



DEBBIE AND JACKIE

The Dominant Duo

MIRANDA BIRCH

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By [Miranda Birch](#)

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Debbie and Jackie are two attractive young women who share a house. Catching a man stealing their knickers one night in the garden, they decide to punish him. After this, they discover they both have a taste for female domination. They cannot get enough of it. Male after male falls victim to their sadistic desires! In this book, you can follow the exploits of these dominant women in FIVE epsidoes of their adventures!

This is a "bundle" of THREE previously-released full-price stories: Femdom Abduction, Femdom Retribution, and Femdom Crime And Punishment. This book is specially-priced as a "buy two, get one FREE" deal!

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Episode One: Knicker Nicker

"Hey!" whispered Debbie Parker suddenly. She and her friend and flat-mate, Jackie Wilkins, were sitting in the back kitchen enjoying a late-night cup of tea after an evening in the pub.

"What?" asked Jackie curiously.

"Shh... keep your voice down... listen."

They both listened intently, then Jackie's mouth opened and she nodded. She had heard it too.

"Burglars?"

Debbie shrugged.

"Let's go and take a look."

Opening the back door quietly, they both crept out into the little garden. The only light was from the hall, but it was bright enough to reveal the back of a man attempting to climb the fence.

"Oi!" shouted Debbie, rushing forward. Jackie's heart leapt in her breast. Her friend had always been a bit fool-hardy — but this, tackling a burglar, a man, a big man by the look of him, in the middle of the night? But she ran after her anyway, to do her bit.

The man at the end of the garden made desperate efforts to scale the fence, but then Debbie was on him. She thumped him viciously, he turned, and Debbie let him have it right in the face, one two, and

then a kick. Jackie came up and started kicking too, more in fear than in anger. The man held his hands up feebly, making no attempt to fight back. Debbie suddenly stopped hitting out, and grabbed Jackie's arm. For it was John Appleyard, their boss from the library where they worked, who stood, or rather crouched, before them! And clutched in one hand was a bunch of knickers — *their* knickers, from *their* clothes line! It was Jackie who recovered from the surprise first.

"Well, well, Mr Appleyard! And just what do you think you are doing?"

Both Jackie and Debbie had suffered from John Appleyard's sexist pomposity at work, and Jackie in particular disliked him intensely.

"I... er... was passing... thought I saw some fellow... you know... grabbed him... but he got away..."

"Shut it!" Debbie interrupted him. "It's bloody clear what *you* were up to!"

Jackie took the initiative.

"Come on, knicker-snatcher, let's be having you! Inside — now! Or shall we phone the police?"

Debbie chimed in. "Yeah, let them handle it..."

"No!" whispered John frantically.

"Get in there then."

John was pushed and shoved roughly inside. Once inside, the beating began again. Both girls were very angry now, and had no fear of this unfit middle-aged man.

"Stop! Stop!" he pleaded ineffectually.

After a time, they did. Debbie looked at Jackie, and winked.

"Like our knickers, do you?"

The cringing man before them looked utterly pathetic. He didn't reply. Jackie gave him a back-hander, making him cry out.

"Answer!"

"I... I..."

"Right then," continued Debbie, "since you like knickers, let's see you in a pair. Strip off!"

"What...? I ... you can't..."

"Fucking hard of hearing or what?" Jackie shouted then — and abruptly kicked him in the balls. He doubled up, clutching himself, howling.

"Better get him down the cellar, or he'll wake the whole street," said Debbie.

"Yeah, come on then, grab him!"

They grabbed him roughly and frog-marched him down to the small cellar of the terraced house. There, he was made to strip, and put on a pair of the knickers he had pinched. Debbie's as it happened — she was a big girl. The two females regarded him with utter contempt as he stood there naked but for a pair of black nylon panties.

"Enjoying yourself?" Jackie sneered.

Debbie laughed. "He must be, dream come true for the fucking sick pervert!"

Jackie approached him, and he flinched. With one swift motion she drew a pair of her panties over his head.

"Get a good sniff, knicker-sniffer!"

Debbie laughed. "Nice one!"

The both stood regarding their hapless captive. Jackie whispered something to Debbie, who nodded and laughed.

"Yeah, brilliant! I can handle him, but don't be too long."

Jackie ran swiftly up the stairs. Debbie stood, hands on hips, regarding the cringing wretch before her, who stood silently, crouched over. He had a fine pair of black eyes already coming up, and his lips were puffed. She'd given him quite a battering, she realised. Well, who cares? He got what was coming to him!

Jackie was back within five minutes.

"Found 'em!" she announced triumphantly.

Debbie gripped John's arms suddenly and twisted them behind his back. He came to life again.

"Hey! stop it! What...?"

But while he tried to work out what was going on now, Jackie had the handcuffs round his wrists. Debbie indicated a long low wooden bench, pretty much the only furniture in the small bare room.

"We are both dog-tired and want to go to bed. There's yours there. We'll decide what is to be done about you in the morning!"

With that, Debbie pushed him hard, and he fell heavily onto the bench. He lay looking up at them stupidly, the kickers still on his head making him look like a particularly dim-witted bank robber.

"Sweet dreams!" said Debbie, then took Jackie's arm, and they both sauntered out. The door slammed and was locked. Lying in the darkness, bruised and beaten, John Appleyard began to sob.

John Appleyard got little rest that night. He finally fell heavily asleep just before dawn. He woke some time later, feeling drained and exhausted. His face was bruised and his mouth painfully puffy from the beating he had received from those two vicious vixens the night before. The pair of knickers were still over his face, smelling faintly of stale pee. It was disgusting, but he had no way of removing them. His wrists were in agony from the cut of the steel handcuffs, his arms and back ached abominably.

In what would surely by now be the cold light of day — though it was still pitch-black in the cellar — John realised that he was now totally in the power of those two cruel, violent women. Tears of self-pity prickled at the back of John's eyes.

Debbie and Jackie had seemed such nice young girls. Rather sexy too. Perhaps he had bossed them about a little too much, and some of his remarks had maybe been a bit strong. But surely he didn't deserve this awful treatment! Only yesterday he had been a respected member of the local community... a church warden... with a solid job. Now, if word of his activities got out, he would be ruined. He could not possibly face the total disgrace. But what to do? Somehow, he must try to compromise with these two young viragoes.

His ears pricked up as he heard key being turned in the cellar door. The door was flung open, the small room flooded with sudden light. John scrunched his eyes up against the glare.

"There, I told you," came Jackie's voice, "the dirty bastard has pissed himself in the night."

It was true. John had not been able to help it. The thin knickers clung clammily to his loins.

Then the other kickers were pulled off his face and he could see Debbie standing over him, her blue eyes glaring down on him rapaciously.

"Sleep well, did you, knicker-lover?" she asked.

John remained silent. He saw a palm being raised. He couldn't bear any more of that relentless pummelling which had overwhelmed him last night.

"Nooooo!" It came out as a kind of squeak. "No... No Miss Parker, I didn't."

"Well, that's not entirely surprising," said Jackie, her dark head coming into view.

Debbie grabbed his arms roughly and he cringed. Then he felt the handcuffs being unlocked and groaned with relief. He rubbed his aching arms as soon as he could. They were stiff and sore. All of him was stiff and sore.

"Get up," said Debbie, "and take those stinking knickers off. You'll wash both pairs later. Time for your shower now."

John staggered up. Shower? What? Then he saw the hose-pipe which Jackie was holding — and seconds later was hit by a forceful jet of freezing-cold water.

"Ahhhh!" he howled, trying to dodge the blast.

A hefty kick from Debbie sent him into one corner.

"Get over there and stay over there — and enjoy your shower!"

"Stay there, don't dodge!" warned Jackie as well.

John stayed, gasping, panting, until Jackie decided he had had enough and turned the water off. He stood there wretchedly, looking like a drowned rat.

Jackie threw a cloth at him then.

"Get that bench scrubbed clean, pissier!"

John took the cloth and bent awkwardly over the bench.

"On your knees, scrubber!" barked Debbie.

John knelt, and began to run the cloth over the bench. They kept him scrubbing there for several minutes, cuffs and kicks encouraging him in his work.

When they decided he was done, he was allowed to dry himself with a small rough bath towel.

"And here's a fresh pair of knickers to put on. Aren't you the lucky one?"

A pair of briefs flew through the air. John pulled them on, glad of even this minimal covering, even as he was humiliated by having to wear women's underwear.

Now, for the first time that morning, John saw the two girls properly. For some reason, they were both dressed up as schoolgirls and looked even younger than they were — and even sexier. They wore white blouses and short gym slips. No stockings but short white socks and black shoes with small heels. Jackie's breasts were high and firm, Debbie's were bigger and were almost bursting from her blouse. It was, for John, like a wanker's dream come true... but not under the present circumstances. He tried not to look at them.

"Right, Buster, pick up those two pairs of knickers and follow us," said Debbie.

John meekly did as he was told. What else was he going to do? He knew that either of these two fit young vixens could probably rough him up on her own — and both together... well!

Back in the house, John saw that all the curtains were drawn.

"We don't want to upset the neighbours by having a knicker-nicker parading around in his finery!" said Jackie with a grin. "Get into the

kitchen creep."

John went in.

"There's a bowl in the sink," said Jackie. "use it to wash those knickers — thoroughly."

Both girls stood watching while he performed this humiliating task. He... John Appleyard, Chief Librarian, washing the knickers of his two young assistants, in front of them! He felt himself flushing with shame, and a tinge of anger.

"Enjoying it?" enquired Debbie.

"No... no... Miss Parker..." replied John. He was just about getting used to addressing them in that way, instead of the old familiar Debbie and Jackie.

"Now there's a surprise ," said Debbie, "I should have thought you would love doing this, being so close and intimate with your beloved girls' knickers!"

"Oh, he does, he does, he just won't admit it," sneered Jackie.

When the washing was completed, as John thought, Jackie inspected the knickers — and told John to wash them again. Meekly he complied. In fact, there was a definite deep-down thrill in washing these intimate garments. But whatever thrill there may have been was completely overshadowed by the reality of standing there next to naked, washing under the instructions of two young women known to him from his work. Then Jackie went and hung them on the line.

"Breakfast time," announced Debbie gaily. She plonked a bowl down on the table. "Eat it all up," she said. "You'll need all your strength."

"Wh... what is it... Miss?" asked John nervously.

"Bread and milk, with lots of sugar," said Debbie with a grin. "Very nourishing." It was not something John had had since he was a child

and he didn't like it. But he didn't dare say so.

Jackie came back into the kitchen.

"Tucking in, is he?" she asked.

"Oh, wolfing it down! He's being quite a good boy."

"I hope so... for his sake," answered Jackie.

Mournfully, John consumed the whole bowl of nursery-type food, and he suddenly realised he was quite hungry. He pushed the bowl away when he had finished... but Jackie insisted that he lick the bowl spotless. John did as he was told, feeling totally demeaned.

"Now it's time for *our* breakfast," said Debbie. "Crispy bacon and two eggs each, toast, coffee. Get cracking! You may call when it's ready."

The two bitches sauntered out, leaving John standing in the kitchen alone. He considered making a run for it. But the back door was locked, they would surely hear if he tried to clamber through the small window — and in any case, where was he going, glad only in a pair of tight navy-blue knickers?

Luckily for John, being a bachelor, he knew his way around a kitchen, after a fashion. Soon the kitchen was filled with the delicious smell of frying bacon. John felt hungry again, but there was nothing he could do about it. If this were a normal day, he thought wretchedly, I'd be in my office now, issuing orders to these two arrogant youngsters. But, as it was...

He set the kitchen table and called out that all was ready. In they came in their sexy schoolgirl outfits and John served them deferentially. They both seemed content with the cooking, but did not compliment him.

"How do you like waiting on schoolgirls, creep? Give you a thrill I expect," said Jackie.

"No... no... Miss..." John shook his head woefully.

"Liar!" said Debbie, as she stuffed food into her mouth. "I bet you'd like to know what colour knickers we are wearing." John found his cheeks growing red. The girl had hit on his weak point. He *had* often used to wonder what colour knickers they were wearing.

"N-no Miss..." he said weakly.

"Liar again!" said Debbie. "Here, take a look!"

