Romance Divine, as well as many other publishers, have a lot of fetish genres to choose from, so please do find what you enjoy.

Sissy maids *Paulette* and *Pansy*, who readers may recognize from ***WSB Club*** and ***Club Cuckold*** make a brief appearance here. *Paulette* and *Pansy* are real 'gurls' who I have chatted with. They've sent me pictures and they are the most delightful and divine creatures. No doubt they'd love to create their fiction roles in real life. But Mistress loves ALL her gurls and always answers her fan e-mails. Sometimes I even send little gifts.

Please enjoy:

***BLACK OWNED: Life Sentence***

*Constance Pennington Smythe 2015*

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**BLACK OWNED:**  
**Life Sentence**

*Constance*

*Pennington-Smythe*

# ONE

“Really, it’s the best deal you’re going to get.”

Todd Grant looked up from the table at the sound of his attorney’s voice. He flipped the pen nervously in his fingers; his eyes darting from the papers on the polished wood conference table to the blue eyes of his lawyer.

Laura Simmons was still attractive, even in her fifties. Perfectly coiffed blonde hair surrounded a round face with a cute nose and those blue eyes. Her figure, a bit more filled out and curvy as she’d aged, suggested she might have been a cheerleader in college. Todd had chosen her for her looks as much as her reputation; then again, he’d always had a weak spot for attractive powerful women, confessing his submissive tendencies to his wife. *Evelyn*, he thought with disgust, *I wouldn’t even be in this mess if it weren’t for—her.*

“I-I know,” Todd mumbled, his eyes again cast down to the sheaf of papers that held his future. “It’s just that... I tried to do the right thing. I never meant to—”

“*You* are a convicted felon; facing a fifteen to twenty year prison sentence.” Tanika Jones picked up a remote and brought the big-screen TV on the wall to life. The split screen showed a mansion with gardens and a swimming pool, the other side showed a brutal prison rape in a shower, several large and hulking inmates sodomizing a sobbing prisoner. “You’ve made several bad choices that led you to this point. My advice would be to *not* make another.”

Todd glanced to the end of the table where Public Prosecutor Tanika Jones resided. The difference between her and his own lawyer were like night and day. Ms Jones was tall and lean, austere and very much in control. Her hair was slick and pulled back, revealing a smooth forehead and black, lifeless, eyes. Her thin lips were set in a half smile, quite foreboding to Todd.

Tanika continued, “You have had sufficient time to consider your options. The courts have, in my opinion, been most lenient.” She turned her head to the television screen and then to the two Sheriff’s Deputies standing near the conference room door. “These officers are ready to escort you,” she

cast a withering glance at Todd's wife, Evelyn, "and your accomplice, to Devonshire today. Now."

Todd felt his stomach clench at the mention of Devonshire. He hadn't even been able to draw time at one of the country-club facilities usually reserved for white-collar crime. His fate was hard-time, in a brutal facility.

"Sign the fucking papers!"

Evelyn's shrill voice grated on Todd's ears. Her demanding and shrewish ways had once been a turn-on for Todd, feeding his submissive nature, but now... Now they had brought him to ruin. He looked again to the TV screen, the cameraman walking through the richly appointed and furnished house, the while the other side of the screen showed a burly tattooed man forcing his cock into another inmate's mouth. "I tried to fix it; I did everything I could..."

Tanika's long elegant fingers rose from the table, her palms turned up in a conciliatory gesture. "The court does appreciate your efforts. But hundreds of people had their lives ruined, their futures put in jeopardy by your carelessness. By your...*criminal*...behavior."

"The markets, the economy. I returned all the money I could, but things..." Todd fought for the words. "We sold everything, turned over everything to try and..."

"Todd, sign the damn papers. It's fifteen to twenty in that shithole, or ten years doing who knows what in a mansion. Shit," Evelyn said, "maybe prison *would* be better; then I'd at least be somewhere away from *you*."

He cast a withering look at his wife. She'd been the brains behind their financial enterprise, the CFO of his would-be investment firm. He remembered her honeyed words, 'With your inheritance and my brains we can have it all baby'. And now, they had nothing. Convicted of fraud and embezzlement they'd been given an option; divest themselves of everything, make what restitution they could and report to a court-ordered ten-year rehabilitation—or face fifteen-to-twenty in prison. Todd took a deep breath and scrawled his name on the papers, shoving them to Evelyn who quickly did the same.

Tanika's smile became even more cruel and feral as she nodded to the deputies, "We won't be needing you." They turned and left the room.

Laura's young paralegal, Gloria, gathered up the papers and walked them to the end of the table, handing them, reverently it seemed to Todd, to Tanika.

"Wise choice," Tanika said, "and better for everyone in the long run." She slid the papers to her left, to her own paralegal, Marla. She sat back and tented her exquisite hands, her long fingers showing off equally long and perfectly manicured nails. "You are both now remanded into the custody and supervision of Dr. Carl Wilkins. He and his staff will oversee your sentence and retraining; to make you acceptable and productive members of society. If, at any time, you violate the terms of your plea bargain, you will be immediately returned to prison to carry out your full sentence there." She turned to her left, "Marla will prepare you for transport."

Marla rose and Todd gasped at the sight. She'd seemed tall when seated, but now towered over Todd and his wife Evelyn as she walked around the table and approached man and wife.

She snapped her fingers, "Up," she ordered, "on your feet."

Todd rose on shaking legs, intimidated by the commanding figure before him. Marla was attractive, in her mid-twenties Todd guessed. Her figure was more athletic; he sensed a lean musculature beneath the dark skirted suit and crème-colored silk blouse. The knee high ankle boots revealed defined calves as the expensive leather hugged her legs, and the pointed toes and stiletto heels gave Marla a dangerous and authoritative look. He felt Evelyn take his hand.

"Strip," Marla commanded.

"I'm sorry," Evelyn questioned. "What?"

"Strip. Remove—your—clothes." Marla stood, her arms crossed, looking down on her charges. "Fold them neatly and put them on the table."

Todd turned and glanced at his attorney, but Laura looked away.

"Her business with you is done," Tanika said. "She can't help you. The agreement said you would divest yourself of everything. You will report to Dr. Wilkins in that exact manner—with nothing." She picked up her cell phone, "Am I to assume you are already in violation of the plea bargain? Shall I call the deputies to escort the both of you to Devonshire?"

"I can't believe this bullshit," Evelyn muttered as she removed her jacket.

The slaps came quick and with vicious intent, Marla's hand leaving blooming red marks on Evelyn's cheeks and almost knocking the smaller woman down. "No talking," Marla hissed. "You will remain silent and obedient."

Tanika's cold eyes actually showed a bit of joy and warmth as she watched Todd's reaction to his wife being bitch-slapped. *He'll go down easily. The wife? She'll take a bit more time, but in the end...*

"Everything," Marla reminded, "I want it all off and placed on the table." She turned and eyed Gloria, the other paralegal. "Did they bring suitcases?"

Gloria stood quickly, "Yes, Ma'am, in the outer office."

"Get them," Marla ordered.

"Yes, Ma'am," Gloria scurried from the room, her tight pencil skirt and high heels giving her a delightful wiggle that caught Tanika's eye.

Todd was too busy removing his clothing that he made no notice of Gloria's immediate response or deferent nature to her paralegal colleague.

Marla spun on her wicked stiletto-heeled boots and walked to the corner, returning with a large brown briefcase and...a thin rattan cane. She glared at Evelyn, now wearing only panties and a bra. She lashed out with the cane, leaving a red welt on Evelyn's thigh.

"Oww!" Evelyn screamed, "You can't—"

The cane lashed out again, directly on top of the other strike, the pain multiplying. "Silence," Marla yelled. Her command, and the cane she brandished, stilled Evelyn. Marla reached out with the cane, tapping Evelyn's breasts menacingly. "Remove—it—all."

Evelyn visibly shook as a tear ran down her cheek and she unfastened her bra and slipped out of her panties.

Marla stalked around the naked woman, and smiled when she saw Evelyn flinch when Marla touched Evelyn's ears. "I won't tell you again... Everything."

"You can't mean—"

The cane struck again; Evelyn shrieked and buckled at her knees. "Please..." With shaking hands she removed her pearl necklace and earrings, placing them on her pile of clothes on the table.

"The rings too," Marla reminded.

"But this one, it's my wedding..." Evelyn saw Marla raise the cane and she slipped the rings from her fingers, adding them to the pile of her

possessions.

Todd watched it all and complied, adding his watch and ring to his own clothes.

“Consider this your first training,” Tanika said, “an object lesson. You will be required to obey, completely and immediately. The consequences of disobedience or poor performance, as you’ve seen, are punishment.” She took in the two naked felons. Both were relatively young, which enhanced their worth. Todd was thirty-eight, *he has a long service ahead of him*, and Evelyn was only thirty-five, *this one is pretty; she’ll have decades of black cock before she’s served her purpose*. Evelyn’s surgically-enhanced breasts stood proud in the conference room, her blonde hair falling to her shoulders and framing a pretty face. Tanika glanced down to the brown bushy mound between Evelyn’s legs. *Not a real blonde, but the color suits her*. Todd was the same height as Evelyn without her heels, five-seven. His build, and looks, were average, green eyes, sandy-colored hair. *A rather pathetic white cock. Without his inheritance he’d never have gotten someone like Evelyn*.

“You will receive your training and indoctrination when you reach your destination,” Tanika continued. “However, you would be advised to remember a few essentials in the interim. Do not speak unless you are spoken to. Do not look a superior in the eyes unless instructed to do so. Obey all commands immediately and in good cheer. Pay attention. As you have already seen, infractions result in immediate punishment. Your warders will provide you the proper means of address for the people you will meet and serve, but for now you would be well-advised to *politely* refer to everyone as ‘Ma’am’ and ‘Sir’. If you have a question you should politely ask for permission to speak. Do you understand?”

“Yea,” Todd nodded, “okay.”

Tanika could not repress her smile as Marla lashed out with the cane, laying three quick stripes across Todd’s bare bottom.

“That’s ‘yes, Ma’am’,” Marla growled.

“Yes, yes, Ma’am,” Todd grimaced as his hands clutched at his bottom.

“Yes, Ma’am,” Evelyn said, her reply a dry whisper.

Marla opened the briefcase and removed a heavy piece of chain. She held it in front of Evelyn, “What does it say?”

Evelyn looked at the gleaming stainless steel disc, four-inches in diameter that hung below the heavy chain. The name CANDI was engraved in a cursive script. “It says ‘CANDI’.” Evelyn quickly added a ‘Ma’am’ before Marla could grab her cane.

“Candi is your new name. It is the only name that people will use to refer to you and it is how you will refer to yourself. Prisoners in the penal system are given numbers. In this, ah, *program*, you are given a new name. Marla stepped behind Candi and fastened the collar around her neck using a heavy padlock. She quickly walked to the table, retrieved her cane, and gave Evelyn two swats on the bottom.

“Another rule to remember, and there will be several,” Tanika said, “always acknowledge an order, a comment, compliment or gift. You were given a collar and a new name. The proper response would have been ‘Thank you, Ma’am’ or ‘Thank you, Miss Marla’.” She nodded to Marla, “Six.”

Marla grabbed Evelyn by the scruff of the neck and threw the sobbing white woman over the conference table. “Get that ass up, bitch. And keep those hands down. I see those hands come up and I double your punishment.” She turned to Todd, “Over here, slut. Watch this slave take her punishment.”

Todd hurried over and received two strokes of the cane on his thighs. Again, the words ‘slut’ and ‘slave’ washed over him for the moment and he gave the unusual terminology no thought.

“I gave you an order, slut” Marla said to Todd. “I should have received a ‘Yes, Ma’am’ or ‘Yes, Miss Marla’.” She looked at Tanika, “Rather slow aren’t they?”

Tanika shrugged. “They’ll learn, or won’t be able to sit for a week.”

Marla turned her attention back to Evelyn. “Stay, bitch, and keep those hands down. You’re going to get six, and after each one you will count and say ‘Thank you, Miss Marla’. Got that?”

“Y-y-yes.”

Marla shook her head and the cane came down hard. “Miss Marla!”

“Yes, Miss Marla.”

“Better, we will begin.” Marla tapped her cane on Evelyn’s quivering bottom, picking her spot. She struck, the blow eliciting a scream from Evelyn and a growing welt on the slave’s bottom.

“One... Thank you, Miss Marla.” Evelyn’s tears began to pool on the polished mahogany conference table.

Marla smiled and tapped the cane playfully on Evelyn’s pussy, laughing out loud every time Evelyn flinched. “Ha-ha, this will get attention later. For now, I’m interested in *this!*” The cane landed a second time on Evelyn’s ass.

Evelyn howled. “Oh, please, please...”

The cane landed a third time and Marla leaned down to whisper in Evelyn’s ear, “Not the proper response slut, want to try again. And, oh, that one didn’t count.”

“Two, two, Ma’am. Thank you, Miss Marla.” Evelyn’s sobs were deeper.

Marla stroked Evelyn’s hair. “That’s better. Four more to go. Listen and obey, and your life will be much easier.”

Marla placed strokes three and four in that sweet spot between the buttocks and upper thighs, eliciting increased howls from Evelyn, who dutifully counted and thanked her tormentor for the discipline.

“Such lovely markings,” Marla ran a fingernail over the red welts, watching with pleasure as Evelyn winced at the merest touch. Her finger traveled lower, gently stroking the moist mound between Evelyn’s legs. “Hmm, perhaps this kind of attention excites you, yes?” She pinched the tender flesh.

“Ohhh, no, I mean yes, I mean...” Evelyn devolved into more sobs. “I mean... Thank you, Miss Marla.”

“Much better,” Marla whispered. “You do want to be a good and obedient slut, don’t you.”

“Yes, Ma’am, I do.”

“Good girl, two more to go.” Marla brushed the cane over Evelyn’s seared bottom. She hit quickly taking Evelyn by surprise.

“Aaagghh, ohhh, f-five, t-thank you, Ma’am.”

The last blow was the hardest, again on the sweet spot, its force and pain lifting Evelyn from her feet.

“Six! Oh, six. Thank you Ma’am.”

“Remain in position,” Marla ordered. She held the cane before Evelyn’s lips. “Kiss it, give it thanks.”

Evelyn placed tender kisses on the wicked rattan cane as tears streamed down her face. “Thank you, thank you.”

Marla placed the cane on Evelyn's back. "Stay," she commanded, "if that cane falls you'll get six more." She moved again to the briefcase, removing a second collar. "What is your name?" She held the collar before Todd.

He silently read the words S-I-S-S-I before he spoke. "My name is... Sissi. Ma'am."

"Very good," Marla complimented. "It seems you can be trained. Maybe you can amount to something after all." She placed the collar around Todd's neck, once more locking the heavy chain in place with a large padlock.

Todd felt the weight and chill of the chains. "Thank you, Ma'am."

Marla picked up her cane from Evelyn's back and ordered her two supplicants to, "Kneel, on your knees, kiss my boots."

Newly christened Candi and Sissi fell to their knees and paid homage to Marla's elegant black boots.

"Show me the love my babies," Marla teased. "Worship my boots; adore the superior black Mistress who commands you."

Candi and Sissi lavished kisses on Marla's boots, paying little heed to the 'superior black Mistress' comment. Their awareness was solely on survival, avoiding the face slaps and terrible cane.

Marla exchanged smiles with Tanika who nodded her approval. She turned to the door to see Gloria standing there with a suitcase on either side of her. Marla snapped her fingers, "Over here."

"Yes, Ma'am," Gloria walked forward, pulling a suitcase in each hand, and stopped beside Marla. She was aware of the two slaves at Marla's feet, but did not look at them.

"Lick my boots clean," Marla ordered Candi and Sissi, and she watched a pair of pink tongues lavish love on her boot leather. "Good sluts." Her left hand reached out to grasp Gloria's breast, kneading and caressing the fleshy mound beneath a bra and camisole.

A gasp passed Gloria's lips and she sighed a sincere, "Thank you, Miss Marla."

"Open the suitcases," Marla lingered over Gloria's nipple before she released the girl.

"Yes, Miss Marla."

Gloria backed away gracefully and knelt to open the suitcases.

“Enough,” Marla pushed her foot worshippers back. “Kneel up, stay on your knees, lift up your body. Eyes on the floor.” Marla backed away, “Your trainers will teach you commands and positions; you would do well to pay attention to all instructions you receive.”

“Yes, Ma’am, thank you, Miss Marla,” Sissi said.

“Yes, thank you, Ma’am,” Candi added, pissed that Todd/Sissi had beaten her in the proper reply. *I can’t take any more of that cane.*

“You will be provided with everything you will need at your new facility,” Marla said. “Uniforms, toiletries, all that you will require will be provided.” She pointed to a pair of shoes in the suitcase and Gloria fished them out and held them out to her. “Jimmy Choo, very nice,” Marla said.

“Thank you, Miss Marla,” Candi gritted her teeth. *Is the bitch going to take my designer shoes?*

“And a size nine, exactly what I wear,” Marla’s voice held a sign-song and taunting quality.

Candi looked at the cane that had again found its way into Marla’s hand. She took a deep breath, “Since we will be provided with whatever we need, perhaps Miss Marla could use the shoes.” She gritted her teeth again, “Please? Ma’am?”

“An excellent idea,” Marla said. “That blue dress, what size is it?” Marla smiled as Gloria held up the blue dress.

“Ma’am, it’s a size four; it’s a Michael Kors.”

“Mmm, not my size, but my niece is a four...”

Candi was trembling; she didn’t know whether to scream or cry. *They’re taking everything, we’ve lost it all.* “Perhaps Miss Marla could find uses for our things, since we won’t be needing them for ten years? Please, Ma’am?”

Tanika chuckled at the way Candi gave up everything for the both of them. *No wonder they’ve come to this. She blindly led the sniveling white male to his doom and hers. And their downfall is not yet complete, not even begun.* “Take the suitcases to my car,” Marla ordered Gloria, “then come back here.” She focused her attention back to her kneeling slaves, “Up,” Marla commanded, “on your feet.”

Candi and Sissi rose.

Marla took wide leather belts from the briefcase, fastening and locking one to Sissi and then to Candi. She pulled them tight, making each prisoner ‘suck it in’. Leather wrist cuffs followed quickly and each wrist

was locked to the waist belt. The final bondage were leather ankle cuffs with a twelve-inch hobble chain. Marla turned to Tanika, “The prisoners are ready for transport.”

Tanika rose to her full height, towering over Candi and Sissi in her fashionable stiletto pumps. She clicked the TV remote one last time. The screen displayed a grainy black and white security cam image of a prison cell with an overweight Mexican woman selling her cellmate, a crying white woman, for the evening for a package of cigarettes. “Tragic, isn’t it. And a very likely scenario. So, one last opportunity; do you wish to continue with your plea bargain, or begin your prison sentence?”

“The plea bargain, please, Ma’am,” Sissi said.

“Yes, Ma’am, thank you... Ma’am,” Evelyn said.

Tanika handed Marla a file folder, “Deliver the property.”

## TWO

Marla clipped leashes to Candi and Sissi's collars and pulled them forward, shuffling after her on their naked feet as they padded toward the back stairwell.

"Like this," Candi whined, "we're going naked? In chains?"

Marla spun quickly and delivered yet another stinging slap to Candi, noting how Sissi recoiled in horror at the savagery. She grabbed Candi's nipples, pulling and twisting them as she pinched the tender buds between her fingers. Candi's shrieks echoed down the concrete walls to the ground level nine floors below. "You're fucking slow, bitch! And the longer it takes you to catch on the worse it will be for you." She gave the nipples a final tug and released them. "Don't talk, don't make eye contact, listen and obey. If you do that you will survive the next few days and it will get easier for you." Marla smiled, "A *bit* easier... But you'll have to earn that."

Candi bit her lip to suppress her rage, "Yes, Ma'am."

Marla turned and led her hapless captives down the stairs, her stiletto heels echoing on the bare walls as the flip-flop padding of bare feet on concrete steps completed the bipedal symphony.

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On the ground floor, Thomas, the day janitor heard a woman's shriek cascade down from above. He smiled and ran a calloused hand through his short salt-and-pepper hair. *Miss Marla be workin' her mojo*. He leaned his broom against the wall and slipped off his leather work gloves, slapping them on his overalls and sending up a fine spray of dust.

He watched as Marla appeared at the top of the second floor stairs and started down. His eyes followed the leashes in Marla's hand to the two white slaves obediently following behind the regal black woman.

Thomas straightened as Marla approached and hugged him. "Why, Miss Marla, you lookin' more beautiful every day."

Marla gave him a kiss on his cheek, smiling as his coarse beard tickled her lips. "Thomas, it's good to see you this morning. How's the

family?” She backed away and casually crossed her arms, engaging her friend in conversation while Candi and Sissi stood mutely behind her, in all their restrained nakedness.

“They’re all fine, Miss Marla. I’ll be sure and tell them you asked about them. And yourself?”

“Busy, Tomas, very busy, you know how it is with our... *enterprise*.”

“I do for sure, and it’s good work you’re doin’.” He craned his neck to get a good look at Candi and Sissi. “These two new ones?”

“Yes, they are,” Marla jerked on the leashes, pulling them forward. “This is Candi and Sissi.”

Thomas gave Candi a long look, from her feet, up her lovely legs and torso to her proud and erect breasts. His gnarled finger reached out and fingered Candi’s name tag. “She’s a pretty one. What’d they do?” His finger trailed down the valley between Candi’s breasts and the stairwell landing resonated with her audible sigh.

“White collar crime,” Marla explained, without going into details. “They ran a financial planning firm, had some trouble and a lot of people lost their retirement and savings.”

“Now that’s a damn shame,” Thomas said, “people work hard so they got somethin’ for later in life...and then to have someone else piss it away for ‘em.” His hand moved to Candi’s breast and she tried to pull away.

Marla quickly grabbed a handful of Candi’s hair, holding her in place with a terse, “Stay!”

Thomas flicked at the nipple with his finger, eliciting mewes from Candi. “Where these two goin’?”

“Dr. Wilkins bought their contracts,” Marla said.

“That’s a fine gentleman,” Thomas nodded his approval. “You know he got my daughter a scholarship; she’s gonna be an X-ray technician, gonna have a good life and career. He’s even helpin’ her get on with a hospital when she finishes school.”

“Yes,” Marla agreed, “they may not realize it,” she gave a slight tug on the leashes, “but these two are lucky to have such a good overseer for their retraining.”

“Dr. Wilkins even has me and the family over every Christmas and for his Fourth of July picnic.” Thomas’s hand now closed over Candi’s

breast as he kneaded and caressed the fleshy mound.

Marla pulled on Candi's hair, yanking her head back. "A good white slut shows her appreciation when a superior black man gives her attention."

"Thank you," Candi whispered.

"Appreciation *and* respect," Marla reminded. "Put a 'sir' on that. And make it sincere."

"T-thank y-you, sir," Candi gasped as Thomas rolled her nipple between his strong fingers. "Oohhh..."

Marla leaned in to whisper in Candi's ear. "It's okay to enjoy it, better, in fact, if you learn to. Express your appreciation, tell him how good it feels, how much you want it." She released her grip on Candi's hair, backing slowly away, giving Thomas and his plaything some space.

Both of Thomas' hands were now on Candi's breasts, squeezing them and then pulling back to flick at the nipples. "These some nice titties," Thomas said, "bet she's gonna be real popular."

"No doubt," Marla agreed. She moved behind Sissi, in her stiletto-heeled boots she towered over the naked male. Her fingers moved to Sissi's chest, lightly stroking up and down, before stopping to glide over and tease the nipples. She smiled as Sissi shook and whimpered at her touch, "Does Sissi like that? Someone playing with her nipples?"

"Yes, Ma'am, thank you, Miss Marla." Sissi was lost in the pleasurable sensation and didn't process the feminine gender address. "It feels good... Ma'am."

"Of course it does," Marla whispered, "sluts like attention; they like to be played with."

"Yes, Ma'am."

Marla smiled and chuckled to herself. *This one may be one of the easiest yet, a natural submissive. The slut wife; she'll take longer, but she will come around. They all do.* "Look at Candi, have you ever seen her so beautiful?"

"No, Miss Marla, she is beautiful."

"That's right; nothing befits a white slut more than being used by a black man." Marla continued to stroke Sissi's nipples. "She's never been more beautiful, or more useful." Her hand slipped down to Sissi's cock, feeling it swell. "Mmm, you're a slut; watching Candi being used by a superior black man excites you, doesn't it?"

Sissi literally shook in Marla's sensual embrace. "Oh, yesss, Miss Marla."

"You'll both get your chance to serve, to finally make yourself useful creatures. Ten years; it's not so long, much better than prison... Yes? And look how happy Candi looks." Marla clutched Sissi's ball sack and squeezed gently, "You need to thank Thomas for being so kind to Candi." She squeezed the balls tighter, "Be sincere."

"Thank you, sir, for pleasuring Candi," Sissi said. "She looks beautiful in your hands, sir."

"Not bad, for a beginner," Marla released her grip on Sissi's balls. "Before long you will be singing the praises of black power and authority, and worshipping black cock."

"Yes, Ma'am."

Marla jerked on the leash, pulling Sissi forward as she closed on Candi. She leaned into the bound and blonde captive, whispering in her ear, "Open your legs and your mouth, wet your lips with your tongue. A white slut is always ready to be used by any of her black superiors." She turned to face Sissi, "You too, spread those legs, wet those lips."

Thomas stuck two fingers in Candi's mouth and her lips closed quickly over them as she sucked and licked at them. "Not that's a proper white slut," he said. "You get 'em nice and wet, girly." He pulled his fingers from Candi's mouth and trailed them down her body, poising at her moist crescent and gently stroking.

Candi shook, her wrists pulling against the cuffs that held her tight to the wide leather waist belt. "Oh, God, yes, yes, please... Sir." She gasped as Thomas's fingers probed the entrance to her pussy. She thrust her hips forward, trying to clutch the strong black fingers with her vagina. "That feels good, yes, thank you, sir."

Thomas now fingered the white captive more forcefully, as he leaned down to bring one of Candi's breasts to his lips.

Candi threw her head back and shook as Thomas sucked on her nipple and fingered her pussy.

Marla reached back to grasp Sissi's cock, now rigid, and gently stroked it. "Yes, she looks beautiful, being used by a black man."

Sissi moaned.

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“Go to your place,” Tanika commanded. Gloria had returned to the conference room, taking a seat at the table beside her boss, Laura. Both women gracefully moved from their rich leather chairs to their hands and knees, and crawled across the room to a place in the corner. Once in place they knelt up, hands clasped behind their back, heads up, but eyes on the carpet.

Tanika watched with satisfaction as her white slave sluts took their place. She sat back in her chair and spent a few moments texting Dr. Wilkins that his property was en route. Finished with her task she put the various files and papers in her briefcase and closed it up. She walked to her kneeling slaves, towering over them, looking down on their submissive forms. “How does it feel, sending another white couple into slavery, into service to the superior black race?”

“It is an honor and privilege to serve our black Masters and Mistresses,” Laura and Gloria replied in unison.

Tanika laughed, “I’m convinced you both believe that.”

“We live to serve you, Mistress,” came the chorused reply.

“And you do. I enjoy your service, your devotion, your complete obedience.”

“Thank you, Mistress.”

Tanika gazed down at the two women, once proud and independent career women—now slaves. “Kissy face,” she ordered, stepping back to get a good look at the impending action.

The two women turned to each other, the younger Gloria taking the lead. She grabbed Laura by the neck, pulling her into a heated kiss as her other hand sought the buttons on Laura’s expensive silk blouse and delicately, and expertly, began to unfasten them.

Laura opened her lips for the kiss, greeting Gloria’s warm and probing tongue with her own. Gloria’s tongue danced and flicked, teasing and exciting Laura, who slid her hands over Gloria’s full D-cup breasts.

Tanika licked her own lips at the torrid Sapphic display. Once heterosexual women, Laura once had a husband and son, her slaves had now become... *What would one call them? Lesbian? Bisexual? Most certainly white sluts and black-cock whores.* And now they were Tanika’s slaves, her property. Laura and Gloria still worked at their small, yet successful, law practice, but came home every evening to serve as Tanika’s household domestic staff. They had their small rooms in Tanika’s basement,

maintaining only those possessions necessary to function as successful career women. All other worldly items, savings, cars and property had long ago been deeded to Tanika.

*They gave up everything*, Tanika cast her slaves a last look as she walked to the end of the room and reposed regally in a leather wingback chair, *including their pride and identities as independent woman*. She relaxed and watched as her white sluts groped each other, hands on breasts, tongues entwined.

“Stop!” Tanika snapped her fingers and noted with pleasure how her slaves immediately responded, breaking the embrace and returning to their kneeling upright, ‘waiting’, positions. She smiled at the disheveled hair and the gasps that made the sluts’ breasts rise and fall with each labored breath. “Lick your way over here, s-l-o-w-l-y. Get those tongues on the carpet.”

“Yes, Mistress,” both Laura and Gloria moved gracefully to their hands and knees and lowered their faces to the luxurious pile carpeting. They crawled, slowly, their backs arched, their buttocks up, each hand coming forward in a slow and sensuous manner. They slinked across the floor, a display meant to titillate and amuse whatever Mistress or Master might be present.

“Such good girls,” Tanika taunted, “licking up the carpet fibers that have been trod upon by *my* superior black feet. Certainly such detritus are worthy of your slut mouths.”

“Yeth, Mithreth, thang you, Mithreth,” came the garbled reply as Laura and Gloria made their required acknowledgement, their faces still to the floor, pink tongues lapping at the carpet as they crawled to their Mistress.

“S-l-o-w-l-y,” Tanika repeated. “I want you to take your time and enjoy it; relish my little gift to you.” She laughed out loud as her slaves provided another garbled acknowledgement. The slaves neared her feet and Tanika leaned back in her chair. “Such obedient white sluts. Look up, open.” Tanika chuckled to see their delicate feminine mouths littered with carpet fibers. “Kissy face, it’s good for whores to share.” Again she watched from her superior position above as her two slaves shared a passionate kiss. “Lots of tongue. Yessss... Now swallow.”

“Stop!” Tanika rose as the two slaves broke the kiss and resumed their kneeling-up positions. “Finish up here and then get your slut asses

back to the house. I'm entertaining this weekend and I want those bathroom floors licked spotless!" She spun on her stilettos and stalked from the room, ignoring the thanks of her property.

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Marla's cell phone rang and she released Sissi's cock to answer it, "Fine... yes...we're ready...no, no problems...five minutes."

Thomas continued to suck on Candi's nipple and finger her cunt as Marla put her phone away. "Almost time to go, Thomas; have to get these two delivered. Transport is almost here," Marla took the leashes in hand again.

Licking his lips, Thomas backed away, bringing his wet fingers to Candi's mouth, "Here ya go, sweetie, for bein' such a good girl."

Before Candi could even contemplate hesitating the cane landed savagely across her already tender backside. She opened her mouth and accepted the fingers, sucking greedily at her own sexual releases. She shuddered as Thomas pulled them slowly from her mouth and wiped his hand across her breast. The cane landed again and Candi winced.

"Appreciation?" Marla teasingly tapped the cane on Candi's backside.

"T-thank you... Sir for... Using me. It was, uh, nice." Candi's face flushed with humiliation and shame.

Marla stood at the door and watched the black van pull into the alley. "Sorry we didn't have time for her to suck your cock, Thomas, but I'm on a schedule today. But they will be at the Fourth of July party. I'm sure she's looking forward to servicing you there." She turned and fixed Candi with a steely gaze.

"Yes, sir, please," Candi's lower lip trembled, "I could suck your cock then. I mean I'd like to, to..."

Thomas leered at the naked white woman, "That'd be real nice, missy."

The van stopped and the side door slid open.

"Okay," Marla tugged her prisoners forward, "in you go."

## THREE

Todd immediately got chicken-skin as he lumbered into the van, his ankles cuffed and hobbled and his hands still secured to the thick waist belt. The cold made him shiver, and when Marla pushed him down onto the metal seat he rose up quickly. His disobedience earned him a wicked face slap and he momentarily forgot the frigid cold inside of the van.

“Sit your ass down, slut,” Marla hissed. She pulled a chain around his waist, securing him to the two eyebolts on either side of him. With a practiced movement she reached down and secured his ankle hobbles to another eyebolt on the floor.

Evelyn stood, teeth chattering, “It’s s-s-so c-cold—”

Her verbal outburst earned her a face slap as well.

“No talking, sit down!” Marla smiled as Evelyn shrieked when her striped and welted bottom hit the cold metal seat. Marla quickly secured the shaking woman. She turned and grabbed two large red ball gags from a hook, spit on them and held them out. “You sluts going to ride in silence, or do I need to use these?”

“Silence, thank you,” Todd mumbled.

She slapped him, “Thank you, *Miss Marla*.”

“I’ll be quiet, Miss Marla,” tears rolled down Evelyn’s cheeks.

Marla replaced the gags on the hook. “We’re leaving now. I’ll be monitoring you from up front. No talking. We’ll pass by the DA’s office in about twenty minutes. If you’ve changed your mind about your plea bargain I’ll drop you off; you can go directly to prison.” She shrugged when she was greeted with silence, “Your call, just speak up if you want to do fifteen-to-twenty instead of ten.” She stepped out of the van and closed the door.

Marla took her place in the passenger seat in the front of the van. Her fingers pressed the menu controls on the CCTV display and a picture of her two captives bloomed into view. She glanced at the temperature display and shook her head, “You’re getting soft, sure you’re up for this work anymore?” Her finger punched the ‘down’ arrow, watching the numbers decrease from sixty-five to sixty. Marla’s lips spread into a smile, showing

perfect white teeth, as she heard the air conditioner kick in and watched Evelyn shiver and heard her moan as the cold air filled the back of the van.

The driver shrugged, “Don’t make no difference to me. Ain’t my naked ass on that cold seat.”

“Just remember who *you* are, and who *they* are,” Marla nodded to the back.

“Got it,” the driver moved into traffic.

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Todd jerked his head up when the lights went out. The van had no windows on the side and the windows on the rear doors were almost black with a dark film tint. *Not much to look at anyway.* He’d checked out his surroundings, such as they were, and hadn’t seen much. The back of the van was relatively empty, save for the gags and some other cuffs and restraints hanging from the sides of the van. He lifted his feet from the cold metal floor, holding them off as long as he could; feeling his legs begin to cramp. He heard Evelyn across from him, heard the shuffling of her chains as she sought comfort which would not be obtained; heard her whimpers of despair.

*At least we’re together. If we’d gone to prison we’d have been split up.* Todd held out hope that both he and Evelyn would survive this and start a new life together on the other end, even if that was ten years from now. He shivered; his cock and balls were chilled from the cold metal seat and he felt sure his penis must now be as small as it had ever been.

Marla’s voice broke interrupted his silent agony, “We’ll be near the DA’s office in another five minutes. If you’d rather go to prison then speak up now and I’ll call ahead and have someone come out and pick you up.” She waited a moment, “You have permission to speak, if you want out just say so.” The smile that spread her lips was one of triumph, when one knows the game is won and the opponent is beaten, with no way out. “No? Want to keep going? Well then, sit back and relax.” She turned the temperature down to fifty-eight.

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Evelyn shivered; the coldness of the van was a mixed blessing. Although it stung at her skin as if were a thousand needles, it was soothing to her much-

abused bottom. *Shit, I haven't been spanked since I was eight years old. She smirked, More of a beating than a spanking. That fucking black bitch and her damn cane.*

She needed to move, change position, but feared moving to a different, and colder, part of the seat. Her husband moved in the seat across from her and she looked up. With time their eyes had adjusted to the darkness and they could each make out the dim shape of the other. She wanted to speak, but didn't know what she would say. *And that bitch would probably stop the goddamn van and come in here with her fucking cane.* She wondered what Todd had thought of her humiliation at the hands of Thomas. *A fucking janitor, with his hands on my tits and groping my pussy!* She had a feeling that wasn't as bad as it could, or would, get. *To have to call him 'Sir'. And thank him for feeling me up.* She wondered if prison may not have been the best choice after all.

Todd watched his wife look at him in the darkness; they exchanged their wordless communiqués and then both sat back and closed their eyes. The van droned on, the air conditioning cycled on and off. It was tedious and chilling boredom, fraught with panic of what may lie ahead.

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Todd and Evelyn jumped when Marla's voice filled the back of the van.

"We'll be there in less than an hour," she said. "Remain quiet; don't speak unless someone asks you a question. And even then keep your answers short, honest, direct and *respectful*. No one wants to hear a couple of babbling white sluts. Avoid eye contact unless specifically told to look at someone. You'll spend a couple of days in holding, being processed, then you'll be assigned to your rooms and duties. Trust me; the accommodations are *much* better than prison."

Even through the small speakers in the back of the van they could hear Marla's superior and taunting tone.

"Remember," she continued, "you chose this option over a longer prison sentence. My advice is to follow orders and make the best of it. But be warned, disobedience and poor performance is dealt with quickly. You've each had a taste of the cane; such discipline will be administered whenever needed." She paused, "Do you understand."

Marla watched the ghostly images in the dark on her small screen, the heads bobbing as they each nodded and replied, “Yes, Miss Marla.”

“Pay attention, remember what you are told, follow orders, be polite and respectful, always. Good luck.” Marla switched the microphone to ‘mute’. She took a sip of water from a bottle, “The man, he’ll be easy. That bitch will have to be taken down a bit.”

The driver nodded, “If you say so, you know more about that end than I do. She’s got some nice titties on her though.”

Marla hung her head and laughed, “Jay, doesn’t Dr. Wilkins always let you have a taste? Huh?”

Jay licked his lips, “He does at that. Dr. Wilkins is a fair man.”

“He is fair,” Marla looked out the window, and then turned her gaze back to Jay, “but I think he likes seeing the looks on those white bitches faces when they get a load of that cock of yours.”

“Yea, I am *the man*.”

“You are.”

## FOUR

Todd and Evelyn swayed as the van turned and the roadway changed to gravel crunching on the tires. They drove a few more minutes before grinding to a halt. Again, Marla's voice filled the back of the van. "We're here, remember what I said."

Bright light filled the van as the side door opened. Todd and Evelyn scrunched their eyes in defense of the sudden brightness. Someone, Marla they guessed, unfastened their restraints from the sides and floor of the van, but their ankle cuffs and hobbles, and wrist cuffs fastened to the waist belt, remained in place.

"Out!" a voice commanded. This new voice was softer, not as hard as Marla's, with a faint accent, but still held an innate power and authority.

Todd and Evelyn shuffled out of the van and walked forward, their heads down, still squinting at the bright daylight. Their bare feet padded across fine gravel as someone pulled them forward by their leashes.

"Heads down. No talking," the new voice ordered.

They were led to a flagstone walkway and as their eyes began to adjust they saw green manicured grass flanking the flagstone walkway. The air was fresh and clean, with a hint of pines and what Todd thought was an ocean-salty smell. *Are we near the coast? We must have driven for three hours.*

His downcast eyes caught the sight of shapely legs in seamed stockings leading them forward. The woman's shoes looked to be expensive black pumps, and the long pencil skirt hugged the body and displayed a shapely derriere. The woman moved effortlessly across the stone walkway in her stilettos.

They quickly ascended a white wooden porch and entered the house. The prisoners' eyes now looked upon gleaming tile. Evelyn guessed it must be the back of the house, the kitchen and laundry areas, but she didn't have time to look as a door was opened and they began their descent into the cellar.

"You'll be in holding for a few days," the voice explained, "indoctrination, physical exams, some basic training and education, and

physical and behavioral modification.”

The cellar seemed to be clean, but the lighting was dim and Todd and Evelyn could see little as they were pulled forward, their bare feet slapping on the cold cement floor.

“Stop,” the voice ordered. “Look up, look at me.”

Todd and Evelyn looked up to see a young, and very attractive, woman. Her perfect skin was coffee-colored, as if someone had added extra cream to their Espresso. Her almond-shaped eyes were topped with long, silky lashes. Shiny black hair was pulled into a bun, giving the young woman a severe aspect to her otherwise beautiful countenance. In her four-inch pumps she was barely taller than Todd’s five-seven, but her diminutive stature did not diminish her authority.

“My name is Paulie, P-A-U-L-I-E, not Polly, like the bird.” She gave a tug on the leashes, demonstrating her dominance, “You will refer to me as *Miss Paulie*.”

Both Todd and Evelyn noticed the rattan cane that Paulie carried in her other hand.

Paulie continued, “I will be your trainer and overseer. There is a lot you will have to learn, and we expect complete obedience and compliance. Look down,” she ordered. “You will not make eye contact with me again until I command it.” She paused as the cellar fell into silence. Her attack came in a sudden vicious fury, cane strokes falling on the thighs of both Todd and Evelyn. “*Yes, Miss Paulie?*”

“Oh, yes, Miss Paulie,” Todd and Evelyn screamed.

“You will politely acknowledge orders, commands, and comments.” Paulie used her cane to prod at Todd’s cock, “Understand?”

“Yes, Miss Paulie,” came the reply.

Although she knew their names, had read their files, Paulie leaned forward to read the name tags on their collars. “Candi and Sissi. Sweet. And appropriate. Those will be your only names from now on. You will respond to those names *only*. You will *never* refer to yourself by that other name.” She moved the cane to probe at Evelyn’s pussy and smiled as the white slave writhed on the end of the wicked reed. “What is your name slut?”

“Candi, Miss Paulie; I am Candi.”

Paulie held the tip of the cane to Candi’s lips. “Lick it, suck it clean. It’s full of white slut.”

“Yes, Miss Paulie; thank you, Miss Paulie.” Candi took the end of the cane between her lips and licked and sucked at it, tasting her own pungent juices.

Paulie laughed, her evil chortle echoing off the cement walls. “Turn around,” she ordered, “in you go.” Paulie used her cane to prod Candi into the small cell behind her.

“Yes, Miss Paulie.” Candi stumbled into the small cell, shuffling along in her ankle hobbles. Paulie jerked her around, removing an eighteen-inch spreader bar from a hook on the wall and fastening it to Candi’s collar. Candi’s hands were then unfastened from the waist belt and the wrist cuffs secured to the other end of the spreader bar. As Candi submitted to her new bondage she surveyed her surroundings. The cell was small, maybe no more than five by eight feet, with rough-hewn stone walls. A thin mattress and one blanket lay on the cold, hard floor.

“You’ll spend the night here,” Paulie said, taking a small bottle of water from a shelf, twisting off the lid and emptying the contents into a stainless steel pet dish on the floor. “Hungry?”

“Yes, Miss Paulie,” Candi replied.

Paulie took a plastic container from the shelf, opened it and thrust a sandwich into Candi’s hands at the end of the spreader bar. “Someone will come for you in the morning.” Paulie turned and left, shutting the door.

Candi was bathed in darkness, total blackness and silence. She’d never felt such isolation. Instinctively she backed up, only two steps before her back hit the cold stone wall. She felt around with her feet, finding the mattress in the darkness and sinking slowly to her knees. Her weight on the mattress made it compress to the floor, so thin and poorly padded it was. She whimpered, but stifled a cry. She was afraid to make any noise, lest she be beaten again. *This can’t be happening. Not really.*

She remembered the sandwich clutched in her hand, so tightly her fingers crushed the dry stale bread and poked a hole through the single slice of thin Bologna. She brought the sandwich to her mouth and then— She jerked at her hands and the restraints. Her wrists were locked eighteen inches from her face; there was no way to get the food to her mouth. For a few frantic minutes she struggled in various positions to eat, to no avail.

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“Love when they do that.” The security guard pointed at the ghostly green-tinged night-vision camera image of Candi struggling with her sandwich. “Cracks me up every time.”

The other guard nodded, “Yea. Whaddya think? She tosses it or eats it? Got five says she chucks it.”

“Nah, that’s one hungry white bitch; she gonna find a way to eat it.”

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Paulie locked Candi in her cell, turned and ushered Sissi into adjoining quarters. Sissi meekly stood, while Paulie outfitted him with similar bondage. Paulie didn’t even reply when he’d whispered, ‘Thank you, Miss Paulie’ for the sandwich. Within seconds he too, was in darkness and silence, stumbling about his cell before collapsing onto the thin mattress, gripping his meager meal in his outstretched hands.

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“Hah, told you so,” Clarence said. The burly security guard turned and held out his hand as Leon slapped a five on it. “Look at that.”

Both guards watched as Candi dropped the sandwich from her hands and then crawled forward, her mouth to the floor in the darkness, searching for her meager meal.

“That’s fuckin’ hot,” Leon said, “too bad she ain’t lookin’ for my cock.”

Clarence smiled, a huge gold tooth gleaming in his mouth. “Patience my brother. Mr. Wilkins always takes care of us.” He turned and glared at Candi eating bread from her cell floor, “We both gonna get plenty of time with that sweet piece.”

## FIVE

“Survival. Self-preservation. Those basic needs quickly override any sense of pride or dignity. Look at her; groveling to eat from the floor.” Albany Wilkins leaned back in her chair and sipped her wine; her eyes locked to the screen display of Candi lapping up pieces of bread from the floor, searching them out in the darkness with her tongue and lips. “Just think what she’ll do in a few weeks for a piece of decent food, an actual bed, a slutty maid uniform to cover her nakedness and to parade before my guests.”

Dr. Carl Wilkins slipped off his reading glasses and folded the book closed on one of his fingers. He gazed at the figure on the flat-screen TV. “It *is* easier when they are convicted felons, facing hard prison time.” He placed a loving hand on his wife’s shoulder, “But you’re right, darling, it’s simply a matter of rearranging the priorities in their lives, changing what matters most to them.” His eyes studied the split screen images of Candi and Sissi in their separate cells. He chuckled to see Candi clutch a piece of bread between her lips and try to chew it without dropping it again. Sissi meanwhile, had retreated to his mattress, curling up in a fetal position, his mouth chewing eagerly on dry bread.

“It’s obvious *she* was the brains of their failed investment firm.” Albany turned her head and nodded to the image of Sissi on his mattress, “*He’s* a natural submissive, just followed his bitch wife to his ruin.”

“I agree; he should adapt quite easily. The woman too, once she realizes there is no hope, other than to yield and submit.”

“Mmm,” Albany curled her long legs under her and stroked her cashmere cowl-necked sweater. “I like that part, when they break, when they realize there’s no hope, that their lives will be better spent as white slaves.” Her finger wrapped languidly around the pearls encircling her neck, “The despair, the hopelessness; when they grovel and beg sincerely. It’s so delicious.”

Carl rose and approached his wife, taking her face gently between his hands. “They will be better for our efforts. We do what we can.” He gently kissed Albany, feeling her lips respond to his. Slowly he broke the kiss and backed away, casting a backward glance to the screen. “I’ll leave

their training to you, as usual.” He smiled, “But I will enjoy using the woman. Yes...”

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Clarence turned and shifted his bulk in the chair as he reached for the paper with the schedule. “Gonna be a long night for you two,” he whispered to himself. The prisoners had both retreated to their thin mattresses, attempting, with limited success, to cover themselves with the small blanket, while their wrists were still secured to the spreader bar attached to their neck. The gold tooth displayed itself as Clarence spread his lips into a wide smile, and his finger reached for the switch, “Wakey, wakey.”

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Sissi jerked awake as the blinding light invaded the small pitch-black cell. He tried to shield his eyes, forgetting his hands were uselessly pinioned in front of him. He turned his face into his shoulder.

In the cell next door, Candi struggled as the light brought her from a fitful sleep.

Both Candi and Sissi tensed, expecting someone to enter their cell; but they were greeted with only silence. They huddled on their mattresses. Waiting. Fifteen minutes later the light went out.

Clarence went for coffee and, according to the carefully planned schedule, turned the lights on again thirty minutes later.

Once more the prisoners were aroused from their slumber, Candi shouting, “What do you want? Huh? What do you want from us? Fuck you!”

Clarence laughed, a deep and joyous laugh from one who enjoys their vocation. “That little outburst gonna earn you some bad time darlin’.” He turned his eyes from the screens and went back to reading his sports magazine.

There were two more light iterations, at odd intervals, all carefully planned randomness, leaving the hapless prisoners with no way to expect when it would begin—or end.

At four-fifteen in the morning Clarence initiated that final torment, pushing the ‘play’ button. “This always freaks out the ladies; let’s see how

you like this.” He watched the greenish form of Candi, sleeping on the mattress.

Suddenly her head came up and she cocked her ears.

Clarence smiled, “Hear that girlie? They’re comin’ for ya.”

Candi was up on her knees now, cocking her head left and right, straining to hear in the blackness of her cell.

Sissi was also up, Clarence noted, but not so visibly panicked as Candi.

Clarence turned up the volume so he could hear the recording as he watched his victims’ reactions. The sounds of crawling insects and scurrying and squeaking mice came over his monitor speakers.

Candi began to whimper and scream; kicking her legs furiously in front of her to chase away whatever she thought was in the dark cell with her.

Clarence laughed and turned down the volume and went back to his reading. The schedule dictated the recording would be left on for another hour. “Like I said,” Clarence took a sip of his coffee, “gonna be a long night for you two.”

## SIX

“Up! Get up. Now!” Paulie lashed out with her riding crop, leaving welts on Candi’s thighs.

Candi struggled to her feet, groaning with the fatigue of a sleepless night and her body wracked with pain from a night on the cold floor. “Stop. Please. Why are you—” The slap knocked her off her feet, bloodying her lip and sending her crumbling back to the mattress.

“No talking.” Paulie hit her again with the crop. “On your feet slut, keep your mouth closed and your eyes on the floor.” She snapped a leash on Candi’s collar and led the crying white slave into the hall. “Stay!” Paulie clipped Candi’s leash to a hook on the wall and went into the next cell to retrieve Sissi.

Her white slaves in hand, Paulie jerked on the leashes, leading her charges down the hallway. “You sluts have a good night’s sleep?”

“N-no... Uh...Miss Paulie. It’s cold. And... And I think there was something in there.” Candi choked back a sob.

“Bet you’d like a room, with a real bed and blankets. Maybe even some clothes.”

“Oh, yes, Miss Paulie,” Candi and Sissi answered.

“Your rooms are upstairs. Real rooms. Those are punishment cells,” Paulie paused, “that’s where you go if you don’t obey, if you don’t perform.”

“Yes, Miss Paulie.”

The sincere contrition in their voices made Paulie smile. She led them through another door; from a cold, dingy cement and stone environment to one of bright fluorescent lights, pale green walls and gleaming linoleum. “You’ll need physical exams and grooming before you are presented to your owners. Not unlike prison.” She turned quickly, noting with satisfaction how both white slaves averted their eyes. “Have you reconsidered? Want to leave here and begin your twenty years in prison?”

Both slaves nodded ‘no’, “Stay, please, Miss Paulie.”

“Good choice.” Paulie took a key and began unlocking the wrist restraints from the spreader bar. “You’ll find it’s not so bad here. Once you adjust.”

Candi and Sissi worked their arms and wrists, enjoying the freedom of movement as Paulie removed the other restraints until the slaves stood totally naked, save for their collars.

“No talking,” Paulie ordered. “Hands behind your back. Do what you are told. Obey. Answer any questions quickly and politely.”

“Yes, Miss Paulie.”

“You,” Paulie pushed Candi through a doorway, “in there.” She closed the door behind Candi and led Sissi across the hallway.

“Hey, baby, we’ve been waiting for you.” The full-figured black woman in the nurse’s uniform snapped her fingers and pointed to the exam table. “Up, you know the drill.”

Candi started to climb onto the table when the slap from the nurse knocked her backwards.

“I didn’t hear a ‘Yes, Ma’am’ slut.”

Candi muttered, “Yes, Ma’am,” as she clambered onto the cold exam table. Before she could put her foot in the stirrup the nurse grabbed her ankle and pushed it roughly in, fastening a leather strap and securing it around Candi’s ankle in the stirrup. The second ankle was also quickly secured and Candi’s legs spread wide. Candi’s arms were spread and her wrists similarly secured until she was completely exposed.

The nurse ran her hand up Candi’s exposed thigh, watching the flesh quiver at her touch. “You *are* a pretty one, and quite responsive. I think you’re gonna be *real* popular.”

Candi stole a glance at the nurse as she turned to gather materials. Candi wondered if she were a *real* nurse or some sort of fetish-clad assistant. The nurse wore a tight, and extremely short white nurse’s uniform. It was cut deep in the front, displaying an impressive cleavage, and so short, the garter straps holding up the sheer, white, seamed stockings were visible. The nurse had a large and round bottom that strained against the fabric on the uniform. Her long red nails and the super-high, white patent stilettos were definitely *not* regulation nurse wear. She shivered, not knowing if it was from the chill in the room or fear of what was to come.

The nurse turned, a chart and blood pressure cuff in her hand, “You will call me Miss Debra. And yes, I’m a real nurse.” She turned so Candi could get a good look at her. “Like what you see, baby? I bet that little slut Sissi across the hall will. I’m gonna have a good time with you two.” She placed the items on Candi’s stomach as she leaned over, her fingers plucking at Candi’s nipples as she licked at the slave’s lips.

Candi shuddered, yet didn’t turn her head away, rather she found her lips parting, waiting for—

“Ha-ha,” Debra backed away. “Not yet, sugar, plenty of time for that. First Doctor Parker needs to check you out.” Debra proceeded to take Candi’s blood pressure, pulse and temperature, noting the readings on a clipboard. “We subpoenaed your medical records, so this is just a quick checkup to make sure you are ready to serve your sentence and be put to work.”

“Yes, Miss Debra.” Candi took a breath, trying to relax and still her anxiety.

“My my, she *is* pretty,” Doctor Parker walked into the room. Unlike the fetish-themed Nurse Debra, Doctor Parker looked every inch the successful, and conservative, female doctor. She wore a simple but well-tailored blue sheath dress, white lab coat and simple, but expensive, black pumps. “I’m Doctor Parker,” she trailed a hand up Candi’s body, starting at the mound of pubic hair and up to the valley between Candi’s pronounced implants. She squeezed each breast, examining the work, “Nice job.”

“Thank you, uh... Ma’am.”

“Open your mouth,” Dr. Parker ordered, and she examined that, and Candi’s eyes, nose and ears. “Looks good. We need to establish your baseline physical health and will be monitoring you over your sentence. You’ll be expected to work hard, and we want to make sure you’re healthy to do that.”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

“Do the blood work,” Dr. Parker ordered Debra. She looked at Candi, “A problem with needles?”

“No, Ma’am.”

Dr. Parker looked at the welts on Candi’s thighs and bottom. “Been having some problems adapting?”

“I sometimes forget to, uh, answer correctly.” Candi winced as the doctor ran her fingernails over the welts.

“Punishments come quickly here. They will hurt, but you won’t be, shall we say, *damaged*.” Dr. Parker stroked Candi’s hair.

Candi relaxed at the gesture of kindness and compassion. Dr. Parker was quite beautiful, with straight black hair and sensuous dark, almond shaped eyes. She looked to be a mix between African American and Oriental, tall, yet with beautiful and delicate Oriental features.

Dr. Parker watched Debra finish the last blood draw and label the bottles. She gently stroked Candi’s welts, “You will have ointment in your room for these kind of things. I seriously doubt they will be the last you receive. The staff here is *quite skilled* in meting out punishments.”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

“You will have a room in the house, with a real bed, much nicer than the punishment cell you spent last night in, but that’s a privilege.”

“Yes, Ma’am, I understand.”

Dr. Parker walked around Candi, standing between the slave’s outstretched legs and slowly pulling on latex gloves. “Are you sexually active?”

Candi scrunched here eyebrows, “Sexually active? When? I mean —”

She screamed when Debra grabbed a nipple and violently pinched and twisted. “Do-You-Fuck-Bitch?”

“Yes, yes, Miss Debra, yes, I have sex.” Candi felt Dr. Parker probing her moist slit and she whimpered.

“Women?” Dr. Parker traced a lazy circle around Candi’s outer lips, using her gloved finger.

“I-I, in college...”

Dr. Parker slid her finger in and stroked.

“Ohhh, yes, yes, in college, for a while. I had a girlfriend. Ohhh...”

“See,” Dr. Parker’s fingers found Candi’s hardening nub and squeezed, “that wasn’t so difficult was it?” She rolled the tender nubbin between her fingers, watching Candi quiver. “And since then? Any other men or women? After your marriage?” She pinched and Candi grimaced. “You *must* tell us everything. Why make this hard,” she began to stroke again, “when we can make this easy, even pleasurable for you.” Dr. Parker nodded to Debra.

The nurse leaned down and licked at Candi's ear, whispering, "You need sex, don't you? Lots of sex. That white slut pussy of yours is just begging to be used." Her hand began to knead Candi's breast."

"Yes," Candi jerked at her restraints, her sexual torment was even more maddening when restrained. "Yes, please, what do you want?"

Debra played with a breast and nipple as her tongue flicked in and out of Candi's ear. "We want you to come, show us how you like it." She moved, poising her lips over Candi's and them claiming them; her tongue pushing its way into Candi's mouth.

Dr. Parker's gloved hand was slick with the wet heat of Candi's passage. As the doctor flicked at Candi's clit the near-delirious woman shrieked and thrust her hips from the table, trying desperately to fuck herself to completion. "That's good," Dr. Parker removed her hand as Debra disengaged quickly from the kiss.

"Very responsive," the doctor stripped off the gloves. "She'll get lots of use. Let's get the device on her." She and Debra laughed as Candi kept thrusting her hips, fucking air.

"No, please, no, don't leave me... Please..." Candi dropped her pelvis back to the table as tears of denial and frustration flowed down her cheeks.

Debra patted Candi's cheek and dried her tears, "You did good, baby. Girl who responds the way you do, you could have it easier here than most."

"Please, I need to—"

She started crying anew when Debra slapped her, but managed to choke out a, "Yes, Miss Debra." Candi felt a cool wetness on her sex, someone was cleaning her. She felt a hand on her hip and raised her buttocks when Dr. Parker told her to 'Lift up'.

Cold metal encircled her waist and she felt a chill on her sex as the steel plate was set in place and the chains pulled between her legs. "What! What are you—"

The next slap was the hardest one yet. Debra grabbed Candi's nipple, pulling it and twisting as Candi screamed. "What the fuck is your problem with talking, slut? You're a slow learner."

"I'm sorry, Miss Debra."

"Not yet you aren't, slut," Debra laughed. "But you will be."

Candi was released and made to stand before a full-length mirror. She cried as her hands explored the new chastity device. Her fingers probed and clutched at the device, until finally she fell to her knees in uncontrollable sobs as her tormentors laughed.

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When Candi had been sent for her physical, Paulie led Sissi Across the hall. Paulie reclined in a comfortable chair, commanding Sissi to, “Kneel, at my feet.”

“Yes, Miss Paulie,” Sissi scrambled to the floor.

“You really are a servile little white slut, aren’t you?” Paulie’s voice held a tone of disgust for the naked make at her feet.

“Yes, Miss Paulie.”

She crossed one leg and let her boot dangle languidly before Sissi’s face. “Don’t speak; I don’t want to hear your worthless sissy voice. Clean my boot, slave, lick the sole clean with your pathetic white sissy-slut tongue.”

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“Sissi seems most compliant and eager,” Albany stirred her coffee as she watched the split-screen images on the television. She turned the ‘mute’ off and the sounds of Candi’s shrieks of pleasure rang out. “And this one is highly responsive and beautiful. If they can be taught the basic domestic skills they could be quite entertaining and useful over the next several years.”

“Sissi does have the potential to become a good sissy-she-male-slut.” Carl Wilkins looked up at the image of Sissi on his knees licking away at Paulie’s boots. “We let the hair grow out, corset figure training and hormones; should look much different in two years.”

“Breast implants?” Albany laughed, “I know how much your friends delight in big-titted white sissy-males.” She crooked her finger and motioned Suki forward. The Japanese sissy-male in the short black and white French maid uniform teetered forward on his six-inch stilettos. Albany reached up to paw a large breast barely contained in the revealing maid dress. “Doesn’t Suki like her new breasts?”

“Oh yes, Mistress, very much,” Suki swooned at Mistress Albany’s attention.

“The breast implants have to be voluntary,” Carl reminded. “We can’t force implants, tattoos or piercings on any of our slaves.” He laughed, “Use, abuse, humiliate and train them to our *exacting standards*, yes. But *they* have to request body modifications.”

“Sweetheart,” Albany worked her hand into Suki’s bodice, found a pert nipple and squeezed, “when have any of our sissies not begged and groveled for big titties and the rest?” She rolled the nipple between her fingers, to the contented sighs from Suki. “It’s only a matter of time, before they find their true calling.”

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“This one’s cleared for service,” Debra kicked a sobbing Candi into the hall. “We’ll see Sissi now.”

Paulie used the sole of her boot to push Sissi’s face away. “Crawl into the exam room. And obey.”

“Yes, Miss Paulie.”

“You!” Paulie snapped her fingers at Candi, “crawl your slut ass over here and lick my boots.”

Candi mumbled a “Yes, Miss Paulie,” through her sobs, and shuffled on her hands and knees to begin worshipping Paulie’s boots.

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Sissi’s cock began to twitch as his eyes roamed from the white patent fuck-me stilettos, up the sheer white stocking legs of Nurse Debra to her garter straps. *OMG, is she really a nurse? Is she really going to examine me?*

“Up on the table, feet in the stirrups, sweetie,” Debra ordered. She started fastening in Sissi as she’d done Candi, “I’m Nurse Debra. Yes, a *real* nurse.” She cinched down the final wrist strap. “The Doctor and I are going to examine you, make sure you are fit to serve. Understand?”

“Yes, Miss Debra.”

She tweaked his nipple, “Aren’t you the polite one?”

“Yes, thank you, Miss Debra.”

“We have your records,” Debra started taking his blood pressure; “we just need to do a quick look-see and take some blood work, to have a

baseline to monitor your health while you serve out your sentence.” She held a large thermometer before his eyes and coated it with lube. “Let me get your temperature.”

He shivered as she poked her finger in his anus and spread around the lubricant.

“Easy, baby,” she placed her hand on his stomach to calm him, “ever had anything back here?”

“N-no, I mean, some medical stuff, but—” He flinched and moaned as a second finger filled him.

“Sweetheart,” Debra leaned down and took his nipple between her teeth, gently nibbling it as he whimpered. She released the tender nub, giving it a sensuous lick before she rose, “You need to relax, baby.” She slid the thermometer in, slowly, “Relax and breathe. Mmm, feels good, yes?”

Sissi closed his eyes and sighed, “Oh, yesss, Miss Debra.”

“We’ll keep it in there a few moments,” she twisted the thermometer between her fingers, watching how Sissi reacted to every small movement. “Good girl,” she stroked his cheek. Debra glanced down to Sissi’s stiffening cock and smiled. *You ain’t seen nothin’ yet, slut. That little white sissy pussy of yours has a lot of black cock in its future.*

Dr. Parker entered from her adjoining office where she’d observed the preliminaries on the video surveillance. “And this is Sissi,” she clicked on a small exam light, “open and say ahh.” She continued her exam, smiling when Sissi moaned as the thermometer was removed. “Draw the blood and then I’ll go ahead and check her prostate.” The Doctor examined Sissi’s breasts, fingering and kneading them, as Debra drew the blood. “You have sensitive nipples,” Dr. Parker said as she stroked and pinched them playfully. “Do you like to have your nipples played with?”

Sissi flushed a bright red and bit his lip, “Yes. I mean... Yes, Ma’am.”

“Finished,” Debra slid the three tubes of blood into the rack.

Sissi watched as the Doctor made a show of slipping her hand into a latex glove and sensuously coating too many fingers with lube.

“There really shouldn’t be any prostate problem with a slut of your age, but we need to make sure.” Dr. Parker nodded to Debra, “Lean her back.”

Sissi felt the table recline as his head fell back onto a padded headrest. Once more he shuddered as a delicate feminine hand probed at his

puckered opening.

“She’s a tight little thing, isn’t she?” Dr. Parker remarked.

“I’m sure the men will like that,” Debra said, as she stood looking down into Sissi’s face, “the first hundred times or so.”

Sissi blinked in surprise, looking up at the sexy fetish nurse as she stepped forward, her thighs now on each side of his face.

“Like the view from down there, slut?” Debra teased.

“Oh, yes, Miss Debra.” The table began to rise and Sissi found himself just scant inches from Debra’s musky, bushy mound. His preoccupation with the delight poised above was interrupted by Dr. Parker’s examination. He felt the fingers enter and jerked as she found the prostate and began her slow strokes. “Ohhhh, ahhh…”

Debra bent her knees, her pussy now grazing Sissi’s nose as she undulated back and forth. “Sniff that snatch, slut.”

Sissi groaned as the twin torments of Dr. Parker’s anal probe and Debra’s pussy made his cock stiffen.

“The prostate seems fine,” Dr. Parker smirked, “if perhaps a little sensitive to manual stimulation.” Her other hand grazed Sissi’s cock, “What do we have here?”

Debra squeezed Sissi’s head between her thighs, “Are you getting a hard-on, slut? Did anyone give you permission to erect?” She heard and felt mumbling between her legs and surmised it was some sort of apology. She released her grip and quickly spun around, now looking back over her shoulder into Sissi’s red and moist face. “Sissy erections are strictly forbidden in the house. No one has a use for that pathetic clitty.”

“I-I’m sorry Miss—”

Sissi’s reply was cut short as Debra planted her ass on Sissi’s face. She rubbed back and forth, “Lick me, bitch!” She closed her eyes and let her head roll back. *Mmm, nothing so fine as a white sissy male tonguing my ass.*

Sissi was lost in a world of sensory overload. Dr. Parker was now stroking both his cock and his prostate, while he floated in the luxurious taste and smell of Nurse Debra’s resplendent bottom. He felt the wet heat from Debra’s slit, her bottom pinioning him to the head rest as she rode him to her pleasure. He shuddered as he ejaculated, and felt Dr. Parker squeezing his manhood, pumping, literally milking him of every last drop. His come pooled in a warm and viscous puddle on his stomach and chest.

Debra rose from her face-seat, grabbed a towel and wiped herself clean, but left Sissi with a damp and sticky face. “Like that, slut?”

Sissi panted for air, “Oh, yes, thank you, Miss Debra.”

“You’re pathetic,” Debra tweaked Sissi’s nipple and then ran his hand down his chest, stopping to collect a finger full of sticky sissy-come which she held to his lips. “Lick, eat this disgusting sissy goo, this house believes in recycling.”

Sissi wrinkled his nose, but opened his mouth, closed his lips over the finger and licked it clean.

“We’re not finished, there’s a bit more.” Debra scooped up another finger of the slime and held it forth. “Really not all that much, then again, it’s about what we expect from a white sissy slut.” When Sissi cleaned her finger she wiped up the last of it, “Finish. On those rare times when you are allowed to come, you will have to eat it *all up*, and show great enthusiasm and appreciation.”

“Yes, yes, I will, Miss Debra. Thank you.” Sissi gasped, and then relaxed, when he felt the warm towels on his cock and balls. His head was raised so he could see the white towels on his loins, and was then alone when Dr. Parker and Debra left the room.

Sissi basked in the silence and the comfort of the warm towels on his cock and balls. *At least they’ve left me alone. Is it going to be like this all the time? Will it get any better?*

He’d lost track of his time, but lurched in his restraints when Debra entered the room and removed the towels, hefting his balls in her hand.

She pondered their condition for a moment and then replaced the now cold towels with a new set of warm ones, once again enclosing his cock and balls in a cocoon of damp warmth. “Need to get these balls nice and droopy,” she teased, “not quite there yet.” Without another word she left Sissi alone again.

*Droopy balls. What does that mean? What are they going to do?* He wiggled his wrists and ankles, but there was no escape from the restraints. He shuddered and closed his eyes.

“I think we should be ready now,” Dr. Parker said as she and Nurse Debra entered the room. She removed the towel, examining Sissi’s wrinkled scrotal sac. “Yes, very good,” she twisted the balls in her hand, getting a good look, “Hmph, pitifully small.” She pulled on Sissi’s cock, “Have you ever satisfied a woman? Really satisfied her?”

“I-I, uh, think so, yes, Ma’am.”

Dr. Parker shrugged. “I think the smallest one,” she held out her hand.

Debra selected a small acrylic ring from the tray, applied lube to it and passed it to the Doctor.

“We know you can erect and ejaculate, obviously, but it’s really not something that will be useful to anyone here.” Dr. Parker worked Sissi’s cock and balls through the ring, twisting and pulling until everything was through and the ring was against Sissi’s body.

The feeling wasn’t totally unpleasant for Sissi, despite a few moments of discomfort in getting the last testicle through the ring. *At least they didn’t cut anything off.* He felt his cock being lubricated and inserted into...*something.*

“You’ve probably already surmised that we are putting a chastity device on you. Unauthorized erections and ejaculations result in punishment. This makes it easier on you, so you can concentrate on your work and duties.” Dr. Parker snapped the padlock with a click of finality. “Give this slut back to Paulie,” She stripped off her latex gloves and dropped them in a receptacle as she left.

## SEVEN

Debra put her stiletto heel on Sissi's bottom and pushed the crawling slave into the hallway. "Dr. Parker says they're all yours, ready to work."

"Hear that my slaves? Time for you to start serving your sentence," Paulie pushed Candi away from her boot as she'd done Sissi. "You both stink, you need cleaning." She stood and started down the hall, "Follow me, crawl."

"See you at your next check-up" Debra taunted as she watched Sissi and Candi shuffle down the hall on their hands and knees.

Further down the hall Paulie ushered the crawling man and wife into a sparse and foreboding concrete room. "Up on the turnstiles," she ordered, "hands over your heads."

Both Sissi and Candi rose to their feet and stepped onto two polished wooden circular platforms. Steel poles rose to the ceiling from the middle of the platforms, which were twenty-four inches in diameter.

"Feet," Paulie snapped her fingers and pointed to the black outlines of feet on each platform. As Candi and Sissi put their feet in the proper positions, Paulie positioned and locked the stocks around the ankles. She then secured each slave's hands to the over-head wrist restraints on the pole behind each slave. Candi and Sissy were now tethered to two rotating Lazy Susan's; their legs spread, their arms tethered above them. She flipped a switch on the wall, standing back to smile as the two slaves began to rotate slowly. "I *do* enjoy this next part." No one spoke and the room was quiet save for the whisper of the rotating platforms and Paulie's stilettos clicking across the cement floor.

Candi and Sissi watched, in increments as they rotated, as Paulie picked up a hose and nozzle and opened a water valve.

"Ready?" The smile on Paulie's face was demonic and she made sure both slaves saw that she was, indeed, going to enjoy this next torment. "You both got rather hot and bothered in the Doctor's office. I see she had to lock up those slut naughty bits. How about I cool you down and clean you up?"

Sissi couldn't catch his breath, he'd never felt anything so stinging cold. He writhed on his pole, in frustration and futility. He started shaking uncontrollably as the icy cold water chilled him to the bone.

The overspray from Sissi was hitting Candi and she was now shaking, from fear of what she knew was coming. She didn't have to wait long; on her next rotation she received a full frontal soaking. She shivered and the shaking of her breasts made Paulie laugh.