The blonde youngster jumped up on her chair and pulled up the short gym slip to reveal a pair of navy blue, tight-fitting knickers. John felt a stab of excitement. How often before he had dreamed of such a vision. But now...?

"They're not the traditional serge, I'm afraid," said Debbie. "I can't stand serge. These are thin nylon. I hope you like them, knicker-boy."

"Yes, Miss," answered John, trying to sound as respectful as possible.

"Bloody cheek," snorted Jackie. "After all our efforts to help him, this pervy bastard's still getting exited over our underwear!"

"No... no... Miss... I swear... I mean..." began John.

"Don't bother!" snapped Jackie, dark eyes flashing. "Just get on with clearing away and washing up. Then report to us in the living room."

John couldn't bear being ordered around in this peremptory fashion by his underlings, but simply had to accept it. He was, he realised being treated like a skivvy. And oh, how those two were loving it!

When he had finished his chores, he went into the living room. They were both sprawled on a couch and John could sense the tense excitement within them.

"You kneel when you come into our presence," said Debbie.

"and you stay kneeling until you are told to get up." Jackie added.

John knelt.

"Now, *Mr. Appleyard*," said Jackie with a smirk, "we come to the question of your punishment."

John's scalp tingled all over. Surely they couldn't really mean it? He thought they had surely punished him enough already, what with last night's beating and this morning's various humiliations.

"We have decided," went on Jackie, "that you're going to get a sound caning for your disgusting antics."

"Oh, you can't really mean it," said John extending imploring hands. "I mean... I mean... it's physical assault!"

"It is, isn't it?" agreed Debbie, smiling hugely. "But then you, as a perv, enjoy that sort of thing. Not really a punishment, really, is it? You could say we are only obliging you in yet another of your perversions."

"But I'm not really like that," protested John in a high-pitched voice. "Oh... oh... please ladies... don't go on like this... please, please we were colleagues once."

"You *were* the boss, we *were* down-trodden assistants," said Jackie. "Now we're on top and you're going to pay the penalty. Show him the canes we're going to use, Debbie."

Debbie picked up two slim canes from the side of the sofa, each with a hooked handle.

"School canes," she smiled, swishing one through the air, "nothing too serious. Best I could pick up in town this morning. And they do go with the uniforms, I think!"

"For God's sake, no... you can't... you mustn't! I... I'm a grown man... this... this... is totally absurd..." John cried out. He was beginning to quake with fear. It seemed as if they really did mean it. Dear God. Cold sweat prickled under his armpits and on his brow.

"It depends where you're standing — or kneeling, I should say. To us, it doesn't seem absurd at all, it seems only common justice. *Someone* has got to cure you of your nasty ways. Otherwise, how many more women are going to be terrorised?

Jackie was smiling, but it was a menacing smile.

"Can't we come to some arrangement?" asked John desperately. "I mean... I'll pay you. Anything you want. Just let me off."

Both girls laughed uproariously.

"Anything we want!" said Debbie scornfully. "That won't amount to much on a librarian's salary."

"I've got savings!" It was almost a screech.

"You can stick your savings up your arse, you creepy old wanker," said Jackie crudely. "We are not after money, we are after revenge!"

John felt near to tears; he was trembling.

"On your feet," ordered Debbie.

John stood up unsteadily. It was all like a hideous dream: totally unreal. But it was really happening!

"Follow me," ordered Jackie. "Keep close behind Debbie — and Debs, if he starts any tricks, lay that cane hard across him."

"Sure!" said Debbie happily. She had never caned a man before. But she was looking forward to thrashing the arse off of this lecherous old bastard John Appleyard!

Jackie unlocked the cellar door and, in Indian file, they descended the stone steps. For a few moments, John once again considered flight but again could see the futility of it. For want of something better, he clung to the belief that these two cunning little vixens were bluffing... just trying to scare him. It would soon be over, surely. Surely soon they would let him go?

They entered the cell-like room where he had been so uncomfortably confined the previous night.

"Get those knickers off, and kneel at the end of the bunk," ordered Jackie.

"N-no... no... you're not really going to do it, are you? You've scared me enough, isn't that sufficient?"

"Not by a long chalk," said Debbie. "**Kneel!**"

Still John hesitated. Debbie hit him hard across the mouth, which was still puffy and tender from all the slapping of the previous evening. John screamed like a girl.

"**Kneel!**" thundered Jackie, and raised her hand in turn. Trembling violently, John pulled the skimpy panties down and knelt as directed. The nightmare was getting worse by the moment.

"Extend your arms along the bunk," said Debbie.

John obeyed like an automaton. He felt cold steel around his wrists. Handcuffs again, two pairs, one on each wrist. They were locked into small rings on each side of the bunk. He tugged furiously but it was quite futile. And it hurt. He was secured, helpless. Panic gripped him.

"Stop... stop it! You can't... you can't! It... it's quite... crazy!"

"Are you calling us crazy?" asked Jackie, in a voice of steel.

"No... no... Miss," replied John, now quaking with dread. "I... I meant the... whole idea..."

"We are not interested in your opinions, you disgusting knicker-stealing wanker. You are now simply going to get what you deserve."

Debbie lifted up her gym slip and pushed down her navy blue knickers, screwing them into a ball.

"Open wide," she said. "You should enjoy this, knicker-lover, here come a pair of mine."

The ball of female-scented knickers was thrust deep into his mouth and John gagged and retched. A warning hand stopped him from spitting them out with the promise of another blow. His eyes bulged with horror. They were going to do it. The impossible was about to happen!

Debbie handed Jackie one of the canes and the girls took up positions on either side of the bunk.

"Twenty four strokes, Mr Appleyard," said Jackie, "and you deserve every one of them! I shall lay it on from the left, and Miss Debbie from the right."

"Nooo... don't," cried John despairingly.

Tap... tap... tap... He felt the tips of the canes lightly touching his flesh. He flinched involuntarily.

"You first, Jackie," said Debbie. "Remember there's no hurry, but he must be made to feel each one fully."

"Of course", said Jackie. Her dark eyes were glittering. It was one of the most wonderful moments she could ever recall.

"Noooo... noooo....!" shrieked John in a final frenzy.

Jackie slowly raised her cane high, then with one swift movement brought it lashing down across the top of John's buttocks. The shock of sudden pain robbed him of breath. His head jerked up, his bottom squirmed, and then a howl of agony burst from him, only partially

muffled by his knicker gag. He could not remember feeling such pain before.

"Stop... you can't do this!" he tried to shout out, but the knickers in his mouth turned the words into meaningless grunts and gurgles.

After a delay of some seconds, Debbie lashed down her cane in turn and it fell with even greater force than Jackie's had done. She was a big girl.

"Aggggghhh... agghhh...!" howled John.

The fiery pain was indescribable. Sudden rage filled him at what these two youngsters were doing to him. Remorselessly, at ten second intervals the canes whip lashed down from left and right, and John was driven to a bucking-writhing frenzy of torment. The gag was ejected from his mouth by the strength of his cries. Debbie simply shoved it back in.

SWISH! Three!

SWISH! Four!

SWISH! Five!

SWISH! Six!

SWISH! Seven!

SWISH! Eight!

John thought he would go demented if it didn't stop. The pain of each stroke was quite excruciating.

SWISH! Nine!

SWISH! Ten!

SWISH! Eleven!

SWISH! Twelve!

Just halfway. John was sobbing and groaning. The gag was ejected again, and replaced again.

"Twelve more to come," said Jackie sadistically.

"Ugghh.... uggghhh.. nurggh!" gurgled John.

Surely they couldn't go on? Surely not... surely! Already his buttocks seemed to be criss-crossed with red hot wires.

SWISH! Thirteen!

It began again. Agony... agony!

SWISH! Fourteen!

He thought he must go mad if it went on like this. But it went on... and on... and on...

SWISH! Fifteen!

SWISH! Sixteen!

John's eyes were bulging wildly, and his cheeks and chin were wet with tears and saliva. There was an exultant look on the face of each girl. Jackie's teeth were bared. Debbie's eyes were glittering. Neither could recall having enjoyed themselves so much before.

SWISH! Seventeen!

John uttered a muffled high-pitched shriek as a new weal overlaid an old one. The pain was beyond belief. Mind-bending.

SWISH! Eighteen!

"Six more," said Jackie. "Keep giving it to him good and hard!"

"You bet!" said Debbie. under her blouse, her big breasts were heaving with her exertions.

SWISH! Nineteen!

John was making noises now rather like a labouring old steam train, hissing and groaning. As each stroke bit mercilessly, his bulging eyes would roll up and back. His hindquarters were pounding up and down, writhing convulsively from side to side.

SWISH! Twenty!

SWISH! Twenty-one!

SWISH! Twenty-two!

SWISH! Twenty-three!

At the twentieth stroke, John lost all control. He had reached the limit, it could not get any worse. The last strokes contorted him as all the previous ones had done and, by the time Debbie laid on the final stroke, he was as near insensible as made no difference.

SWISH! Twenty-four!

John lay slumped back on the bunk, uttering moaning-groaning noises, his eyes now closed, his bruised mouth slaving away on the wooden surface, quite unaware that his caning was now finally over. His mind had begun to slip away. It seemed that he was standing within inches of a blazing fire... he must get away... he must. The pain was quite intolerable. He jerked on his cuffs, gurgling incoherently through the knickers stuffed into his mouth.

The girls looked down at their handiwork in triumphant satisfaction.

"Don't think he'll be stealing any knickers for a while," said Jackie.

"I guess not," grinned Debbie.

She ran a hand over the ridged weals their canes had raised on John's rump.

"My God, that feels hot," she said.

Jackie placed her hand there too. "Hot Hell! Don't think he'll give us much trouble from now on, do you?"

"No, reckon he'll be as meek as a little lamb!"

"Let's go upstairs and give him time to recover," suggested Jackie.

"Good idea. It's a bit chilly down here."

Linking arms the two girls mounted the stone steps that led out of the cellar. They heard John still gurgling like a mad thing as they went.

Only slowly did John's head clear. Only slowly did he recall the full horror of what had just been done to him. He sobbed with self-pity. How could they? How could they? How could anyone do this to another human being. It was barbaric! It hadn't been just a simple six of the best... which in a way he supposed he might have deserved... but a full blooded totally merciless thrashing.

John sobbed and sobbed re-living the seemingly never-ending torment as stroke followed stroke. The moments when he thought his brain must explode with pure pain. Now he had a new but similar pain to endure... the incessant throb-throb, stab-stab of pulsating weals.

Where had those she-devils gone? They had callously left him. They did not care. Did they even remotely comprehend the measure of their cruelty? Above all, the sheer injustice of it all!

he went on sobbing and sobbing, all his aches and pains constantly assailing him: his puffy, very tender face, the steel cuffs cutting into

his wrists, the rough hard wood under his belly, the torment of his welted buttocks.

Jackie and Debbie had opened a bottle of champagne to celebrate the first thrashing they had ever handed out.

"That was really something else, wasn't it?" said Jackie sipping the rather expensive bubbly. But hang the expense! it was a special occasion.

"It was fabulous," said Debbie. "He won't forget that in a hurry."

"He'll never forget it," said Jackie smugly.

"When we go back to the Library on Monday," said Debbie, "just our being there will be a constant reminder of what we did to him, and the power we *still* have over him, knowing his little secret as well do."

"Oh, yes! We can tease and torment him all day long!"

"He won't be able to do a thing because not only is it our word against his, but I've got photographic evidence."

"Oh, you..."

"Yes," nodded Debbie. "Several dozen shots of knicker-lover in all his knicker-clad glory! He won't want *them* on the internet, will he?"

"Oh, lovely! Hey, just imagine — we could go into his office and tell him to stand up and drop his trousers for six of the best. He'd have to do it! Oh, what fun we're going to have!"

Debbie laughed and finished her glass.

"Anyway, shall we go down and see if he's okay?"

"Yes, better."

John could not stand when he was at last uncuffed. He half-fell awkwardly off the bunk and knelt up with difficulty, groaning. he pressed his hands gently to his burning bottom.

"Move! Crawl to the door!" ordered Jackie.

She gave John a tap on his bottom and he flinched violently and squealed. He crawled, and broke out once more into sobs of despair. Then he crawled up the stone steps, which was a painful procedure. At last they all arrived in the living room.

"Kneel erect!" ordered Jackie.

She was luxuriating in her new-found power. How delightful it was to give orders and have them obeyed!

Wincing, John knelt up. He was now virtually unrecognisable. His lips were puffed and all out of proportion, his eyes were red and swollen. He seemed to have aged by ten years.

"Now you know what a good hiding is like," said Jackie.

"Something to remember, I'd say," chimed in Debbie.

"And, let me tell you something, knicker-nicker," said Jackie, "if there is the slightest disobedience while you are here, or if you displease us in any way, there is no reason why you shouldn't get another caning. And another. And another. Is that perfectly clear?"

John's sausage-like lips quivered and finally moved.

"Yes, Miss..." he croaked hoarsely.

"Good," smiled Jackie. "And I mean exactly what I say."

Debbie slumped down in an armchair and placed one leg over the arm, her short gym slip riding right up. Since she was now wearing no briefs, her golden, downy triangle was revealed. John's swollen

eyes flickered to it momentarily, then away again. He had other things to worry about!

Jackie was rather disappointed that her victim was in such a sorry state. She felt it would be more fun to break resistance, but it looked like poor old Appleyard was already fully broken.

"Give him a large brandy Debbie," she said. "It might perk him up a bit."

Debbie poured half a tumbler full and approached John.

"No..." he protested, "I don't drink..."

"You'll drink this," said Debbie. "Remember what Miss Wilkins said about disobedience!"

She glared at him. John's mouth opened as far as it could. He looked rather like a goldfish. Debbie poured the strong liquor into his mouth and, spluttering and choking, he gulped it down. He was surprised to find soon it did make him feel a bit better.

"After all that punishment, I think it's time for some pleasure," said Debbie archly then.

Jackie laughed.

"What have you in mind?"

"I thought our knicker-nicker could wank over our knickers for us. That's what you do, isn't it perv?"

A look of horrified disbelief invaded John's face as he knelt there naked and miserable. Oh, no! They couldn't!

Debbie tossed a pair of black lace knickers at him.

"On your head, and make sure the gusset is over your face."

"Please..." whimpered John, tears beginning trickling down his cheeks.

"Do it now!" rasped Jackie and raised her cane.

John's eyes dilated and he quickly pushed down the briefs over his head.

Debbie walked round behind him.

"My, my," she said, "that bottom does look quite a mess. A bit sore, is it, wanker?"

"Yesss... mmfffff... yes... Miss," whining John.

"And you don't want it any more, I guess. So you'll do exactly as you're told," said Debbie. "So now you will play with yourself, Mr Appleyard!"

John's shook his head incredulously. Surely this girl couldn't mean it!

"Don't make me lose my patience, knicker-sniffer! Get hold of that pitiful little prick of yours and play with it!"

The shame John experienced as he took hold of himself knew no bounds. He hung his head. Oh this couldn't be happening! Was there no limit to their cruelty?.

"Wank a lot, do you, Mr Appleyard, sir?" asked Debbie, smiling mischievously.

John nodded his head slightly.

"Answer!" snapped Debbie.

"Yes... Miss... quite a lot..."

"Like every night, I suppose," interjected Jackie.

"P-practically... Miss..." he whimpered.

His prick was still as soft as it had been when he got hold of it.

"Thinking about us? And our knickers?" asked Jackie.

"And wearing a pair while you're doing it? Answer!"

"Sometimes... Miss..."

"Sometimes, *Miss Wilkins!*" barked Jackie.

"Sometimes, Miss Wilkins."

"Oh God... oh God... I can't bear this!" he burst out then.

"Rather have another good hiding perhaps?" asked Debbie.

"Noooo..." It came out as a petrified squeal.

"Then keep wanking," said Debbie emphatically. "Not much of a man, is he Jackie? Think I should provoke him a little?"

"Yeah, go on, looks like he could use some assistance!"

"It does rather," said Debbie.

She unbuttoned her white blouse then. The big, tightly restricted breasts came bursting out naked.

John could not help looking at the feast of voluptuous, creamy-white flesh, the pink nipples erect, the firm, full breasts of an 18 year old. He groaned.

"Keep wanking," insisted Debbie, her blue eyes sparkling with amusement.

"Amazing what these middle-aged, respectable citizens get up to isn't it?" she said to Jackie.

"I think it's revolting," said Jackie, lips curling with mock-disgust. "Worst of all they're pretending all the time to be so much better than we are. Oh, wait a mo, I do believe he's swelling a bit! Well done, Debbie! those tits of your certainly do something for him!"

John could feel himself thickening and stiffening a little. He wanted it — yet also he did not. The humiliating degradation of it made a pain rather than a pleasure.

"Faster," demanded Debbie. "Let's see how big a man you really are!"

She jiggled her breasts about provocatively.

"Nice, eh, wanker? Nice, eh?" she said jeeringly.

John stared at the big tits and pumped harder and faster, feeling his prick getting bigger all the time. Feeling the heat of lust, yet wanting to resist it. Wanting, but not daring. He groaned again, he sobbed. Impossible to believe now that these two looking at him with cruel contempt had been his assistants, respectful and obedient employees under his authority. that was another world away now. John finally came to full erection, still gazing at Debbie's big breasts, and her long bare thighs, and her light blonde bush.

"My word, what a size!" sneered Jackie. "Scares you rather, doesn't it?"

"Oh yeah!," laughed Debbie, "split you open, that monster would!"

Jackie almost wet herself with laughter.

John was aware of the spectacle he was making of himself but he could not stop. He dare not stop, rather. He moaning, feeling his lust intensifying. John absorbed the female scents and felt the slipperiness of the nylon against his face. This was how it had once been when he was alone in bed, panties over his face, wanking away like mad, thinking more often than not of one or other of his

luscious young assistants. Now he was doing it in front of both of them! And oh, the hideous, hideous shame of it!

John felt totally disgusted with himself but was caught up in a mounting whirlpool of irresistible lust. He pumped away frenziedly, bringing himself to a shuddering climax, gasping and groaning as he did so.

"What a sight!" cried Debbie.

"Oh yes," agreed Jackie. "our boss, in all his magnificent manliness!"

John knelt there, spent, utterly humiliated, enduring their taunts and jeers. Then Jackie threw a cloth at him.

"Clean up your mess, wanker. Then get dressed and fuck off — your clothes are in the corner, over there."

And John Appleyard did exactly as he was told.

Episode Two: Consciousness Raising

The cellar room he sat in was small and bare. No carpet, nothing on the walls. Just a plain wooden bench on which he sat. The door was locked, there was no window. He was still wearing only his raincoat, and feeling very sorry for himself. Roger was cold and hungry. His sexual confidence was completely demolished. He simply felt himself to be a dirty little pervert.

He had no idea of the time, but he seemed to have been there for hours. Roger shivered. Something very unpleasant is afoot, he thought. Vengeful women could be dangerous. Should be be apologetic and humble? Jolly them? Or should be be aggressive? It was a difficult decision. But the pain in his groin, even if less severe, was still there. Aggression did not seem a very sensible approach, given what had happened earlier! Still, perhaps when they finally did come into the room, he might make a rush at them. A couple of good thumps, then he'd be away. And everything would be over. Yes... that

might be the best ploy to start with. He touched his balls gingerly. Ouch... oh how they still hurt! that cow *deserved* a good thump!

But how long were they going to keep him there? Frankly, Roger was beginning to get a shade angry. Not, he realised, that he had any right to. But he simply couldn't help it. Like so many other things he did in life. Really, he thought — for once facing facts — I'm quite a mess.

For the umpteenth time, he got up and went to the door; tried the handle for the umpteenth time; hammered on it for the umpteenth time. Hopeless. Roger cursed. It was not amusing to be a prisoner; especially when the gaolers were women who had caught you flashing!

Roger was half dozing when the door at last opened. He gasped.

There the two of them stood, in the light of that bare single bulb, no longer clad in their country walking attire, but in high-heeled boots and suggestive leather outfits. They looked quite different — and quite terrifying.

"Stand up!"

The order was given in a tone which expected to be obeyed instantly. Roger stood up, feeling more weak and helpless than ever. Never had he felt less like a true man.

"Take that raincoat off!"

It was the other who gave the order now. Fumbling, Roger took it off. Usually, that was his big moment. His triumph. Now he felt simply ridiculous and humiliated. All the more so when he observed the scornful curl of the lips on both of them.

"Good Lord," said one. "Is that *it*?" A burst of laughter.

"I cannot imagine why he wants to display *that!*" said the other. "You would think he'd prefer to keep it covered up!"

Now both of them laughed loudly together, clasping each other in their affected merriment. Fury flared through Roger. He wasn't going to take this from these cows! Naked as he was, he made a break for the door. And the next instant, was felled to the floor by a neat, powerful blow to the neck. He lay there, moaning hopelessly. These women were scarcely human! How could they — how dare they treat him like this? He was vaguely aware of them still talking to each other and laughing. He struggled to force himself up.

"If you try and make another break for it," said one, "you'll get a second kick in the balls into the bargain."

Roger felt quite stunned. How could this possibly have happened to him? He had always been the happy victor in the little games he played in the woods. It was the woman... or the women... who ran screaming when he opened his raincoat. Nothing underneath of course. Just a nice erection on display. He'd have been working on that. Couldn't simply produce it out of the blue. Still, that was all part of the fun. Lurking there, in his favourite spot, playing with himself and waiting for someone to come along the path. He didn't like women with dogs, though. They could turn out quite nasty. So he usually let them go by. Oddly enough, two women together often reacted more violently than a woman on her own.

But it had been different today.

The two young women had come jogging along the path in their track-suits, both with head-phones on. A most suitable pair, he judged. His hand worked away. A nice surprise was in store for them. So out of the bushes he came, raincoat flung wide.

But, on this occasion, there were no screams, no hysterics, no rushing away. In fact, no fun for him at all. They simply looked at him

blankly for a moment or two, then one laughed. Then the big blonde one kicked him in the crotch. Agony!

"Shall we bother?" a voice above had said, as he had writhed in torment in the mud, claspings his most private parts. There was a bar of burning pain going through him; he had thought he was going to be sick.

"Why not? Dealing with Appleyard has given me a bit of a taste for re-educating pervs!"

A laugh.

"Yeah, and I've heard someone like this has been at this for some time around here. Looks like he's bitten off more than he can chew this time, eh?"

Another laugh.

Roger had felt the pain ebbing fractionally. Then he had been yanked up by his hair. He had howled.

"Move, you bastard!"

Roger had moved, stumbling along the track. Good God, what was happening? It shouldn't be like this! It had all gone wrong. Were they going to hand him over to the Law? That very idea sent waves of panic through Roger. He was a professional man; an accountant. On the local council. A sidesman in church. He would be utterly ruined! He found himself sobbing as he was frog-marched remorselessly along. The strength of these two women was quite remarkable, and that kick in the crotch had robbed him of all his. Paralysing! Did a woman know what she was doing when she kicked like that?

Then Roger had found himself being bundled into the boot of a Mini Metro. He had tried to resist but the girls were young and strong and he was still half-crippled by the kick to the balls.

"Just one peep out of you," one of them had said, 'and we'll drive straight to the Police Station. So play along, unless you want end up standing before the Magistrate!"

Then the boot slammed shut.

He had slumped in the narrow space, completely defeated. But what on earth were they going to do with him? Terror had begun to overwhelm him. This was the end of the road, he had sensed. He'd had a lot of fun lately; but now it was all up. He was finished.

Back in the present, Roger decided that resistance or aggression would be stupid. And painful. So the only way out was to crawl.

"I... I'm awfully sorry," he whined. "I just can't help it."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said one. "You're just a filthy-minded pig who likes terrorising women."

"No... no... not really..."

Roger got a stinging slap across the face which made him see stars. Anger spurted, then quickly died. He realised that he was scared stiff of these two Amazons. Standing there naked, as he was, made him feel twice as vulnerable.

"Don't answer back. And don't tell lies. You *love terrorising women*," the big blonde said with vicious emphasis.

"We've been checking up on you", she continued. "From various reports you've been at this little game for over a year now — and all the time pretending you're a respectable member of the community."

the dark-haired one sneered.

"You pitiful hypocrite!"

Roger felt about two feet high. Never had he felt less of a man in his life.