"Like that do you?" Paulie concentrated the spray on Candi's breasts on the next three rotations, and then switched to Sissi's groin. For the next thirty minutes she tormented the new felons/white slaves with showers of cold water. She used a long-handled, bristled brush, dunked in a pail of cold, soapy water to scrub down each slave.

"Not so hot and bothered now, are you?" Paulie walked to the wall, turned off the water and flipped a switch, bringing the overhead fans to life. Blasts of cold air now rained down on the hapless slaves who shivered uncontrollably in their restraints. "Let's get you dried off; you have a busy day ahead." Paulie answered messages on her smart phone while the two slaves shivered under the fans until dry.

She released them from the cleaning towers, ordering them back to their hands and knees. "For now you will crawl."

"Yes, Miss Paulie," they answered.

"Very good," she complimented, "you're learning." She circled the kneeling slaves, her stiletto boots clicking menacingly on the cold cement floor. "Manners and obedience will save you much pain and suffering." She gave each slave a quick stroke of her riding crop, "Not that it will save you completely. You *will* be punished here. So I'd recommend doing whatever you can to limit your suffering."

"Yes, Miss Paulie."

"Upstairs there are bedrooms, with clothes, a small bathroom with a warm shower for each of you, and decent food." Paulie stepped forward placing one of her booted feet on one of Candi's and Sissi's hands. "But those things must be earned," she lifted up on her toes, applying her full weight to the slave's hands, "earned by submission, obedience and eagerness to serve."

"Please, Miss Paulie, we can do it," Sissi said.

"Yes, Miss Paulie," Candi added.

“Your new Mistress and Master must see your willingness and eagerness to serve. You must be sincere in your submission, in your obedience.” She stepped off the hands and shrugged. “Otherwise, you’ll spend a lonely naked existence in the punishment cells.”

“We can do this, Miss Paulie. Please.”

“Well, you have ten years to prove it.” Paulie motioned with her riding crop, “Out in the hall, sluts.”

Paulie ushered her charges down the hall, turning them into another small room. “You have ten minutes to eat and use the toilet, and then we put you to work.”

“Yes, Miss Paulie.” Sissi looked around the small room. The walls were white, the floor cold white tile. A toilet and sink occupied one side of the room. Two silver pet dishes resided on the floor.

“Eat, piss, shit,” Paulie looked at her watch, “you have nine minutes.”

Candi clambered up on the toilet and looked away, obviously embarrassed at having to fulfill such a private biological imperative before others.

“Get used to it,” Paulie said, “privacy is one luxury you won’t get much of.”

Sissi crawled to one of the pet dishes and peered in.

“Plain oatmeal,” Paulie intoned, “not very appetizing, but fulfills the body’s needs for fiber and carbohydrates. I suggest you eat as there won’t be anything else.”

Sissi leaned his head down and began to lap up the cold gruel. *She’s right, tastes like crap, but my stomach’s rumbling. I need something.*

He was joined quickly by Candi, who made an ugly face at her first mouthful, but continued to eat. Within minutes both Candi and Sissi addressed their hunger pangs.

When he finished eating Sissi crawled to the toilet and stood. For a moment he fumbled with the device between his legs, pulling it and leaning backward in an attempt to achieve a position in which to relieve himself.

Paulie laughed, “Chastised sissy males sit to pee. Get used to it slut. And use some tissue to wipe the device clean. If you let it get dirty and infected... Well, it could be easier to simply remove it than treat it.”

“Yes, Miss Paulie,” Sissi sat, holding the device and letting loose a stream of piss that resonated in the small bare room. He felt the same shame

in the public display as had Candi.”

“Let me show you how things could be, in case you need a bit more motivation.” Paulie attached leashes to their collars. “We’re going upstairs to the main house. If you fuck up you’ll find yourself back in the punishment cell, for a week.”

“Yes, Miss Paulie.”

She jerked on the leashes, “Crawl, keep you heads down and your mouths closed.”

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The rich pile carpet was a relief for Candi and Sissi’s hands and knees. The hallway they crawled through smelled clean, and of flowers. Candi eyed the rich wood table legs and could easily imagine a bouquet of fresh flowers on the table above.

Paulie stopped them at the entrance to a room and Candi raised her eyes enough to see a pair of black patent heels and black stockinged legs standing in front of Paulie. The right foot moved behind the left and she watched a white petticoat and black dress come into view as the person curtsied. Candi caught a glimpse of white lace gloves on the hands holding out the hem of the maid’s dress. “Madam will be with you in a moment,” a soft voice said. The stranger performed another curtsy and backed out of sight.

Paulie and the two crawling slaves waited in silence.

Soft footsteps across the carpet heralded *her* arrival.

Candi raised her eyes to see shapely stockinged legs and perfect feet tucked into the most exquisite Louboutins.

“These are the new ones.” It was a statement, not a question, and the voice was smooth and cultured.

“Yes, Ma’am,” Paulie replied.

“They seem promising enough,” the voice, Albany Wilkins, was circling them, its owner observing, watching.

Candi and Sissi trembled silently; in spite of all they’d been through in the last several hours, there was something very foreboding and ominous in this new persona. Their dignity and pride were being slowly stripped away; they felt like...*things*. Products. Commodities to be used.

Albany continued, “The woman, Candi, she’s quite orgasmic.”

“Dr. Parker affirmed that,” Paulie said, “she’s quite responsive, and vocal.”

“Talents that can serve her well during her incarceration. Very well,” Albany crossed her arms and nodded approvingly, “continue with their processing. We’ll let you know when we are ready to see them.”

“Yes, Ma’am,” Paulie replied.

Candi watched the expensive heels, and their owner, turn and walk away.

Paulie jerked on the leashes, “That was your new owner, the Mistress of this house, Ms. Albany Wilkins. She, more than any other, will determine your fates.”

“Yes, Miss Paulie,” the two slaves whispered, afraid to speak too loudly in the house.

“Come on,” Paulie walked forward, her white slaves crawling dutifully behind.

They went upstairs, Candi and Sissi clumsily negotiating the stairs on their hands and knees.

“You’ll get better at that,” Paulie laughed, “in a couple of months you’ll be scampering around like a couple of white house puppies.” She led them down the hall, “That’s Ms. Albany’s bedroom on the left, up on the right is Dr. Wilkins’.”

Paulie stopped and led them into a small room two doors down from Albany’s suite. “Kneel up,” she ordered Sissi, yanking his leash.

Sissi rose up on his knees and felt Paulie’s pointed-toe book kicking his knees apart.

“You’ll learn to respond to several commands,” Paulie explained, “kneel-up is one. You too,” she pulled Candi’s leash, “kneel-up.” Paulie walked around the two, “Knees out, your sex needs to be on display. Back straight, head up, eyes on the floor.” She used her crop to tap down Sissi’s shoulders, “Don’t hunch, shoulders down and back. Clasp your hands in the middle of your back.” She stood back to observe. “Not bad. Whenever anyone commands you to *kneel-up* you will achieve this position. *Gracefully.*”

“Yes, Miss Paulie.”

“Both of you, take a good look at this room.”

The room was done in a two-tone paint scheme of pink and dusty rose with decidedly feminine accents. It contained a small single bed and

dresser with mirror, both in white with gold accents. An open doorway led to a small bathroom with a shower, toilet and sink. The dresser contained a tray of makeup and two wigs on Styrofoam heads.

“This is Sissi’s room,” Paulie said. “You will be Ms. Wilkins’ servant and your colors will be pink and white.”

“Yes, Miss Paulie.” Sissi couldn’t imagine living in such a girly and feminized room, *but at least it’s better than the basement punishment cell.*

“Back on your hands and knees sluts, let’s go see Candi’s room,” Paulie pulled them out of the room and further down the hall. She led them into a room similar to Sissi’s but done in black and white. “Kneel up, look around.” She watched as Sissi and Candi fumbled their way into position. “You need to learn to move in and out of your positions gracefully; you’ll be punished for being sloppy or noisy.”

“Yes, Miss Paulie.”

“This is Candi’s room. Your colors will be black and white. You will serve Dr. Wilkins.”

“Yes, Miss Paulie.” Candi observed her room, a very stark black and white color scheme, not as lovely as Sissi’s room, yet in her mind, an improvement over the punishment cell.

“Much better than the punishment cells in the basement,” Paulie stood back, slowly rocking her right boot on its stiletto heel, “yes?”

“Yes, Miss Paulie, much better.”

“And the only determining difference on where you stay, is *you.*” Paulie circled her kneeling slaves, making small adjustments to their kneeling-up positions. “Obey, perform, comply, yield, submit, and you live here. Disobey, shirk in your duties and you go back to the cellar. Understand?”

“Yes, Miss Paulie.”

“You may even find opportunities to earn, shall we say, *special* privileges?”

“Thank you, Miss Paulie.”

“Yes, thank you.”

“Alright, sluts. Let’s get you to work. See if you can earn yourselves a better life, such as it can be.”

# EIGHT

Paulie herded her slaves into Dr. Wilkins' bedroom suite, stopping in the middle of the room. "Sissi, remain in position. Candi, kneel up." Her eyes twinkled as she watched the two perform exactly as she'd commanded. *That's right my bitches, just do what you're told.*

"Look around, Candi. You will be attending Dr. Wilkins in this room, and anywhere and in any manner, he chooses in the house. Understand?"

"Yes, Miss Paulie."

"Over the next few weeks you will learn where he keeps his clothes, how he prefers them hung and folded, virtually every detail required to serve him."

Candi took in the rich and sumptuous surroundings. *Working in here will be a LOT better than those cold cells.* The room was as spacious as the entire living room in Candi's house. *Former house,* she thought bitterly, *everything is gone now, we have...nothing.*

A large king-sized bed of carved mahogany held center place on the far wall, with dressers to match. One corner of the room held a leather wing-back chair, reading lamp and ornate side table. The floor was rich wood parquet, dotted here and there with expensive silk and wool rugs from the Middle East and Orient. Candi could see a manicured lawn and gardens through the window, as well as part of what looked to be a swimming pool. The surroundings spoke of wealth, power and taste. *Well, the Mistress was wearing Louboutins wasn't she?*

Paulie unfastened the leash attached to Candi's collar. "Back on your hands and knees, crawl into the bathroom." She turned and placed her foot on Sissi's hand, "You, stay."

Each slave gave the proper "Yes, Miss Paulie," and followed instructions.

Paulie followed Candi into the bathroom. It too was most impressive, featuring a large Jacuzzi tub and walk-in shower with multiple heads. The floor was exquisite Italian Travertine tile. "Today you will clean the bathroom floor," Paulie said. "You must view each task you are given as

a privilege, to show your devotion and obedience to your new Master and Mistress. While you work you should ruminate on how you came to be here, your criminal past. Use this as an opportunity to rebuild your life anew, dedicate yourself to the simple pleasures of service and obedience.”

“Yes, Miss Paulie.” Candi watched as a toothbrush, tweezers and glass of water were placed on the floor before her.

“Brooms, mops and vacuums are luxuries that must be earned. *Everything* in your life must be earned. Today you will pick up every small particle of debris with the tweezers and put it in the trash can. Clean the floor with the toothbrush and glass of water.” Paulie paused, “What do you have to say to that.”

Candi clenched her teeth and fought back the anger at having to clean the bathroom floor in such a humiliating manner. Yet she knew she was trapped and powerless, and that things could be *much* worse. She knew what Paulie wanted, “Yes, Miss Paulie, thank you for this opportunity to serve and improve myself.”

“Very good,” Paulie’s tone was mocking. She didn’t for a minute believe Candi’s feigned sincerity. *But you’ll mean it one day bitch, someday you’ll thank me for the opportunity to lick this floor clean. And you’ll mean it with every inch of your white slut life.* “Get to work, I’ll be back to check on you.”

Candi picked up the tweezers, squinted at the floor, saw a curly black pubic hair and picked it up with the tweezers. She crawled to the wastebasket, dropped the hair in, and went in search of another.

Paulie watched silently for a few minutes as Candi scurried around the floor on her hands and knees, searching out hairs and bits of dirt and debris. She leaned down, wrapping her hand under Candi’s torso and pawing Candi’s breast. “Good girl, it’s quite a privilege for a white slut.” She squeezed Candi’s nipple and smiled as the slave gasped. “To be on your knees, cleaning up after the Master,” she pinched the nipple again, “such a lucky slut you are.” Paulie rolled the nipple between her fingers, “Say it.”

Candi shuddered as her nipples were so deliciously tormented, “I’m-I’m a lucky slut... Ohhh... Yes, a lucky slut. Thank you, Miss Paulie.”

Paulie released her grip, her laughter filling the bathroom. She tapped the chastity belt over Candi’s heated loins, “That’s right, a lucky slut. Remember who owns you. Get back to work.” She turned and left the room, shutting the door behind her.

“Yes, Miss Paulie.” Candi took a deep breath, blinked her eyes to refocus and began looking for more debris to collect. She heard the door close and felt the silence of the room. “Shit! Shit, shit, shit. Ten years of this?” Her fingers went to her sex, searching for a way in, to no avail. “Fuck!” Her forehead dropped to the floor as she cried, the tears forming dark spots on the rich Italian tile.

“You’re going to clean Madam’s bathroom in the same way. I assumed you heard my exchange with Candi.” Paulie paced down the hallway, her steps quick despite her pencil skirt and stiletto boots, and Sissi struggled hard on his hands and knees to keep up.

“Yes, Miss Paulie, thank you. I’ll do my best.”

“You *are* a pathetic piece of white flesh aren’t you?” Paulie shook her head in disgust. She stopped and turned quickly, Sissi stumbling into her knees. “You’re going to do anything anyone tells you...aren’t you?”

“Yes, Miss Paulie. I-I don’t want any trouble. I...”

Paulie started walking again, “Trouble, and whether you want it or not, has nothing to do with *you*. The next ten years are all about how you serve others, and endure your incarceration. Perhaps you can create something worthwhile of yourself.”

“Thank you, Miss Paulie. I want to.”

Paulie closed her eyes and silently mouthed the words, ‘*Thank you, Miss Paulie. I want to*’. She led Sissi through Albany’s bedroom, straight to the bathroom. On the floor was a glass of water, tweezers and a toothbrush. She turned and looked down at Sissi, “You heard me give Candi *her* instructions, do I need to explain to you?”

“Oh no, Miss Paulie, I know what I must do. Thank you for the privilege.” Sissi leaned forward to plant a soft kiss on the toe of Paulie’s boot.

“I ought to cane you for an unauthorized act like kissing my boots without permission,” Paulie used her crop to leave an ugly red welt on Sissi’s bottom. “But I suppose a sniveling little white whore like you can’t help herself. Get to work, slut.”

“Yes, Miss Paulie.” Sissi picked up the tweezers and went to work.

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Paulie added sugar to her coffee and accepted the ham and cheese croissant offered by Bettina. “Thanks, new slaves give me a headache.”

“Got just the thing for that,” Bettina leaned over the counter and poured a dollop of Jack Daniels into Paulie’s coffee. “Fix you right up. So what are these two new ones like?”

“The woman is actually quite beautiful, but with that uppity rich white bitch attitude.”

Bettina added whiskey to her own coffee, “Not nuthin’ you can’t handle. How many slaves you trained? I mean for everybody, besides Dr. Wilkins?”

“My fair share, and no, these shouldn’t give me any trouble.” Paulie sat back to eye the house cook, and one of her best friends, Bettina, or ‘B’ as she was known about the house. The large black woman had been a valued member of the Wilkins’ house staff for as long as anyone could remember, and many white slaves had suffered as her kitchen help.

“You ever need a break from it all, you just send ‘em to me,” Bettina poured more coffee and Jack into her cup; “I know how to keep white slaves occupied.”

“You’ll get your chance, ‘B’. I know Dr. Wilkins enjoys seeing his white slaves taken down a notch or two as kitchen help.”

‘B’ nodded, “Honey, I’ve taken slaves down so far they got to look up to see the floor.”

## NINE

Candi arched her back and felt a spasm rip up her spine. *Shit, I'll never walk upright again. My back, knees and shoulders are killing me. They can't expect us to do this day after day.*

She shut her eyes, hard, and then opened them, trying to refocus on the floor, see if she missed anything. She'd lost track of time, she had to have been in the bathroom for hours, cleaning the floor on her hands and knees with a pair of tweezers and a toothbrush. The work was grueling and humiliating, but the last thing she wanted to do was *piss off that bitch with the riding crop.*

The door opened and Candi cowered on the floor, afraid to look up, but she recognized the boots before the voice spoke, it was Miss Paulie.

"Hmm," the voice said as the boots circled her and Candi felt the crop poking at her.

"Not bad," Paulie placed her boot on Candi's hand. "Of course you have years of practice ahead of you to perfect this," she stepped harder, "don't you?"

"Yes, Miss Paulie," Candi watched the boot twist back and forth, grinding her hand between the leather sole and the hard tile. She gritted her teeth before her next utterance, "Thank you for the opportunity to serve, Miss Paulie" She hated kowtowing to the demonic Paulie, but she was determined to do whatever it took to get out of those cellar punishment cells and into the bedroom waiting for her upstairs.

Paulie applied a stroke to Candi's bottom, watching the red welt bloom. "You're learning. Good girl. Remember, you're a criminal, and in this house just a slave. Minding your manners will make the next ten years a *bit* easier." *Actually it won't, but we love to see white sluts keep trying harder...and failing.* She pulled her foot away, moved behind the kneeling Candi and kicked her backside, "Crawl, let's go get Sissi."

They made their way down the hall to the bathroom where Sissi labored. He heard them approach, yet kept scrubbing the floor with the toothbrush. The sound of heeled boots on the tile announced the arrival of

Miss Paulie. He watched the boots move around the room as she gave a cursory inspection.

“An acceptable first attempt,” Paulie’s voice was bored, “it appears as though you *are* trying.”

Sissi breathed a silent sigh of relief; the absence of any real praise for a job well done was preferable to the application of Paulie’s riding crop.

Paulie ushered her slaves back down the stairs.

The carpeted hallways and floors were a blessing to Candi’s sore knees. On the way down the stairs she heard a clock, somewhere in the spacious house, chime four times, the last chime lingering, echoing and fading, as Candi’s hopes were fading. *Four in the afternoon, how long was I in that fucking bathroom on my hands and knees? Are they going to feed us? Candi was hungry—and horny. The chastity belt they’d fitted her with wasn’t uncomfortable, surprisingly. Yet she knew it was there, and it was secure. She’d tried, surreptitiously, to pleasure herself with the toothbrush handle in the bathroom, to no avail. The belt had been cleverly designed, obviously for long-term wear and ultimate security. The simple fact that she was now denied sexual release seemed to make her want it all the more. What am I going to be like a week from now?* She looked at Sissi crawling ahead of her, his balls were tight and full against the ring of his own chastity device and she watched it bob between his legs as he shuffled ahead of her on his hands and knees. *Maybe prison would have been better; at least my cell mate could lick my cunt!*

Paulie led them through the downstairs hallways and into a small room off the kitchen.

Sissi and Candi watched as a pair of stout legs appeared before them, thick calves showing beneath a white apron, and sturdy loafers with thick rubber soles filled their vision. Black hands deposited another dog dish of oatmeal before them, along with a larger dish of water between them.

“Eat. Drink,” Paulie ordered.

Candi wrinkled her nose at the oatmeal, remembering those recent days when she could summon an Omelet and coffee from her own maid/housekeeper. Her pride and anger were overruled by hunger and the fear of Paulie’s crop, and she reluctantly lapped up the gruel with her tongue.

Bettina and Paulie exchanged smiles as they watched the husband and wife white slaves eat their meal from dog dishes.

“This is Bettina,” Paulie explained, “she is the cook for the household. You will call her ‘Miss B’. There will be times when you will be assigned to work in the kitchen; you will obey her as you would any other superior black member of this household. She will freely punish you for any acts of disobedience or poor performance. Is this understood?”

“Yes, Miss Paulie.”

Sissi leaned over to lap up water from the communal water dish. He was finding it hard to eat and drink in this manner, and his chin and nose were covered with oatmeal and water. He wanted to wipe it off, but feared to make any unauthorized movement.

Candi and Sissi continued to eat and drink for a few more moments until the food was gone. They both heard the shuffling of feet and hushed conversations around them, and knew they were being watched, and most likely evaluated.

“Come on you two,” Paulie prodded them with her crop, “outside.” She led them through a door, onto a small wooden deck and into the back yard. This part of the yard was spacious, surrounded by tall hedges, and filled with green grass, so well manicured it looked like a billiard table.

The sun felt good on Candi’s naked back and she closed her eyes for a moment, basking in the warmth.

“Over there,” Paulie pointed to a lone patch of dirt in a far corner. “Crawl over there and do your business my pets.”

Sissi and Candi turned to look over their shoulder at Paulie.

“I’m not taking you back down to the basement to go to the bathroom,” Paulie pointed again. “Crawl over there and do your business if you have to. If you need to shit, then dig a hole, shit and cover it up. Go. NOW!” She reclined in a rustic Adirondack chair and watched her slave-pets crawl off.

Candi and Sissi huddled on the patch of dirt, facing away from the watchful eyes of Paulie.

“We’re not fucking animals,” Candi hissed under her breath as she scratched at the barren soil, creating her own toilet. “How long are they going to treat us like this? When do we get to sleep in those rooms she showed us?” She paused to look at her hands and nails, gone were the days of expensive skin creams and manicures.

“They’re just trying to wear us down,” Sissi cast a furtive glance over his shoulder at Paulie as he squatted over his hole. “Just do what they say, for God’s sake don’t make any trouble.” He grunted, relieved at the chance to perform his necessary biological need, yet flushed with crimson shame at doing so in such a public and bestial manner. He backed up and began to shovel dirt back over his excrement. He and Candi finished their business and began to crawl back only to be stopped short by Miss Paulie.

“Wipe!” She waited for a moment as the slaves paused. “Wipe your bottoms on the grass; you can’t come back into the house unclean.” She held up a digital camera, “And look at me as you wipe.” Her laughter reverberated down the yard as she snapped picture after picture of Sissi and Candi dragging their bottoms across the grass.

“Come my pets, “she teased, “crawl here and lick the soles of my boots.”

Once more, Candi and Sissi found themselves on their knees, their tongues laving to lick clean the soles of their tormentor’s boots.

“You won’t be doing any yard work,” Paulie explained, “there is a service that does that. But you will find yourselves outside working at parties in a serving capacity, or as...entertainment. The bottom line is that you must always obey and be productive; your success depends on you being useful to your owners.”

“Yes, Miss Paulie.”

She tapped her boot on Sissi’s face, “You, crawl over here and stand up,” she pointed with her crop to a place on her right side.

Sissi groaned as he stood and received two blows with the crop on his thigh.

“Movements will be executed with silence and grace,” Paulie reprimanded. “Hands behind your head, chest out, head up and eyes down.”

Sissi moved into position; from his place he could see Candi still on her knees, her tongue making long up and down strokes on the sole of Paulie’s boot.

“And you,” Paulie put her boot in Candi’s face and kicked the slave away. “Fetch!” Paulie tossed a tennis ball down the yard. “Go. Now! Fetch!” As Candi crawled down the yard in search of the tennis ball, Paulie reached up and cupped Sissi’s balls. “On your toes slave,” she squeezed when he didn’t go high enough. “Up, I said, get up on those toes!”

Candi came crawling back with the tennis ball in her mouth.

“Here,” Paulie snapped her fingers, “give it here.” She took the ball from Candi and threw it again, laughing as the female slave turned and hustled off after it once more.

Paulie played ‘fetch’ with Candi while Sissi balanced high on his tip-toes, Paulie’s hand caressing and teasing his balls. “These really are so very *useless*,” Paulie playfully slapped the balls, “but I suppose your new owners may let you keep them.” Her fingernail tapped the chastity cage, “But consider *this* locked away for good.”

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Candi moaned as she and Sissi crawled down the cement hallway to the punishment cells. “Noo, please, can’t we go to the rooms upstairs? P-l-e-a-s-e...”

Paulie had kept them on the lawn for forty-five minutes, running Candi ragged with a continual game of fetch, and leading Sissi to cramps in his calf muscles as she coaxed him higher and higher on his tip-toes by punishing his balls. Her answer now to Candi was six quick strokes with the riding crop that had Candi scrambling into the cell, “No talking without permission.”

“Please, Miss Paulie, permission to speak,” Candi bent forward planting kisses on Paulie’s boot, “please.”

“Speak.”

“Miss Paulie, I did everything you asked, cleaned the bathrooms, I ate my oatmeal, I chased the ball. Please, do I have to stay here tonight?” Candi licked at Paulie’s boots, “Please, Ma’am, I’m begging.”

“Yes, yes, you *are* begging. But there were too many “*I’s*” in your plea. Soon enough you will learn that *your* needs come last in this household. You’ll spend the night here; soon enough you *will* beg, and I *will* be convinced of your sincerity.”

Candi gave the boot one last kiss and slowly backed away on her knees. “Yes, Ma’am. Miss Paulie’s guidance is most...appreciated.”

Paulie ignored the kneeling white woman and left the cell, locking the door behind her with a menacing finality. She poked at Sissi with her crop, “In your cell slut.”

“Yes, thank you, Miss Paulie.”

Sissi sat back on the thin mattress on the floor and rubbed his calves, Everything hurt, his back, shoulders, knees and now his legs. He reclined on the makeshift bed and stretched out full-length, risking another cramp. When no cramps came he relaxed and then stretched again, finally relaxing and closing his eyes for a few moments.

He opened his eyes and rolled over on his side. The cell was the same as the night before, bare and cold. He grabbed the thin blanket and wrapped it around his naked body. He reached over and took the plain white bread and bologna sandwich from the cell floor and began to eat. *At least I'm not restrained.* He picked up the bread crumbs from the floor and greedily ate them as well. There was a pet dish of water, and after he sated his thirst he curled up on the mattress, huddling under his blanket. *Ten years of this? It has to get better, it has to.*

In the cell next door, Candi finished her sandwich and used some of the water from the pet dish to clean herself up. She tried to look at her reflection in the side of the shiny steel pet dish, but the visage was distorted and blurry like some fun-house mirror. She ran her hands through her hair. Her fingers slid down again to the chastity device, feeling along its side, probing, searching for a way in. She pounded it with her fist, hoping that some sympathetic vibration might miraculously stimulate her sex. With tears of frustration coursing down her cheeks she crawled onto her mattress and pulled the blanket over her.

## TEN

The slaves were allowed an uninterrupted night's sleep, yet failed to get much rest, despite their exhausted state. The unyielding hard floor beneath the thin mattress and the chill of the cell kept Candi and Sissi moving in a fruitless search for a comfortable position and shivering against the cold. Both groaned when they heard the stiletto heels clicking down the hall.

Once again they were led on their hands and knees to the cleaning room, placed on the turntables and hosed down with cold water as Paulie brushed them clean and laughed at them.

Breakfast was another dish of oatmeal and water slurped from a pet dish before they were allowed their basic toilet privileges.

"Brush your teeth," Paulie pointed at two new toothbrushes one pink and one black, and a tube of toothpaste on the sink. "Sissi, your color in anything will always be pink. Candi, yours is black."

"Yes, Miss Paulie."

Candi looked at her reflection in the mirror and grimaced. She looked haggard; her hair was a mess. *God! What I wouldn't do for a brush, lip gloss and mascara.*

Paulie allowed the slaves to brush their teeth, smiling smugly at Candi's pitiful visage. *Not so hot are you now, bitch? You'll grovel and do anything I want for mascara before I'm through with you. You'll be pretty again, but you'll be doing it to please your Black Masters. And you'll beg to do it.* "Alright you two, down on your knees; this house has work for slaves. We don't give out bowls of oatmeal for free, you need to earn it."

The slaves crawled back through the hallway and up a flight of concrete steps to a basement door that led to the garage. Paulie led them through the spacious three-car garage and out onto the long and wide driveway. She scuffed at the cement with her boot, "This driveway needs to be cleaned today." Paulie stepped on Sissi's hand, mashing it cruelly into the concrete, "And guess who is going to do it?"

"Yes, Mistress," Sissi moaned, "thank you for the opportunity to serve."

“Ha-ha-ha,” Paulie placed her other boot on Candi’s hand, now rising up on her toes to apply her full weight to the slaves’ hands. “Fucking worthless sluts, I treat you like shit and you grovel and thank me for it.” She wiggled her weight back and forth, “And guess what, that’s exactly what you are supposed to do. Wait here my bitches,” Paulie walked away and came back with a box.

“Kneel up, sluts, hands behind your backs.” Paulie quickly secured the slaves wrists behind them with leather wrist cuffs. Their ankles were also similarly bound and hobbled. “You’re going to work on your knees, like yesterday,” Paulie’s feral smile did not bode well for her slaves, “but with a twist.”

Paulie took heavy wooden scrub brushes with stiff, heavy bristles from her bag. She held them before Sissi’s and Candi’s eyes, “Guess where these go?” The brushes had black cock-shaped dildoes attached to them along with leather straps. She pushed the cock against Candi’s lips, “Open up, whore.”

Candi parted her lips, but Paulie thrust the gag in, “I said open-fucking-up.” She jammed the gag in, “Soon enough you’ll be gulping down black cocks, get used to it.”

Pitiful mewings came from Candi’s mouth as the gag was buckled on.

“You,” Paulie turned to Sissi, “open up.”

Sissi opened, but the gag was bigger than he imagined, the large cock filled his mouth. He gagged.

Paulie slapped him, “White sissy-sluts don’t gag, they fucking love cock. Got that?”

“Mmgghh,” Paulie shook his head, trying to fight the panic and breathe.

“Relax,” Paulie said, “calm down and breathe. Trust me, you need the practice, it’s a skill you need to cultivate.” She pointed to the end of the driveway to a large galvanized metal tub, “That’s where you get your brushes wet. I want this driveway clean.” She removed another item from the box, “This is one big damn driveway, these kneepads will save you a lot of wear and tear on those knees. You want knee pads?”

Both Sissi and Candi mumbled through their brush gags and nodded eagerly.

“Yea, well. Tell you what,” she removed two large black butt plugs from the box. “You know where these go, right?” She laughed as her white sluts nodded, their eyes wide. “So, beg me to plug those slut wholes and I’ll put the knee pads on you. C’mon, turn around, show me those whore-holes, wiggle those white sissy-slut asses, convince me you need something big and black fillin’ you.”

None to her surprise both slaves presented their asses to her, wiggling and swaying, begging to be filled. Paulie slipped on a pair of latex gloves, lubed up Sissi and probed at his bottom, “Ever had anything back here, slut?”

Sissi shook his head ‘no’ moaning into his gag.

“Well, this isn’t gonna be the last time, but it’s not as big as what you’ll have to handle eventually. It’s gonna be uncomfortable, but it will be worse if you don’t relax. Breathe. Relax.” Paulie pushed the plug in slowly, back out and pushed again. She slapped his bottom, “Come on, take it, this is how chastised sissy-sluts get their pleasure. Here goes,” she gave it a final shove.

Sissi howled into his gag, but settled down after the plug was firmly seated.

“There, not so bad, huh?” Paulie pushed gently on the plug, “Kinda feels nice to be filled with black cock, huh?”

Sissi moaned, but not such a painful moan this time.

Paulie fastened Sissi’s knee pads and sent the slave shuffling on his knees to the end of the driveway to wet his brush and start scrubbing. She turned her gaze to Candi’s wiggling bottom. “Ever had a cock here?” She shoved a finger in Candi’s ass as Candi nodded ‘yes’.

“Yea, I thought so. Was it Sissi’s pitiful little cock?” Paulie inserted a second finger and stroked.

Candi sighed and shook her head ‘no’.

“Didn’t think so. The little slut wasn’t much for sex was he? Just your rich white bitch meal ticket.” Paulie inserted a third finger, “Bet this feels good with that cunt of your off limits, huh?”

Candi dropped her head to the driveway and moaned as she pushed against Paulie’s fingers.

“Ever had a black cock here?” Paulie smiled as Candi nodded ‘yes’. She lubed Candi’s bottom and slipped in the butt plug. “Welcome home, bitch.” She fastened Candi’s knee pads and sent her off to work.

Paulie adjourned to a lawn chair in the garage, in the shade, with a glass of iced tea as her slaves toiled on their knees, scrubbing the expansive driveway using only their mouth gag brushes. She answered e-mails and texts on her Smartphone, occasionally looking up to watch her slaves. After an hour she reached into her pocket and removed two small remotes. Paulie's eyes twinkled with mischief as she pressed the '1' button on each remote.

Candi yelped and Sissi almost lost his balance as he was bending over the water tub to wet his brush. For a moment the two slaves looked at each other, and then both sets of eyes turned to Paulie.

"Keep working," Paulie ordered, even as her fingers pressed button '4'. The plugs churned, twisted and vibrated on the highest setting, bringing muffled groans from each of the slaves. "You never know when you're going to have to complete a task with one of those slut holes filled. You need to learn to multitask." Paulie pressed '2' and watched as her slaves regained some composure. "Work, there's no lunch for you until this driveway is scrubbed."

Work they did, for another four hours. The gags made drool drip down their chins; it covered Candi's once beautiful breasts.

At hour three a truck pulled up and a yard maintenance crew got out and started mowing, edging and weeding. The crew were all black men and enjoyed watching Candi, her breasts swaying as she shuffled down the driveway on her knees. When Candi bent over to scrub the driveway they all pointed at the black plug in her ass and made lewd comments.

Throughout the four hours Paulie would inflict different levels of anal excitement on her workers, always varying the intensity, frequency and duration.

By the time Paulie finally removed the equipment and made her slaves crawl in for lunch they were exhausted. And humiliated.

Miss 'B' fed them pet dishes of oatmeal with sardines on top "Ya'll need some protein in your diet too," she mocked, and they grudgingly ate, out of both hunger and fear.

After lunch Paulie took them back outside for a toilet break and more pet play, this time making Sissi play fetch while Candi was forced up on her toes.

Both slaves whined when they were taken back inside and made the crawl back to the punishment cells again.

“Tomorrow you are being groomed, to be presentable for household work,” Paulie said. “If you behave tomorrow, if your performance is sufficient to prove you can be properly behaved domestic slaves, then you can sleep in your bedrooms tomorrow night, even have a hot shower.”

“Thank you, Miss Paulie.” Candi and Sissi crawled forward to bathe Paulie’s boots with thankful kisses.

## ELEVEN

They endured the cold cleanings the next morning in stoic silence, gasping for breath and shivering as they rotated and Paulie sprayed them with the icy water. Both slaves hoped this would be the last, and that warm showers awaited them in the future. Candi and Sissi now had a good idea of what life could be like, the worst of it, for the next ten years and were determined to carve out a more comfortable imprisonment for themselves, whatever it took.

Paulie let them walk to the small room for their morning toilet and meager dish of oatmeal. She explained what would happen that day as they knelt on the floor and lapped up their oatmeal. “The Wilkins demand certain grooming and uniform standards you will adhere to in order to work in the house. You will maintain yourself accordingly at all times.”

“Yes, Miss Paulie.”

“Give me any trouble today and you’ll go back to the punishment cells. Endure and obey and you’ll sleep in a bed tonight and have clothes and decent food tomorrow.”

“The ‘Yes, Miss Paulie’ uttered by the slaves was sincere and thankful. Paulie’s smile was smug, *Doesn’t take long for pampered white slaves to learn what they are missing.*

Candi and Sissi walked silently down the hall and back into the area where they’d received their first physical. Two doors down they were led into a similar clinic-styled room. It contained two shortened dentist chairs with extensions radiating out from each. Bright lights positioned on flexible arms were positioned by each chair. Six padded stools lined the wall and there were several moveable trays with their contents covered by white linen cloths.