"Y-you won't tell... will you?" He was half-cringing down on his knees... hands out imploringly. "It ... it would ruin me..."

"Serve you right!"

"Please... for God's sake... don't! I'll do anything... anything..."

He meant it at that moment. He saw them look at each other, and smile. His mind filled with sudden dread. What did they intend to do anyway?

"*Anything?*" said one.

"Anything... I c-can..."

"I wonder. Well, we'll think about that."

"I'll never do it again! I swear... I swear!"

"You might not indeed, after we have finished with you!"

Roger shrivelled again. He'd always heard that sadistic women were far worse than sadistic men. And there could be no doubt these two were sadists.

"W-what are you g-going to do?" he quavered. "How long are you going to keep me here?"

"What are we going to do, Jackie?" asked the big, tall blonde. She was the one who had kicked him in the balls and, already, he had the most healthy respect for her.

"Well, Debbie, I think we agreed that since this pitiful creature was so anxious to make us conscious of his prick, it would only be appropriate that we make *him* a bit more prick-conscious. Only, in a rather less enjoyable way — for him, at any rate. Right?"

"Yes, that's what we agreed."

The woman called Jackie smiled coldly at him.

"What's your name, weed?"

"R-Roger..."

They giggled.

"He looks like a Roger," said Debbie. She was the one who had slapped his face. His ears were still ringing. No half-measures about these two. She advanced towards him.

"Like giving the birds a good rogering, do you, eh?"

Roger flushed and didn't reply.

"Nah, more like wanking in the bushes for you!" Debbie spat at him with contempt.

"Put your hands behind your back," ordered Jackie.

Reluctantly, he did so, then she went behind him and he heard a click. Then cold metal went around his wrists. Handcuffs! He almost panicked. About to protest, he was diverted by Debbie. She came towards him and, to his shock and dismay, took hold of his penis, then slipped some kind of thin leathern noose around it — taking in his scrotum at the same time. He squealed with dread as the noose was pulled tight. Did they intend to castrate him? In his terror, he saw Jackie smiling evilly.

"You've heard of the expression 'got him by the balls', haven't you, Roger?" she asked. Then she gave the noose a tug and he squealed again. It was quite a terrifying situation. Something like a sob shook him.

"P-please... please... don't..." he whined.

"Lead him around a bit, Jackie," said Debbie. "Let him feel exactly who controls his cock now."

Jackie moved off and, beginning to sweat, Roger followed her around the room. To do anything else would have been exceedingly painful!

"More conscious of our prick now, are we, Roger?" enquired Debbie.

"Yes... ahhhh... yes... yes..." gasped Roger. "Please... stop this... it's gone far enough... you could do me an... an injury..."

"We could, couldn't we?" laughed Jackie, giving an extra tug on her 'lead'. Roger yelled. He was helpless, wrists handcuffed behind himself, dragged along in this humiliating and painful way. Oh Lord, what could he do!

"Stop... stop... you've done enough! I... I'm simply a... a s-sick man..." he half sobbed.

Debbie hit him across the face. Once... twice. Very hard. Roger reeled from side to side.

"Don't give us that shit, you miserable little flasher. It's about time we women looked to our own defences."

Gasping, groaning, Roger continued on his humiliating procession around the room. There were tears in his eyes. He now realised, there was nothing quite so terrible as being in the hands of the relentless women. How on earth was he going to get out of this hideous situation? They could destroy him by taking him to the law. But even if he accepted that option, would they take it up? It seemed unlikely. He got the horrible impression that they were enjoying themselves too much.

Jackie finally came to a halt. Then, leather-clad and menacing, she approached close to him.

"Right, little man," she said, "my friend and I have had the impression you've been too comfortable down here in our playroom, lounging about at your leisure. Time you were made a little less comfortable."

"And more prick-conscious!" giggled Debbie.

Roger, sweating freely now, found himself being lead to one of the walls. He saw there was a hook in it. A picture hook? No, it looked too large, and it wasn't the right height... Then Jackie looped her slim leather thong over the hook, and simply pulled. The noose tightened further. Roger had to stand on tiptoe to ease the pain. He cried out in terror.

"Stop... oooohhhh... stop!"

"Just a shade higher," advised Debbie.

The noose tautened further. Roger had to stand even more on tiptoe or, he felt sure, lose his manhood.

"There..." said Jackie complacently. "Now you're *very* conscious of your prick, aren't you Roger? You're being held up by it. And, if you don't want to stay standing on tiptoe, life is going to be exceedingly painful."

Roger was really sweating buckets now.

"Stop.... you can't leave me like this... you *can't*! Do you... know... do you know what you're doing?"

"Very much so," answered Debbie. "We're going out for the evening, aren't we, Jackie?"

"That's right, out on the town! Might not be back till very late. Might not be back at all this evening, if we pull!"

"Stooo... oopppp! You *can't* leave me like this... you just can't!"

Roger was practically shrieking. Already a pain was developing in his calves and thighs. If he tried to ease that pain in them the agony from the noose would be even more excruciating. "Merceeee! Y-you've done enough!" He looked over his shoulder desperately. Merely to see too adamant faces, eyes joyfully triumphant.

"See you later, Roger," said Jackie, moving to the door.

"Stooo... ooop... ooh... stoo... ooppp!"

Without a word more, his two tormentresses walked out. The door was slammed. Then locked.

Roger, now sweating profusely, began to sob unrestrainedly.

The pain was atrocious, and becoming more so. Alone, helpless in that cold bare cellar, Roger felt the panic mounting. They could kill me, thought Roger. Oh, dear Lord, how long before they came back? The pain in his muscles was like fire. Toes, calves, thighs. It was becoming unendurable. There was only one way to relieve it. He had to lower himself. And that would mean an agonising bite of the noose around his genitals.

Roger realised he had no option. Then lowered himself. He screamed in torment. It felt as if his manhood was about to be sliced off. Sobbing, he endured the torment for perhaps ten seconds. Then he raised himself up on his toes again... and the agony in his leg muscles returned.

"Help!" he cried out mindlessly. "Someone help me!"

The pain merely continued in the bleak coldness of that awful room. Roger began to cry like a child. How could they do this to him? Whatever his faults, he didn't deserve this. It was criminal! But then, he had acted criminally too. All the same, at that moment, Roger would willingly have accepted public disgrace rather than the awful pains he was undergoing. However, the option was not being offered to him.

Crying out, he lowered himself again. He simply *had* to. Once more he felt castration was imminent. It wasn't. Roger was not aware of the strength and resilience of the human body. People could be, and had been, hung up by their balls and still survived — albeit perhaps a little more elongated in places!

How long since they had left him, he thought wildly. It seemed hours. But was probably only about fifteen minutes. Were they truly going out for the entire evening?

If so, he would surely die. And it would be a happy release. Roger sobbed and sobbed with self pity. No man deserved such an awful fate.

In fact, Jackie and Debbie had no intention of going out that evening. However, they thought the news might be mind-concentrating for their victim. Though they would both have admitted they were somewhat sadistically-minded towards men, they also felt they were in the process of doing a service towards the local community. If this Roger had been caught by the police at his little games, what would have happened? A fine? Maybe merely a caution. They intended to make sure Roger didn't play his little games again.

They returned after about an hour, to find Roger lathered in sweat, sobbing and moaning. One minute up on his toes, the next minute down, He began screaming hoarsely as he saw them.

"More prick-conscious now,are we Roger?" enquired Jackie. She, like Debbie, now carried a cane.

"L-let me down... for God's sake... let me down!"

"I asked you a question, Roger," said Jackie with menace in her voice. "Has this experience made you more prick-conscious?"

"Y-yesssss... ahhh... yes... ooooh.. let me down..."

"And you admit you are a filthy flasher?" Debbie chimed in.

"Yes... oh... yes... I'll *never* do it again!"

The two women looked at each other with satisfaction. Both got the impression that he really meant it!

"Are you sure?" Jackie lashed her cane across Roger's rump and he howled with pain, jerking on his noose.

"Yeee... aiiieeee... yes.... ooooh... let me... down... enough... enough..."

Jackie and Debbie looked at each other, smiling understandingly.

"I think this will make doubly sure!"

And then they began to thrash Roger vigorously with their canes, alternating their strokes: one from the left, then one from the right, then one from left... Soon the room was filled with the most awful shrieking sounds.

When Roger came to his senses again, he found himself lying on then hard, bare bench. He was still completely naked. It felt that that awful cutting noose was still around him but, looking down, he saw that it was gone. He sobbed with relief. The aching agony in his leg muscles still remained. And his rump throbbed incessantly with the countless weals criss-crossing it.

Oh how could any two human beings behave as those two female monsters had done? It was incredible. his eyes moistened again with self-pity. He might not be exactly blameless, but he surely didn't deserve that kind of treatment? The whole episode was a nightmare. But was the nightmare over?

What time was it? And where was he? He had no means of knowing. He was at the mercy of two female tyrants. Very, very carefully, his hand went to his genitals. How agonisingly sore they were! His hand

withdrew quickly. still, he reflected, they're still there. At one time, it seemed they wouldn't be.

Oh when would this nightmare end? That caning! Oh those repetitive, blazing stripes! On top of all his other torments. Never had he imagined he would have to endure such indescribable horrors. Like those in a Concentration Camp, he thought. Yet not realising the even greater, and far more prolonged horrors of such places.

I'll go to the police, he said to himself. I'll show them my scars. Surely there would be scars, after a beating like that. I'll have them prosecuted. They'll pay for this, the sadistic bitches! His hate was beginning to surge violently, when the door of the room suddenly opened. There they were again! He cringed back in utter dread.

"We've got a paper for you to sign, flasher," said Jackie. "Won't bother to go into details. It simply states, that you are a masochist and like being dealt with in this fashion. Sign!"

A sheet of paper and a pen were pushed in front of Roger. With trembling fingers, he signed. What the hell did it matter? So long as he got away. And his nasty secrets were not revealed.

"C-can I go now...?" he asked.

"No!" stated Debbie.

He saw that she had a white jar in her hand.

"You're staying the night," she continued.

Roger started to protest.

"Any nonsense, and you'll stay all day tomorrow as well. Possibly tomorrow night also!"

"Or maybe you'd like to go on your noose again?" asked Jackie, with a cruel smirk.

Roger quailed, quite terror-stricken at the prospect of *that*! He shook his head frantically. He was helplessly in their power.

"This," said Debbie, unscrewing the jar, "will make you most decidedly prick-conscious. I shall put on the first dollop... after that, you'll do it yourself. Every hour, on the hour."

Roger saw Jackie put some kind of clock on a floor alongside him. She smiled at him.

"This will wake you, you wimp," she said sweetly.

Meanwhile, Roger found his most sensitive flesh seized by Debbie's gloved hand, and white ointment being smeared all over it. he gasped on account of the sensitivity of his sex-flesh but the ointment felt cool. But only for about ten seconds. Then it began to burn. Debbie was smearing his balls liberally. Cool at first. Then beginning to burn. And burn fiercely. Excruciatingly!

He looked up and saw them looking down on him, triumphantly.

"It's a course in being prick-conscious," Jackie explained.

"We feel you need to have your consciousness raised in that area," added Debbie.

Still they both smiled and smiled, as Roger gasped and gasped at the steady increase of burning pain. Again, he was near to tears. Debbie bent over him. He was conscious of the thrust of her big breasts, her sheer voluptuous womanliness. She was just the kind he loved to have running and shrieking. Now it was he who had done, if not the running, then certainly all the shrieking! And now the burning pain was increasing by the moment.

"Listen, you pathetic little flasher, and listen well..."

"Yes... yes..."

Roger would have listened to anything. His bollocks seemed to be literally on fire. Was there no end to this hell on earth?

"This timer will ring loudly every hour on the hour. When it does, you will take more of this ointment and put it on that pathetic excuse for a prick and balls. Are you following me?"

"Yes... yes... if you say so..."

"I do say so! What is more, if this jar is not *empty* by the morning, and your prick and balls are not a most beautiful bright red — you will get some more of the cane!"

"Got it, wanker?" enquired Jackie, also leaning forward.

"Y-yes... yes... yes.."

Roger was cringing verbally as well as physically. Oh the hideous burning-burning pain, on top of everything else! Still they smiled down on him, utterly triumphant, revelling in their power over him.