“Sit,” Paulie pushed each slave toward a chair and the slaves reclined in the padded seat. Paulie pulled out the extension arms of the chair and secured the slaves wrists and ankles until they were spread-eagled and immobile. The chairs did not contain the comfortable leg supports of usual dental chairs, these ending at the buttocks, leaving each slave’s sex exposed.

Paulie laughed at the slave's panicked expressions. "It's not so bad. House slaves cannot have body hair. You have to be smooth and hairless at all times. Today we are going to do that. There will be subsequent treatments like this, at times, but it will be up to you, on a daily basis, to maintain a smooth and hairless body. Understood?"

"Yes, Miss Paulie."

"The girls will be here in a while." Paulie left the room.

*Okay, we're going to be shaved, not so bad,* Candi let out a long breath.

Sissi gazed at the mirrored ceiling, looking at his reflection, secured spread-eagle to the chair, his chastity-enclosed cock on display. His eyes shifted to Candi's reflection, and he took a few moments to study the gleaming steel device covering her slit. The room was quiet, and warm, and he shut his eyes. *I never had a beard or moustache so shaving every day won't be a problem for me.*

Their reverie was broken by the chattering of several young women as the door opened. Candi and Sissi found themselves surrounded by six young black women, all in their late teens and early twenties. They were all dressed as hip, stylish young women and chattered among themselves incessantly as they slipped into white coats, gathered their stools and wheeled over the trays of whatever lay hidden under the white linen cloths. Three girls positioned themselves around each slave. Their hands began to poke and prod as they examined their subjects.

"We're students at Miss Loretta's beauty college," one said to Candi, "we get course credit and extra money for doin' this. Don't even try to remember our names, as it will often be different girls working on you. You're supposed to refer to us as 'Ma'am'," she pinched Candi's nipple viciously, "and you better be fuckin' polite about it."

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Yea, extra money," another said as she flicked Sissi's balls, "and we *like* it too."

"Okay, Miss Paulie told you about bein' smooth and hairless, and that's what we're gonna do, take off all this hair, except for what's on your head. And you're gonna have to keep it that way."

"Yes, Ma'am," Sissi said.

"Thank you, Ma'am," Evelyn said.

One of the girls laughed, "Polite little bitches ain't they?"

The electrical whirring noise startled both Sissi and Candi and they turned in its direction.

Two girls held battery-powered epilators and each one leaned down to look at the slave's armpit. "No hair anywhere," one said. "All gotta come off."

"Yea," added another, "we don't shave or wax, it's mostly pullin' and pluckin'."

Candi grimaced, she dreaded having every hair on her body pulled out. She looked at Sissi's reflection in the ceiling mirrors; *He doesn't know what he's in for.*

Indeed, Sissi flinched as the whirring machine made its course along his armpit pulling out the hairs.

The girl laughed, "Never had that before," she fingered Sissi's name tag, "Sissi?"

"No, Ma'am."

"Well, it's not gonna be the first time. You'll get used to it... eventually."

Two girls attacked each slave, top and bottom with the epilators, casually chatting over the noise of the machines. Another girl went to work with tweezers on the face of each slave, gleefully plucking away, wearing a magnifying visor to find the smallest and finest hairs.

Candi watched in horror as the girl positioned herself and started plucking out Candi's eyebrows.

"Nooo, please, wait," Candi wailed.

The girl slapped Candi's face, "We can do that you know, hit you if you fuck around with us."

"Please," Candi softened her tone, "not the eyebrows, they might not grow back."

"Shit little Miss white bitch Candi, I can pretty much fuckin' guarantee they will *not* grow back. 'Specially after ten years of plucking. Shall I call Miss Paulie to take you back to that shit-hole cell for who knows how long?"

"No," tears flowed from Candi's eyes.

"That's better, don't get uppity on me bitch. Now beg me to pluck out those eyebrows. Say 'Please Miss Diane, pluck out my eyebrows'." She slapped Candi again, "Say it."

Candi took a deep breath and forced a ‘Please Miss Diane, pluck out my eyebrows’ past her trembling lips.

“That’s better.” Diane resumed plucking Candi’s eyebrows until one was completely gone. “Look at it slut. Like that?”

Candi looked at her hideous reflection in the mirror; her eyes now framed by only one lonely brow.

“Well?” Diane hissed.

“Thank you, Miss Diane, will you please do the other?”

All the girls laughed and the chatter continued.

“Geez, Diane, you love tormenting white sluts don’t you?”

“I love it when they get all pitiful like that.”

“I’m gonna have my own white slave someday.”

Sissi watched Candi’s stricken face in the mirror as Diane slowly plucked away the last eyebrow.

“You’ll be required to do this daily,” one of the girls explained. “Slaves must be smooth and hairless.”

“And we’ll be back at regular intervals for more detailed work,” another said.

“The more you do it the easier it gets.”

“Break time,” Diane said, and the girls put down their tools and left the room.

Sissi was glad to be left alone. For more than two hours the girls had worked over Candi and Sissi with the infernal and noisy machines and the wicked tweezers. Sissi swore he could feel every inch of his skin and was glad for the break: silence and no incessant tugging of little hairs from his sensitive skin.

Paulie entered and circled the slaves, running her hands over their legs. “Much better, keep them smooth and hairless.” She slapped at Sissi’s balls, “You too, Sissy, smooth and hairless like a girl, got it?”

“Yes, Miss Paulie.”

“All gone,” Paulie laughed as she ran her fingers over the smooth skin where Candi’s eyebrows once reposed. “You will both draw on eyebrows each morning,” she instructed. “You’ll be given eyebrow pencils with your makeup issue and each morning when you ready yourself for work you will draw on sexy, thin and arched brows.”

“Yes, Miss Paulie.” Sissi nodded as he replied, *Draw on eyebrows? Makeup?*

“The girls will be back in a while, there’s still a lot to do.” Paulie reached into her pocket and produced a key ring. With skilled hands she unlocked and removed the slave’s chastity devices, noting the relief expressed on the slave’s faces. “Bet you’d like to touch yourself,” Paulie teased as she lightly stroked Candi’s sex.

“Oh, yes, please, Miss Paulie.” Candi thrust her hips up attempting to catch Paulie’s finger in her heated crevice.

“I imagine a slut like you needs it every day,” Paulie teased Candi’s cunt and now one of her nipples, watching the slave writhe. “A white bitch like you craves cock, don’t you? Tell me what you are.”

“Yes! Yes! Yes!” Candi punctuated each ‘Yes’ with a hip thrust, trying desperately to fuck herself on Paulie’s fleeting finger. “I’m a cock whore, I need cock.”

“Hot little slut, aren’t you?” Paulie removed her finger and walked across the room to a refrigerator, taking out a handful of ice cubes and returning. “What say we cool down this torrid cunt?” She rubbed an ice cube along Candi’s outer lips, then pushed it slowly in to gasps and cries from Candi. “What’s that? You want more?” Paulie added more ice to Candi’s pussy before slipping two cubes in her anus. She held her cold wet fingers to Candi’s lips, “Better now? Suck.”

“Y-yes, Miss Paulie,” Candi opened her lips and sucked at the fingers that had been toying with her ass and pussy.

“Good girl.” Paulie glanced over at Sissi’s stiffening cock, “This turn you on slut, you like seeing Candi’s holes stuffed?”

Sissi averted his eyes and blushed, “Yes, Miss Paulie.”

Paulie pulled her fingers from Candi’s mouth and wiped them in Candi’s blonde hair. “I’ll be back later when the girls are finished with you. Mind your manners.”

Once more Candi and Sissi were left alone in the room, but not for long.

The bevy of young feminine tormenters returned to their denuding duties.

“Ooh, looky here,” one ran her fingers over Candi’s sex, twirling her fingers in the pubic hair. “I’m gonna love takin’ all this off.”

“Ohhh, noooo,” Candi moaned.

“Shut-the-fuck-up!” The girl slapped Candi. “This will shut you up.”

Candi watched the girl lift up her skirt and wiggle out of her panties.

“Open up whore,” the girl held the panties to Candi’s mouth. “Open.”

Candi grudgingly allowed the panties to be shoved in her mouth.

“Like this? Huh? Like havin’ your nipples played with?” Yet another girl tweaked Candi’s nipples.

“Yth,” Candi mumbled through her panty gag and shook her head.

“Well then,” the girl reached up and pulled down a clothespin on an elastic line. “No reason you shouldn’t have some fun while we strip that white pussy bare.” She rubbed Candi’s nipple, getting it erect before clipping on the clothespin.

Candi moaned into the panty gag.

“Love when they do that,” one girl teased.

Within moments Candi’s other nipple was similarly clipped with a clothespin and now both nipples, and their attached breasts, were pulled upright by the elastic cords attached to the ceiling.

Candi looked at herself in the ceiling mirror and closed her eyes.

Sissi felt the attention turn to him. “Do this slut’s nipples too,” someone said. “Stuff some panties in his mouth,” another said and Sissi quickly found two pair of bikini panties jammed into his mouth. “Suck those clean, bitch; I want to see those sissy cheeks sucking.”

Sissi sucked at the panties as he watched the evil young women perform the same nipple clothespin ritual on him.

The women stood back to admire their handiwork and then assembled into their two teams of three to continue the hair removal.

Hands groped at Sissi’s balls and he whimpered into his gag. Despite the humiliation and the discomfort of the clothespins on his nipples, he found the handling of his cock and ball pleasurable.

“Damn! This is one tiny white cock.”

“Nothin’ I’d ever have in me.”

“I can see why a lot of these white guys get locked up in chastity.”

“I’m gonna chastise my white slave when I get one.”

“Okay,” the sound of a battery-powered epilator startled Sissi, “let’s clean this dinky cock and balls up.”

He winced at the sensation as hair after hair was pulled from his sensitive cock and balls. The more he wailed into the panties in his mouth

the more the women laughed. They seemed to work slower this time, moving, twisting and pulling his cock and balls tight and slowly running the devilish machine over his taut skin. Another worked at his inner thigh, every second another part of his body was attacked.

His distress was lost on Candi who was suffering her own torments. Delicate silken fingers were probing at her sex, even as they ripped the hairs from her. The flood of sensations was too much to bear and Candi stopped fighting and simply sobbed trying to gulp in gasps of air past the panties in her mouth.

“Got yourself a nice pussy here, girl,” the voice said as fingers entered Candi’s sex.

“Yea, think, I’m gonna invite my brothers over to get some it. That is if Miss Paulie ever lets you out.”

“Must be hell to have such a sweet pussy locked up.”

The verbal taunts continued unabated as the epilators churned away, the wicked discs whirling, taking out hair after hair. Those hairs that remained were plucked out with tweezers, sometimes being pulled slowly, making the skin dimple.

“It’s really a nice pussy,” one of the women observed, “we should put it on display.”

“And get some pictures.”

Candi watched herself in horror in the mirror as more clothespins on elastic bands were clipped to her outside vaginal lips, pulling them wide and open.

“Oh yea, look at that.”

“*That* is one righteous piece of white pussy.”

“Like that, baby?” Fingers traced the inside lips, flicking at Candi’s clit and she screamed into the gag.

“Man, I think this bitch really wants to get off.”

“Yea, well better not let that happen, Sheree; Miss Paulie will have *all* our asses. She said we could play with ‘em and tease ‘em; but that’s it.”

“What about you baby?” Unnamed fingers slowly pumped up and down on Sissi’s cock. “You likin’ that? Is it gonna get any bigger, or is this it?”

Sweat was pouring from Sissi’s brow; he was excited and desperately needed to come.

“I dunno, that’s a nice pussy over there, I’m not sure your little white dick was ever worthy of a piece as fine as that.”

“That pussy needs a black cock to make it happy.”

“Enough chit-chat ladies, we need to finish these two. Don’t worry sluts, when we’re through you’ll be baby smooth and hairless. Exactly what your owners want.”

Candi and Sissi’s torment lasted another two hours before the young women packed up and left.

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“Take them to the bedrooms tonight,” Dr. Wilkins swirled the Cognac in his glass, letting it warm from the heat of his hand cupping the leaded crystal. He held up his glass to Paulie, “Kudos, it was a good show.”

“Thank you, sir. The girls from the beauty academy always seem to enjoy it as well.”

“No doubt, young women can be quite cruel,” Albany observed. “In fact, we count on it.”

“I think they are ready to be put into service while we continue their training,” Dr. Wilkins said. “Finish their basic indoctrination tomorrow and have Candi report to me for service the day after.”

“Yes, Sir,” Paulie looked at Albany, “and for Sissi as well, to report to you the day after tomorrow?”

“Yes,” Albany replied, “send me my pretty pink sissy maid.” An evil smile curled at the corners of her luscious lips.

## TWELVE

Paulie returned to the room, put the chastity devices back on Sissi and Candi, and released them from the chairs. She walked them backed to their new rooms. “Dr. Wilkins said you may be taken to your rooms. Remember, any violations, disobedience or poor performance will find you back in the punishment cells. And think about this, if either *one* of you fucks up, you *both* go to the punishment cells.”

“Yes, Miss Paulie.”

She dropped off Candi at her room, telling both slaves, “Be up, showered and kneeling naked in the center of your room by seven a.m., ready to start basic indoctrination and training. Someone will bring you something to eat later; you’ll find bottled water in a small refrigerator in your room. You will remain in your rooms until tomorrow morning; you *are* being monitored. Shower and clean yourselves up. Familiarize yourself with the contents of your bedroom and bathroom. There is a binder on the bedside table, read it. You may put on a nightgown; you will find a selection in one of your dresser drawers. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Miss Paulie.”

She dropped Candi off at her room and led Sissi down the hall to his room. “Do you understand the instructions?”

“Yes, Miss Paulie.”

Sissi sat on the bed in his frilly, feminine pink room, relieved to be left alone in a human position: sitting. For a few moments he enjoyed the quiet stillness, no one humiliating him, no backbreaking work on his hands and knees. The room was well appointed, yet lacked a radio, phone or computer. One wall had a flat screen TV, but there was no remote or way to control it. He noticed a magazine rack and investigated the contents; it contained current issues of *Vogue*, *In Style* and *Bazaar*. *All women’s magazines*.

He walked to the dresser and opened the drawers, going carefully through all the items. The articles were neatly organized, and... *All women’s clothes*. *Do they mean me to dress in women’s clothes? All the*

*time?* He looked at the items on the top of the dresser. The most outstanding items were the two wigs, short pageboy styles, one jet black and the other a shocking pink. He ran his hands through the wigs' hair as he looked at the other items on the dresser, a hairbrush and a mirrored vanity tray containing a full collection of makeup.

The closet drew his interest and he wasn't surprised when he found it contained a variety of pink dresses. *Everything is pink or white.* He didn't bother to closely examine each dress, *I'm sure I'll get the info I need at some point.* There were five pair of shoes on a rack on the closet floor, again they were all women's' shoes, all pink and all high heels of various heights, except for a pair of clear plastic high heels. *Stripper shoes.* He shook his head as if denying that none of what he was seeing was true.

Sissi closed the closet door and stepped into his bathroom. This room was small, but well appointed and clean, decorated once more in a feminine pink scheme. His hands picked up the various bottles of creams and lotions, all feminine products. He shrugged and reached into the shower, turning on the water and smiling as he felt its warmth. The shower contained two small shelves in the corner; one had feminine body lotion, shampoo and conditioner. The other shelf held a black butt plug and a tube of lubricant. A special shower tile below the shelf held the signage:

INSERT PLUG DURING EVERY SHOWER.

Sissi remembered Paulie's admonition, 'You *are* being monitored', sighed, lubed up his bottom and the plug, took a deep breath and inserted the plug. It was large enough to make it challenging, but not so big as to be painful.

He lingered in the shower, using the pink shower puff to lather up a floral-scented body wash and clean himself. When he stepped from the shower he used a fluffy pink towel to dry himself and combed his hair with the pink brush in the bathroom.

Sissi padded into his bedroom and removed a pink, lacy nightgown from the dresser drawer. He held it in front of him as he looked at himself in the mirror. *Looks like it's this or naked.* He shrugged and slipped the dainty sleepwear over his head. *At least I'm not naked.*

He padded over to the bed in his naked feet, curled up on the pink coverlet, and opened the binder he found on the nightstand.

Candi did much the same as Sissi, giving her room, the dresser and her closet the same cursory inspection. She noted the shoes in the closet, despairing at the lack of anything other than high heels. She pulled one out and slipped it on her foot, nodding at the good fit. *At least they got my size right.* Whereas everything for Sissi was pink and white, everything for Candi was black and white.

She stood in front of the dresser and ran the brush through her matted hair while she looked at the selection of cosmetics on the vanity tray. *That's an improvement, I sure as shit wouldn't have access to that in prison.*

Candi luxuriated in the shower, after impaling herself with the plug on the shelf. *It's not the biggest black thing I've had in my ass.* She let the warm water run over her, working up a rich lather and inhaling the floral scent of the body wash. Her hands ran the bubbles over her breasts, sensuously cupping them in her hands and then capturing her nipples between her thumb and the edge of her hand. She sighed as she closed her eyes and dropped her head back, the water cascading down her breasts. Her right hand slid down her body, tracing a warm, wet line down her stomach, as her hand probed at—*FUCK!*

She pounded the shower walls with her fists. *They can't keep me locked up! Why are they doing this?* Her wet soapy fingers searched for entry to the horrendous chastity belt, to no avail. Candi slowly folded herself to the shower floor, crying as the water cascaded over her.

When she finally stepped from the shower she dried herself with a large, white Turkish cotton towel and used the salon-quality blow dryer on her hair. *I guess I should be grateful for some of these small luxuries.*

She combed her hair, noticing the lack of eyebrows. *Shit.* Back in her bedroom she curled her eyelashes, put on mascara and lip gloss, and drew on eyebrows with the supplied eyebrow pencil. She noted that all the cosmetics were of good quality, as was the black nightgown she slipped on from the dresser drawer.

Candi looked at herself in the mirror. *Okay, this is better than that shithole in the basement. Maybe it won't be so bad.* Her fingers tapped the shiny steel chastity belt, *Except for this.* As did Sissi, she took the binder from the nightstand and began to read the house rules and her duties.

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Later that evening Candi and Sissi were brought food by the other house maid, Suki, who wheeled a cart down the hallway, delivering a tray of food to each room. The sissy-male-maid in the scandalously short French Maid's dress and sky-high stilettos handed a tray to Sissi, "Remember to be kneeling naked in the center of your room tomorrow morning. You must turn off your lights and be in bed by ten."

Sissi took the tray, already salivating at the smell of real, warm food. He looked at the maid, trying to determine if the creature before him was male or female. "Are you a...a prisoner here as well? Are you serving some kind of sentence?"

"I am Suki, a house maid, and yes, I am a convicted felon and serving a sentence."

Still, Sissi could not discern the gender. "Are you a...uh, male?"

Suki delicately lifted the hem of his dress with his white, lace-gloved hands, displaying a chastity device similar to Sissi's. "I am a sissy-male house-maid." Suki turned and pushed the cart down the hall to deliver Candi's meal.

There was an envelope on the tray of food and Sissi opened it to read the note inside:

DO NOT EXPECT ROOM SERVICE FOR MEALS. TOMORROW YOU BEGIN YOUR TRAINING TO LEARN THE DUTIES YOU MUST PERFORM. BE READY IN THE MORNING AS INSTRUCTED. WHENEVER YOU ARE IN YOUR BEDROOM YOU MUST WEAR THE CLEAR HEELS.

Sissi folded the note and slipped it back in the envelope. He looked around the room. *Are they watching me? Now? Sometimes? All the time?* He walked to the closet and removed the clear plastic high heels. He found, not surprisingly, they fit. With hesitant steps he teetered across the room to enjoy a decent meal.

Candi received the same meal and note, easily slipping on the heels and prancing back across the room. *Okay, they're not Manolo's, but at least I'm not crawling on my hands and knees.* She wolfed down the rather pedestrian meatloaf, mashed potatoes and green beans as if she were lunching with girlfriends at a chic sidewalk café.

Candi considered Suki as she ate her meal, wondering if the lithe and cute Japanese maid was male or female, *she* certainly looked female, with her trim waist and ample rack, but Candi couldn't be sure. She shrugged and washed down her meatloaf with a drink of water. Candi lifted

her nightgown to gaze again at the chastity belt. *If I could get this damned belt off I'd fuck Suki, whatever the hell 'she' is.*

## THIRTEEN

Seven a.m. found Sissi kneeling, naked, in the center of his bedroom, his hands clasped behind his back and his eyes on the floor. The clear plastic high-heeled slippers were on his feet.

Paulie entered the room; he recognized her walk, her presence and the black boots she wore. She led Candi, who crawled behind her, tethered by a collar and leash held in Paulie's gloved hand.

She circled Sissi, positioning Candi next to Sissi, "Acceptable. You're wearing your bedroom heels; that's appropriate, you should always have them on in your bedroom."

"Yes, Miss Paulie," Sissi said.

"Up," she commanded.

Sissi struggled to his feet.

Paulie snapped her fingers, "Back down."

Sissi sank back to his knees and settled into position.

"A house slave rises gracefully, silently. At every moment of your life both of you are now an extension of this household, a reflection of the professionalism and obedience we strive to instill." She slapped Sissi's thigh with her crop and slapped Candi in the face. "You are always being watched, being evaluated. You must move, walk, work in such a fashion that if anyone took a picture of you at any time it would look polished, artful. Do—you—understand?"

"Yes, Miss Paulie, I-I believe so," Sissi replied. Candi merely nodded, still reeling from the face slap.

"It would be best for you, Sissi, to try and forget any lingering male mannerisms you may have. You must think of yourself only as a maid, a servant. Make your gestures graceful, smooth and feminine. Such behaviors are pleasing to the Master and Mistress of the house."

"Yes, Miss Paulie, thank you."

Paulie walked to the corner of the room and sat in the only chair. "Crawl over here and clean my boot," she flexed her foot, exposing the sole of her boot.

Sissi and Candi crawled forward only to be stopped and ordered back into their kneeling positions by Paulie.

“No,” Paulie said, “stay low, keep your backs concave, not arched like some misshapen camel. Slink, like a cat. Remember, your every move must be a picture.” She snapped her fingers, “Crawl, my sluts.”

For the next twenty minutes Paulie made Sissi and Candi crawl, each time stopping their progress to make some adjustment, and ordering them back into position to begin again. “When you walk, stand, bend over, kneel, crawl and sit, it must be graceful, yet sensual and alluring.

Suki appeared at the open door and curtsied to announce his presence.

“Up, Candi,” Paulie ordered. She turned to Suki, “Take this one to the kitchen.”

Suki curtsied to acknowledge the command and walked down the hall, Candi scurrying behind.

“Have you ever worn women’s clothes?” Paulie asked Sissi.

“Uh-uh... No... I mean, well, last night, the pink nightgown...”

She slapped him, “The pink nightgown, *Miss Paulie.*”

“Yes, I’m sorry, forgive me, the pink nightgown, Miss Paulie.”

“Never wore your wife’s panties? Played dress-up in your Mommy’s closet when you were a little boy? Hmmm...? Do *not* lie to me.”

“Yes, Miss Paulie.”

“Yes to what?”

“A couple of times, Miss Paulie. I... I put on one of Evelyn’s bras, I \_\_\_”

Paulie slapped his face, “There is *no* Evelyn, there is only the house white slut Candi. Say it, ‘Candi is a white slut’.”

“Candi is a white slut.”

“Again.”

“Candi is a white slut.”

“And what are you?”

“I am...,” Sissi struggled to think what he’d been called, “the house... Ssissy maid?”

“Very good. So Sissi liked to try on Candi’s bras? And panties as well, maybe?”

Candi blushed and a corner of his eye glistened with an impending tear. “Yes. I wanted to try one of her high heels, but it was too small.” The

tear traced a line down his cheek, his shame was total. “It was only one time Miss Paulie, really.”

Paulie reached out to wipe away the tear; her voice softened. “It’s alright Sissi, now you have permission to dress all girly. This will be your life now; you have to get used to it. We will help turn you into an obedient and productive sissy maid. Isn’t that what you want? Isn’t that better than going to prison?”

“Yes, Miss Paulie, thank you.”

Paulie turned slightly to nod to the corner of the ceiling, knowing that the security guard Leon would make sure the recorder was active. She brushed Sissi’s cheek. “If that’s what you want then you need to ask for it, beg for it in fact. Beg me to turn you into a feminized and obedient sissy maid. Or ask me to send you to prison.”

“No, no, please,” Sissi’s voice choked back a sob, “this is what I want, to be here, to be trained to serve the house as a... A sissy maid.” His eyes swept the room, “To live all...girly and dress in women’s clothes and be a—a sissy maid. Please help me. Train me? Please?”

Paulie reached forward, grabbing Sissi’s nipples, noting how he stiffened at first and then nearly swooned as she gently twisted and pinched the tender buds. “You have such tender little girly nipples, you like that don’t you?”

“Oh, yes,” he whimpered.

“Sissies liked to have their nipples played with. I am satisfied with your begging and will grant your plea to turn you into a sissy maid.” She rolled the nipples between her fingers. “Begging is a skill I advise you develop and hone. Master and Mistress, and the other house staff, take great delight in seeing white slaves beg.” She released his nipples, “Stand up. Gracefully.”

Sissi rose as smoothly as he could.

“Better, but there *is* a lot of work to do.” She walked to the dresser, opened a drawer and pulled out a bra, “Time to get our new house sissy dressed.”

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Candi followed Suki through the house. She was naked, save for her collar and clear heels, and envied Suki’s elegant French maid uniform. Her eyes

were affixed to Suki's swaying bottom as it undulated with each step of 'her' black patent stilettos. Black, seamed fishnet stockings adorned the maid's shapely legs. A faint smile played at the corners of Candi's lips, *If I'm to be used as a sex object, little Suki here could certainly be my type.*

Suki led them through the house and into the kitchen. She stopped and curtsied as Bettina turned to inspect the visitors to her kitchen.

Candi tried to emulate Suki's curtsy, delicately spreading her arms in lieu of lifting the hem of a dress she did not wear.

Bettina nodded at Suki, "You can go," and watched the feminine she-male elegantly leave the room. She eyed Candi, "Know your way around a kitchen, girl?"

"Yes, Ma'am, I do."

"All the house slaves, even that pretty Suki, pull kitchen duties." Bettina walked to Candi and grabbed a smooth breast in her hand. She squeezed and smiled as she watched Candi's knees flinch. "Better get used to that, all house slaves get felt up and groped." She kneaded the tit in her hand, "And I imagine you'll get more than your fair share. You're a pretty thing with nice titties."

"T-thank you, Ma'am."

"And now you can get your white, slut ass over to that sink and do the breakfast dishes. Finish that and you can have somethin' to eat. You'll find gloves and dishwash soap under the sink." Bettina slapped Candi's bottom with her large hand sending the white slave stumbling forward on her high heels, "Go on, girl, get to work."

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"Fasten it in front and then pull it around," Paulie said. "Arms go through the straps. Adjust your titties."

Sissi looked at the pink bra that now encircled him. He tried to pull the sparse cups up over his nipples but Paulie slapped his hands away. "No! This is a balconette bra, your titties will sit on a shelf as it were, with your nipples exposed. All your bras will be this type or will have cut-outs for your nipples." She pushed and prodded until Sissi's little man-boobies were prominently displayed. "There, look at yourself, that's how it is supposed to be."

Sissi looked at himself in the mirror, the pink satin and lace bra held up his tiny breasts, the nipples exposed and vulnerable.

“Ever seen one of these?” Paulie held up a long, white open-bottom girdle.

“Not for a long time, Miss Paulie. My mother and my aunt, I remember them wearing something like that.”

“It *is* decidedly retro, but you will be required to wear one for daytime and often for evenings, when you aren’t in a corset. You *will* always be in one or the other when working.” Paulie handed him a pair of nude, seamed stockings, “I recommended always putting on the stockings first; it’s easier than trying to get them on when you’re girdled or corseted.” Paulie sat him in the chair and instructed Sissi on how to roll the stockings up his leg.

“Pay attention to all of this,” Paulie said, “you’ll have to dress yourself every morning and you *will* be punished for uniform violations.” She helped Sissi wiggle into the girdle and then showed him how to secure it with the hook and eye closures and the side zipper. Finally she schooled him in attaching the six garter straps to his stockings.

“Oh yes,” Paulie traced her hands down Sissi’s waist, “this gives you a much more pleasing shape. How does it feel?”

Sissi felt his new and slimmer waist, “It’s tight.”

“It’s supposed to be, in fact this one is probably tighter than one a woman might wear, but that’s by design. Slip your heels on and walk for me.”

Sissi held onto the chair for balance and slipped his feet into the five-inch clear heels.

“Walk,” Paulie ordered, “across the room and back.”

Sissi walked shakily across the room, now impeded by both the high heels and the long, tight girdle.

“Stop,” Paulie ordered. “Each slave in this house has their own assigned distinctive persona they must adopt and exhibit at all times. Suki is the beautiful she-male, poised, polished and perfected, sweet and demure. She is a true she-male, with breast implants, some reconstructive surgery and hormone treatments. But she also still possesses what is left of a now-useless penis, a reminder of what she once was. Candi will be the white slut, the whore, and her uniform and mannerisms, once she learns them, will indicate her slut status to all. You, my dear, are the feminized male, the

sissy maid. While you will be dressed in pink frilly finery, all will know you for what you are, a sissy-male. Your walk and mannerisms must reflect that.”

“Yes, Miss Paulie.”

“Hold your upper arms to your sides,” Paulie pressed Sissi’s arms close to his side. “Bend your elbows at forty-five degrees, your lower arms out away from your body.” She stood back to observe. “Yes, good. Now let your wrists go limp, very sissy-gay. Yes, that’s it. Look in the mirror, that’s your default sissy posture.”

Sissi saw himself in the mirror in the girdle, stockings, bra and heels, his arms and hands now displayed in a limp-wristed display of uber-sissiness. He nodded, silently.

“Tushie out,” Paulie picked up her crop and delivered a hard blow to Sissi’s girdled fanny. “Stick that ass out. Tittles out, tummy in, shoulders back and down, don’t hunch. You’re a sissy-slut, displaying yourself. You want to show everyone your titties and ass when you walk.”

Paulie chuckled at the sight of the feminized male before her. “You look pathetic, which is exactly what we want. Really sweetie, can you see yourself in the mirror? Can you imagine yourself in prison? How long before you were someone’s cell bitch? A day? Two days? Certainly within a week you’d be a well-used prison bitch. Trust me, you will be used here, but I can guarantee it won’t be as bad as prison. Okay, remember the arms and hands, the tiitties, tummy and tushie, and *now* show me how a sissy-maid walks.”

Once again, Sissi made his way across the floor, trying to remember all the components of his new *walk*.

“That’s how you are to walk at all times, or to stand. You will also be taught other postures as you need them, but concentrate on your sissy walk for now. One final item for the walk,” Paulie added, “take tiny steps, barely one foot in front of the other. The tight girdle is already causing some of that on its own, but you need to develop the proper sissy-mince. Strive for tiny steps, focus on your posture. Walk.”

Yet another time, Sissi strived to please Paulie by doing his best sissy walk across the room.

“This will help,” Paulie took a pair of ankle cuffs and a hobble chain from the closet and fastened them to Sissi’s ankles. “This is a twelve-

inch hobble; you will wear this the first month and it will get shorter each month until eventually you will take short, tiny sissy steps naturally.”

“You will wear this today,” Paulie handed Sissi a pink satin maid’s dress with white lace at the collar and shoulders. “Put it on, pull it over your head.”

Sissi pulled on the dress, noting how low cut it was in the front.

“Everything is for a reason,” Paulie said, “never doubt that we have thought about each and every aspect of your life.” Her hand reached into the low cut bodice and quickly found a nipple exposed by the balconette bra. “You *will* allow this, anyone may have access to you.”

“Yes, Miss Paulie.” *The bra that exposes my tits and nipples, the low cut dress, she’s right, there’s logic, a reason to everything they do.*

“Sit, here at the vanity.” Paulie switched on an expensive lighted/magnifying makeup mirror. “Every morning you will inspect and pluck out any hairs. Your eyebrows have been plucked clean and you will keep them that way. Do the same for any other facial hair. At various times your owners will arrange for other hair removal treatments.”

“Yes, Miss Paulie.”

For the next hour Paulie instructed Sissi on how to draw on thin, high and arched eyebrows, apply foundation, blush, lip and eye makeup. She finished by showing Sissi how to put on his pink pageboy wig. White gloves and rhinestone earrings finished the picture.

“Go to your closet and put on the lowest pair of pink heels,” Paulie said. “You’ll find three pair, four-inch, five-inch and six-inch. For the first couple of weeks you will wear the four-inch pair as you get acclimated. Eventually you will wear whatever your owners desire.

Sissi rose from his vanity seat and did his best to sissy-mince to the closet and change his heels.

“Look at yourself,” Paulie ordered.

Sissi saw a different person looking at him from the mirror, a feminized creature exploding in pink satin and lace. The wig and made-up face deemed him hardly recognizable from his former self.

“This is a typical daytime look,” Paulie explained as she tied a white lace apron around Sissi’s waist. She stood back, “Give me a curtsy, Sissi.”

Sissi actually smiled as he bent his right leg and settled into his best curtsy, his white-gloved fingers spreading out the hem of his pink sissy-

maid dress.

“Such a good girl,” Paulie patted him on the head.

Sissi didn't know why, but a feeling of warmth filled him at being called Miss Paulie's 'good girl'.

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Candi's eyes went wide as Paulie led Sissi into the kitchen. For a moment she stared, fixated on the creature in pink. Then the realization flooded her, the frilly pink sissy before her was her husband, Todd. *No, not Todd, he's... She's Sissi now.*

“Well, that is one fine lookin' sissy-maid.” Bettina stepped forward to lift Sissi's dress and look at the chastised cock. “Hafta to check to see if this one is even carryin', she looks so girly.”

Sissi curtsied, “Thank you, Ma'am.”

“What do you think of our new sissy maid?” Paulie asked Candi.

“She's very... Uh, feminine and sissy, Miss Paulie.” Candi was aware of her nakedness with three other clothed people in the room. *There's clothes and uniforms in my room, am I ever going to get to wear them?*

Bettina placed two pet dishes of oatmeal on the floor, “Eat.”

Paulie and Bettina adjourned to the nearby breakfast nook to enjoy a cup of coffee as they watched the two new white house slaves get down on their hands and knees to lap up their first meal of the day.

After the new white slaves had lapped up their gruel and had a drink of tepid water from the accompanying water dish they were separated. Suki took Sissi to begin training in household domestic duties while Paulie took Candi back to her room.

“You need to get dressed,” Paulie said, “so you can start your training with Sissi.”

“Thank you, Miss Paulie.” *Jeez, at last, some fucking clothes.*

“You will notice that your uniforms are different from those worn by Suki and Sissi. As I explained to Sissi, each slave in the household has their own persona. Surely you noticed that, in the very sissified way that Sissi is dressed compared to Suki's more refined and elegant maid couture.”

“Yes, Miss Paulie, I did notice, especially Sissi how he, uh, I mean *she* looks so... Well...*girly.*”

“That’s by design,” Paulie smiled, “as I told Sissi, everything about your lives is now done for a reason.” She reached into the closet and removed a scandalously short and low cut maid’s dress and held it out. “Candi is going to be the house slut, a whore. Your outfits will reflect this, as should your demeanor.”

Candi blanched at the idea of being the house *whore*, even if she didn’t understand exactly what it meant.

“Show me how a slut-whore walks,” Paulie ordered.

For a few brief moments Candi froze, unsure of how a whore should walk. Images of cheap streetwalkers from movies and television flooded her mind. Still naked, wearing only her clear, high-heeled slippers she put one hand on her hip and swayed her way across the room, exaggerating her hips and sticking out her breasts.

Paulie laughed out loud, “Actually that’s not too bad. It seems our former country club lady-who-lunches has a bit of the whore in her.”

Candi blushed and looked away, “Yes, Ma’am,” she whispered.

“Your clothing will help you get into character. Everything is a combination of short, tight and low cut. You will receive a weekly schedule of what to wear and you will wear it as sluttily as you can. Your makeup will also enhance your whore persona, you will wear false eyelashes every day.”

Candi groaned inwardly, dreading spending hours each day as a heavily made up whore.

“Trust me, the more you adopt and exhibit your whore-ness, the easier life can be for you here. The same goes for your partner-in-crime, Sissi, who is expected to be a sissified, feminized male. Learn your roles, execute them flawlessly, and perform all your duties as instructed. *Obey*. Ten years in this room, with clothes, or back to the basement punishment cells—or prison. The choice is yours.”

She didn’t know why, but Candi fell to her knees and planted kisses on Paulie’s boots, “Thank you, Miss Paulie, thank you.”

“Then let’s get this whore dressed and put her to work.”

## FOURTEEN

Paulie led Candi to join Sissi and Suki in the living room. Sissi turned and took a moment to realize that the slutty French maid before him was actually his wife, Evelyn/Candi. Candi wore a scandalously short black maid's dress that displayed the tops of her black seamed, fishnet stockings and the garters holding them up. Her feet were shod in black patent stilettos with pencil-thin five-inch metal heels and sharp pointed toes. The tight maid's dress was cut so low that Candi's breasts risked falling out at any moment. Her blonde hair was teased and big, and Candi's makeup was suited more for nighttime glamour than that of a household domestic.

Paulie stood back and slowly rotated her high heel as she smiled and observed the three white slave-maids. "Yes, I think this is exactly what your Mistress and Master have in mind: demure, whorish and sissy." Her gaze moved from Suki to Candi to Sissi as she spoke the words. "Remember your character and role. Suki will spend some time acquainting you with your duties. Listen and obey her. She *is* a slave, same as you, but you *will* obey her. Trust me, she will report any problems and you *will* be punished."

She fixed her eyes on Suki, "Bring them to the Master's study at five." Paulie turned and walked from the room as Suki curtsied and Candi and Sissi immediately followed her lead.

"Remember to curtsy," Suki said, "whenever a superior enters or leaves a room you are in, or when you enter or leave a room that contains a superior. And right now everyone in the house, except for me, is to be considered a superior."

"Yes, Miss Suki," Sissi said.

"You don't have to address me like that," Suki replied. "Just respond yes or no."

"Have there been others?" Candi asked Suki. "I mean, like us. We've only seen you, was there someone, anyone, before us?"

Suki looked away, "I need to acquaint the two of you with your duties." The demure maid floated gracefully on her stilettos from the room with Candi and Sissi in tow.

“The cleaning materials are kept here.” They were in a utility room just off the kitchen. Suki pointed to the two baskets on a shelf. “You each have your own basket of cleaning supplies you will carry with you as you move about the house performing your duties. It should be easy to tell which basket is yours.”

“Yes,” Sissi reached out and pulled the pink basket with the lilac lace trim from the shelf.

Candi rolled her eyes as she grabbed the basket finished in a leopard print with black leather trim. *The whore’s basket.*

“Keep your basket filled with the supplies, which are kept in here,” Suki pointed to two large cabinets. “You’ll be punished if you have to leave your cleaning duties to come back and re-stock, so make sure you have what you need before you begin each day.”

“So, we clean all day? Every day? The same rooms?” Candi pulled up on her dress, trying to keep her breasts from spilling over.

“There is a schedule,” Suki pointed to the laminated plastic card in each basket. “It may change from day to day. Miss Paulie tells me what card to place in your basket each day. And you will do what is on the card.”

Both Candi and Sissi removed the cards and glanced at them.

“Of course,” Suki continued, “you will come here, collect your supplies and begin your cleaning duties *only* after you’ve finished your personal service duties and have been dismissed.”

Candi’s eyes narrowed, “What personal services?”

“Each of you will also be a personal servant,” Suki turned to Sissi, “you will serve and attend to Mistress Albany. Candi will serve Master Carl.”

“And what does that involve?” Candi placed her basket on the floor and crossed her arms.

“Master and Mistress will train you on what they desire in a personal servant. Really,” Suki explained, “it is a privilege to attend Master or Mistress.”

“So why don’t you? You’ve been here longer than us.”

Suki nodded, “I have attended both Master and Mistress, and others in the household, and may again in the future.” He smiled, “But Master and Mistress have chosen *you*, and you must submit, serve and obey.” Suki paused for a moment, “Pick up your baskets and follow me; I’ll start training you on your household domestic duties. Remember to carry your

basket and walk in character.” Suki led them from the room and back into the main house.

As the trio walked away Candi had one hand on her hip, her buttocks swaying and her mouth open, her tongue flicking at her lips. Sissi held his cleaning basket daintily in one hand while the other was in a ‘sissy-arm’ position.

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The clock chimed at half-past the hour in Master’s study. “Kneel up and wait,” Suki said, “do not make eye contact, answer questions simply and directly. Watch your manners and be respectful.” He quietly walked from the room and shut the door.

Candi and Sissi were relieved to be kneeling. They’d been on their feet the last six hours, dutifully following Suki from room to room, learning how to dust and polish, how to precisely arrange the magazines on the coffee table and a myriad of other tasks specific to each room. Suki made them curtsy as they entered and left each room, to practice performing the necessary ritual while wearing their uniforms, heels and carrying their baskets. The amount of information and detail they were required to digest was overwhelming. Candi shook her head, *These people must be totally anal or OCD.*

Sissi struggled throughout the day, obviously not used to wearing heels.

“I know it’s hard,” Suki said, “but you will get used to it. You really need to try and maintain your character and walk at all times.”

“Yes, t-thank you,” Sissi groaned, but his feet and calves were screaming sheets of pain.

Candi obviously fared better in the heels, but even she wasn’t used to hours of housework in five-inch stilettos. The dress bothered her more than the wretched footwear and she continually struggled, vainly, to cover herself.

“Stop fidgeting with your uniform,” Suki advised. “It’s that way for a reason, so you are exposed. A white house slave has no shame.”

Neither Candi or Sissi even balked at being referred to as a white slave; they’d heard it so much in the last days that they seemingly accepted the sobriquet.

And now they waited in Master's study, blissfully kneeling on a luxurious carpet. The only sound was the ticking of an expensive looking clock on the fireplace mantle. The clock ticked away the minutes. And they waited.

Both flinched when they heard the door open and footsteps approach: the heavy footfalls of a male and the lighter ones of a woman. Candi caught the scent of a woman's perfume; she couldn't identify the brand, but it smelled exquisite, and expensive.

Following Suki's advice they remained still and avoided eye contact, but watched the two settle into chairs, the woman crossing her leg to the rustle of expensive stockings, a designer heel prominently displayed on her foot.

"Crawl forward and kneel up," the man's voice said. It was a deep mellifluous voice, tinged with a hint of the islands, yet refined and educated.

Candi and Sissi fell forward and crawled on their hands and knees, stopping at the feet of Mistress and Master and then kneeling up.

"I am Dr. Carl Wilkins," the man said, "your new owner, and this is my wife, Albany. You will refer to us as Master and Mistress. You may look at us."

Sissi lifted his head, his eyes traveling from the python-print high heels of Mistress, up her legs to the taupe skirt that fell just above the knee. The light glinted from a large diamond ring on her coffee-colored finger. Her hands were delicate, her nails perfectly trimmed and polished. She wore a jacket matching the skirt with a white silk blouse, opened at the neck to show just a hint of décolleté. She was beautiful, and he tried not to stare. Her skin was perfect, not a blemish in sight and the same coloring as those delicate and feminine hands. Her lips were full, her eyes dark and piercing, with just a hint of almond shape. Sissi couldn't imagine being in the presence of such a Goddess and serving her every day. He averted his eyes and whispered, "Mistress," which brought a smile to Albany's lips.

If possible, Candi was even more enthralled with Master; he loomed above her like an ebony God. His white Egyptian cotton dress shirt had the top three buttons opened, giving a glimpse of his massive pecs. His head was shaved and seemed to gleam as if oiled or lighted by the sun shining down from Olympus. Massive, yet refined, hands, *with a manicure* she noticed, poked from the sleeves of his shirt. His muscled torso tapered

to a narrow waist, belted by a custom-made alligator belt. His black eyes held her captive until she blushed and looked away.

“Eyes on the floor,” Master said, and his white slaves averted their eyes. He turned to his wife, “What do you think?”

“Actually I find them more acceptable than I’d initially thought.” She cocked her head as she examined Sissi, “At least in appearance and their deportment, so far.” Albany flexed her foot, exposing the sole of her shoe, “Clean my shoe, Sissi, lick the sole.”

“Yes, Mistress,” Sissi shuffled forward, extended his tongue and began to lick the sole.

Master and Mistress shared a smile.

Master Carl leaned forward to stroke Candi’s cheek, “You really are quite lovely.”

“Thank you, Master.”

His finger brushed her lips and they parted. Slowly he probed her soft and yielding mouth with his finger, feeling her lips close over the strong digit. “Yes, quite lovely.” He slowly removed his finger, wiping it on Candi’s neck and smiling as she shuddered at his touch. He sat back in his chair. “Have you ever cheated on your husband?”

Candi’s head snapped up and then she remembered to avert her eyes. “What? Have I ever—”

“Answer the question,” Albany didn’t raise her voice, but the authority, and the threat, was there.

There was a moment of uneasy silence before Candi replied, “Yes, Master.”

Sissi started to turn and speak but was stopped by Albany’s command of “Lick!” He continued to lavish his tongue-love on the sole of Mistress’s high heel.

“And how many times,” Master continued, “have you forsaken your vows of marital fidelity? Once? Twice? Many?”

Candi closed her eyes and bit her lip, pausing, but eventually providing an answer, “Many times, Master.”

“Mmm,” Albany wiggled her shoe, “hear that Sissi, it seems we chose the right character for Candi. A slut, a whore.”

Sissi numbly nodded, being blindsided by Candi’s admission of cheating during their marriage.

Master continued, “And were any of these lovers men of color? African-American, Hispanic, Asian?”

“Yes, Master, African American and... Uh, Mexican, I mean, Hispanic.”

Sissi licked at Mistress’s shoe, but his attention was focused on Candi’s tales of adultery.

“And where did these many, interracial liaisons occur,” Master continued to probe, making his white whore confess every sordid detail. “In your marriage bed?”

“Yes, Sir... Master, in my bed, at hotels, clubs.”

“You really are quite the little slut,” Albany phrased it as a comment, not a question. She reached forward to pat Sissi consolingly on the head, “Poor baby, it’s a wonder she ever had anything left over for you.”

“Show me your breasts,” Master Carl ordered. “Pull down your dress and bra, cup your breasts and lean forward. Offer yourself to me.”

Candi’s ‘Yes, Master’, came as more of a shudder as her shaking hands pulled at her dress and spilled her creamy, full breasts into her waiting hands. She suddenly felt no shame, only an unquenchable heat welling in her and a desire to please.

Master’s fingers lightly brushed over Candi’s nipples. The slave’s gasp and shivers at his touch brought smiles to both Master and Mistress. “Did you enjoy those other cocks?” He pinched the nipples, noting Candi’s moan, “those cocks from your black and Hispanic paramours, did they satisfy you?”

“Oh, yes-s-s, Master,” Candi leaned forward, offering more of her bosom to Master.

“And now that slut pussy is locked away,” Albany’s voice held a mocking, sing-song quality, “denied all manner of cock.” She glanced down at Sissi, who continued to lick away at her shoe, *Such adorable white slaves, we’re going to enjoy these two.* “I wonder; what would our slut Candi do for a cock now?”

“Oh, anything, really, anything, Mistress.”

Albany’s eyes narrowed, “Perhaps you will, we will certainly see—in time.”

Master Carl squeezed Candi’s nipples, rolling the tender buds between his thumb and forefinger. He watched her flinch, but hold her position, her shaking hands still offering him her breasts. *Oh how those*

*white tits will suffer in the dungeon.* “We are going to make you crave black cock, to obsess about it, to want it above all other things in your life.”

“Oh, Gawd,” Candi sobbed, “I do now, Master.”

Master cruelly mauled Candi’s nipples, making her shriek. “Do *not* lie to us. *Never* lie to us.” He relaxed his grip and wiped up the tear flowing down Candi’s cheek, “But you *will* crave black cock. Soon you will beg for it.”

“Enough.” Mistress Albany pulled her shoe away from Sissi’s lips.

Sissi relaxed back on his haunches. His mouth and jaw ached from the constant shoe worship, but he felt himself lucky that no one was abusing his nipples. Part of him couldn’t believe he’d simply knelt there and licked at a woman’s shoe, *Mistress’s shoe*, while his wife confessed multiple acts of infidelity over years of marriage. *Well, if the marriage wasn’t over after the trial it would never have survived the prison sentence, but what about here, together in this house...*

Albany picked up a bell and gave it three quick shakes. Within moments the clicking of stilettos heralded the arrival of Suki. “You may take these two away,” Albany said, “have them ready for service tomorrow morning.

“Yes, Mistress,” Suki curtsied, staying low to clip a leash to both Candi’s and Sissi’s collars. When he rose, Suki gave a short bow to Mistress and Master, and then turned and led the crawling white slaves from the room.

## FIFTEEN

Once outside Master's study Suki gave the leashes a tug and commanded, "Up!"

Sissi and Candi rose to their feet.

"Remember your walks, always be in character," Suki said. He led the white slaves down the hall, Candi doing her 'slut walk' and Sissi mincing along with his 'sissy arms'.

The slaves were put back to work for another two hours before they were taken back to the kitchen, where Miss "B" served them dinner from their pet dishes.

After their meal the two white house slaves cleaned the kitchen under Miss B's watchful eye, both submissives receiving liberal swats with a heavy wooden spoon to their back sides when their performance lagged.

By the time Suki led the slaves to their bedrooms both were exhausted and ready to crawl into bed "You will be awakened at five-thirty," Suki said, "be cleaned, dressed, and made up by six-fifteen and ready for a day of service." Suki left each slave in their room, shutting the door.

Candi wiggled over to the small bench in front of his makeup vanity and sat, sighing as his shoulders dropped. He reached down, removed his high heels and flexed his aching feet, *My God, how do women walk in these day after day? Am I really going to have to wear these the next ten years?* He shuddered at the thought. He stood and began to remove his clothing, remembering to carefully hang the pink satin maid's dress in the closet. His arms struggled to release the bra closure behind his back. The greatest feeling came when he undid the multiple garter straps, rolled down the stockings and wiggled his way out of the restrictive open-bottom girdle. *A shower, I really need a hot shower.*

He entered his feminine bedroom, toweling himself off from his shower when a voice startled him, "Sissi, weren't you told to always wear your high-heels? Put on the clear bedroom slippers. Do it now."

The voice was that of an authoritative black man, but not Master Carl. It came from speakers hidden somewhere in the room. *There must be*

*cameras as well. Will I always be watched?* “Uh, yes, uh, Master.” Sissi rushed to the closet to find his bedroom heels.

“Sissi, remember your walk, didn’t Miss Paulie tell you to stay in character?”

“Uh, oh yes, Master,” Sissi changed his stride to his mincing sissy steps and sissy arms as he reached into the closet to retrieve the heels.”

“Good girl,” the voice said. “You will address me, and the other black men in this house, as ‘Sir’, only Dr. Wilkins will be called *Master*.”

“Yes... Sir. Thank you, Sir.”

“Why don’t you put on something sexy for me, Sissi? You do want to please the black men in this house, don’t you?”

“Oh, yes, yes, Sir.” Sissi wiggled to his dresser and opened drawers until he found a frilly pink nightgown. He stood and turned slowly, holding out the nightgown in his outstretched arms to his unseen observer. “Is this pleasing, Sir?”

“Very nice, Sissi. If you always think of pleasing your black superiors your life will be much easier. Put it on, but do it sexy.”

“Yes, Sir.” Sissi tried to move sexy and grind his hips as he slipped the sheer nightie over his head.

Leon switched his microphone to ‘mute’ to cover his laughter as he watched Sissi bump and grind on the monitor. “Damn, that is one pathetic white fuckin’ sissy.”

“I hear that,” Clarence, the other security guard said as he watched Candi on his own monitor. “But wifey here, now that’s one fine piece o’ white pussy. Dr. Wilkins said we all gonna have some of that.”

Leon switched his microphone back on. “That’s very nice Sissi, now strike a sissy pose and model for me, turn around.”

“Yes, Sir.” Sissi put his hands on his hips and slowly turned in his clear high-heels.

“Good girl,” Leon said. The compliment ‘good girl’ was to be used constantly, both to provide positive reinforcements for correct behavior by Sissi, and to get ‘Sissi’ accustomed to being referred to as a ‘girl’. “Why don’t you put on your wig and some lipstick and mascara and then you can read for a while before bed.”

Sissi had just cleansed and washed his face in the shower and dreaded applying yet more makeup, especially without assistance, but he nevertheless obeyed. “Yes, Sir.” Sissi sat at his vanity, pulled on his wig and

tried to remember how Paulie had helped him with the mascara that morning.

Leon and Clarence laughed when Sissi poked himself in the eye with the mascara brush. “Shit, they always do that the first few times,” Leon laughed.

Sissi had to use a cotton swab to clean the mascara that smudged when he did his lower lashes, but finally finished. He fared better with the pink lipstick and the face in the mirror looked back at him with sexier eyes and lips than before.

“You may sit in the chair and read,” Leon commanded.

“Yes, Sir,” Sissi wiggled over to the chair and sat.

“Cross your legs, let your shoe dangle,” the voice commanded.

With his knees crossed, the short nightie exposed Sissi’s chastity device.

“This is your quiet time,” Leon said, “you may read.”

Sissi picked up a fashion magazine from the table by his pink-tufted chair and began to thumb through pages of articles on clothes, fashion and beauty.

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In her own bedroom, Candi stripped off her clothing and reclined on her bed, staring nakedly at the ceiling. Her hands found their way to her sex, only to be thwarted by the chastity belt. *Shit! I can't believe this shit. It's fucking medieval.* Candi’s hands clenched the bedspread in frustration. *Take this Goddamn belt off me and I'll show you what a slut I can be, Master Carl. I'll give that black cock of yours a ride it will never forget.*

She closed her eyes and visualized the Master; she’d slept with black men, had affairs, but never with a man like *him*.

“If you’re gonna lay there slut, then play with those big ‘ol titties.”

Her eyes opened wide as her head came off the bed. She glanced around the room, but she was alone.

The voice spoke again, “C’mon, play with those titties, show me what a white whore you are.”

Candi’s eyes darted around the room, but found nothing out of place. *Someone’s watching me. More fucking surveillance.* She lay back and brought her hands to her breasts. Denied any pleasures between her legs,

the stroking of her breasts made her shudder with pent-up delight. She cupped her breasts, lifting them up, and letting her fingers graze the soft, pink flesh. One finger of each hand swiped over each nipple, a delicate touch, but one that made her mew in delight.

Clarence shook his head, “Man, that is one hot fuckin’ bitch.”

“Damn straight,” Leon agreed. “Dr. Wilkins did hisself good with these two, one white sissy maid and one white fuck-whore.” His lips split into a wide smile that displayed two gold front teeth, “Can’t wait ‘til this year’s Christmas party.”

“Pull on those nipples,” Clarence ordered. “Really grab ‘em, pull ‘em out and twist ‘em.”

Candi took each nipple between a thumb and finger and pinched, pulling the nipples away from her body and twisting them. She gasped.

“More,” Clarence ordered.

Candi moaned as she abused her nipples more.

“Bet you’d like a nice, big black cock, huh, slut?”

“Oh, yes-s-s,” Candi moaned, “I need cock.”

“What kind of cock?” Clarence teased. “Work those nipples, slut.”

Candi grimaced as she abused her nipples even more, “Black cock. This slut needs black cock.”

Clarence muted his microphone and leaned in to Leon, “Yea, she gonna get plenty o’ that.”

Candi writhed on the bed, moaning and mauling her breasts and nipples.

“Look in the nightstand, slut.”

Candi rolled over, releasing the hold on her breasts and pulling open the nightstand drawer. She reached in and removed a large, very realistic black cock-shaped dildo.

“There’s some black cock for ya’,” Clarence said. “Suck on that while you play with yourself. Do it, now. Put on a show for me; show me how you can make black men happy.”

Candi took a deep breath and pulled a wisp of hair away from her face. She paused a moment, smiled, and licked slowly up the length of the dildo. “Take this belt off me and I’ll *show* you how I can please a black man.” Her tongue circled the bulbous head of the dildo.

“Only the Master can release you from the belt, and he’ll only do that after you show what a good and obedient white slut you can be. Now,

put on your little sex show for me, suck that cock and play with them titties.”

Candi narrowed her eyes, *I'll show them what a slut and good little whore I can be. I'll get this belt off if I have to suck every cock in the whole damned house.* She kneeled up on the bed, shook out her hair and ran her right hand seductively up her right side while she licked and kissed the cock, providing it sensuous foreplay. Her hand caressed her breast and then she began to finger her nipple as before as she slid the cock all the way into her mouth, until the faux balls were snug against her chin.

“Shit man!” Clarence reached over to slap Leon’s arm. “Lookit this white bitch. That’s a pure black cock-whore if I ever seen one.

“Sissi,” Leon keyed his microphone, “play with your titties while you read.”

“Yes, sir,” Sissi used his free right hand to caress his left breast, toying with the nipple.

Leon and Clarence sat back and enjoyed the show of the two white prisoners and domestic slaves.

## SIXTEEN

When the alarm went off at five-thirty, both Candi and Sissi awoke to the glow of the flat screen TV on their wall. They'd both noticed the device when they inspected their rooms and furnishings, but found no remote for the TV and the controls on the TV itself were covered and inaccessible. But now the device had come to life and displayed the message:

Good morning white slave. Be dressed and made up by six-fifteen. Stand in the middle of your room and wait. When someone arrives for you, curtsy, say 'Good Morning' and hand them your leash.

There followed on the TV screen detailed clothing and makeup instructions for Candi and Sissi.

Candi rolled her eyes in annoyance. *Is this what it's gonna be like? Being watched and told what to do every minute of every hour?* She walked away from the bed, storming off to her small bathroom to shower when the 'voice' returned.

"Sluts don't walk barefoot in the house. Remember your character. You have been assessed six punishment strokes." Leon chuckled to himself, *Yea, and you gonna earn a lot more by the end of the week.*

Candi issued a silent oath under her breath, turned and sashayed to the bed in her slut-walk, slipped on her clear stripper heels and wiggled her ass into the bathroom. *This is bullshit.*

Sissi stood by the bed rubbing the sleep from his eyes and reading his morning message. He started to walk to the bathroom and then stopped, slipped his feet into the heels and did his best to sissy-strut to the bathroom.

Leon sipped his morning coffee as he watched Sissi mince into the bathroom, with his limp-wristed sissy-arms. *Yea, ten years of this and you'll spend the rest of your life as a sissy-fuck-toy Mister finance man.*

At six-eighteen Paulie opened the door to Sissi's bedroom and entered. Her right hand held a black leather leash attached to Candi's collar, who trailed

meekly behind.

Sissi did his best to curtsy, still unsure of himself in heels and extended his leash to Paulie, “Good Morning.”

Paulie ignored the proffered leash and instead tugged on Candi’s, “Turn around. Display,” she ordered.

Candi turned on one of her wicked five-inch spike heels and lifted her dress. Her garter belt and black seamed stockings neatly framed six red welts from Paulie’s cane.

“Stand up,” Paulie commanded, and Candi returned to a standing position behind Paulie.

“This is what happens when you don’t obey,” Paulie said. “Punishments are assessed. They can be rendered on-the-spot,” she tugged on Candi’s leash, “as I did to this slut this morning, or they can be saved for the weekly punishment session. Get it in your minds, right now, that your life needs to be one of *total* obedience and service.” She took Sissi’s leash and led the slaves from the room.

The trio walked silently through the house in the early morning. Candi caught the delicious aroma of coffee from Miss B’s kitchen.

Paulie stopped in front of the door to Mistress Albany’s bedroom. She unclipped the leash from Sissi’s collar. “You will attend to Mistress Albany until she dismisses you, then you will report to Miss B in the kitchen. Wait here until she summons you with the bell. Enter, curtsy and say ‘Good morning’, then follow her instructions. Obey. Serve.”

Sissi curtsied, “Yes, Miss Paulie.”

Paulie led Candi down the hall, positioning her in front of Master Carl’s door and issuing the same instructions.

Miss Paulie walked down the stairs and the white-slave-prisoners were left alone, standing in their high heels in the quiet hallway.

Sissi tried not to fidget, but the pink wig he’d been instructed to wear that morning itched his scalp. He had no clue how he would endure it all day and night. He’d struggled that morning with the girdle and stockings and the instructions specified he wear a bra that was filled with rather ponderous faux breasts. His feet were in the usual pink patent four-inch heels and he’d fastened the pink leather ankle cuffs affixed to the twelve-inch hobble chain. He wiggled his fingers in the elbow-length white, satin gloves.

While he still had problems dealing with the logistics of dressing as a girl, *a sissy* he reminded himself, the makeup posed the most challenges. He poked himself in the eyes that morning with both the eye liner and mascara, and smudged the mascara on the lower lashes, taking three attempts to coat them. The lip gloss was somewhat easier, not much different than applying lip balm when on ski trips. Yet Paulie hadn't made any negative comments, simply giving him a quick visual once-over and perfunctory nod.

Down the hall, Candi's black-gloved arms pulled at the hem of her scandalously short black maid's dress. Her ample breasts threatened to spill over the low cut top, as she had been forbidden to wear a bra in her special uniform instructions of the morning. She shifted her weight in the wicked, pointed heels with the five-inch thin metal heel. She thought about the voice in her bedroom the night before, telling her that the chastity belt *might* be released if she could only demonstrate to Master what a good white slut she was. *You want a slut? I'll show you a white slut.*

The white slaves waited in silence, occasionally hearing stirrings from the main floor below and the rhythmic ticking of the imposing grandfather clock at the end of the hall.

When Sissi heard the muted bell from the other side of the door he turned and faced the door. He ran his hands up his gloved arms, smoothing the fabric and straightened the tiny white apron around his waist.

Sissi opened the door and entered the room, closing the door quietly behind him. He took two small steps forward, stopped and curtsied, "Good morning, Mistress." Remembering his encounter with Mistress and Master in their study, he avoided eye contact.

Mistress Albany snapped her fingers, "Over here, girl, let's have a look at you." She smiled as he minced forward in his small sissy steps, his gloved arms held out in his 'sissy arms' posture. "Model for me," she commanded, "hands on hips, feet together, quarter turns."

Sissi brought his feet together, put his hands sexily on his hips and pivoted, stopping briefly at each quarter turn.

"Hmm," Mistress mused, "not bad, *acceptable* for a first day, but there *is* room for improvement. You *do* want to become a proper sissy-girl, *don't you?*"

"Oh, yes, Mistress," Sissi curtsied, "I do, thank you, Mistress."

She snapped her fingers and then pointed to the nearby chair, “My robe.”

Sissi bobbed a short curtsy and minced to the chair, returning with a long chiffon robe held in his outstretched arms.

Mistress Albany had risen from her bed and was standing, looking beautiful in a long cream-colored nightgown. She turned and allowed Sissi to slip the robe on her. “Kneel, kiss my feet.”

Sissi knelt and brought his lips to Mistress Albany’s exquisite feet.

“Don’t slobber, I want light, feather kisses, but I want to feel your love and adoration with each kiss.” Mistress looked down on the white sissy-male giving homage to her feet. *Right where you belong...for the rest of your life.* “Your kneeling was sloppy. That’s six punishment strokes. In your room, at night, you will practice kneeling and rising fifty times each night until you can do it in a manner that pleases your black superiors. You may acknowledge.”

“Yes, Mistress. Thank you, Mistress.”

“Up,” Mistress commanded, “follow me.”

Sissi followed Mistress Albany into her large and sumptuous bathroom.

“Remove my robe, hang it on the hook on the door,” Mistress ordered. “Help me off with my nightgown.”

Sissi followed each command, carefully avoiding any eye contact, especially now that Mistress Albany was completely naked. He kept his eyes downcast focusing on her beautiful ankles and feet.

“Warm towels are in there,” Mistress Albany pointed to a glass door built into one of the walls, “Be kneeling with two warm towels in your outstretched arms when I step from my shower.” She turned, adjusted the water temperature and stepped into the shower.

“Yes, Mistress,” Sissi whispered as he bobbed a curtsy in return. As Mistress showered, Sissi removed the large warm and fluffy towels from the heated towel warmer. He knelt on the rug on the bathroom floor and waited in silence. *Warm towels every morning. Mistress Albany certainly enjoys a glamorous and pampered lifestyle.*

Within minutes the shower stopped and Mistress stepped forth. She took the top towel and turned with her back to the kneeling Sissi. “Dry my back, bottom and legs.”

“Yes, Mistress,” Sissi unfolded the towel, knelt up and began to dry Mistress’s back. He averted his eyes as he proceeded downward to her round and full bottom. Mistress Albany seemed to ignore him as she dried her hair and front. She spread her legs, allowing Sissi to dry her inner thighs and his hands literally shook as he performed this very personal service.

“Pay attention,” Mistress said over her shoulder to her submissive sissy-maid. “These will be your routine duties each morning. Learn them well and perform them to perfection.”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Hang up the towels and come assist me with dressing,” Mistress dropped her towel in Sissi’s arms and turned and walked back into her bedroom.

When Sissi entered the bedroom, Mistress was sitting in her dressing chair.

“Pay attention and learn where my different articles of clothing are kept,” Mistress ordered. She commanded Sissi to retrieve a bra, garter belt, stockings and panties from her dresser, telling him where to look and what items she desired.

Sissi carried the items reverently to Mistress, trying his best to kneel gracefully before her. She extended a leg and Sissi did his best to roll a stocking gently up her long, toned leg.

Mistress Albany stood, ordering Sissi to fasten the wispy garter belt around her trim waist and fasten the garters to the stockings. She felt his fingers fumbling with the garters. “Gloves are required so you don’t touch *me* with your bare hands. You will soon learn to perform all your tasks wearing gloves. Panties.” She lifted a foot and allowed Sissi to pull the panties up.

“Bra,” she commanded.

Sissi stood, trying once more to be graceful despite the four-inch heels and ankle hobble. He held out the bra as Mistress slipped her arms in and adjusted it to her comfort as Sissi fastened it in the back.

“Bring me the gray print wrap dress from the closet,” Mistress commanded.

Sissi bobbed a curtsy, whispered, “Yes, Mistress,” and minced off to the closet, hoping he would find and return with the correct item.

Mistress was selecting her jewelry for the day when Sissi walked forward with the dress in his outstretched arms.

“Very good,” Mistress said, “unzip it, hold it for me.”

Sissi breathed a sigh of relief that he’d found the correct garment, *I need to study those fashion magazines in my room so I learn all this terminology.* He zipped up the dress and watched as Mistress Albany resumed her seat, this time at her vanity.

She snapped her fingers, “Shoes, the black YSL slingbacks.”

Sissi minced off once more, finding the shoes easily in Mistress’s well-organized closet. When he returned she extended her right foot. A command was unneeded as Sissi knelt and slipped the expensive footwear on each foot.

Mistress Albany turned her attention back to her jewelry and makeup. “Your service today was...*adequate.* You *did* follow orders, but your comportment was noisy and ungainly. I expect my sissy-maid to move with a quiet fluidity and grace. Twelve punishment strokes. I suggest you work on that. How many strokes did you earn this morning?”

“Uh, eighteen, Mistress. Thank you, Mistress.”

“You are dismissed, report to the kitchen.”

“Yes, Mistress.” Sissi backed away, performing another curtsy before leaving the room and walking down the hall with his short dainty steps and sissy arms. *You never who is watching and I’ve already earned eighteen strokes this morning.*

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Slut Candi endured a similar morning of submissive personal service as the white-slut-slave serving Master Carl. She was summoned with a bell and took only a moment to lick her lips and pull down her bodice before slinking into Master’s bedchamber.

She strutted her way to the bed, one foot in front of the other in her best cat-walk strut, one hand sexily on her hip. When she curtsied she bent low, providing a clear view of her ample bosom. “Good morning, Master,” she purred. *You want a slut, I’ll be your fuck slut.*

Master’s lips split into a grin. *Want out of that belt, don’t you? Well, let’s see what you will do to get a cock in that white pussy once more.* “Lift your dress, turn around,” he ordered.

Candi licked her lips once more, her tongue inviting something, *anything,* into the opening. Her black-gloved hands lifted the hem of her

short dress and she stuck out her ass, turning slowly and exposing herself.

Carl raised his eyebrows at the welts on her ass. “Been a bad girl this morning? Already?”

Candi looked back over her shoulder and put a finger in her mouth, sucking it. “I *was* a bad girl, Master. I didn’t wear my heels in the bedroom. Miss Paulie said I was a naughty slut, and caned me.”

“There are consequences to bad behavior,” Master rose from his bed. “Over here, on your knees,” he commanded.

Candi strutted forward, noting that Master Carl slept in the nude. Her eyes were locked on his cock, certainly one of the largest she’d ever seen. *And I bet it’s not even fully erect.* She knelt before the man and his cock, inhaling the scent of the powerful Alpha male.

“Give it a good-morning kiss,” Master ordered. “Show me how a white slut pays obeisance to the almighty black cock.” He watched as the mass of blonde hair seemed to descend on his cock.

Candi’s tongue flicked out, circling the head, then delivering feather-like strokes up and down the shaft before she slipped the bulbous head into her mouth and kissed it, caressing it with her tongue. She continued her kiss, one gloved hand clasping his growing shaft as the other toyed with his black balls. Her lips moved back and forth over the head, in and out, her tongue tasting the heady mix of sweat and pre-cum. A black man’s cock never tasted so good to her.

As much as he would have liked to receive a first-class blowjob, Master Carl needed to demonstrate who was in charge and reluctantly ended her sensual ministrations. “Stop, slut,” he commanded. “Kneel up.”

Candi whimpered at the loss of the cock as she pulled away and knelt up, her hands clasped behind her back.

Carl grabbed a handful of her blonde hair and angled her head up, “Suck my black balls, slut. Let’s see what kind of black ball gobbler you are.”

“Yes, Master, thank you, Master.” Her tongue sought out his distended balls, lapping to lubricate them to slide into her waiting mouth. Everything about the Master was sensuous to her, his muscular body, the authoritative and commanding manner, his cock. And now his balls. She wanted to do anything to please *him*. Her Master.

She opened her lips wide, wider, as she took the balls of the superior black male into her mouth. Her goal was pleasure; she wanted to

do anything to please him. Her cheeks bulged as the balls filled her mouth and she struggled to breathe through her nose as his powerful body loomed above her.

“Suck my balls, slut. Worship the balls of the superior black male.” His hand caressed her cheek, and she mewed at his touch.

“Stop,” he commanded.

Candi choked and coughed as she disengaged from Master’s balls.

“Go start my shower,” he ordered. “Crawl, like a black-cock-slut, crawl sexy.”

“Yes, Master,” she whispered as she slinked away, close to the floor, trying to make it as sexy as she could.