"Have a good night!" said Debbie brightly.

"Sweet dreams!" added Jackie.

The door slammed shut, and was locked. Roger groaned in torment, twisting and turning on the hard bench. The jar on the floor alongside him stood silent and menacing, the promise of pain. On the hour, every hour, they had said. A renewal of this burning agony throughout the night. A repeated renewal. Unbelievable! But, after all that had happened, he knew he had no choice but to endure it. Doubling up in a foetus-like position, he sobbed and sobbed. The pain — everywhere— was excruciating and incessant. And he knew it would go on and on, until the morning. And what a long time away the morning seemed!

Episode Three: Indecent Assault

"That one looks promising," said Debbie, at the wheel of her old Mini Metro. Jackie turned to look. "Yeah, bit woebegone by the look of him. Let's give it a go." Debbie nodded, flipped her indicator and pulled in by the side of the road.

Fred Walker gave an inward sign of relief. He had been waiting for a lift away from here for over half an hour now. He had just been released from Harmondsworth Prison, having served a sentence there for indecent assault. It was as though he were wearing an prison uniform with arrows all over it, the way the motorists avoided him. Now, at last, he could get away from here, and, just maybe, away from his past. Start afresh, London maybe. He jogged towards the waiting vehicle.

"Here he comes! said Debbie, glancing in her rear-view mirror. "Fresh meat!" Jackie gave a nasty little laugh.

"Hi!" said Debbie as the man clambered into the back of the small car. "That's Jackie, I'm Debbie."

"Er, hello... Fred, Fred Walker."

"Pleased to meet you, Fred. You look like you've been out there a while?"

"Yeah, a bit..."

"Where to?"

"Eh?"

"Where are you going?"

"Well... I was thinking London..."

"Can't take you that far, I'm afraid."

"Oh, that's... yeah, of course not... I'm fine just to get a bit along, you know..."

Debbie nodded, her eyes on the road. She had pulled back out and was now cruising along.

"It's getting late, be dark soon. Why don't you stay over with us? Have something to eat, get an early night, then off bright and early in the morning?" said Jackie, turning to look at him. "What do you reckon, Debs?"

"Oh!" said Fred surprised. People didn't often offer to help him out.

"That's a good idea, actually," said Debbie casually.

"Well, er.. yeah, yeah! Thanks!"

"No problem!" Jackie smiled at him. Mug! she thought.

"Check that out, Jackie!"

Debbie thrust a copy of the local paper towards Jackie, who, puzzled took it and looked at the page it was folded open to. Puzzled, then pleased. The local authority, after considerable pressure from the local population, had come to an agreement with Harmondsworth Prison to publish the names of offenders being released. And so there stood the name, Fred Walker, under a small, blurry photo. There was no mistaking; it was him alright.

"Now there's a stroke of luck!"

"Yeah, no-one is gonna bother if *he* goes missing for a while, eh?"

"For a long while!" said Jackie, licking her lips.

The two burst into the room quite suddenly. Fred looked up, startled.

"On your knees!"

"Strip!"

The orders came thick and fast, first one girl, then the other. He felt a violent kick and went flying. He rose to his knees, tried to get up, when a painful shock tore through him.

"*Stay* on your knees!"

"And get stripping!"

Another painful blast from the cattle prod convinced him. Shocked and panicked, he began to get his clothes off.

"Come on!"

"Move it!"

Once he was naked and kneeling, Debbie announced:

"We know who you are."

The local paper was thrust under his nose. He barely had time to register the short paragraph announcing his release, and see with dismay the small grainy mug-shot, before it was withdrawn. He felt his sinking feeling in the pit of his stomach. Oh, no, what was this? Revenge?

Then he saw the blonde, Debbie, drop the cattle prod nonchalantly on a bench. These two birds were obviously nutters — he had to get out now! Now was his chance! He lunged at the brunette, Jackie, who had shown him the paper and was still holding it. But his attempt to be a man and fight back was at once cut short by this girl, who, seemingly with the greatest of ease, evaded his clumsy punch, kicked his in the balls, and as he hunched over clutching himself in agony, followed up with a blow to the midriff that sent him crashing to the floor.

"Oh, sorry!" said Jackie brightly. "In all this excitement, I must have forgotten to say. I'm a black-belt. So is Debbie. If you ever feel like a bit of a rumble, we are your girls!"

She laughed unpleasantly.

"And get up on your knees, you useless wanker, or I will start hitting you for real!"

Jackie and Debbie stood ready. Groaning, he levered himself up. He stared at them, shocked.

"Alright, Tarzan, ready to do as you're told?"

He nodded dumbly, terrified of this Amazon. She had handled him as easily as he might a child. He took off his jacket and began to unbutton his shirt.

When he was naked, Debbie gathered up his clothes and stuffed them into a bin-bag. Jackie, he now saw, had a long thin cane in her hand, and was swishing it back and forth menacingly.

"Stand up, and touch your toes."

Fred tried, but though he bent, he couldn't get his hands to his feet.

"Good enough" said a voice from behind him. Then SWISH! and a burning line of pain seared across his buttocks. He gave a loud cry straightened up instinctively.

"Get back down!"

"You're getting six. Just to teach you a lesson for not doing as you were told just now."

"Now touch your fucking toes!"

Horrified, he bent again. How could this be happened.

Five more times the rod sent burning pain through his rump. He was almost crying by the sixth.

"Back on your knees."

Wincing with the pain, he knelt.

"Kneel up *straight*, wanker!" Jackie barked at him.

He did so. Through pure fear.

"Your new name is 'wanker'. Do you like that name?"

Fred stared dumbly at the buxom blonde. Her open hand crashed across his face, back and forth, twice.

"Hello? I asked you a fucking question!"

"Waste of time, Debs — let me kick the shit out of him," said Jackie, taking up a martial arts stance.

"No! No!" squealed Fred. "I...I I-like that name..."

The two girls laughed at him contemptuously. Then Debbie said, "you address us as 'Miss'. Got that?"

"Yes..." he mumbled, then "yes, Miss!" he corrected quickly as he saw her raise her hand to strike.

"Alright then, wanker." Debbie lowered her hand with a nasty little grin.

"So, wanker, you like showing yourself to little girls, do you?" said Jackie then.

"No! No!"

"It says here you do!" Jackie raised the paper. Debbie raised her cane.

"No, please!" he cowered. "The charge was... indecent assault. I.. I'm a flasher." Then he added, "but only to women, not young girls!" It sounded pathetic even to himself.

"Oh, so you like showing yourself off to women, do you?" sneered Debbie. Turning to Jackie, she added, "we've got a bit of Don Juan here, I reckon!"

"Maybe you'd like to give us a bit of a show?" Debbie chimed in.

Fred just knelt there, terrified and utterly humiliated.

"Right, up!" Jackie gave him a vicious cut of the cane. He yelped and stumbled to his feet.

"Over there!" pointing with the cane.

He stood up against one wall.

"Now, we are going to pretend that Debs and me are a couple of schoolgirls, and you are going to do what you best. Ready?"

He nodded, not really getting it.

"Right, since you like flashing, you can stand there and 'flash' for a while. Is that OK with you?" Jackie added menacingly.

"Y-yes... yes Miss" Fred said miserably.

The two viragos stood there for a while, just looking at him with sneers on their faces.

"Debs, you know what? This is boring!"

"Yeah, it is, isn't it?"

"Come on, lets go up to the house and watch some TV."

Debbie nodded, then fixed her gimlet eyes on Fred.

"We'll be back in a while. If I even suspect you've moved an inch, I'll take some skin off with this!" She flexed the cane and stared at Fred, who sank his gaze to the ground and just stood there.

After Jackie and Debbie had gone laughing down the corridor, Fred still stood there, as he had been told. That was where he had been stationed and that was where he had to stay. He was still shaking with rage and humiliation at the ridicule the pair had just been pouring on him.

The *real* thing was incredibly exciting for him; this was just a degrading mockery. He was naked, he was exposed; But he was not in the slightest bit aroused. He supposed that was because whilst 99% of women were terrified when they saw him with his cock out (oh the thrill of it!), these two were simply contemptuous.

Fred looked down. His penis certainly did look rather pitiful. It was small and shrivelled. He touched it; it felt cold — almost detached from him. Should he play with himself to get a bit of warmth and comfort? No, he dare not since one of them might catch him at it. He sensed these two were cunning, always on the look out to trip him up if possible. Then, gently, he pressed his hands to his weal-covered bottom. Apart from a large number of random strokes from strap and cane, Jackie had given him a really savage thrashing. Six murderous strokes. He had never known pain like it before. The weals were throbbing and burning incessantly.

And all because she considered he had not scrubbed the kitchen floor sufficiently clean.

She had ended with a threat. "There's plenty more where that came from," she had said. Terror filled Fred. She had meant it. And, with their martial arts expertise, they had him completely in their power. He heard the clack of heels and tensed. One of them was coming down the corridor.

It was Debbie who appeared and she was wearing nothing but a black G-string and high-heeled thigh-high boots of black leather. Fred was startled, if not to say shocked. It was a long time since he had seen a virtually naked young woman. To tell the truth, women frightened Fred Walker. The sight of them like that rendered him virtually impotent. He was nothing more than a fantasy-merchant and a wanker.

Debbie moved closer, grinning impishly.

"I see our little friend has still not been roused by all this 'flashing' activity. How come?"

"I... don't know, M-miss," answered Fred hoarsely. He was trembling with anxiety. Debbie's ripe breasts were only inches from his chest. The female scent of her filled his head.

"But I thought you *liked* 'flashing'."

"Yes, Miss. But... but... this is, somehow, different."

"But here I am, nearly naked. I should have thought that would have been a real turn on. Your victims would have been fully clothed. Very odd."

"I... I can't understand it myself, Miss," said Fred woefully.

"No? Are you sure you like girls? You're not a pouf, are you?"

"No! I mean... no, Miss."

"So you must think I'm an old dog, then?"

"No Miss, no!"

"Well then why don't you have a hard-on?" she spoke clearly and distinctly, as though to a child or an idiot.

Fred stammered and stuttered, but couldn't frame a coherent answer. He hung his head.

"When did you last have a fuck, you randy sod?" came then next scornful question.

Fred coloured. "A... a long time a-ago, M-miss," he answered in almost a whisper.

"I suppose you have *had* a fuck?"

Fred gulped. "N-not often, Miss..."

"But you have *had* one?"

Fred gulped again. "N-not... a proper one..." he confessed.

"That's a funny answer. Either you have or you haven't. Couldn't get it up, eh? Or, couldn't keep it up?"

"Either one or the other, Miss," said Fred miserably.

Thinking about women in the abstract, and what he would like to do with them, could give Fred a really good hard-on but, when actual contact came, either he had no arousal or he suddenly deflated at the last moment. It always had been hideously humiliating. And that he supposed had led him on to 'flashing'... and regular wanking.

Debbie shook her head as though in sorrow. Then Fred gasped loudly as she took a hold of his penis.

"P-please don't..." he whimpered, still trembling.

"What?" said Debbie, laughing openly at him. "Don't you like a woman handling your cock?"

How could he answer that?

"I... I'm not used to it, Miss," replied Fred.

He cried out then as Debbie gave his member a painful yank.

"Just used to your own hand, I suppose," said Debbie derisively.

Fred made no answer. What a worm he felt, standing like he was before this nubile young beauty.

"Well, I want to see this thing *up*," she said, and I suppose the only way is for you to play with yourself. Get on with it."

"P-please... please, Miss... don't make me..." pleaded Fred.

Wanking was something he did in private, not before members of the opposite sex. Fred couldn't bear the thought. The indignity would be just too much.

Debbie moved closer. Her nipples actually touched Fred's flesh and he started away like a frightened colt.

"Listen, weakling. Your arse will still be burning nicely from the caning Miss Jackie gave you. Would you like me to give you another one on top of that?"

"No... NO... OOOO!" It was a squeak of terror. His face was slapped. One, two, three, four times.

"NO WHAT?" bellowed Debbie.

"N-no... Miss," whined Fred. He thought he would soon lose his reason if this constant verbal and mental battering went on much longer.

"Right then, start wanking, wanker... or I'll get the cane and it will be an 'action replay' of your last good hiding."