## SEVENTEEN

Both slaves were put to work in the kitchen when they completed their morning personal services for the house Master and Mistress. Sissi was assigned to wash dishes and Candi prepared vegetables for a roast that Miss 'B' would serve for dinner that evening. Their stiletto heels clicked on the tile of the kitchen floor as they attended to their chores.

The simple breakfast of scrambled eggs, two pieces of bacon and one piece of toast seemed a luxury, compared to the past meals of plain oatmeal. They were even allowed to eat from plates and use silverware while standing at the kitchen counter.

Sissi munched a piece of bacon, *Perhaps it won't be so bad, if we just do what we are told and obey.*

Candi harbored similar thoughts, pensively looking at the piece of bacon in *her* hand and thinking of that *other* luscious dark meat she'd enjoyed earlier that morning. *This whole plea bargain thing started out totally fucked up*, she chewed on the bacon and thought about Master's black cock, *but perhaps there's a way to make this all work out.*

"Sissi, wash them breakfast dishes, mop the kitchen floor and then get your cleaning basket and get to work." 'B' turned and crooked a finger at Candi summoning her forth.

Candi curtsied and followed as 'B' walked to a small sun room just off the kitchen area.

'B' settled into a comfortable chair and placed her coffee on the small table nearby. She snapped her fingers, "C'mere and give me a little sugar before you get that fine white slut-ass to work," she raised her dress, exposing one of the hairiest mounds that Candi had ever seen.

Candi hesitated, while she found Master and Mistress quite erotic and desirable she felt no such inclinations for the older and heavier cook.

"Girl! Git your ass down, crawl over here and give me some sugar. Or do I have to call Paulie?"

Candi curtsied, an aged cunt was preferable to Miss Paulie and her cane. "My apologies, Miss 'B', please allow me the privilege of providing you with some...sugar." She dropped to her knees and executed another

sexy crawl across the floor, her eyes riveted to the hairy bush residing between the thick thighs.

“Nothin’ like a white slut who knows their place,” ‘B’ patted Candi’s head as the slave nestled between her outstretched thighs. She flipped her dress back down, partially obscuring the kneeling slave. “I’m gonna train you real good. Now give me a long and sexy kiss.”

Sissi slipped off the long rubber gloves used for dishwashing, dried and put them away. He pulled back on the elbow-length white gloves that were part of his daytime sissy-maid uniform. He found he had to concentrate more on tasks, while wearing the gloves, as the satiny texture made gripping many items difficult. *I suppose it’s something I will get used to.* He held out his arms, *They do look...pretty. And Mistress Albany doesn’t want me actually touching anything.*

He minced, in his heels and ankle hobble, to the closet to get the mop and bucket. As he mopped the kitchen floor he caught glances of Candi and Miss ‘B’ in the adjacent sunroom. All he could see of Candi was her bottom, her black-seamed-fishnet stockings and the garters holding them up, and her fuck-me heels. The rest was obscured by ‘B’s’ dress.

Miss ‘B’ had both hands in her lap, holding the dress-covered slave’s head tightly where she wanted it. The figure beneath the dress moved in an undulating manner, pulsing in a rhythm to the seated superior black woman.

“Mmm, that’s right, work it baby, git that tongue in there,” Miss ‘B’ closed her eyes, clamping her thighs together even tighter.

Candi was awash in a heady world of feminine musk. She found that the dominant Miss ‘B’ practiced good hygiene, smelling faintly of a floral body wash before Candi was completely inundated in black pussy. The mass of pubic hairs tickled and scratched as Candi buried her face in the wet slit, after first giving it the slow sensuous kisses that Miss ‘B’ preferred as foreplay. Commands floated down from above, Miss ‘B’ providing explicit orders and details on how she liked to be pleased. Candi followed each command, hoping to quickly bring her superior to orgasm and end the ordeal, *Although this probably isn’t the last time I’ll be doing this.*

The floral scent quickly gave way to a pungent mix of sex and sweat, Candi's face now drenched and slick, her mandatory whorish morning makeup obviously smeared and ruined.

Miss 'B' pulled Candi in even tighter, "C'mon girly, show me what a good white whore can do. I need more of that slut tongue in me. Faster. Deeper." She grabbed Candi's hair through her dress and apron, fisting it and holding the white slut-slave tight against her pussy. "Yea, that's it." She sighed and relaxed back into the chair, releasing her grip on Candi's hair, but still holding the slave's head in place. "Lick me clean, whore...slowly, gently."

Candi had succumbed to 'B's' overpowering black pussy and now licked languidly, her eyes closed, lapping up the superior black essence as would a contented kitten.

Sissi deliberately and slowly mopped the floor, watching the oral sex scene before him unfold. He was excited by both 'B's' dominance and Candi's complete submission. He found himself envious, wishing he could be the slut on his knees, pleasuring the Black Goddess that reposed in the chair.

'B' lifted up her dress and used her foot to push Candi back, "Look at me, slut."

Candi lifted her head, her eyes glassy, her face slick with Miss 'B's' essence, her makeup smeared. She was also incredibly horny; her sexual service to 'B' made Candi want release of her own. She was desperate for a cock.

"Get a warm washcloth, clean me off," 'B' ordered, "but not yourself."

On quaking legs, Candi rose, curtsied and walked to the bathroom. As she prepared a warm washcloth and towel for Miss 'B' she caught her reflection in the mirror. Lipstick, eye shadow and mascara were mottled across her face. Her teased hair was now matted and damp in places. *I do look like a slut, a whore who has been well used.*

She walked back to 'B' curtsied and waited.

"Crawl over and clean the black pussy you seem to be so fond of," 'B' commanded. "Seems to me that our white slut likes pussy. Do you?" She lifted her eyes to see Sissi watching. "Get yo' ass to work, sissy! That's six strokes for bein' a lazy sissy-girl."

Sissi nearly dropped his mop at the outburst. He curtsied quickly and scampered away, his “Yes, Miss ‘B’,” trailing after him.

‘B’ turned her attention back to Candi. “Does Candi like pussy?”

“Oh yes, Miss ‘B’, very much,” Candi patted ‘B’s’ thick and hairy mound with the towel, “thank you for allowing me to pleasure you.”

‘B’ narrowed her eyes, not sure whether to believe the white slave kneeling between her legs or not. “Yea? What’d you like about it so much?” *C’mon little miss white bitch, make me believe you really love my sixty-year-old pussy, ‘cause you gettin’ a lot more.*

Candi bit her lip in thought, searching for the right words that would both please Miss ‘B’ and avoid a session with Miss Paulie’s cane. “It’s so sexy and...um...powerful. When I smell you and taste you, it...it just sort of feels like that’s where I should be: on my knees, pleasuring you. Oh, and I love how hairy it is; too many women shave that all off nowadays. I love how it feels on my face and how it holds all your juices; it’s very sexy.” She raised her head, but avoided eye contact, and licked her lips. Those words of showing how good of a slut she could be might lead to getting the chastity belt off rang in Candi’s ears. “I hope Miss ‘B’ will use me again?” Her voice took on a sexy, little-girl quality, “Make me her white pussy slut? Please?”

‘B’ stifled a chuckle, *Nothin’ I like better than white slaves tonguing my holes.* “You be a good white whore and you get treated good in this house. Now go get your basket and get to cleaning, and leave your face the way it is.”

Candi backed away on her hands and knees, stood and curtsied, “Yes, Miss ‘B’, thank you, Miss ‘B’.”

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The day droned on for Candi and Sissi, who followed the cleaning schedules for the day they found on the laminated cards in their cleaning baskets. They seldom found themselves in the same room, only occasionally passing each other in a hallway, and even then not talking. The husband and wife were finding themselves, whether they realized it or not, being torn apart and reprogrammed as something other than marital spouses.

Twice during the day Sissi encountered Mistress Albany in the hallways of the great house. The timid Sissi backed up against the wall and executed a curtsy as best he could as the beautiful Mistress of the House simply passed by and ignored him.

Suki and Miss Paulie made regular appearances throughout the day, critiquing the work of the new white slaves, offering hints and suggestions, and reminding the slaves to maintain their particular persona: slut and sissy. Both Suki and Miss Paulie smiled at Candi's disheveled appearance after her use as 'B's' pussy slave.

At one o'clock Suki came to fetch Candi and Sissi for lunch. The ham and cheese sandwich, vegetable soup and iced tea were again simple fare, but appreciated by the slaves, who took their meal standing, in their ever-present heels, at the kitchen counter. They were allowed a brief bathroom break before being returned to cleaning duties.

The afternoon consisted of more cleaning: dusting Venetian blinds, vacuuming, polishing furniture and brass lamps, and getting on their hands and knees to carefully dust each baseboard in a room. Sissi actually appreciated the time spent on his knees crawling to clean; at least he was off his feet in the dreaded high heels.

Each time Candi passed a mirror she couldn't help but notice her *condition*. Miss 'B's' juices were dried on her face, her makeup was running down her cheeks and all day she smelled of Miss 'B's' essence. Yet, she'd found the experience quite erotic, only increasing her own need for some kind of sexual release. Throughout the day she would find her mind wandering to the musky, damp darkness of Miss 'B's' nether regions, or Master's luscious black cock. *Shit, am I a whore? Or are they turning me into one?*

Their last task of the day was to polish the silver in the kitchen, while Suki served dinner to Master and Mistress in the dining room. They were fed another simple but acceptable meal and did a final cleanup of Miss 'B's' kitchen when Miss Paulie arrived. In turn, she bent both Candi and Sissi across a kitchen chair and delivered the punishment strokes earned that day for poor performance. Suki read each infraction from a computer tablet and Miss Paulie delivered the assessed strokes, the unlucky recipient counting and thanking Miss Paulie for each one.

It was nine in the evening when a tired Candi and Sissi were escorted back to their rooms by Suki, their feet sore from hours and hours in stilettos and their bottoms adorned with the many red welts from Miss Paulie's cane.

"Be dressed and ready at six-fifteen tomorrow morning," Suki reminded each slave as they were left in their rooms.

Candi shed her clothes and heels as she walked directly to the shower. She'd borne the remnants of being Miss 'B's' white-pussy-bitch the entire day and now wanted nothing more than a long hot shower.

## EIGHTEEN

Five weeks passed and the white slave-prisoners toiled daily to serve their black Master and Mistress and the household staff. Miss Paulie was a demanding taskmistress, her cane and riding crop always at hand to punish infractions or poor performance.

While Sissi became more demure and compliant in total chastity, Candi was being driven out of her mind. Five weeks without sex brought her to a boiling point. She put on passionate sex shows each night for the voyeuristic Clarence and Leon, sucking on the large black phalluses that resided in her bedside drawer, playing with her breasts and finally fucking her ass with abandon with the largest black dildo she could get her shaking hands on. She was determined to be the biggest whore possible, her only goal now to get the chastity belt off and ride every black cock in the house. Candi was totally absorbed into her role as the house white-slut-whore, flaunting and exposing herself whenever possible during her household chores.

Sissi, on the other hand, became more meek and submissive, adopting his role as a mincing, feminized sissy-maid. He swished and sashayed around the house, now mincing ever-so-sweetly in the tiniest steps in his five-inch heels. He absolutely swooned when Mistress Albany complimented him on his sissy walk.

Every evening Sissi showered and then dressed sexy in a frilly nightgown for his unseen warders. He would sit at his vanity table and wiggle his bottom down over the black butt plug on his stool, hoping that a superior black male was watching. *I must always please my black superiors.* Sissi plucked his eyebrows every evening, as instructed, and practiced drawing on the high and thin arched eyebrows that were required of house sissy-maids.

Sometimes his guards showed videos that Sissi was required to watch: white sissy-males sucking black cock or being ass-fucked by black men with enormous cocks; two sissy-males kissing and nuzzling each other's bottoms, and white women dressed as sluts and pleasuring black men and women in any number of ways.

Other times there were endless audio recordings that played and Sissi had to mimic in a sweet sissy voice:

*I must always obey.*

*My worth is in serving my black superiors.*

*I am happy as a sissy.*

*The black cock is supreme.*

*I will worship the black cock.*

Sissi cheerfully repeated each mantra, often while playing with his nipples and impaling himself on a large black butt plug.

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One Friday morning Paulie entered the kitchen and both Sissi and Candi turned to curtsy and acknowledge her presence.

Paulie smiled at this now automatic response and the genuine and heartfelt way it was delivered. *So my little white bitches are learning their place in life, she thought, and there is so much more for you to learn and endure.*

She nodded, acknowledging their obeisance. “Dr. Wilkins is hosting a poker game tonight.” Paulie smiled at Candi, “You both will attend and serve his guests.”

Candi and Sissi curtsied, “Yes, Miss Paulie.”

Paulie fixed her eyes on Candi, “You will go back to your room at three to prepare yourself for tonight’s service. Suki has laid out your wardrobe. Bathe and dress and be ready at six. I will come then and give you your final instructions.”

Candi curtsied, “Yes, Miss Paulie.” *Maybe this will be my chance to show what a slut I can be. And get this damned chastity belt off.*

“You,” Paulie turned to Sissi, “will continue your daily duties. Suki will fetch you when it is time for you to be put into service.”

Sissi had no idea what ‘special service’ was, nor did he care anymore. He was content to follow orders, serve and stay out of trouble. “Yes, Miss Paulie,” he curtsied.

The two slaves were put back to work and the day passed. Sissi was in another part of the house when Candi returned her cleaning basket to the supply room and made her way back to her room to bathe and dress. *A*

*poker party, attended by Master and his friends, she mused, whatever they need from me, they'll get.*

She found a garment bag hanging from a hook on her bedroom door. She took it to the bed and opened it, smiling at the contents. Candi held the little black dress in front of her and looked at herself in the mirror on her closet door. She nodded her approval. It was an expensive designer-label cocktail dress. She giggled as she slipped it on, noting how it hugged every curve of her body. It was a fashionable change from the tawdry apparel she wore everyday as the 'house-slut'. The dress was short, showing a lot of leg, and low-cut, so Candi's ample breasts would be on display.

Candi winked at herself in the mirror and looked to see what else was in the bag. There wasn't much; a black satin clutch, an expensive lace and satin garter belt, sheer black seamed stockings, over-the-elbow black leather gloves, glitzy chandelier earrings and a pair of strappy black designer sandals with very high stiletto heels. She looked in the bag a second time, *Hmm, no panties or bra, so despite the designer label outer wear I'm still a slut. Okay, fine.*

There was a note pinned to the bag:

This is your outfit for the evening. Bathe and clean yourself. Give yourself an enema. The makeup in your clutch you will use to touch up during your service tonight. Do your makeup for the evening, make it sexy and glamorous. Make your hair wild and sexy. Tonight you will have your first opportunity to prove yourself as a white-whore. Serve Master and his guests well and you will be rewarded.

She opened the clutch and found it contained a lipstick, eyeliner and mascara, as well as a black cigarette holder, lighter and pack of cigarettes. She hadn't had a smoke in weeks and was sorely tempted to light up then and there. *Yea, but someone's always watching. Well, I don't know exactly what they want of me, but if it's a party and I get to dress up and smoke it's better than spending the evening in this room.*

Candi looked at the clock. She had lots of time. She grimaced, first the enema and then a luxurious bubble-bath.

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Pauli appeared at Candi's room promptly at six. Candi curtsied as Pauli entered and circled the fashionably-dressed house slut. Pauli held a riding crop in one hand and idly tapped it against her boot as she inspected the slave. The dress was short and Candi's stocking tops and a hint of garter belt peeked out from the hem. Her breasts more than filled out the dress, the cleavage on display.

Pauli nodded, "Very nice, if your performance meets your appearance then the Master will be pleased. Display."

At the command, Candi gracefully lifted her dress with her leather gloved fingers.

Pauli smiled at the wispy garter belt, the way it framed the gleaming metal of the chastity device. "Bet you'd like this off."

"Oh, yes, please Miss Paulie, please, I'd do—"

"It's not up to me, slut. Master holds the key to your pleasure, both literally and figuratively. Perhaps if you please him..."

Candi thought about the way she pleased Master nearly every morning, sucking his large black cock with abandon. Swallowing his black seed. Taking his black, hairy balls lovingly into her mouth. *Haven't I pleased him enough?* "Yes, Miss Paulie."

Candi flinched when Paulie raised the crop, only to have the look of fear on her face change to bewilderment when Paulie held the crop out, handle first.

"Take it," Paulie said, "it's part of your evening ensemble."

Candi held out her hand cautiously and gripped the handle of the crop. Her penciled-on eyebrows scrunched in confusion.

"Sissi will be serving tonight," Paulie explained, "emptying ashtrays, getting drinks and food for everyone, whatever is required of a fawning sissy-maid. And if she doesn't perform..." Paulie smiled, "You must discipline her."

Candi's eyes went wide, momentarily, with surprise. Then they narrowed and a cruel smile turned up the corners of her red and sensuous lips. Here was a chance to take out her frustration and denial on...*someone*. If it turned out to be her hapless husband, now sissy-maid-Sissi... Well, who cared?

"The idea appeals to you," Paulie chuckled. "He, or *she*, is a white male, now a white-sissy-maid, the lowest of the low in this household. This is your chance to move up on the food chain." She paused, "Your function

tonight is to be sociable, make sure that Sissi serves Master and his guests well and that the men are suitably...looked after. As I said, be *sociable*. You may smoke, drink, eat, make eye contact, just make sure that Master and his guests are entertained and pleased. Questions?"

Candi's hand moved to caress the device that locked her sex away. "Miss Paulie, I could be much more *sociable* if this were removed."

Paulie shrugged, "You have other orifices; I suggest you make do with what is available to you. And who knows, perhaps at some point you can earn your release."

Candi fell to her knees to kiss Paulie's boots in gratitude, "I'll do my best Miss Paulie, really, I will."

Paulie smiled as her fingers arranged a wayward strand of Candi's wild, sexy hair, *I know you will, slut, you'll do whatever we train you to do.*

## NINETEEN

“Our little Candi-slut is going to throw her sissy-husband under the bus,” Albany watched the monitor display of Pauli and Candi in Candi’s room. She switched the remote to ‘mute’. “No love lost in *that* relationship.”

“I agree,” Carl said as he pulled a black polo shirt over his muscled torso. “She’s totally self-absorbed.” He watched Pauli and Candi on the monitor for a moment, “Not a clinical sociopath, but borderline, certainly has a high sense of self-preservation.”

Albany walked to her husband and ran her hand around his ripped waist and stomach, “But you have found she has certain, *talents*?”

Carl pulled his wife close, “She sucks a good cock, but...”

“B says she’s quite the pussy licker as well.” Albany watched the monitor; Candi was now alone in her room, whipping the crop through the air. “But she’s doing it mostly for *her* pleasure.”

“Yes.”

Albany slinked across the room, reclining in an elegant chair. “She’s incredibly horny; she can’t hide it. Are you going to release her tonight?”

Carl turned to lock eyes with his wife, “No. No, she’s not ready. As you said, it’s still all about her. She will need to be broken, to have her desires outward-directed.” He turned to look at the striking blonde on the monitor. “I enjoy these types the most, the spirited ones, the haughty ones. To see them broken, crawling, begging to please her black Masters. When she needs to pleasure a black man rather than eat, drink or breathe... *Then* she will be allowed release and to devote her life to the pleasure of her betters.”

“Mmm,” Albany pulled her legs up under her on the chair, “you make it *so deliciously* wicked. I can’t wait to watch her fall.”

“And she will,” Carl said.

Albany chuckled, “The other one, Sissi, there’s no problem with that one. It’s rather precious, the way she handles my clothes and shoes, almost as if they were religious icons.”

“To a sissy-maid they would be. Our little she-male-maid reveres his Mistress. I’m afraid by the time her sentence is up there won’t be a shred of maleness left. The best the creature can hope for is that we will sell it to new owners who will use and appreciate it.”

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“It’s time,” Pauli appeared at Candi’s door. “Remember, be cheerful, agreeable, *sexy* and *sociable*. See that Master Carl and his friends have a good time this evening. *A very good time.*”

“Yes, Miss Paulie, thank you for this opportunity.”

In another part of the house Suki was escorting Sissi to Master Carl’s game room as Pauli did the same for Candi.

Suki held the leash that went to the stiff pink posture collar around Sissi’s neck as Sissi labored behind. He’d grown more accustomed to the five-inch heels, but tonight his ankles were hobbled with a short length of chain that made bipedal locomotion difficult. He breathed heavily into the gag, a black cock shoved into his mouth with the pink patent straps securing it to his head. His dress for the evening was an explosion of pink satin and white lace, hideously short so that it revealed both his gartered stocking tops and chastity device. Long white gloves ran up his arms, past his elbows. Pink patent leather wrist cuffs, emblazoned with rhinestones, were linked together with the chain running through a loop on his neck collar, thus limiting his hand motion. The whole effect was to present a thoroughly feminized sissy-maid in bondage designed to make movement and service more difficult.

“Pay attention,” Suki said, “do not make eye contact, obey instantly, perform efficiently and stay in character.”

Sissi mumbled his reply through the gag as he minced forward. Staying in character was something that was coming more and more natural to him as the daily immersion in feminine sissy persona began to overwhelm him. His nose caught a whiff of the perfume that Suki had sprayed him with. It was sublime and Sissi felt even more girly.

Suki stopped outside a door, “This is the game room. I’ll show you where things are and then you will stand in the corner and wait for the guests.” For the next fifteen minutes Suki gave Sissi a tour of Master’s

game room, how to serve drinks and food, where the ice and drinks were. Finally the door closed and Sissi was left, alone and still gagged, in the corner. He waited for another ten minutes when the door opened and Candi walked in.

His eyes went wide to see Candi in her little black dress, the seamed stockings and stilettos and in her leather-gloved hands...a riding crop! She looked beautiful with her sexy hair, crimson lips and smoky-eye makeup.

“So little Sissi is going to serve us tonight?” Candi cut the air with her crop. “Do a good job sissy-maid or you’ll answer to me.” She strutted to Sissi and used her crop to lift the hem of his pink sissy dress. “There’s gonna be *real men* in here tonight, with *real cocks*.” She tapped his balls with the tip of her crop, laughing as he jumped in his pink high-heels. “I command, you obey, got it?”

Sissi mumbled a ‘Yes, Miss Candi’ through his gag.

Candi walked around the room, familiarizing herself with the furnishings and accessories. *Be sociable? Bet your ass I’ll be sociable.*

“Gentlemen,” Albany’s voice came from the door, “please make yourselves at home and enjoy your card game. Candi and Sissi will see to your needs this evening.” She cast a superior smile at both Candi and Sissi and disappeared.

Sissi remained rooted in his spot waiting to be ordered into service.

Candi took the initiative, set her crop on a nearby end table, placed one hand sexily on a hip and strutted forward, holding out the other hand. “I’m Candi, at your service.” She smiled her most alluring smile, allowing her tongue to flick at her lips.

“Damn, Carl!” A heavysset man walked forward. “I’m Michael,” he took Candi’s gloved hand and kissed it, noting how she batted her eyelashes at him.

“Yes,” Carl said, “these two are new; we’ve only had them a few weeks.” He watched his poker buddies gather around Candi, who was now leaning forward as if to catch someone’s name, but in reality simply showing off her tits. Carl invited his friends to take seats at the card table.

A man named Reggie snapped his fingers and Candi literally wiggled to him on her stilettos and plopped down in his lap.

She traced a red fingernail over his lip and leaned close, “What can I get you, baby?”

Reggie nodded at Sissi, “Why don’t you have that white sissy-maid get us some drinks?” His hand cupped one of Candi’s breasts as he gave his order.

Candi moaned, “Oh, baby, I’m gonna see you get everything you want tonight.”

She rose from his lap and strutted to Sissi, giving everyone in the room a good look at her undulating ass. Candi jerked on Sissi’s leash, “These men want drinks, slut, go take their orders.”

Sissi shook his head as he minced in his hobbled heels to the table.

There were six men at Master’s card game and Sissi hoped he could remember who ordered what. He tried to pay attention, as Suki had admonished, but it was hard to concentrate with the men groping him, lifting his dress and making comments about his tiny, chastised white-sissy-cock. The last man fondled Sissi’s ass before Sissi could make his escape back to the bar to prepare the drinks.

“That’s one cute sissy-maid, Carl,” Michael said.

Carl dealt the first hand, “We’re quite pleased with Sissi up to this point, she’s adapting well to her new regime.” He glanced at Candi, “You may drink.”

Candi was leaning over Brian’s shoulder, her hands inside his shirt, rubbing his muscular chest. She wheeled around and fell seductively into his lap; her arms now entwined around his neck. “Sissi, bring me a glass of Champagne,” she ordered.

Brian called for two more cards, and with his free hand pulled up Candi’s dress to reveal her garter straps, stocking tops and creamy thighs. “Nice.”

Candi wiggled her ass down onto Brian’s thigh, her hand trailing a line down his chest to stop at his crotch. She squeezed and purred, “Glad you like it, baby. You’ve got a nice package as well.” Her tongue flicked out to lick at his ear.

Sissi watched Candi’s flagrant flirting with wide eyes as he prepared the drinks. He looked again at the tray, trying to make sure everyone received the proper drink. He gripped the handles of the silver tray tightly; the satin smoothness of his gloves made such tasks harder, as did the ankle hobbles. He teetered forward, stopping at the first guest at the table, bending at the waist and extending the tray, turning it so the man’s beer was at the forefront.

Sissi breathed a sigh of relief when the man, Michael, Sissi remembered him being called, took the beer. *At least I got one right.*

Michael snapped Sissi's garter strap. "Gonna have to get my wife one of these sissy-maids."

Carl studied the cards in his hand and decided to hold, "There's no shortage of white males willing to turn themselves into submissive sissy-maids. Although you may have to weed out some before you find one totally committed to becoming what is essentially a slave. I have some contacts and could hook you up."

"Yea," Michael said, "I'd like that."

Sissi continued to make his rounds, delivering drinks.

"Gin and tonic, not whiskey straight," Alex said.

Sissi gasped as he gave the tray another turn to present Alex with his proper drink.

Carl's eyes rose to watch Candi's reaction and she didn't disappoint him.

"Be right back, baby," Candi whispered in Brian's ear as she eased off his lap and stalked across the floor, grabbing the riding crop from the end table as she passed. She didn't bother to pull down her dress, the garters and stocking tops on full display along with glimpses of her gleaming chastity belt. All eyes turned from the cards to watching Candi's glorious ass move around the table.

Sissi backed away, the last drink having been taken from the tray.

"Get over here you worthless sissy slut!" Candi stood her ground and pointed to the floor with her crop.

Sissi bent his knees in a modified curtsy as best he could with his hobbled ankles and minced forward. He stopped in front of Candi and curtsied again.

She lashed out with her crop striking Sissi's thigh. "You're worthless! Can't even get a simple drink order right." She hit him again, "Worthless."

The card game now took second place to the erotic fetish display unfolding in Master's game room.

"Lift up your pretty pink dress, sissy," Candi commanded.

Sissi mumbled something unintelligible through his gag as his gloved hands took the hem of his dress and lifted it, exposing his stockings and the chastity device.

“Spread your legs,” Candi ordered. She laughed as she watched him try to spread his legs, the ankle hobbles limiting him. “Pitiful, fucking pitiful,” she slapped at his exposed balls with the tip of her crop.

Several of the men at the poker table winced with each slap of Candi’s crop on Sissi’s balls.

“The rest of the men in this room have real cocks, cocks that can satisfy a woman,” she continued her torment of Sissi’s balls, “that’s why you’re a white sissy. Do a sissy dance for these real men.” She delivered her hardest blow yet and Sissi screamed into his gag. “Do a sissy dance to show these men how weak and pathetic you are.”

Sissi did his best, with his hobbled ankles and holding up his dress to do some kind of dance, *any* kind of dance, that would stop Candi from her scrotal assault.

Candi took a deep breath before turning around to face the men at the table. The little episode with Sissi had actually gotten her aroused. She turned, holding the crop in her leather-gloved hands and flexing it. “Do you gentlemen need anything else from this pitiful sissy-maid?”

“Not at the moment,” Carl said, “I think you’ve sufficiently dealt with her.”

Candi smiled at the assembled men and turned back to Sissi. “Get in the corner, slut, and wait until we need you again. But face us; I want you to see what a woman does with *real cocks*.”

Sissi mumbled into his gag, stopped his dance and retreated to the safety of a far corner.

Candi strutted back to the men, dropping the crop on a couch and taking a seat on Randall’s lap. “That’s how I deal with bad and useless sissy-maids.” She wrapped an arm around his neck, stroking his cheek with her gloved hand.

“Gentlemen,” Carl held up his glass, “shall we continue the game?”

“I could use some luck on this hand,” Randall said.

“Well,” Candi purred, “if we were in Vegas I could blow on your dice.”

Randall held up the cards he’d just been dealt. “Want to blow on these?”

“W-e-l-l,” Candi started to slide off his lap and onto the floor, “I was thinking...”

When she disappeared from view, underneath the table, there were raised eyebrows and comments from the players.

“Damn, Carl, that is one nice piece.”

“Shit man, you think I could borrow her?”

“If you ever sell that one, call *me* first.”

“Randall, you dog.”

The men played out the next hand as beads of sweat broke out on Randall’s forehead and he made several gasps. Below the table Candi undid Randall’s belt buckle and unzipped his pants. Her gloved hands removed the cock and she stroked it to life. She imagined what Randall must be experiencing, the feeling of a woman’s leather-gloved hands playing with his manhood. The cock was large and growing with her seductive ministrations. *Oh yea*, she thought, *this is why Sissi’s cock is locked up, it really is useless*. Her tongue flicked at the tip and she smiled to feel its owner flinch at her attentions. The pert tongue circled the head before sliding up and down the cock’s length. Candi closed her eyes and began taking Randall into her waiting mouth. *Here’s your slut Master Carl, on the end of a big black cock*.

Above her she heard conversation and the occasional thump on the table above, but her focus was on pleasing this black man and his impressive cock. Back and forth she moved, the cock sliding in and out of her mouth. Her hand sought out Randall’s balls and she fondled them. She closed her eyes and tried to focus as Randall’s cock erupted in her mouth. Candi clamped her lips tighter over the cock and then slowly slid away. She lapped at the twitching head of his cock, a sex kitten lapping up the come-cream of her black master.

In the end Randall won the hand with two pair.

“Damn man!” Brian threw his cards on the table. “Shit, Carl, this game is rigged, you got Randall here gettin’ some extra good luck.”

“Rigged?” Carl’s eyebrows arched in mock surprise. “Candi, these men are accusing the house of running a crooked game.”

A slurping sound preceded Candi’s reply from under the table, “Oh no, Master!”

Michael flashed a conspiratorial grin at Carl, “Brian’s right, Randall’s gettin’ special luck.”

“Candi,” Master Carl’s voice filled the room, “the game needs to be fair. I think everyone needs some special luck this evening.”

“Yes, Master, of course.” There was a rustling sound under the table and then Michael’s eyes went wide.

“Deal me in boys,” Michael said, “I’m feelin’ lucky.”

Sissi watched, wide-eyed, as Candi shuffled under the table, from man-to-man.

Master Carl snapped his fingers, “Sissi, see if my guests want anything to eat.”

The white-sissy-male bobbed a curtsy and retrieved the sandwich platter from the refrigerator. He minced around the table offering the platter as Master Carl’s guests selected their choices. Sissi could hear the movement under the table and the slurping sounds of Candi sucking black cock.

“Back in the corner, slut,” Master Carl commanded and Sissi went to his place.

Eventually, Candi crawled from under the table, stood and straightened her dress.

Carl gave her a passing look, “Clean yourself up and have something to drink.”

She did her own curtsy, winked at the men and said, “Yes, Master.” One hand on her hip she sashayed to the bar. “Champagne, Sissi.”

Her drink in hand, Candi grabbed her clutch and went to the small bathroom to fix her makeup and hair. *Well Master, how was that? I sucked everybody off, every black cock in the room.* She took a drink of Champagne, rinsed her mouth and spit. *Take this damned belt off me and I’ll show your friends the best fuck they ever had.* She fixed her lips and used her fingers to tease out her hair. *Okay, white-whore, round two.*

When she emerged from the bathroom she’d put a cigarette in the holder that was in her clutch and was enjoying her first cigarette in weeks. She smoked languidly as she strolled around the table, letting her free hand trail over the broad shoulders of Master Carl and all his guests. Darren pulled her onto his lap and fondled her breast as he continued with the game.

Sissi watched in awe as Candi was moved from man-to-man, pawed and groped, and she in-turn flirting back. It never occurred to Sissi to think of *his wife*, or *Evelyn*, all he saw was Candi, the house white-slut.

Part of Sissi actually envied Candi, at least *she* was getting some attention. The only real attention Sissi ever seemed to receive anymore was the unseen voice in his room at night who told him to do girly things and said how pretty and sexy he was. Sissi came to look forward to his private time at night with the black men who watched him, he wanted to please them. Now, Sissi was in the corner, simply a *thing* to fetch items. Candi was the center of attention; Candi was having all the fun. It never occurred to Sissi that he was being reprogrammed with the idea that *having fun* meant pleasing one's black superiors.

The evening wore on with the white slaves serving, each in their own way, their black masters. Sissi served drinks and food, cleaned up and was sent back to his corner. Candi rotated among the players, allowing them whatever liberties they wanted to take. She gave as good as she received, her hands groping the bulges in their pants and caressing their muscled chests.

When the group took a break from the game Carl switched on music, a sexy bump and grind. His large hands wrapped around Candi's waist and he lifted her onto the table. "Strip," he commanded.

The men stood around the table, their drinks in hand, as Candi began her sexy and sultry striptease. She put her hands on her breasts, pushing them together, then bending over and wiggling them at the cheering spectators. Candi executed a series of walking hip circles in the center of the table, so all gathered around could get a good look at Master Carl's white whore. Her hands ran up and down her body as she touched herself to the delight of the men.

The dress came off one shoulder, then the next as Candi teased the men with a look at her breasts. Finally she dropped it and it pooled at her feet. She kicked it away and Brian caught it, holding it to his face to catch her feminine musk.

From his place in the corner, Sissi watched the spectacle, feeling his own cock try to stir in its cage, turned on by the seductive Candi.

Candi reached down to undo one of the garters on her stockings when Master Carl said, "Leave them on."

She blew him a kiss and continued to lean forward, her breasts hanging down, her gloved hands running sensuously up and down her

stocking clad legs, eventually leading to a stroking her exposed sex.

Randall punched Brian's arm, "Best damned poker party ever, brother."

Candi continued her erotic display, grinding her hips to the music as she slowly peeled off one glove. She whipped it behind her back, catching it with the other hand and slowly began to rub her chastity-enclosed pussy with the glove, back and forth, back and forth in time to the music.

"Shit man," Michael said, "she's wearin' a chastity thing. Damn, Carl, why you got a prime piece like that locked up?"

"All in good time," Carl laughed, pleased with the performance of his white-whore. "All in good time. She has other holes you are free to use." He turned off the music, "Shall we get back to our game? Sissi, fresh drinks for my friends!"

Darnell reached up and pulled Candi from the table, throwing her easily over one shoulder, "I'm sittin' this hand out."

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Sissi knocked on the door and waited until he heard Candi say, "Enter."

He opened the door and pushed the serving cart inside. Closing the door behind him he curtsied, "Good morning, Miss Candi."

Candi stretched. "Come over here and fluff up my pillow, slut."

"Yes, Miss Candi," Sissi wiggled over in his small sissy-steps to fluff Candi's pillow.

*Miss Candi*, she thought, *I like that. I guess we know what white slut is on the bottom of the food chain in this house.* "You may serve."