Fred saw Debbie's eyes glittering bright. He knew she would love to do it. She might do it anyway before long. Certainly she would do it now if he didn't do as she said. As Debbie stepped back, he took hold of his penis. How small and unwilling it felt. Somehow he must

activate it. His head drooped as his fingers began to move too and fro.

"Head up," ordered Debbie. "Look at me."

Reluctantly Fred raised his head and saw the pretty young face before him, lips twisting in amused contempt.

"Look at my tits... perhaps they will do something for you!"

Fred did look. They were beautifully rounded and firm. Very like the breasts he often fantasised about. It was absurd that, now that they were actually *there*, he didn't feel roused. It was absurd. It was a kind of madness. Fred wanked himself faster. He tried not to think of Debbie being there. To concentrate on one of his fantasies. Ah, yes! The one where he had a buxom teenager held captive in a secret cellar. She was naked and chained, begging and weeping. Fred had a whip in his hand and was about to use it. Fred lashed it across the soft, white curvaceous bottom. The girl screamed and writhed in agony. Fred went on whipping the girl. After a dozen strokes across that squirming bottom, he would fuck the girl.

Oh yes, now he was beginning to get some sensation. There was a faint stirring in his loins. A slight but definite swelling of his cock.

"Anything happening yet?" enquired Debbie.

"Yes... yes... Miss... I think so," nodded Fred.

All the time was aware of the degradation of what he was doing but tried not to think about that too much. Instead he thought about whipping Debbie. That really began to turn him on. More swelling. His cock was beginning to warm up; it was beginning to feel nice... even under the circumstances.

"Ahh..." said Debbie. "I do believe that the dead bird in its nest is actually coming to life. Congratulations, wanker!"

Fred strove to ignore her words of sarcastic contempt. To concentrate on the idea of whipping her. Then, later, he would fuck her, yes... yes... he would! He was stiffening fast. Fred began to pant.

"Huhhh... huhhh... huhhh..."

The trouble was, once he had stiffened he didn't last very long.

"My, my," sneered Debbie, "what a whopper! That's *really* frightening!" Fred's hand went on pumping. He wanted to get it over with. "Must be all of four inches. Maybe five. Oh my, my!"

Fred hated her. She stood with hands on hips, laughing, as he jerked himself towards a climax.

"Stop!" came the command.

Fred stopped... right on the brink. His chest was heaving; the lust throbbing within him. His prick was quivering, aching for release. "That will be all for now," announced Debbie. A fury of frustration swept over Fred. The little bitch! The sadistic little bitch! She had made him work himself right up and now she was sending him crashing down.

Debbie stood there smirking, while he slowly subsided. Fred was near to unmanly tears. Debbie turned. "Don't you dare touch that thing while I'm away," she said. "If I catch you touching it, I'll give you that hiding I promised you. Is that quite clear?"

"Y-yes... M-miss," said Fred wretchedly. He listened to Debbie's high heels clicking down the corridor while his penis returned to its customary miserable state.

An hour, or maybe more, passed. Fred was tired and utterly fed up with being made to stand there in that ridiculous and humiliating

fashion. But what could he do about it? What dare he do about it? Nothing... absolutely nothing!

Then, once more, Fred heard footsteps. This time there were two of them. More degradation was on its way.

She had on only bra and briefs, whilst Debbie still wore her G-string.

They came into view and Debbie pointed. "There he is, Jackie," said she, "just like I told you. I found this man standing there, just like that, showing off his thing. Look!"

"Well, well," said Jackie. "I suppose it's because it's such a big one."

"Yes, I suppose so," nodded Debbie. "must be proud of it."

"Are you proud of it?" asked Jackie.

"I.. no, I..."

"Well then, why are you showing it?"

Fred knew he mustn't answer that it was because he had been told to do so. That could well earn him a punch in the solar plexus.

"I... I can't help it, Miss," he compromised.

"Kinky, are you?"

"I... I suppose so, Miss."

"Yes, I've heard of this kind of pervert, Jackie."

Oh what fun they were having in mocking him!

"Mind you, it can get even bigger than that."

"Really?"

"Yes, I've seen it with my own eyes. He started tossing himself off and then it got *really big*. I reckoned four inches, *at least*."

"Mmmm... that *is* big!"

"I expect he'd do it again if we asked him."

Despair was creeping over Fred. Now a repeat of the degradation was coming, now with two to watch him.

"Would you, if we asked you nicely?" said Jackie sweetly.

"Y-yes... yes, Miss," nodded Fred hopelessly. There was no escape.

"I thought he would," smiled Debbie. "He seemed to rather enjoy it last time. When I was watching, I mean."

"Alright, do it then," said Jackie.

Almost wearily, Fred began to play with himself. The rigmarole all had to be gone through over again. The looks and words of derision to be enduring once more. As before, nothing happened at first.

Back to the fantasy world...

Trying to think of them as not being there; just dummies...

He would think about whipping both of them...

"Nothing seems to be happening," said Jackie plaintively.

"It does take quite a while," said Debbie apologetically.

The hate in Fred's heart became like a pain. Perhaps it would be worth being beaten up, just to get in one smashing blow at each of them. But no... He decided against it. He had not got the guts for it. He simply went on playing with himself. And beginning to hate himself as much as them. He thought about whipping his fantasy

teenager in the cellar again... and, at last, something started to happen.

"I do believe it's getting bigger," said Jackie in amazement.

"Yes, just a little," agreed Debbie. "But just you wait."

Slowly, slowly, Fred swelled then began to stiffen. Thank God, it wouldn't be long now. Either he'd shoot or be deprived. Frankly, he was beginning not to care which. All he wanted was it to be finished.

"Good Lord, I see what you mean Debbie. That's really something, isn't it?"

"Certainly is. Thought you'd like to see it."

Jackie looked with mock-admiration at Fred.

"I bet you frighten a lot of women, eh?" she said.

That, in its own way, was true. But, of course, it had nothing to do with his size.

"S-some... hugh... s-some... hhuhhh... huhhh.." panted Fred.

"Is that as big as it's ever going to get?" asked Jackie.

Debbie was tittering.

"Yes, I'm afraid so, darling. You mustn't be greedy!"

Then she burst out laughing. Oh yes... wasn't it hilarious!

"Do you think we should let him go all the way?" asked Jackie.

"I don't see why not," replied Debbie. "Should be quite a spectacle."

"Like a firework display, eh?"

"Yes, something like that," grinned Debbie. "But an indoor fireworks display."

By then, Fred was hardly listening to their jibes. He was concentrating on his fantasy girl and rapidly mounting to a climax.

"Just look at that big donger!"

"A real beaut... eh?"

"Oh, yeah! That'd split you open, wouldn't it?"

Debbie dissolved into helpless laughter.

"Uh... huhhh... huhhh.. uhh... agh... huhh... huhh... aaghhhh!" Fred was reaching a crescendo (if such as one of his ejaculations could be so described). He began to sag at the knees. There was a final frenzy of hand action and then he was shooting. Even if only feebly. But shooting all the same. Bringing what minimal sexual pleasure he ever obtained.

"Magnificent!" cried Jackie applauding.

"If only we could have an encore!" tittered Debbie.

Fred was on his knees. He did not think any man could have felt more down than he did at that moment. Physically exhausted and the further exhausted by his sexual activity. He was done in... absolutely done in. He could hear the two girls talking to each other.

"What shall we do with him now?"

"Put him to work?"

"Mmmm... time for that tomorrow. Bit bored with him now, to be honest."

"Yeah, alright then."

"I think we should just lock him away for a while."

"Uh-huh."

"Hey, slob... follow us... and follow on your hands and knees."

Jackie and Debbie took off down the corridor. Fred crawled after them. It hurt his knees, but that was the least of his torments. Then they stopped. "Get ahead", ordered Jackie. Fred crawled on. A pointed toe kicked him up the arse.

"Wanker!"

"Pervert!" Another kick.

"Womaniser!" Another kick.

"Don Juan!" Another kick.

Sobbing and yelping, Fred crawled his way down the corridor until he came to the door of his room.

"Get in you pitiful slob!" Another kick.

"Disgusting pig!" Another kick.

Then Fred was moaning on the hard floor. Hearing the door slammed. Then locked. Once again he was left alone in his misery. He lay there, whimpering like a beaten dog.

It was fortunate that sheer exhaustion overcame him and, quite soon, he fell asleep.

"Should we feed him?"

Jackie and Debbie were lying in bed together quite naked. They had been having a lot of exciting fun.

"I suppose so", answered Debbie. "Got to keep his strength up."

Jackie laughed.

"So that he can wank again?"

"Amongst other things. What shall we give him?"

"Oh the usual, I suppose. I have still got some porridge in the fridge that I made up for the last one. I'll cook some more up tomorrow, now we've got ourselves a new one."

"Mmmm, cold porridge... yum-yum!" Jackie cackled with glee.

"I'll take it to him then," said Debbie.

"Just as you like, darling. Make it a nice big bowl... and make him eat it all up. *All*, you understand?"

"Oh yes, I quite understand, my sweet. He'll eat it all, believe me!"

Debbie eased herself out of bed and walked naked down to the kitchen. There, She got a large bowl out of the cupboard and filled it from the pan of porridge in the fridge. This is going to be fun, she thought. Then, having armed herself with a cane, she set off for the room in which Fred was locked.

"Feeding time, big boy," she called out as she entered. Fred stirred on he floor, groaning. Debbie gave him a little wristy cut on his bottom. "up... on your hands and knees." With a yelp, Fred got into position. The bowl was placed before him. "Eat, macho-man," ordered Debbie.

Fred was still half asleep, in a kind of stupor of pain and exhaustion. Food was being given him. yes, he was hungry... but what in God's name was this?

"Wh-what is it?" he quavered. Then got a harder cut from the cane.

"It doesn't matter what it is," said Debbie sharply. "Just eat it. Come on, get your snout in the bowl and get it down you. Unless you want more of the cane!"

Fred certainly did not. Before him was the gooey mess in the bowl. He plunged in his mouth and slurped up. It was cold and revolting. Slimy. He suddenly realised what it was. His least favourite food. Something he had not been forced to consume since childhood. Even then, it had been warm. His stomach heaved.

"Eat, big boy," said Debbie, sawing the cane across his rump. "A sexual athlete like you needs all the energy he can get!" She giggled happily.

Fred, in dread of that cane, went on sucking up the disgusting concoction. He thought at any moment he might be sick and throw it all back up. He made a frantic effort to keep on eating... and eating... and eating. Hungry he might be, but this was not what he wanted at all. This was something those two had contrived for his benefit.

"Do you know, you sound just like a pig at a trough?" remarked Debbie as she stood towering over him.

He got halfway through the bowl. He was heaving again. Feeling both full up and sick. He raised his head, face covered in a gooey mess. "I... u-ugh... I.. u-ugh... can't eat any m-more, Miss... ugh... u-ugh..."

"Oh yes you can, piggy. You can eat the whole lot. Or else!"

The cane sawed, then whipped sharply across Fred's bottom.

"*Eat*, little piggy," ordered Debbie.

Moaning, Fred plunged his face back into the goo and began to slurp and slurp again. Never had he known anything so revolting in his life before. But he had to go on with it. He *had* to. That cane was sawing relentlessly... and might cut into him at any moment.

"That's better," he heard Debbie say. "Get it all down, piggy."

With stomach seeming to swell, Fred continued to take down the disgusting dish of cold gunge which had been set before him. On and on he went... heaving and hiccoughing... yet all the time, getting more and more down.

At last it was finished. Or so he thought. "Lick the bowl spotless... and lick up all the bits on the floor," said Debbie.

"Uuuuugh... ogh God... ughh... must I?" The cane cracked across his rump.

"Don't answer back, ape!" barked Debbie. "Just do it!"

Yelping, spewing out cold porridge, Fred put his face back in the bowl and began to lick. And lick, and lick, and lick. Until that bowl was indeed spotless. then he was licking up the bits on the floor. Anything... anything... but more of that cane.

It can be said, without contradiction, that Fred Walker was learning the persuasive powers of pain.

"One more bit there," said Debbie, tapping his bottom. Fred licked it up. He was defeated. Decisively defeated. "Right ape, that will do. Get some rest. You will be needed later."

Fred sank, moaning to the floor. His belly was bloated; it was a struggle not to heave up. Somehow he managed but... for he could guess the consequences if he did not control himself.