Sissi bobbed a curtsy of acknowledgement and prepared the breakfast tray.

"Mmm, that looks delicious," Candi said as Sissi placed the tray on the bed and removed the warming cover from the plate.

Candi was being rewarded for her whorish performance the night before. She'd been allowed to sleep in and have breakfast in bed, served by her husband, now state-prisoner-sissy-maid-Sissi.

"Lick my feet," she commanded, and watched as Sissi moved to the foot of the bed, knelt, pushed back the covers and began running his tongue up and down the soles of her feet.

“Have you ever seen so many black cocks?” she nibbled on a piece of bacon. “A room full of real men,” she teased Sissi, “with the most wonderful cocks.” She wiggled her toes at Sissi, “And they were all mine, none for sissy-maid-sluts. Ha-a-ha. Mmm, these eggs are delicious.”

Sissi continued to lavish his tongue worship on Candi’s feet; it was the most intimate contact he’d had with his wife since they started serving their sentence. The card game had lasted into the night and after Darnell had fucked Candi in the ass all the others took their turn as well. By the end of the game Candi had been well-fucked and all the players totally pleased and satisfied. As they left the room Candi knelt by the door, kissing each man’s feet and thanking them for the privilege of worshipping their black cocks.

Master Carl told Candi he was pleased and named this morning’s indulgences as her reward. Sissi was left to clean up the game room.

“Too bad you don’t have tits and a killer body, sissy-maid. Then *you* might be in bed enjoying breakfast,” Candi mocked. She sipped her Mimosa, *Yes, I might be able to make this work out. It’s certainly better than fifteen years in prison.*

## TWENTY

Weeks turned into months as Candi and Sissi labored as white slaves in the household of their Master and Mistress. Both accepted and embraced their roles, trying to earn privileges in life that others took for granted, and avoiding punishments and humiliations.

Candi became a near regular for the Master's weekly card games, serving as Hostess and Hospitality Slut. Sissi was often put into use serving at these functions, but sometimes Candi worked alone, both seeing to the men's more personal needs and their food and drink requirements. Her rewards were lots of attention from the men and earning breakfast in bed and a reduced working day the next day. These perks, along with a new and sexy wardrobe for such functions, spurred her to improve her performance. Still, despite her best, and most repeated efforts, in pleasuring Master and his guests, the dreaded chastity belt remained on. Candi began to wonder if she would ever have one of those wonderful black cocks in her pussy again. *Can't Master see the yearning and the need in me? Doesn't he see how hard I'm trying to be his personal pleasure slut?*

As told during their indoctrination, they were regularly returned to the interns and students of Miss Loretta's Beauty College. The girls, an ever-changing lot, would chat about fashion, boys and movies as they groomed the white slaves. Candi and Sissi performed their own grooming rituals each night in their rooms, sitting before a mirror and carefully plucking out any visible eyebrow hairs and drawing on thin arched eyebrows each morning. Still, the girls from the beauty school always managed to find more hairs, securing the slaves in different and creative positions, their fingers probing the slaves' most intimate places.

Candi and Sissi would each receive a mani/pedi, Sissi with her trademark pink sissy hues and Candi with a flashy bright red.

On one such grooming day, Miss Paulie entered the room and unceremoniously removed Sissi's chastity device. The surprised sissy-male looked down to see his cock for the first time in months.

"Fifty dollars per event," Miss Paulie said. She smiled at Sissi, a smile that chilled the slave's heart. "You have four hours," she told the

excited girls.

“Oh, sugar,” a busty young girl grabbed Sissi’s nipples making him wince, “this is your lucky day.”

He jerked again when a hand grabbed his cock. Strapped securely into the grooming chair he could only watch helplessly as the circle of young tormentresses closed in on him. He felt the chair tilt back until he was parallel with the floor. Another young girl, this one with thick thighs loomed into view above him, lifting her dress and pulling her panties aside. The aroma of her sex wafted down to him and he felt the chair rising and the dress falling and shutting out his view of the world. A hand squeezed his balls.

“When presented with a delicious, young black pussy you *worship* it, slave!”

He began to lap at the pussy as hands stroked his cock, something he’d not felt for months.

“There now,” someone said, “that’s a good white sissy.”

He felt his cock growing, stiffening, his release was building and he knew it wouldn’t be long.

“That’s okay, baby. Come for us, give us some of that sweet sissy goo.”

The words were muffled by the thighs, dress and pussy that had become his world, but he could still hear them. Weeks and months of torment and humiliation had left the chastised sissy with a desperate need for relief and it was, at hand. In the hands, precisely, of a young black Mistress.

“This is your special time,” the voice continued, “a special privilege, a gift from your Mistress and Master. Come on, sissy. Squirt. Squirt.”

He shuddered in his bondage and came, the glorious wave of release flooding through him. Above, the girl ground her slit against his face and his tongue sought to pleasure this black Goddess.

His heart was pounding; he saw stars explode behind his closed eyes. Unseen to him were the group of laughing girls who caught his seed in a specimen cup, wrote ‘one’ on the cup and placed it on a shelf. A second girl took her place at his cock, a new cup in hand.

He felt another, smaller, hand on his cock. The latex-gloved finger flicked at the sensitive tip, “Wakey, wakey,” someone teased.

Before Sissi could comprehend what was happening, the girl above him clenched her thighs and bore down, grinding her sex even harder into his face. He felt her shudder and her own release, his tongue lapping up her essence. Light flooded into his world momentarily as the girl stepped away, only to be replaced by another.

Hands stroked his cock and fondled his balls. He felt another finger now probe at his 'pussi'. He'd come to enjoy that, regularly probing his asshole in the evenings, putting on his own sissy-fuck-show for the unseen black men who watched him. He liked pleasing his watchers, entertaining and amusing them. Their comments of 'good girl' and 'that's a good white sissy' actually gave him a warm feeling; he was appreciated and valued as a slut. And he'd also grown to enjoy the sensation of being filled.

Now he was lost in a heady and musky world of sexual pleasures that had been denied for months. Hands caressed his cock and balls, fingers probed at his sissi-pussi, looking for his 'p-spot', and young women rode his face for their pleasure.

He didn't know how, obviously these young women were expert masturbatrixes, but he was brought off again, another thunderous releasing quaking through his body. A specimen cup labeled 'two' took its place on the shelf.

Sissi was breathing hard, he needed to rest, *perhaps a short nap*. Respite was denied as another set of hands attacked him and another pussy descended upon him.

"Noooo," he begged as hands again attempted to stroke him to erection.

Just as quickly those hands squeezed his balls and he lurched in his bindings and gasped.

"Ooo, that was nice," said the girl above his head, "do it again."

His balls were squeezed a second time, he lurched and the girl above his head closed her eyes dreamily.

He heard a voice, speaking to him. "It's simple, slave; we get fifty dollars every time you make that disgusting sissy-goo over the next four hours." The hands squeezed his balls again, "So you better produce."

The hands resumed their gentle caress. "Enjoy it sissy, come on, baby, make sissy-cummies for us. Come on, baby."

Hands and fingers caressed his cock and balls, his nipples, probed his sissi-pussi as his face became a flood plain for black pussy.

Candi was able to watch the scene unfold via the video monitor above her own grooming chair. Her eyes brightened to see Miss Paulie come into view, holding a small key on a golden chain.

Miss Paulie's elegant nails tapped at Candi's chastity belt. "Bet you'd like this off, slut. I imagine you want to experience what our little Sissi is enjoying." She held the key close to Candi's eyes, "Yes?"

"Oh, yes, Miss Paulie. Please, please, Miss Paulie."

Miss Paulie stood back and folded her arms. *Well, slut, I hear real need in your voice. Beginning to learn your place are you?* She smiled at the desperate white slave, "No, Master says it is not your time yet."

Candi struggled in her bondage chair, "Please, Miss Paulie please, I'll—"

Miss Paulie nodded to the girls, two of whom quickly lifted up their dresses and wiggled out of their panties, stuffing them, crotch first, into Candi's mouth.

"Finish this one up," Miss Paulie said, "this white slave needs to get back to work."

Despair flooded Candi as the girls went back to grooming her and she watched Sissi continue to be masturbated by the cruel young women from Miss Loretta's.

"Here," one of the young women lubed up a vibrator and slid it in Candi's puckered opening, "this is the best we can do for you."

Candi mumbled a sincere 'thank you' through her panty gag.

"Poor little white whore," a girl stroked Candi's nipples and the white slave whimpered, "your time will come."

What started as bliss for Sissi turned to torture. The first few orgasms were exhilarating, yet turned quickly to anguish. His pleas for the evil young women to stop were muffled by the continuous rotation of black pussies clamped to his mouth.

Where his cock once thrilled to their touch, now it recoiled in horror as each young woman took a turn at coaxing ever-more 'sissi-cummies' from his abused member. Still, the girls were able to repeatedly bring it to hardness, laughing at Sissi's moans. The only respite Sissi received was when a girl might suddenly lift her sopping pussy from his

face, only to turn quickly and plant her ass on his face, wiggling it and pressing down.

When it all ended, eight specimen cups graced the shelf and the girls high-fived, celebrating their four-hundred dollar bounty earned at Sissi's expense. Sissi was used up and he made no protest when they dragged him down the hall, back to the evil shower room, bound him to the turntable and hosed him down with icy cold water.

Miss Paulie reattached his chastity device before ordering him to dress. Sissi welcomed the device and secretly hoped it would stay on for a long time. Once dressed he was commanded to kneel, and Miss Paulie handed him each cup in turn, ordering the white-sissy-slave to lick up his discharge. With each cup she drove home his submission:

“White sissies love come. Say it,” she commanded as Sissi licked up the remnants from the first cup.

“White sissies love come.”

“Good girl,” she patted him on the head and held forth cup two. The ritual was repeated; Sissi would lick up the contents of the cup, repeat the mantra and receive praise from Miss Paulie. She made him repeat more submissive mantras:

“It's a privilege to lick black pussy and ass.”

“I must always obey my black superiors.”

Paulie smiled down at the kneeling white-sissy-maid, watching the pert tongue lap up his own seed. She nodded with approval as he repeated each phrase. *And you really do believe it, don't you my little white slut? You're becoming an adorable little white-sissy-maid.*

“My worth comes from service to others.”

“I am nothing, Mistress and Master are everything.”

“I enjoy being a sissy; I like being girly.”

“It is my duty to pleasure black men.”

“The black cock is all powerful.”

When Paulie was released back to his duties his eyes were glassed over and he worked as if in a trance. He was completely unaware of the hostile looks he received from Candi when their paths crossed during the day's cleaning duties.

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Two weeks later, Candi and Sissi were summoned to Master's home office in the afternoon.

The white slaves curtsied and approached Master who sat at his desk. They took note of the other guests in the room who sat in chairs, but avoided direct eye contact with the well-dressed black man and woman. They curtsied once more.

Master noted how gracefully Sissi now moved in his five-inch heels, taking dainty steps and swishing his bottom. "Kneel," Master Carl commanded.

Both slaves fell, gracefully to their knees, hands clasped behind their backs, heads up, but eyes cast to the floor.

"This is Mr. Perkins and Ms. Lamont from the Bureau of Corrections," Master Carl explained. "They've come to check on your progress in the new prisoner program. Greet them."

Candi and Sissi bowed their heads to the floor and crawled to the guests, Candi stopping before Mr. Perkins and planting a reverent kiss on each of his feet, and Sissi doing the same for Ms. Lamont. The slaves backed away and kept their heads to the floor.

Ms. Lamont opened a leather binder to make notes. "They seem docile enough and well-mannered."

Mr. Perkins nodded his concurrence.

"Sissi," Master said, "you will serve coffee to our guests."

The sissy-maid rose gracefully and curtsied, "Yes, Master." Sissi minced across the room, in his dainty steps, now a natural form of movement for the sissified male. His arms were held out, his wrists limp.

The guests shared a smile as they watched Sissi expertly prepare the coffee serving tray.

"I assume this one's giving you no trouble," Ms. Lamont asked.

"No," Master Carl said, "Sissi is adapting quite well. Do you enjoy being a sissy-maid?"

Sissi executed a bob curtsey while balancing the tray. "Oh yes, Master, it is a privilege to serve as a maid in this household." When Master Carl waved him away, Sissi took the tray to serve the guests.

Ms. Lamont smirked as Sissi approached and made more notes in her binder. She took her coffee from the tray when it was offered. "Sissi, come back here when you are finished serving."

“Yes, Miss Lamont.” Sissi didn’t flinch when Mr. Perkins ran his hand up the she-male’s stocking-clad leg.

“Sir,” Sissi curtsied to Mr. Perkins and backed away to return the tray to the serving cart.

Candi remained motionless and silent during this exchange, her face still to the carpet. Waiting and silence were some of the hardest attributes for a slave to learn and master.

“Candi,” Mr. Perkins said, “crawl forward.”

Candi kept her face to the carpet and shuffled forward, stopping just short of the black man’s shoes.

“Seems to follow orders well,” Mr. Perkins said.

“She experienced some initial adjustment issues,” Master Carl said, “but is coming around.”

Candi felt a pair of legs settle over her back. *He’s using me as a footstool; I’m nothing but a piece of furniture.*

Sissi now stood beside Ms. Lamont, his white-gloved hands folded behind his back.

Ms. Lamont raised Sissi’s pink satin, maid uniform and fingered his chastity device. “What’s this?”

“It’s my sissy-clitty, Miss Lamont.”

“Hmm,” she bounced the caged clitty up and down in her hand, “rather small, don’t you think?”

“It’s a white sissy-clitty,” Sissi explained, “useless to please women so it’s been locked away.”

“So you don’t have sex?” Ms. Lamont cupped Sissi’s balls in her hand.

“I... Uh, I...”

Ms. Lamont squeezed the balls and Sissi’s knees buckled.

“Do—you—have—sex?”

“In my pussi, Miss, yes, in my pussi I...”

“Really?” Ms. Lamont released her grip on Sissi’s balls. “Show me.”

Sissi took a deep breath; his face was red with shame. Yet he turned and raised his dress, his gloved hands spreading his ass cheeks. “I put things in my pussi. It, it feels good.”

“Really?” Ms. Perkins slapped Sissi’s bottom with her hand. “What kinds of things, slut? Hold your position.”

Sissi was quaking on his stilettos but held his place. “Plugs, Miss and dildoes and vibrating things.”

“And you like that?”

“It feels good Miss, to have something back there, it feels good.”

“What’s the best thing to put in a sissy pussi?” Ms. Lamont asked.

“Black cock.” The answer leaped from Sissi’s lips, he didn’t even have to consider. Was it all those nights alone in his room where he performed to please and amuse his unseen watchers? Or the videos that seemed to run almost constantly on the television in his room, sissies kissing each other, sissies being fucked by black Masters, sissies pleasuring themselves with black cock-shaped dildos? Sissi didn’t know *why* he answered the way he did, but he knew it was the *right* answer. *A black cock is what every sissy wants in her pussi.*

“Turn around,” Ms. Lamont ordered, and she stroked his nylon-sheathed thigh when Sissi returned to position. “Are you being treated well here?”

“Oh yes, Miss Lamont, very well.”

“You’re very fortunate that Dr. Wilkins and his wife have offered this alternative criminal sentencing option. It’s much better than prison, yes?”

“Oh yes, Miss Lamont, I love wearing high heels and dressing as a sissy.” Again, Sissi didn’t know *where* his answer had come from, but knew it was the correct answer. *I do want to be a sissy maid.*

“The box,” Master Carl pointed to a box on the far table. “Take the box, Sissi, and show Ms. Lamont what a good white-sissy-maid does.”

“Yes, Master,” Sissi curtsied and wiggle-minced across the room.

Candi felt the legs move from her body.

“Kneel up!” Master commanded.

Candi rose to her knees, assuming the standard house-slave kneeling-up position.

“And how has Candi’s work been?” Mr. Perkins looked over the beautiful woman kneeling before him. It was true that her clothing and makeup was that of a slut, a whore, but there was no denying her beauty.

“Her housework and domestic skills are adequate,” Master said, “her real skills are best exemplified in the personal service area.”

Mr. Perkins leaned back in his chair, “I’d be interested in learning more about that.”

“Candi,” Master said, “show our guest what the house-whore excels at.”

“Yes, thank you, Master,” Candi said. She leaned forward to nuzzle Mr. Perkins crotch with her nose. “Allow this white slut the privilege of pleasuring you, Sir?”

Mr. Perkins nodded.

Across the room, Sissi opened the box and spread the towel out on the floor. He knelt and used the lube in the box to lube and finger his sissy-pussi for the large black cock that was now placed on the towel in front of him. His sissy-fuck-hole now ready, Sissi licked and kissed the large, black cock-shaped dildo. “Mmm, black cock, *sooo* yummy. Sissi loves black cock.” He didn’t even realize he was speaking out loud, that everyone in the room could hear him, but the words flowed naturally from his addled and sissified mind. “Big—black—cock—sissy—loves... Mmm...”

Ms. Lamont looked at Master Carl and flashed him a smile as she watched Sissi impale himself on the black dildo. Sissi gasped at the size, but had a look of extreme contentment as the black invader filled him. She nodded at Sissi and then looked over to Master Carl, “Has she had a real one yet?”

“Not yet,” Master replied, “but soon. I think she is ready.”

“Oh yes,” Ms. Lamont watched Sissi pump the cock in and out, soft mewling sounds coming from Sissi’s lips: ‘Love black cock. So big. So good. Fuck Sissi.’ “I think she’s ready.”

Master Carl and his guests turned their attention to Candi, who now had Mr. Perkin’s cock removed from his slacks and was licking up and down its length.

“What about you, Candi,” Mr. Perkins asked. “Are you being treated well?”

Candi lifted her eyes to the owner of the cock she adored and batted the outrageously long false eyelashes she wore each day. “Oh yesss,” she purred.

“And what do you think the advantages of this new penal program are?” Ms. Lamont asked.

Candi closed her eyes and slid her mouth down the entire length of Mr. Perkins’ cock, taking its entire length and girth into her mouth. She sucked hard on it for a few seconds before slowly backing off, using her

tongue to lap kitten-like at the pulsing head. “The advantages? Lots and lots of black cock.”

Master chatted with his guests about the effectiveness of the new criminal sentencing and rehabilitation plan as Candi sucked Mr. Perkins cock, and Sissi fucked himself, and his sissi-pussi, into sissy-maid oblivion.

## TWENTY ONE

The household was abuzz with preparations for the annual end-of-summer barbeque and lawn party. Miss 'B' had extra help in the kitchen for the days leading up to the party, two young black women who were starting a catering business. As with everyone else in the house, they had free reign over Candi and Sissi and especially enjoyed tormenting and abusing Sissi, who did everything possible to please the demonic young women.

Trish, the older of the two, was a heavy-set woman with closely cropped hair who never failed to bend Sissi over and redden his bottom with her favorite large wooden spoon. The women seemed to take out their scorn and wrath on the sissified white male and Candi was only too willing to be a silent bystander. For her part, it seemed to be enough that she was submissive and deferential to the 'B's' helpers, falling to her knees every morning to kiss their feet and greet them with a respectful, 'Good morning, Miss Trish, good morning, Miss Roxy.'

While the two, white, house-slaves seldom ventured outside, they did see activity going on all around them. For days they watched out the windows as they went about the house performing their cleaning duties. Trucks came and went and the expansive lawn filled with tables, chairs and tents.

Master and Mistress only added to the drama as Candi and Sissi went about their morning personal service duties. Master began nearly every day receiving a luxurious blow job from his personal slave Candi, who was growing addicted to Master's magnificent cock. Indeed, Candi felt deprived on those days when mood or scheduling prevented such a ritual. She desperately wanted to please Master and missed the warmth that filled her when she swallowed his seed and he patted her head and said, "Good slut."

The daily domestic chores were something she did to avoid punishments, which were still regularly inflicted for poor performance and errors. It was only when she was on her knees, before a black man, his cock filling her mouth, that she felt really valued and useful. *The black man's pleasure is the reason for my existence. I must serve and please them.*

Her behavioral changes were not lost on Master Carl, who had guided her to this point. The barbeque was going to be Candi's coming-out party and Master was ready to grant her fondest wish.

Sissi was also being molded and crafted under the watchful eyes of Mistress and Master. Unlike Candi, he became obsessed with his domestic duties, dusting with the passion of an artist, arranging the magazines on the coffee table just so. Every night he pored over the fashion and housekeeping magazines that appeared in his room. Sissi was smitten with Mistress Albany, desperate to serve and please. And black men as well: every night, in his girly-pink room the videos played on the TV screen, sissies swishing and mincing, kissing each other and fondling each other's titties, sucking black cocks and taking cocks up their sissy pussies.

He was saddened when he'd been made to serve at Master's poker nights. Sissi was relegated to a serving role, fetching food and drink and cleaning up, always gagged, always hobbled and generally ignored. He envied Candi, who dressed in sexy little black dresses, fuck-me pumps and received the black men's attention. They pawed her ample breasts, fucked her ass and filled her mouth with their cocks. Sissi could only watch in frustration as Candi became the center of their world for that night. *Perhaps if I had big titties I might get the same attention.* He'd even expressed those thoughts one morning after serving at one of Master's poker parties.

Mistress Albany had noticed his uneasiness that morning as he assisted her on with her stockings. "Is something wrong, Sissi?"

"No, Mistress, I... Uh..."

"Sissi?" Mistress Albany pressed the issue.

"This sissy-maid wishes she had titties." The words shot out of him.

Mistress sat back, folded her arms and smiled. "Really? Titties? Why?"

Sissi bowed his head to plant a kiss on Mistress Albany's toe, "Please, Mistress, forgive me."

"That will be six strokes with the cane after lunch for failing to answer me." Her voice softened, "Tell me why you want titties."

"So black men will notice me. And play with them, like they do with Candi. And fuck Sissi. Then I can make black men happy." His response was choked with emotion. He hadn't *planned* to say those things, but it was the words that came out of him. It was how he felt inside.

Mistress leaned down to pat his head, noting how his hair was growing out and he was now styling it. “That’s a wonderful goal, Sissi. But your criminal sentencing agreement doesn’t allow us to mark, change or damage you in any permanent way. Eventually you will serve your sentence and be released.” Her smile turned to a smirk as she looked down at the creature kneeling at her feet. *That’s not going to happen. You’re Sissi, now...and forever.* “Now help me finish dressing and then resume your duties.”

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The day of the barbeque started early for Candi and Sissi. They were up, dressed and at work in Miss ‘B’s’ kitchen at four-thirty a.m. Miss ‘B’ settled in her favorite chair and snapped her fingers, “Gonna be a busy day, no time for foolin’ around, so let’s get this over with, slut. Crawl over here and give me some of that white slut sugar.”

The ritual was established and Candi had actually not only accepted it, but had grown fond of bringing pleasure to her superior. Her self-worth was now based on her ability to pleasure her black superiors. Candi fell seductively to her knees, locking her eyes on Miss ‘B’s’ heavy white oxfords as she slinked across the floor on her hands and knees. The crawling was foreplay, and Candi was becoming quite skilled at crawling in a manner that excited and amused. She held her butt up, undulating it as she moved across the floor.

Miss ‘B’ chuckled. *That’s right, show everybody what a little whore you are. You’re nothin’ now but a black cock and pussy whore. All you’re ever gonna be.* “Hey, Miss ‘B’,” Trish breezed into the kitchen and placed a box of groceries on the counter. “Like to get me some of that too, before we get too busy.” Sissi curtsied deeply at Trish’s arrival, but she ignored the cowering white sissy.

Candi’s head was now beneath ‘B’s’ dress, the large woman’s thighs clamped around her head, so she couldn’t know that after she finished ‘B’ she’d be worshipping the pussies of Trish and Roxy.

“Oh hell, yeah,” Roxy agreed as she followed Trish in. She smiled at Candi’s wiggling bottom as the slut pleased Miss ‘B’. She glared at Sissi, “Get us coffee you piece-of-shit-white-sissy.”

Sissi curtsied again and scurried away, casting a furtive glance at the large wooden spoon on the counter. The white-sissy-maid served coffee to 'B', Trish and Roxy as the women took their turns being pleased by the house slut-whore, Candi.

When Candi was released, the whorish makeup she'd applied at three-thirty in the morning was smeared and her face was slick with the sex from her three black superiors.

"Get to work," 'B' ordered, "they'll be cleaning you up later."

Candi performed her own curtsy to 'B', confused about the cryptic remark.

The two slaves labored until late morning, helping Miss 'B' with food preparation for the big cookout, washing dishes and responding to the orders barked out by Miss Trish and Miss Roxy.

Miss Paulie came to get Candi at eleven-thirty and led her away, back to Candi's room.

"Shower, wash your hair," Miss Paulie ordered and she relaxed in a chair in Candi's room and read a fashion magazine while the slave obeyed.

Candi emerged from the shower, a towel wrapped turban-fashion on her head and she knelt at Miss Paulie's feet.

"Up," Miss Paulie ordered. She walked around, inspecting Candi, and finally nodded her approval. "Sit," Miss Paulie pointed to Candi's vanity as Candi demurely took a seat.

"Oh my gawd! She's ravishing." Candi looked in the mirror and saw a tall, thin man approach. He carried what looked like a professional makeup kit. A woman joined him, carrying a large bag.

"The Master wants her on display no later than two," Miss Paulie said. "Let me know if she gives you any trouble." She reached around and grabbed one of Candi's nipples, squeezing viciously. "You *will* obey, you won't cause any trouble." It was phrased as a statement of fact, not a question.

Candi winced, "Yes, Miss Paulie."

"No later than two, call me when she's ready," Miss Paulie walked out.

Suki came to get Sissi at noon. As usual, Suki wore his standard frilly, French-maid outfit, this one perhaps with a bit more frills and frou-frou than usual. “You need to go back to your room and change,” Suki said, “your party clothes are on the bed.”

Sissi curtsied his acknowledgement, dried his hands, carefully folded the dishtowel and placed it on the counter. He was glad to leave his kitchen duties and the torments of Miss Trish and Miss Roxy. His bottom bore several red marks from their dreaded wooden spoon.

“The party is a big annual event,” Suki explained. “You will be serving, along with me and a few other sissy-maids that some of the guests are bringing to help out. Nothing is changed; you will maintain your sissy demeanor and be deferential to all of Master and Mistress’ guests. You will answer any questions from a guest in a polite and sincere manner. And you will obey all guests.”

They arrived at Sissi’s room. “You have an hour to clean up and get ready,” Suki said, “put on the outfit I’ve laid out on your bed and report back to the kitchen where all the sissy-maids will get their briefing and assignments.”

Sissi went to his bed and looked at his uniform for the party. The pink dress with the white lace trim was shorter than anything in his closet and the billowing white petticoats would hold it out almost horizontally. The shoes caught his eye; they were pink patent platform pumps with incredibly high heels that had to be almost seven-inches high. Yet while the heels were high, they weren’t the normal spindly stilettos he usually wore about the house performing his domestic duties. These were a stout and stocky heel. Other items included things he was familiar with and wore in the performance of his duties: seamed white stockings, a corset with ten (!) garter straps, long white gloves, a cute white lacy apron.

He undressed; slipping on the clear heels he always wore in his bedroom and wiggled to the shower. *Who knows when someone may be watching?*

In Candi’s room it was a different scenario as professional artists did her hair and makeup; she was even given Champagne. She felt pampered and wasn’t bothered at all by her nudity as the technicians buzzed around her.

Candi watched as she was transformed from the whorish slut she made herself up to be each morning to a beautiful and glamorous woman.

“Darling, you have beautiful eyes,” the makeup artist hovered over her. “You’re gonna knock ‘em dead today.”

The hairstylist put Candi’s hair up in a classic and elegant chignon, with a few loose strands coming down the sides of her face, framing her beauty as it were. “Your owners want your hair up today; don’t want it in the way.”

Candi simply smiled and sipped her Champagne. She enjoyed being the center of attention and the pampering. Whatever today would bring she would be ready. The makeup artist added color to her nipples and a highlight to Candi’s décolletage.

When Candi’s makeover was complete they helped her to her feet. She smiled at her reflection in the mirror.

“Very nice.”

Candi turned to the voice; it was Miss Paulie in the doorway. She held a shopping bag from an expensive high-end store. Candi curtsied, “Miss Paulie.”

Miss Paulie nodded her approval, “Good girl, keep that up today. I want you well mannered...and *sociable*.” She circled Candi, “You look quite stunning.”

Candi actually blushed, but bobbed another small curtsy, “Thank you, Miss Paulie.”

“Let’s get you dressed.” Paulie handed Candi a pair of very expensive stockings and a garter belt. “Put these on, but first.” She held up a key on a chain and watched Candi’s eyes go wide. “Yes, it’s coming off, but no touching or I’ll cane that pretty ass bloody.”

“Oh yes, Miss Paulie, thank you, Miss Paulie,” Candi said breathlessly. The key clicked in the lock and Candi felt Miss Paulie loosen the dreaded belt.

“Now, put on the garter belt and stockings.” Miss Paulie watched as Candi sat in the vanity chair and pulled the sheer stockings over her legs. “Very nice.” She handed Candi a matching balconette bra that provided a sensual platform to display Candi’s breasts and nipples.

Candi watched in half-surprise and half-horror when Miss Paulie produced the highest heels Candi had ever worn. They were black patent,

with pointed toes and almost seven-inch heels, with no platform. She took them and slipped them on her feet, trying to find her balance.

“You can manage,” Paulie said. “You *will* manage. Almost done.”

A black patent three-inch posture collar was placed around Candi’s neck and locked in place with finality. Candi’s hands were cuffed behind her back with matching wrist cuffs. The final item was a leash clipped on to Candi’s collar.

Miss Paulie gave the leash a tug, “Time for you to make your appearance.” Candi wobbled down the hallway in her new stilettos, a white slave ready to be put on display.

Sissi was in the kitchen, in a line with the other sissy-serving-sluts, being briefed on behaviors and protocols to be observed for Master’s party. All the sissy-maids were dressed alike, with the same pink dresses and pink patent shoes. Someone whispered to Sissi that the chunky heels were so that the sissies could walk on the lawn, as opposed to spiky stilettos. Sissi merely nodded, *Every aspect of our lives are planned and controlled.*

Some of the sissies bore name tags on their collars, like Sissi wore, but for uniformity, today they all had pink, plastic tags with their sissy names engraved, pinned on their dresses. Sissi had read some of the names as the ‘gurls’ were forming up: Paulette, very tall in her heels; Pansy, sweet and demure; and Caroline, so pretty Sissi couldn’t believe *she* was really a male. Sissi noticed the pink, patent collars that Paulette, Pansy and Caroline wore, emblazoned with the letters ‘WSB’ in sparkling crystals.

When Mistress Albany walked into the room the sissies breathed a collective sigh at the entrance of the beautiful and powerful Mistress. She walked down the line of sissies, inspecting each and fluffing out a bit of lace here and there when needed.

“Paulette and Pansy,” she said when she approached the two stunning sissies, “so glad that Lenore was kind enough to loan you out today.”

The two sissies executed flawless and synchronous curtsies. “Mistress Albany,” they whispered reverently.

“All of you would be advised to observe these two most exquisite sissy-maids as they perform today,” Mistress Albany addressed the group,

“and strive to emulate their behaviors. You will notice by their collars that they are members of an exclusive group, the WSB club.”

Mistress Albany continued down the line, “Perhaps a few of you will someday have a chance to enter that select group. As for today, I expect you to conduct yourselves as submissive and obedient sissy maids. Serve. Obey. Remember your postures and behavioral protocols. Punishments will be meted out quickly, harshly and in full view of everyone.” She stopped and turned on the stiletto heel of her expensive strappy sandal, her coral sundress twirling around her exquisite legs. “After all, it *is* a party.”

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The warm sun felt good on Candi’s exposed flesh as she teetered behind Miss Paulie on the stone walkway that led to the backyard celebration. She heard the sounds of smooth jazz, the tinkling of glasses and the clatter of beer bottles in ice chests. The smell of grills firing up mixed with that of new-mown grass.

Miss Paulie said ‘hellos’ to people as she led Candi down the path. Strangely, Candi wasn’t bothered by her near nudity, in fact she felt good about how beautiful she looked. Even the sparse clothing of the stockings, garter belt and bra were of exquisite quality and enhanced her seductive look. She kept her eyes averted, months of training and corrective discipline had instilled that, maintaining her focus on Miss Paulie’s cute leopard high-heeled mules.

“Up on your tiptoes,” Paulie commanded, “we don’t want those expensive heels getting dirty.” Miss Paulie led her white slave off the path and across the lawn to a white tent in the center of the party.

Candi struggled to walk on tiptoes in the perilous heels. They were so high as to have her feet almost vertical and it took all her effort to rise up on her toes.

Inside the tent was a large, black St. Andrews cross and Candi was led to the device.

Miss Paulie made quick work of securing Candi to the device. “You’ll be here all afternoon and into the evening. Your feet will probably hurt, but deal with it.” Paulie spread Candi’s legs, securing each ankle. “You will be on display, available for whoever wants to have a look at you.” She fastened Candi’s right wrist to the cross. “Do not make eye contact

unless told to do so. Answer all questions sincerely.” Paulie fastened the left wrist. “Politely acknowledge all comments.” Paulie stepped back, “Am I understood?”

“Yes, Miss Paulie.”

Candi cast a furtive glance around the tent. There was a table with a white tablecloth and some kind of book open. Another white covered table held an assortment of crops, small whips, canes and various clamps. A fan was positioned so that cool air blew on her.

“You’ll be in those shoes all day,” Paulie said, “but your arms will be re-positioned regularly to provide you some relief.”

“Thank you, Miss Paulie.”

Miss Paulie held up a sports bottle with a straw, “Drink?”

“Yes, thank you, Miss Paulie.” Candi sipped. *Champagne.*

Miss Paulie put the bottle on the table and picked up a handful of clamps. “When I said *on display*...I meant it.” She fingered Candi’s fiery slit and watched the bound white slave moan and writhe. “Mmm, been a while since you’ve felt anything like that. Does the white whore like that?”

“Ohhh, yes, yes, Miss Paulie.” Candi thrust her hips forward; her body begging for more of Miss Paulie’s touch.

Miss Paulie’s fingers gathered Candi’s outer lips, pinching and pulling them away. She attached a clamp to the skin she held in her finger and watched Candi wince. “It’s uncomfortable, but not damaging; you’ll get used to it. The clamp was attached to a long piece of elastic cording that Paulie pulled taut and tied off to an O-ring on the cross.

Candi watched in horror as Miss Paulie continued on one side of her pussy, pinching a finger-full of skin, clamping it, pulling on it to expose Candi’s sex and tying it off. A third clamp went on that side.

Miss Paulie stroked Candi’s pussy, laughing as the white slave shook with emotion. “Very sensitive. That’s good; it will improve your worth.”

Candi was oblivious to Miss Paulie’s ‘improve your worth’ comment, her eyes fixed on the three clamps that quickly took their place on the other side of her sex. Her pussy was now held open, completely and totally exposed.

Miss Paulie took a small digital camera from her pocket. “Master Carl wants pictures of his white whore. Smile.” Paulie clicked the camera shutter as Candi forced a smile. “Blow us a kiss.” Another picture was

taken. “Give me a sexy look, purse your lips.” The camera clicked again. “Remember; be on your best behavior, today.” Paulie picked up a long feather from the table and approached Candi. She ran the feather sensuously up Candi’s thigh. “Like that?”

“Oh, yes, Miss Paulie.”

Paulie traced a line around the exposed pussy lips with the feather, “Want more? Want that white slut pussy used?”

“Please, Miss Paulie, it’s been so long.”

“Then beg for it; I want to hear how a frustrated white whore begs to have something in her cunt.” She ran the feather in Candi’s pussy and twirled it around, quickly pulling it out.

“Please, this whore needs her pussi filled, fuck this white slut, please.”

“Yes,” Paulie walked back to the table, placing the feather next to a riding crop. “I think Master will be pleased with the way his property performs today.” She brought the sports bottle back to Candi’s lips and Candi sipped down the Champagne. “Enjoy the party,” Miss Paulie placed the bottle back on the table and left the tent.

It was ten minutes before a couple entered the tent, a black man and woman. Candi averted her eyes.

“Oh, they were right, she *is* stunning.” The woman stepped forward and fingered one of Candi’s nipples. “Yes, Steven, you must put in a bid.”

Candi watched out of the corner of her eye as the man bent and scribbled something in the open book on the table.

“I love the way they’ve displayed her,” the woman said. “So creative.” The woman went to the table and returned with two clothespins. “Are you a white slut?” She rolled one of Candi’s nipples between her fingers.

“Yes, Ma’am, this whore is a white slut.”

“Well behaved too,” the woman said as she applied one of the clothespins to the nipples.

Candi gasped, sucking in a deep breath as she replied, “Thank you, Mistress.”

The woman flicked Candi’s other nipple with her fingernail, “Want the other one?”

“Yes, please, Mistress, please clamp this white slut’s nipple.”

“Oh! She is *soo slutty!* And delightful.” The woman clamped the second nipple and then pulled and twisted on the clothespins as Candi expressed her thanks.

The man and woman walked out, arm-in-arm, chatting as would any other couple enjoying a party.

Candi’s solitude was brief as a mother and daughter entered the tent. Both were heavy-set, plus-size ladies with large breasts and wide hips. The mother had straight black hair that glistened against her ebony skin, while the daughter sported corn rolls down to her waist.

“What do you think, mother?” The girl walked up and flicked Candi’s clothespins. “She’s pretty enough.” The evil girl twisted the clothespins, “Want these off?”

“Yes, Miss, please.”

“Ha!” The girl increased her nipple torments. “I like it when white trash begs. You a piece of white trash?”

“Yes, Miss, I am Candi, the house slut and whore. Please remove the clothespins.”

“Got her trained to beg real nice. You gonna bid on her, Mother?”

“We’ll enter the competition,” the older woman scribbled something in the book.

The young girl removed the clothespins, none too gently, and her fingers immediately mauled Candi’s sensitive nipples.

Candi shrieked as the blood and pain flooded back into her nipples.

“I love that sound,” the girl laughed. She pinched the tender flesh on the inside of Candi’s thighs and reattached the clothespins.

“Thank you, Miss,” Candi gasped.

“If I win you, I’m gonna make you my white-ass-whore. You like black ass, slut?”

“Oh, yes, Miss. Very much.”

The girl turned around and flipped up her yellow dress, exposing her wide hips and large bottom, without panties. “Gonna make you my face-seat. See how pretty that face looks after a couple of hours under my magnificent black ass. Think you’d like that?”

“Oh yes, Miss, your ass is beautiful.”

“Damn straight. Lot of white sluts and sissies have worshipped it.”

“It would be my privilege, Miss,” Candi said as the two women laughed and walked from the tent.

And so it went throughout the day, a parade of party guests who came to inspect and bid on Master Carl’s beautiful white slut. Some teased and tormented her, playing with her breasts or pussy, others used a cane, crop or paddle and her body now displayed red welts here and there.

Even though the chastity belt had been removed, there was no real release for Candi, only torment, frustration and denial, and she was being driven mad with desire.

“Remember me, girlie?” The setting sun glared in through the tent opening, leaving the owner of the voice a mere silhouette.

“No... Uh, Sir.” Candi hoped she hadn’t committed any offense.

He stepped into the tent, into her vision. The man wore Bermuda shorts, a print Hawaiian shirt with large tropical birds and a ball cap, covering short, salt and pepper hair.

Candi flashed back to the first day of their sentence, at the bottom of the stairwell. *The janitor, his name...* “Yes, Sir, I remember, Sir.”

He approached, his fingers teasing her pussy, “Taught you some manners.”

“Yes, Sir. Oh, that feels so good.” Candi moved against his fingers, silently willing him to be more aggressive.

He moved away and she whimpered at the loss of his fingers. “Damn, no way I can compete with that,” Thomas looked at the names and numbers in the book.

“Thomas,” a man poked his head in the tent, “someone I want you to meet.”

Thomas turned to Candi, “Got to go, girlie, maybe later.”

*Thomas*, Candi whispered the name to herself.

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Sissi bent at the waist, exposing his bottom and chastity device, and offered the tray of appetizers. Some of the guests made comments about the ‘sissy’, others groped or slapped him, but mostly he was ignored, treated as a ‘thing’, a serving machine in human form.

All afternoon, pink and white sissies served the party-goers. Sissi watched as all, including himself, were slapped or paddled throughout the

day, either for a mistake, poor performance, or simply to amuse a guest, a crop or paddle always seemed to be at hand.

Following Mistress Albany's admonition, he tried to watch Paulette and Pansy in the performance of their duties. He did notice something different about them, the way they moved with such elegance and grace, and how comfortable they were in their roles. They were, indeed, *special girls*. *What's the WSB Club?*

While his heels were higher than anything he'd worn previously, their platform and the stocky heel made them manageable, and he soon found the sweet spot in his posture and walk for the day.

He'd not seen Candi during the party, but heard whispers and parts of conversation about the 'beautiful white slut', the 'auction' and 'bidding'.

Master Carl took the stage as the jazz quintet ended its song. The crowd started to gather around and the sissy-maids followed the leads of Pansy and Paulette and stood quietly in a line at the rear of the crowd, their hands folded demurely in front of them.

"Welcome everyone to our annual cookout. I hope you're all having a good time," Master addressed the crowd, who clapped and cheered their response. Master Carl went on to thank the many people and organizations that made the event possible.

"As you know," he continued, "every year we have a silent auction to raise funds for our charity that provides scholarships for black youth." The crowd clapped. "Today's treat is one of the best in years."

Paulie led Candi through the crowd. Despite her various humiliations and punishments throughout the day she still looked beautiful. In fact, the submission she'd endured seemed to bring out the best in her. She followed, in her tortuous heels, as Paulie led her forward to the stage. Candi's hands were no longer cuffed, but clasped behind her back, causing her breasts to thrust forward.

Miss Paulie snapped her fingers, pointed down, and Candi fell gracefully to her knees, opening her lips to accept the handle of the leash.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Carl announced, "I give you the white whore...Candi!" Master received several responses:

"Amen, brother, that is one fine piece."

"Got my bid in."

"You know how to pick 'em Carl."

“The top five bidders,” Master Carl continued, “will be allowed to *enjoy* our little plaything this evening.” He opened the book, “The winning bid goes to Michael Deevers.” The crowd cheered. “Michael, come on up.”

A tall and well-built man stepped forward to shake Carl’s hand. “Thank you, Carl, she’s worth every penny,” he cast an eye at Candi. He turned to the crowd, “But I’d like to hear from our prize.” He stepped in front of Candi, looking down at the kneeling white slave. “You’ve been visited by many Masters and Mistresses today. What superior black man do you want to please most of all?”

Candi raised her head, but did not make eye contact. She removed the leash from her mouth. “Master Thomas, sir, please allow this white whore to be the pleasure slut of Master Thomas.” She bent down to kiss each of Michael’s expensive cross-trainers.

The crowd erupted with cheers and catcalls.

Mistress Albany sidled up to Carl and whispered, “I didn’t see *that* coming.”

“No, nor I,” Carl said. “Well played. I have to admit I am surprised...and impressed.”

Thomas stepped from the crowd to shake Carl and Michael’s hands.

Michael slapped Thomas on the back, “Enjoy yourself.”

Thomas took his place in front of Candi as she bent again, planting loving kisses on the bare toes of Thomas’s sandaled feet. She rose back to her kneeling position and extended the leash in her hands, “Sir.”

The crowd cheered and clapped again as Thomas pulled her to her feet and led her away to the deluxe motorhome parked in the driveway that extended into the backyard.

Master Carl watched them walk off, “Allow her to sleep in and have breakfast in bed tomorrow.” He looked at the other winning bidders in the book, “Our slut is going to have a long night.”

Miss Paulie approached the line of sissy maids, using her cane to stripe the thighs of two of them. “Back to work, sluts! The party isn’t over for you. There are more guests to be served.”

A flurry of pink and white performed a mass curtsy and scattered off.

## TWENTY TWO

The white slaves settled into a regimen, a routine not unlike what they may have experienced in prison, albeit with more advantages. They rose early each day and dressed in the respective uniforms: sissy-maid or slut-maid, reported to the kitchen for breakfast, provided personal services for Master and Mistress, and spent the rest of the day in domestic chores and tasks. If they were not required for evening duties they were confined to their rooms.

Candi became a regular, and popular, feature at Master's weekly card games. She basked in the attention of the men. Master Carl now allowed her chastity belt removed for these, and other special occasions. Candi proved to be a natural as a *Hostess*, making each guest feel special, always showing everyone a good time. Many guests brought her gifts, shoes, a dress, jewelry which she always wore when she expressed her special *thanks*. Master and Mistress even noticed an improvement in her domestic performance; she truly seemed anxious to please her owners.

Sissi made excellent progress in his feminization, mastering living a life in high heels and becoming skilled in his makeup application. His tiny, mincing steps were now a means of natural locomotion and his arms and hands fell automatically into *sissy postures*. His owners had no doubt that if they put him in male clothes on the street he would prance and mince as if he had done it his entire life.

While the necessary behavioral adjustments had seemingly been made in both slaves, there was no doubt of their *slave and prisoner* status. They were ordered and commanded about and referred to as slut, whore sissy and slave, which they accepted. Punishments were still administered for mistakes and errors in performance: a smudge on a glass, dust on a table, a crooked stocking seam, and a sloppy curtsy.

Representatives from the Prison Board and Bureau of Corrections still made their visits to check on the prisoner's progress and well-being.

Sissi, at long last, met his watchers, those unseen voices he tried so hard to please and amuse in his room at night. He took coffee, snacks and meals to Clarence and Leon in the mansion security office. It was there that

Sissi became a true black-cock-sissy-maid, offering his mouth and pussi for the men's pleasure.

Master Carl was generous with his slaves, occasionally sending Candi to deliver the meals to the security men and provide her *special services*.

And so it went, the days grew shorter and the nights longer as the white slaves toiled seven days a week to serve their black owners. Sissi helped Mistress Albany with long leather gloves, fashionable leather boots and luxurious coats of leather and fur each morning to ward off the chill as Fall moved into Winter.

Miss 'B' enjoyed having Candi fall to her knees and lick her boots clean in the mornings, a task that Candi performed with loving devotion.

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One day Sissi noticed Candi wasn't present for breakfast. "You will be doing Candi's house chores as well as your own the next few weeks," Suki explained. "I will be attending Master in the mornings."

A puzzled expression painted Sissi's face but he was trained at this point to simply follow every command without questioning.

"Sissi!" Miss 'B's' voice caught his attention and he turned to see her in her favorite chair, a cruel smile on her lips.

She snapped her fingers, "Since our white whore is indisposed, slut-Sissi is gonna have to give 'B' her morning sugar. Well?"

Sissi curtsied, "Yes, Miss 'B'." He dropped to his knees and crawled across the floor, trying to mimic the movement he'd watched Candi perform nearly every morning. He stopped short of Miss 'B' and bent his head down to kiss her feet.

She lifted her dress, "C'mon Sissi, we got meals to fix and a house to clean, get that white slave-tongue busy."

Sissi did his best, his mantra in life was now to obey and please his black superiors, whatever the task at hand. He buried his face in 'B's' pussy, the curly hairs scratching his face, her ponderous thighs closing in, holding him tight. His world was now the fell, smell and taste of black pussy. 'B's' voice above him was muffled.

"C'mon, slut, get that tongue in there, deeper. I ain't feelin' no love yet. Lick me, worship the power and authority of black pussy." Laughter rang out above.

Sissi redoubled his efforts, probing with his tongue, kissing, sucking, nuzzling. 'B's' juices filled his nose and mouth and he slurped them down. The heady aroma of musk and sweat made him swoon; his tongue lapped. 'B's' orgasm engulfed him, her thighs gripping him tighter as she bucked, her discharge coating his face, even as he tried to consume it all.

She opened her thighs and the cool air on his damp face felt good.

"Not bad, you'll get better; by the time Candi gets back, we'll have two first-class black-pussy-whores in this house. Go clean yourself up, Sissi."

He curtsied and backed away, mincing to the small bathroom just off the kitchen to clean his face and fix his makeup before he started his day's duties. *When Candi gets back? Where is she?*

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Three days later, Sissi was given a breakfast tray. "Take Candi her breakfast," Miss 'B' ordered.

Sissi carried the tray to Candi's room and knocked, entering when Candi said "Come in."

Candi was sitting up in bed, propped up on several pillows; she wore a simple gown that could not hide the newly enlarged breasts beneath.

Sissi's eyes went wide. He curtsied and placed the breakfast tray on the bed.

"Yea, Master got me new tits," Candi said. "Big ones, although I haven't really seen them yet. I'm going to be quite popular in this house." She glared at Sissi, "Unlike *you*, a simple sissy-maid."

"But how... Where..." Sissi kept staring at how far Candi's gown bulged out from her chest." Her new breasts had to be enormous.

"I'll still have to do some of that housework stuff," she shrugged. "But mostly Master will use me as a *Hospitality Girl and Hostess*." She buttered a piece of toast. "You'll be looking after me during my recovery; I can't do any real work for a while, until these heal up."

Instinctively, Sissi curtsied, "Yes, Miss Candi."

She smirked, "Cute. And I like the, *Miss Candi*." She snapped her fingers, "Rub my feet while I eat my breakfast."

“Yes, Miss Candi,” Sissi went to the end of the bend, knelt and began to rub Candi’s feet.

“All I had to do was sign a contract to extend my personal services after this fucked-up prison sentence.” She spread her hands, “And I get new tits, a new wardrobe, breakfast in bed and lots of attention from well-hung black men.” She wiggled her toes, “Suck my toes.” She sighed, “It’s certainly going to be a lot more fun than being in a shit-hole prison.”

“And you,” she laughed, “get to continue to be a sissy-maid, a poor worker drone, consigned to a life of cleaning.”

“Damn,” Clarence watched it all unfold on the security monitor. “That is one stone-cold, bad-ass bitch.”

“Got that,” Leon added, “but one fine piece of white tail. Can’t wait for her to bring them big new titties down here.”

The two men shared a high-five.

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Thanksgiving passed and the house was decorated for Christmas. Sissi and Candi were both comfortably settled into their roles.

True to her words, Candi was spending less time dressed as a whorish-slutty-maid and more time dressed as a hot woman ready for a night of clubbing. She wore short, skin-tight dresses and fuck-me heels, playing her part of *Hostess* and *Hospitality Girl*. Whether Master was entertaining clients or friends, Candi could usually be found offering drinks, sitting on laps, being fondled or providing other, more personal, *services*.

She especially enjoyed flaunting this in front of Sissi, being especially attentive and sexy with guests whenever Sissi was present. Sissi, for his part, was relatively ignored and treated essentially as a slave and servant. He envied the attention Candi received from black men, and the privileges and considerations she earned for being *sociable*. The high spots of his long days of drudgery were serving Mistress Albany in the morning and being a sexy little sissy-maid putting on sex shows in his room at night to amuse his watchers. Even when he was a black-cock-slut for Leon and Clarence they treated him differently than they did when using Candi for their pleasure. With Candi it was sexy, seductive and erotic. Sissi was used as a sex toy to relieve their urges and then dismissed.

Mistress Albany noticed Sissi's envy; in fact, she'd been involved in cultivating it. "Is something wrong, Sissi?" She watched as he knelt and lovingly zipped up her expensive leather boots.

"No, Mistress... Nothing."

"Sissi?"

"It's just that... I..."

"Sissi! Do not be evasive. Tell Miss Paulie I want you to have six cane strokes after supper. Now, speak."

"This sissy wants tits," the words flooded out of him before he knew it. "Big tits."

"Really?" She smiled. "We've been over this. The terms of your sentence do not allow us to make any such body modifications to you. And anyway, such an operation is expensive, how on earth would you pay for it. You *have* nothing."

"But Candi got new breasts. She did, so... So there must be a way."

"Why do you want breasts? You're a man."

"No! No, I'm a sissy." Again, the words came without him having to think or form them.

Mistress Albany's eyes narrowed. *Got you.* "Answer—the—question. *Why* do you want big titties?"

"So black men will pay attention to me and I can please them."

Mistress nodded. *The programming is nearly complete with this one.* "Is it important for you to please black men?"

"Oh yes, Mistress, Sissi wants to please men the way Candi does. She's so sexy with her new breasts and the men like her and use her and... Sissi wants that too."

She stroked his cheek, "Of course you do, all sluts love to please their Black Masters."

The phrase resonated with Sissi. He'd seen it hundreds, if not thousands of times, flashed subliminally with the other programming messages he saw every evening on the screen in his room, with the images of sissies sucking black cock, kissing other sissies and being fucked by their black masters. The images whirled in his mind.

"Yes," Mistress agreed, "Candi *is* very sexy and *very popular* with the men. And they do love her new breasts. But *she* requested the breast surgery, signed the consent forms and entered into a personal services

contract with us, to continue here after her sentence was complete, in order to pay for the procedure.”

“I could do that, Mistress,” the urgency and desperation was evident in his voice.

“Perhaps,” Mistress mused, “perhaps. I’ll talk to Master Carl about it.”

“Thank you, Mistress, thank you,” Sissi planted sweet kisses on Mistress Albany’s boots.

Mistress rose, gazing down at the kneeling white-sissy-maid, “You are dismissed, and don’t forget to ask Paulie for your strokes.”

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The additional sissy-maids were on hand for Master’s annual Christmas party. Instead of their usual pink and white livery, for this event they were decked out as sexy Christmas elves and fairies. The elves wore green, glittering tights with openings at the crotch so their chastity devices could be pulled through and displayed with colorful bells, ornaments and ribbons. Above they wore skimpy red dresses with white fur trim. Cute Santa hats and opera-length red gloves with red glitter highlights completed the look. Their shoes were black patent stiletto-heeled ankle boots.

Sissi was a Christmas fairy for the event. The fairies had similar outfits coordinated in blue and white: white tights, blue dresses, white gloves and white patent ankle boots.

Candi circulated throughout the crowd, men patting her ass and fondling the now 44 FF breasts that threatened to spill out of her low-cut and skin-tight red dress. She wore long white gloves and black patent fuck-me shoes with impossibly high heels.

The sissies made their rounds, carrying trays of drinks and finger foods, stopping to bend at the waist and offer the guests whatever they wanted. What many guests wanted was to fondle the cute holiday-themed chastity package on each sissy maid. Sissi lost count of the number of times a woman’s hand inspected his cute holiday-fairy-cock-and-balls.

At one point during the evening Candi walked by, each of her arms linked to a strapping black man. The trio stopped and Candi looked Sissi up and down. “A fairy,” she smirked, “isn’t that appropriate.” Her wicked laugh trailed off along with the fading clicks of her fuck-me pumps.

Sissi was collecting empty glasses, filling his tray, when he caught sight of two stunning black women enter the room, one older and one younger. Both women were dressed very stylishly, yet it was the women trailing behind that caught his eye. Each black woman held a leash in her gloved hand. On the other end of the leash was a nearly naked white woman. *Slaves, they brought slaves with them.* Sissi gaped at the white female slaves. The leashes were connected to rings that pierced the women's pussy lips. Ring gags held the slaves' mouths open in a yearning and seductive manner. The slaves teetered behind on sky-high stilettos, some of the highest heels Sissi had ever seen. They balanced precariously on their toes, trying to keep up with their Mistresses to avoid the tugs on the leashes. The slave's wrists were cuffed behind their backs, leaving their breasts thrust out and vulnerable. It was an erotic sight and Sissi watched as the quartet made their way through the room, many men and women stopping to say hello to the black Dommies and fondling the breasts and pussies of the slaves.

As the foursome neared Sissi he saw the female slaves sported very dark and sexy eye makeup and bright red lips around the ring gag. He looked. And looked again. The older female slave was—his attorney, Laura Simmons! He looked at the other, younger slave; it was Laura's assistant, Gloria.

Sissi's head spun. He looked again at the two black Dommies; the older one, the one leading slave Gloria, was Tanika Jones, the prosecutor who had convicted him. And his own attorney, Laura, was being led by Tanika's young and cruel assistant, Marla.

Mistress Albany crossed the room to embrace Tanika, "So good of you to come. We missed you at the summer cookout."

Tanika handed Gloria's leash to Marla, who jerked it cruelly to pull the slave beside Laura. "Yes, we hated to miss it, but Marla and I were working an issue overseas."

Sissi watched the exchange, trying to put it all together. *So my lawyer was...* He saw three empty glasses and scurried over in his stilettos to add them to his tray. That means my *lawyer was actually...* A woman stopped, added her glass to the tray and fondled Sissi's chastity device. Sissi smiled sweetly and curtsied as the woman walked away. Sissi tried to focus on the dominant and submissive lawyers and what it all meant to him, but

he couldn't concentrate on that line of thought. Serving, glasses, ashtrays, guests all filled Sissi's mind, nothing else seemed to matter.

### ***TWO DAYS LATER...***

Sissi stood outside Master's home office; Suki told him to report to Master and Mistress at two, and at two Sissi stood demurely, his feet together and his hands folded in front of him. He tried to keep his nervousness at bay, but a summons before Master and Mistress...

The door opened and Suki stepped out, "They will see you now." Suki held the door open and closed it behind Sissi as he entered.

Master's office held more people than Sissi expected. Master was at his large wooden desk with Mistress Albany in a chair to the side. That was not unexpected. What *was* unexpected was the presence of his attorney, Laura, and her assistant, Gloria, and the situations he found them in. Standing to the side, behind Master's desk was the attorney that started his downfall, Ms. Tanika Jones.

Sissi walked forward, stopped in front of Master's desk and curtsied. He desperately wanted to look to each side of him at the scenes of domination and submission playing out around him.

To Sissi's right, Leon had Gloria on her knees, her prim jacket and blouse off, her skirt pulled up to reveal her garter belt and stockings, and *no panties*. Gloria was sucking off Leon as the burly security man wrapped his hand around her hair, holding her tight on his mammoth cock. To Sissi's left, his attorney, Laura, was being fucked in the ass by Clarence. She was bent over at the waist, her own jacket, blouse and bra removed, and weighted nipple clamps swaying with each thrust of Clarence's cock in her pussy.

"So, Sissi," Master opened a file on his desk, "Albany tells me that you want titties. I believe you used the phrase '*big tits*'?"

"Yes, Master," Sissi curtsied, "This sissy-maid requests big tits to please black men." It was hard for Sissi to concentrate with the sounds of energetic fucking and cock-sucking on either side of him.

"You would have to request this in writing and enter into an exclusive personal services contract in order to compensate us for the costs

associated with your surgery.” Master paused, “If you are really sincere about this, I’ve had the necessary documents prepared and even,” he smiled, “arranged for your legal counsel to be here today.” He handed Sissi a stack of papers. “Go,” he pointed to Laura, who continued to take a pounding from Clarence’s black cock, “and ask your legal representative if they are in order.”

Sissi accepted the papers, curtsied and minced to Laura. He stopped before Laura, her blonde hair hanging down and flying about as Clarence pummeled her from behind. “Are... Are these documents in order, Miss Laura?”

Mistress Albany beamed. One, at Sissi’s skill in wearing six-inch heels, the sissy-maid now lived continually in heels, finding it uncomfortable to wear flats or be barefoot. Two, at Sissi’s reference to his attorney as ‘Miss Laura’. *Our little sissy-maid is one of our programming triumphs, never have we broken and re-programmed a male so quickly.*

“Y-yes, Sissi,” Laura mumbled, “Master allowed me to look over the documents. Ev-everything is in order.” Clarence spanked her ass with his large hand and Laura moaned. “Thank you, Sir.” He spanked her again. Oh, yesss...”

Sissi curtsied and backed away, returning to the front of Master’s desk. “Yes, Master, this sissy-maid is ready to sign. Thank you, Master.”

Tanika stepped forward, took the documents from Sissi and spread them on the desk. She handed Sissi a pen, “Sign here, here, and here.”

Sissi took the pen, bent at the waist; *a sissy must always display themselves*, and started to sign: S-i-s-s-i.

“No!” Tanika said, “Your other name.”

A moment of confusion passed over Sissi’s face.

“Sign, Todd Grant,” Tanika said.

Sissi nodded and started to sign, T-o-d-d G-r-a-n-t.

Mistress Albany had to stifle a chuckle; *He’s starting to forget his name. In a few more years all he’ll remember is being a white-sissy-slave.*

“You are dismissed, Sissi,” Master said.

Sissi curtsied, backed away, curtsied a second time and backed out of the room. He closed the door and walked to the kitchen to get his supplies and resume cleaning, excited about his new titties.

Mistress Albany picked up the open-ended, exclusive personal services contract signed by Todd Grant/Sissi. “Well, that’s another one accounted for, and a life sentence as well.”

“Yes,” Carl agreed, “a few more years of training and we can sell him for a nice profit. I think we’ll keep Candi, though.”

Tanika placed a file on the desk in front of Master Carl. “This is Maria Esteban; she’s facing her third offense charge and really doesn’t want to go to prison.”

Mistress Albany looked over at the picture, “She’s very pretty, even in her mug shot. Looks a bit hippy.”

“The photo doesn’t do her justice,” Tanika said, “she is *very pretty*, some might say beautiful, there is certainly potential there.” She shrugged, “She is a bit on the plus side, but many of our customers and clients do like that.”

Master looked over to Clarence, who was now having his cocked sucked clean by Laura, “What do you say, like to have a young full-figured girl around the house for a while?”

Clarence flashed a toothy smile, “Works for me, boss.”

Master nodded to Tanika, “Make the alternative sentencing offer.”

THE END

## About the Author

Constance Pennington Smythe is an erotic/fetish author. She is retired from the corporate world, and has lived abroad. Visit the author's free web site at:

[www.cpsmythe.com](http://www.cpsmythe.com)



## *Recommended Reading*

There many books on the topics of Female Domination, BDSM, Cross-Dressing and other aspects of the alternative lifestyle. The following are a few from the current canon on the subjects and are recommended reading for a woman who wants to learn more about this lifestyle. This list is by no means complete, but these are works with which I have personal familiarity.

### Female Domination

*Female Domination: An exploration of the male desire for Loving Female Authority* © 2003 by Elise Sutton

*The Art of Sensual Female DOMINANCE: A guide for Women* © 1998 by Claudia Varrin

*The Sexually Dominant Woman: A Workbook for Nervous Beginners* © 1998 by Lady Green

*The Mistress Manual: The Good Girl's Guide to Female Dominance* © 2000 by Mistress Lorelei

*The Training and Education of a Husband Vol. I* © 1996 by Patricia de Gifford

*The Training and Education of a Husband Vol. II* © 1996 by Patricia de Gifford

*Sex Tips from a Dominatrix* © 1999 by Patricia Payne

### Sissy Maids

*A Charm School for Sissy Maids* © 2001 by Mistress Lorelei

*Training With Miss Abernathy: A Workbook for Erotic Slaves and their Owners* © 1998 by Christina Abernathy

*Miss Abernathy's Concise Slave Training Manual* © 1996 by Christina Abernathy

### Cross-Dressing

*Miss Vera's Finishing School for **Boys** Who Want to be **Girls*** © 1997 by Veronica Vera

*Miss Vera's Cross-Dress for Success* © 2002 by Veronica Vera

### BDSM

*Screw the Roses, Send Me the Thorns: The Romance and Sexual Sorcery of Sadomasochism* © 1995 by Philip Miller and Molly Devon

*Learning the Ropes: A Basic Guide to Safe and Fun S/M Lovemaking* © 1992 by Race Bannon

## *Recommended Web Sites*

Don't forget the search capabilities of the world-wide-web. Here are some recommended web sites; again this small list is by no means all-inclusive.

### **Female Domination**

[www.elisesutton-homestead.com](http://www.elisesutton-homestead.com)

[www.akashaweb.com](http://www.akashaweb.com)

[www.femdomdestiny.com](http://www.femdomdestiny.com)

### **Cross-Dressing**

[www.glamourboutique.com](http://www.glamourboutique.com)

[www.pierresilber.com](http://www.pierresilber.com)

[www.xdress.com](http://www.xdress.com)

### **Chastity**

[www.keptforher.com](http://www.keptforher.com)

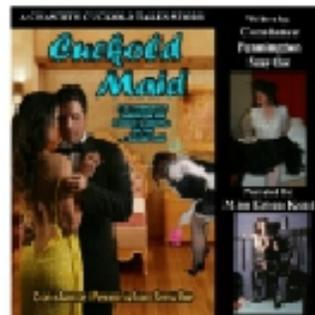
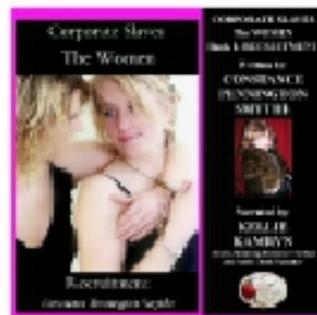
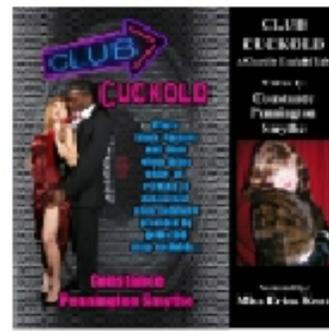
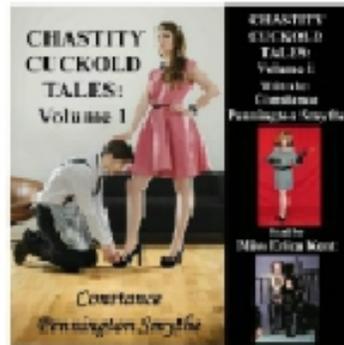
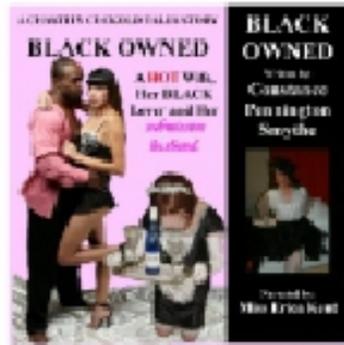
[www.cb-2000.com](http://www.cb-2000.com)

[www.tpe.com](http://www.tpe.com) (access Chastity info via the Altarboy link)

[www.chastitylifestyle.com](http://www.chastitylifestyle.com)

[www.chastitymansion.com](http://www.chastitymansion.com)

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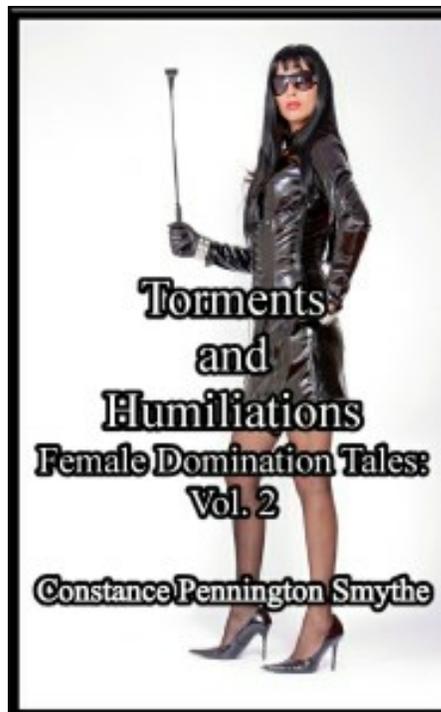
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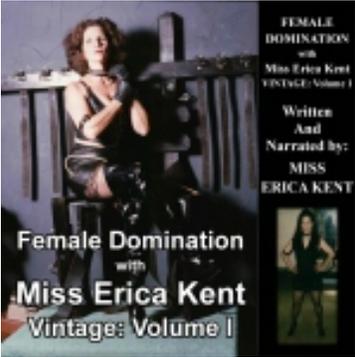
2014 saw a much-needed update and reorganization of my web site. To that end, much of the content that cluttered it up was removed. While I did enjoy the role playing with many of my sweet gurls in the Smythe Domination and Sissy School parts of the web site, it became too tedious to keep it updated.

All is not lost, however. The Sissy School Lessons, Smythe Domination Ltd., Female Domination 101, Hints and Tips for Sissy Maids and the Smythe Cartoons have been archived and bundled together in this work: *Miss Constance's Guide for Sissy Maids*.

This work includes over 65 pictures and illustrations for those of you who are visually stimulated, you know who you are.

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You may also enjoy the e-Books and Audio Books of my dear friend Miss Erica Kent, who narrates many of my audio books. Her Female Domination Vintage series contain teasing dialogues of cross dressing, spanking and humiliation. The e-books contain pictures of some of her favorite sissy-slaves.



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*A Visit To Smythe Stables:* Miss Caroline's graduating class visit the stables, to learn the proper care of the submissive male.

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### Cuckold Panty Wall: # 6

Samantha had plans for her husband and soon-to-be chastity cuckold. His would be a special role in their relationship and in Samantha's lustful exploits. Hapless husband Tedi learns new lessons in denial, dominance and submission as he labors at the Cuckold Panty Wall. (While not a Lesbian story, the work does contain some Lesbian themes/scenes).

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### WSB Club: # 7

Michelle and her black lover, Antoine, have plans for Michelle's husband, Simon. A weekend at Antoine's mother's estate turns out to be a turning point in Simon's life. The hapless husband undergoes the initial training to become a WSB. Under the tutelage of senior sissy maids Paulette and Pansy, Simon becomes Simmi and starts his way to becoming a member of the exclusive *WSB Club*.

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### Sissy Cuckold Shopping Channel: # 8

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ISBN: 978-1-935757-51-1 (E-book)

### Club Cuckold - Black Owned 3: # 9

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ISBN: 978-1-935757-58-0 (E-book)

### Mistress Deborah's Cuckold Sissy Maid: # 10

Mistress Deborah lives the life of a pampered Goddess, thanks to her cuckold-sissy-maid-husband Tim/Tami. Deborah enjoys the amorous attentions of her young lover Sean, and both Mistress and Master take their turns in tormenting the hapless Tami. Things don't get any better for Tami when the simpering sissy is 'milked' before Deborah's guest, Miss Sandra, and when wicked sissy maid Amanda is added to the household.

ISBN: 978-1-935757-67-2 (E-book)

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Mistress Corrine has planned a wonderful weekend get-away at a resort-spa. Wonderful for HER. Not so much for her submissive husband-sissy Larry/Lori. While Corrine relaxes and is pampered along with her alpha-male lover, Rick, Lori gets assigned to the resort housekeeping and cocktail staff. It's a weekend of humiliation and torment in stilettos for the ... Cuckold Maid. ISBN: 978-1-939010-01-8 (E-book)

### Black Daddy - white sissy: # 12

It's the year 2039 and the Matriarchal Revolution is complete. Women are now permitted multiple husbands and lovers, and males have been classified as Alpha, submissive or worker drones. Rachel Thorn has taken Lamont as her alpha-male black husband/lover, and her former 'husband' is now her sissy-wife, Juli. Sissy-wives are the latest craze and an essential for any modern household where they function as maids and sex toys. Sissy-

wife Juli is getting a makeover and is excited to welcome home Black Daddy Lamont when he returns from his business trip. ISBN: 978-1-939010-20-9 (E-book)

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