He simply lay there, physically and mentally out for the count.

Jackie and Debbie went out for a late dinner at a nearby up-market Italian restaurant. They returned home happily... and just a shade tipsy.

"Do you want the new slave to lick you now?" asked Jackie. She knew her friend got randy when she'd had a bit to drink.

"Why not?" replied Debbie, slurring slightly.

"I'll get him then," said Jackie, smiling. She knew her Debs! And it was something she loved watching.

A few minutes later, Fred, still half asleep, came crawling into their bedroom, Jackie stalking behind him swinging her cane. Debbie was on the bed, already quite naked, her hindquarters in the air. Fred was both astonished and petrified. What new game had these two devised now?

"A great honour has been bestowed upon you, wanker," said Jackie. Can you guess what it is?"

"N-no...ooo... I can't... M-miss..." whined Fred.

He felt as getting near to the end of this tether.

"Then I will tell you." said Jackie. "You are going to be permitted to kiss Miss Debbie's arse! To lick it, as well. Really get your tongue in, capish? And, if you don't do it to her liking, I will lay this cane across your backside."

Once more the deadly cane sawed.

"You will not touch her with your hands. You will simply use your tongue. Now, get on with it."

It was a phrase Fred had heard all too often. He crawled to the bed and got up on to it. There was all of Debbie's femininity displayed to him. He'd never seen anything quite like it before and, at that moment, he did not want to see anything quite like it again. He slid forward and pressed his mouth.

Debbie stirred and moaned happily. It was one of the great delights of her life to make a man do this to her. For it was something that

demonstrated his complete abasement to her.

"Tongue in," she ordered. Jackie was still sawing the cane across Fred's backside and giving it the occasional little warning flick. That was quite sufficient to make him thrust in his tongue. "Mmmmmm..." sighed Debbie. "Deeper, slave..."

Slave! that was the first time Fred had been called that. But, he realised, no word could have described him more aptly. He went on kissing licking and probing deep, the thought of another caning was quite intolerable, so he did it with a kind of desperate zeal.

"Oooooooooohhhhhhhh yeessss! Oh, this fucking wanker is such a good fucking arse-licker, Jackie! You should have him do you! Oooo...",

"Not bloody likely!" said Jackie. She sneered at Fred, his face pressed between Debbie's pale bum cheeks, slurping away for all he was worth. Such a pathetic wanker! Although she and Debbie were both bi, she did not share her friend's enthusiasm for having her fat arse worshipped.

"Aaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!" moaned Debbie. "Enough... get him off, Jacks."

Jackie grabbed him by the hair and yanked his head back.

Debbie gave a grunt of contentment, then said lazily, "kiss my bum, wanker. Both cheeks..."

Miserably, disgusted with himself, Fred did so, first one cheek, then the other. Again, and again, and again.

"Alright, now you can thank me."

"Th-thank you, Miss."

"For WHAT, numb-nuts?!"

"Yes, for what?" echoed Jackie loudly, kicking him hard.

"Thank your for having me... having me.. for having me lick your arse, Miss."

"You're welcome, wanker. Hope you liked it, you'll be doing a lot of it!"

Fred groaned.

Debbie rolled over. "Like him to do it to you?" she asked.

"No thanks," said Jackie. "I'm more fussy than you are. Also sleepy."

"O.K., I'll lock him up for the night. On hands and knees, slave... crawl after me." Naked and triumphant, Debbie made her way out of the room.

Their new slave crawled wretchedly after her.

Back into that bare room. Not one vestige of comfort. suddenly Fred knew there was something he had to know. "M-miss... Miss..." he said as humbly as possible. "M-may I ask a q-question?" He was still on his hands and knees.

"What is it?" asked Debbie sharply.

"H-how long are... are you g-going to... k-keep me here, Miss?"

Debbie uttered a short little laugh. "Maybe two days... maybe two weeks... maybe two months. Or longer." Two months, or longer! How could be possibly survive that?

"It just depends how long it takes for us to get tired of you. Sweet dreams, slave!"

Fred got a final pointed kick up the backside and Debbie left the room. The door slammed and was locked.

In the pitch dark, Fred Walker lay sobbing on the floor.

Episode Four: Trained To Please

"It's nice to have a slave about the place," remarked Debbie to Jackie that morning, standing in the first-floor living-room of the house they shared, and looking out onto the street below.

"Isn't it just," agreed Jackie, as she combed her rich, black hair. She was as scantily-clad as her companion — both wore thigh-length high-heeled boots and very little else. It was Saturday morning, and they were looking forward to spending the weekend on the training of their new slave.

"I have rather enjoyed Fred, so far," mused Debbie.

"I've noticed you enjoy most of our, ah, 'guests'," said Jackie tartly.

"That's true," said Debbie with a grin, tossing back her long blonde hair.

"Anyway, I think this new boy Fred might provide me with amusement for quite some time," she continued. "Perhaps we can make a start this afternoon. He should be sufficiently broken-in by now."

"*You* can make a start, my dear" said Jackie. "But I'll be more than happy to watch, just so long as you don't go too easy on him. What's he doing now, by the way?"

"Oh, the usual," said Debbie. "Carrying those heavy sacks of sand from one end of the cellar to the other. I told him yesterday his work rate wasn't good enough."

Jackie laughed sadistically. "You really are such a slave-driver," she said. "He crawls out of that cellar totally exhausted and you're still not satisfied."

"Are you complaining, darling?"

"No, far from it. it's *exactly* how I want it," stated Jackie emphatically. "Slaves must be pushed to the breaking point every day, they must be made to work until they literally drop. And still be made to go on until they drop again."

She laughed briefly. "It amazes me sometimes what pain, pure and simple, can do."

Debbie nodded in agreement, and ran her fingers along the leather of her supple switch, which, as usual, hung from a hook high up on her right boot.

"If you felt one of these across your lovely backside, you might understand better."

"Thanks, but no thanks," laughed Jackie. Then she added, thoughtfully, "do you know that some women like to keep female slaves?"

"I've heard so," replied Debbie. "Doesn't appeal to me. Give me a whimpering, cringing male any day."

"We are in agreement there," nodded Jackie, "though I must say I do like the idea of a bit of fun with a sweet young thing... I could be just as ruthless with a girl, you know!"

"I believe you could," said Debbie, giving her companion a keen look. "You're a sadist to your fingertips. Just so long as you don't cast any slave-making eyes at me!"

"No fear my darling!"

Debbie and strolled across the room towards the drinks trolley. Her magnificent hindquarters, so scantily covered, swung and rolled seductively from side to side.

"We have time for a couple of little drinkies," she said, "then we really must go down and see how our new friend is getting on."

"OK," smiled Jackie.

Down in the cellar, Fred was reaching the end of his tether. Stark naked but for the heavy iron tube locked on to his penis, he staggered along under the weight of yet another sack of sand and slung it with a great effort on the growing heap at the far end. He was half blind with tears and sweat and he was panting hoarsely.

After less than a week of this, he didn't see how he could take much more. And the thought that this could go on day after day, week after week, month after month! brought him to the brink of total despair. He would have given anything to return to the prison from which he had recently been freed.

Back he tottered, to fetch another of the heavy sacks. He grabbed it, and strained to haul it up and place it over his shoulders. He was sure that he simply could not go on much longer. Yet he was equally sure that he dare not stop. Had not that stupifyingly attractive blonde warned him that his work rate was too low? She would surely thrash him yet again, if she was not satisfied with his efforts.

That sure and certain knowledge drove Fred on. He staggered across the cellar, dumped the sack on top of the others — and actually *hurried* back for another. He moaned, he sobbed. He could still feel the smarting, burning sensation from the most recently raised weals across his buttocks. He most certainly didn't want any more. He was always thrashed hard, without a trace of mercy. Did they realise with what savagery they treated him? He sobbed again, and stared before him at the pile of sand-bags. The very futility of his task made things that much worse. When all the sacks had been moved from one end to the other, he knew he would have to start taking them back again!

"Bloody hell," he thought to himself, not for the first time, "I've got to get out of here, somehow! I've got to!" But how?

Another sack. Stumbling, groaning with effort, over and back. Then another... and another. He simply couldn't go on. Yet he dare not stop.

Yet another sack — but this time, Fred dropped it before he was half-way over, and fell on top of it. He was half senseless with exhaustion, his chest heaving and rasping painfully. He did not hear the cellar door open. He did not even hear the click of high heels on concrete as Jackie and Debbie approached.

He did not hear — but then suddenly, he felt. Oh, how he felt!

Debbie's switch whip-lashed across his bare rump, swiftly followed by Jackie's. With a howl of pain he leapt up, but couldn't manage to stand even half erect. It was indeed a cruel awakening.

"Lying down on the job, eh, slave?" snarled Jackie, without a trace of compassion.

"I told you I wanted a higher work rate," said Debbie equally heartlessly, flexing her switch. Then she gave Fred another vicious cut with it across one flank.

Fred, kneeling up as far as he could, threw up his arms appealingly. "Mercy... merceee... Miss... I just c-can't go on..." he whined. He was still sobbing.

"That's what you think," said Jackie coldly. "Now get your arse *up*, slave, and get it up *high*!"

"N...no...no....I beg you, Miss..."

"Get it up... now!" Debbie chimed in.

They were relentless. Fred burst into tears as he forced up his quivering hindquarters. All this after he had toiled till he dropped!

"Oh no, no... no... no more, I beg you!"

"Higher!" insisted Debbie.

With satisfaction she watched the terrified male thrust his quivering buttocks up even further. This time her plaited switch fell first, lashing full-bloodedly across both buttock cheeks. A howling shriek rent the cellar. Fred writhed convulsively right over on to his back.

"Mercy...mercy...no more... no more," he kept repeating almost mindlessly, frantic with the pain of the blows he had already received, and with the dread of the blows to come.

"Get it up again! And be quick about it!" bellowed Jackie. Her dark eyes were flashing with delight. This was just how such a vile creature should be treated!

Up the hindquarters came again, twisting and flinching, nates clenching with dread.

Swish... crack!

Fred received another full-blooded stroke, from Jackie this time, and was once again contorted in writhing agony. The two young women glanced at each other, smiling happily.

"Get up, and go and fetch another sack, slave," ordered Debbie.

She glanced at the pile of sacks and estimated that their new slave's work rate had improved somewhat. The two women watched as Fred staggered up and reeled down the cellar towards the pile of sacks at the far end. the two new weals looked very vivid. Swaying, Fred laboriously humped a sack over his shoulder and staggered back towards them. They saw his face drenched with sweat and tears, saw the total exhaustion on his features... and loved it.

"There," said Jackie as the sack was dumped down. "I told you you could do it."

"Yes," agreed Debbie, "It just needed a little extra effort, and of course, some incentive." She smiled broadly. "These switches are a very great incentive, are they not, slave?"

"Y-yes,...yes, Miss," whimpered Fred.

"Well, wait are you waiting for? Go and fetch another sack, slave," commanded Jackie then.

Once more Fred staggered off to obey. His head was reeling. He just couldn't go on much longer whatever they did to him. there were limits to human endurance... and he was fast reaching them. Bent double, wheezing and moaning, he somehow managed to lift another sack, but then he staggered, it fell from his grasp — and Fred fell on top of it. But this time, seeing the heaving of his chest, hearing his breathless groans, both Jackie and Debbie could see that they really had driven their wretched victim right to the brink. They let him be.

"We had better put him in his cell, I suppose" said Jackie, tutting. "Slave, get on your hands and knees and crawl after us. You're finished in here for the time being."

This promise of some rest gave Fred just enough strength to get on his hands and knees. Still panting and groaning, he crawled after the two pairs of high-heeled boots. At last he was going to be allowed to rest! Switches swinging, the two women made their way out of the cellar and along a corridor.

Fred felt true terror at the thought of the power they had over him.

They arrived at his cell door and it was unlocked. Never had Fred imagined he would be glad to arrive at that horrid little room.

"In!" said Debbie crisply and delivered a painful kick up Fred's arse for good measure. He gave a weak cry and scuttled in, sobbing weakly. "Get up on the bunk, face down," came the next order. Fred duly scrambled up and stretched out. His iron penis ring clanged

dully on the wooden planks. He stretched out, feeling total, if temporary, relief. Debbie started kneading in some of the special healing ointment they used on their victims. It healed with amazing rapidity, and thus allowed them to inflict far more pain than would otherwise have been possible without causing permanent injury. It was thus, for their victims, something of a double-edged blessing!

"Just a minute," said Jackie, "he hasn't licked his feeding trough clean."

"Really?" Debbie sounded amazed. "He knows our orders about that!"

She stopped her treatment and inflicted two more whip-lashing strokes which contorted Fred into a writhing frenzy.

"Disobey again and I'll give you a dozen!" she threatened.

"I... I'm sorry, Miss... so sorry!" wailed Fred.

"Sorry, slave? You'll be sorrier still if don't learn to be obey, that I can assure you."

Debbie resumed her treatment of their slave's well-lacerated buttocks. She seemed to enjoy her work, grinning as Fred winced and yelped as she manhandled the fresh welts. His flesh was so very, very tender.

"Now go and clean up your trough, you lazy bastard!" ordered Jackie when Debbie had finished.

With a groan, Fred lumbered off the bunk. Would they never leave him alone? He bent over the nauseous trough and licked up the remains of what had been deposited there earlier: cold porridge. It made him feel sick, but he was almost past caring. He just wanted to lie down and rest.

When Jackie was satisfied that the trough had been licked sufficiently clean, he was allowed to crawl back to his bunk and clamber up again. "I'll be coming to fetch you later this afternoon," he heard Debbie say. But he didn't really care any more. He was drifting down into a sleep of exhaustion.

The two women looked down at him contentedly. So far things had gone well and there was no reason why they should not continue to do so. Their captive would soon become fitter and stronger. When he had done so, they would increase the weight of the sand-bags. There was going to be no let-up for Fred.

Fred came back to consciousness shivering in the darkness of the cell. He wondered how long he had slept. It was impossible to tell, locked up here in the dark. He certainly felt a bit rested, a little stronger. Then he recalled Debbie's words: 'I'm coming to fetch you later,' she had said. He wondered what new horrors and torments were in store for him.

How long could he endure this existence, he asked himself. I'll go mad! I must escape! Somehow... somehow. He contemplated the prospects coldly. He would have to deal with them one at a time. Perhaps he could drown Debbie in her bath (attending her at bath-time was one of his more personal duties). Afterwards, he would take Jackie by surprise. It was possible, wasn't it? Better to take the chance than be subject to this horrifying servitude for — how long? Who knew? As long as they wanted. He would have to plot and plan and take his time and then seize his chance, when — if — it came. After all, he was a man and stronger than they were. But deep down he knew it was hopeless. He'd never been much of a fighter, and they both seemed to be skilled martial artists, to judge from the ease which they had dealt with him upon his capture (only a week ago, and yet it seemed so long ago already). Nevertheless, after this decision, Fred felt a vague sense of relief. There was a faint hope. Better than nothing.

Sometime later, he heard the sound of high heels coming clacking along the corridor. A frisson of dread, ran through him. That sound never boded any good for him. It would be one of them, come to lead him off to more misery. He lay still, trembling, feeling his heart pounding.

The door opened and light flooded the cell. Forcing himself up Fred knelt submissively on the floor beside the bunk, head lowered humbly. He had to do this, if he were not chained to it. That had been one of the very first rules he learned — had had thrashed into him.

It was Debbie. Blonde and beautiful, stark naked but for those gleaming, red leather thigh-length boots. She smiled at him in a rather possessive way.

"Had a nice rest, slave?" she enquired smugly.

"Yes, thank you Miss," he answered humbly.

"Rather longer than intended. Miss Jackie and I have had things to do. How's your arse, slave?"

"A... a little better, Miss," replied Fred. It was too: that ointment was amazing.

"On your hands and knees then boy, we're going upstairs."

Fred obediently got on all fours and followed Debbie out of the cell and along the cellar to the door.

He kept his head up, and could not but stare at Miss Debbie's naked bottom, seductively swinging above strong thighs clad in provocative red leather. If I ever do overcome her, he told himself, I'll fuck the arse off her before I've done with her! The thought aroused him despite his wretched condition. At once, there was painful pressure on the iron ring.

Fred crawled into the living room upstairs to find Jackie sprawled in a revealing negligee on a couch.

"Fetch some dry white wine, slave" she ordered crisply as Debbie flopped down in another armchair.

"Yes, Miss..." Fred scurried out to the kitchen.

Domestic service was one way to get out of that ghastly cell; but it meant being in the presence of both of these bitches, which was an 'out of the frying pan into the fire' situation. And he sensed that both were in a teasing, taunting mood today. But then when were they not? He feared the worst. Doubtless, he would be suffering, no matter.

He returned with an open bottle and two glasses on a tray, poured the wine and served it, first to Jackie who snatched at the glass and gulped it down. "More," she said. Fred poured more, then held the tray to Debbie. She ignored him for quite a while and he was very conscious of her superb breasts just before him. He tried not to think about it, but it was useless. Soon he felt the pain of the iron ring again and tears formed in his eyes. Finally Debbie took the glass.

"Our slave tells me his arse is less tender," she said.

"That's only temporary," said Jackie with a light laugh.

"Oh quite," said Debbie, "a slave should have a permanently sore arse."

She drank her wine and Fred refilled both glasses. Then Debbie got up and he tried not to look at the lushness of her naked body. To his amazement, she draped herself over the broad arm of the large couch in the room, lying with her breasts crushed into the cushioned seat and her curvaceous bottom thrusting up with maximum provocation.

"Slave," she announced languidly, "I am going to make use of you."

Fred remained silent. What was there to say. He stood waiting, ready to serve.

"You will kiss my bare bottom. All over."

Fred could scarcely believe his ears, nor what he was witnessing. Did she really mean it? Or was it some trap? He hesitated.

"Did you not hear Miss Debbie's order, slave?" snapped Jackie.

"Y-yes, Miss..."

"Well, obey it. Unless you'd like to start the evening with a really good caning. I don't mind at all administering one, I can tell you!"

Fred hurried over to the couch and knelt down. He gazed at the luscious bottom before him... so smooth, so soft-looking. She must mean him to do it, he told himself. Fred groaned, already feeling pain from the iron ring gripping him. It would get worse, far worse.

"Don't touch me with your hands, slave," warned Debbie. "Just kiss my bottom all over."

The aroma of her body filled his nostrils as Fred leant forward. It was sexy. Once, he would have enjoyed that sensation; now, all he could think about was trying *not* to get excited. Because that would lead only to pain. His lips pressed to the soft, resilient flesh and he began to kiss and kiss and kiss. he moved his mouth all over the left buttock cheek, pressing his lips repeatedly to the soft white flesh. Lust flared in him and the pain in his penis intensified cruelly. He whimpered.

"I can't stand that bloody noise," he heard Jackie saying. "It's interfering with my reading." He heard her coming rapidly over. Oh, Christ! he thought. Not another beating! Then, to his amazement, his prick was seized and the iron restrainer was unlocked and removed. He moaned aloud at the incredible relief.

"What's happening?" asked Debbie lazily. Her eyes were closed.

"Took his restrainer off," said Jackie, sitting down and turning back to the magazine she was reading. "Don't worry, I'll keep an eye on him to make sure he doesn't wank!"

"You do that!" said Debbie, laughing. "Let's have that mouth back, slave." Almost fervently Fred began pressing his lips to the right buttock cheek. He was overjoyed at his unexpected freedom and, in no time at all, was in full erection.

And so he continued. Back to the left buttock cheek. Then to the right. On and on. Zealously, Fred covered every square inch with his lips, over and over. This was the kind of slavery he could endure. Maybe it would be better from now on? She might even want... after all, the restrainer was off... Suddenly, he felt Debbie's long, tapering thighs parting.

"Get your nose into my cleft, slave," he heard her say.

Fred obeyed instantly. His head was swimming, his whole being pounded with lust. He felt his prick quivering with excitement. Dear God, what would it have been like with the iron restrainer on! He would surely have fainted by now. As it was, he was rampantly free.

Debbie's scent became more female and more powerful as Fred plunged nose and tongue in between the ample cheeks. He felt the little, puckered hole quiver with pleasure as he gave it his full attention. He was pleasing her! The thought excited him. If he pleased her, maybe she would go easier on him in future. Maybe, she would prefer this...

"Get your tongue in," came the order. "Get it in as far as you can."

And Fred humbly licked her arse.

He lost track of time, of how long he had spent with his face between those luscious cheeks. The command came, "enough", and he

withdrew. Debbie turned over languorously, and ran her hands over her voluptuous body. She saw him watching her avidly, and laughed. She spread her thighs then, and pointed.

"Get your head down in here. You know what I want and you'd better make it good..."

She put her arms behind her head, and licked her lips.

Fred came forward again, still kneeling. his prick was rigid. Oh... oh... if only he were going to fuck her today! Surely, after this...? He saw the parted thighs, saw the pouting sex-lips framed by a muff of blonde down. Those wide, parted lips! He slide his head between her heavy thighs. Straining, his lips made contact with her waiting lips. His tongue probed, then re-entered. He found the clitoris. He worked almost feverishly, feeling Debbie begin to squirm with pleasure. He placed his hands on Debbie's smooth thighs, to gain better purchase. They were allowed to remain there. The luscious, wriggling cunt got warmer and warmer and wetter and wetter. Fred wished he could masturbate himself against the smooth silky couch cushion. Of course he dare do no such thing.

Then Debbie began to utter little squeaky gagging sounds.

"Eee... eee... eee..."

Her haunches began to squirm more violently and then to jerk.

I'm making her come, thought Fred exultantly. Come on then, you beauty, come in floods!

"Aaaaahhh.... ahhhhh....!" cried Debbie as she finally orgasmed strongly. Fred's mouth and face were wet with her juices and he remained with his mouth hovering over the quivering sex lips... awaiting her orders. Debbie just lay there, mouth a little agape, eyes closed. She was breathing deeply.

"Nice, was it?" enquired Jackie tartly.

"He put in an adequate performance," replied Debbie simply.

"Lucky for him," said Jackie.

"Quite so..." Debbie was beginning to recover a little. The insides of her thighs had stopped quivering.

"Give me a glass of wine!"

Fred got to his feet, fetched glass and bottle, poured. Debbie took the glass and took a healthy gulp.

"Mmmmm, needed that..."

Then an imperious figure pointed silently. Fred resumed his position, kneeling between outspread thighs. Then his head was tapped.

"More," came the command. At once, Fred put his mouth and tongue to work again. His lips and tongue were already beginning to get a little tired but this had to be ignored. I wonder, he asked himself, how many times she will want to climax. Probably quite a few.

But however many times it was, he would have to have the stamina to do it.

In fact, Debbie was not satisfied until she had achieved four orgasms in all. She was in no hurry to get to her climax, but when she did it was most powerful. Fred had to work to the limit to satisfy her. At last she lay half asleep, sighing contentedly. Fred's mouth was still hovered over her cunt-lips just in case he was required again. His jaw ached abominably, his tongue was tender and sore.

Finally Debbie stirred, her thighs clamped tight enclosing Fred's head in a vicious grip.

"You have just passed your first test as a sex-slave," she announced.

Ridiculously, Fred felt pride. "Th-thank you, Miss..." he managed to croak. Debbie kept a vicious grip on his head and Fred soon found it difficult to breathe. His head was filled with the female scent and sexuality of her... and he was still rampantly hard.

"Have you finished using that ape yet?" asked Jackie languidly.

"No, not yet," replied Debbie. Fred's couldn't believe it. What else had this sex-pot in mind? Wasn't she satisfied yet? He was exhausted! And his cock still rock-hard and unsatisfied. Ah...! What if...?

Debbie first pushed, then kicked, Fred away from her and got off the couch. She slumped in an armchair and helped herself to a glass of wine.

"Better than Tom," she said.

"I'm so happy for you, darling." said Jackie archly, indeed with more than a hint of sarcasm..

Fred did not understand. Who was Tom? Lucky for him he could make no enquiries. He simply wondered whether or not he was ever going to be able to do anything about his massive erection. He remained kneeling humbly on the floor beside the couch.

He felt very used and degraded. Above all, powerless as a man.

"Do you think he should be wanked?" asked Debbie. "He looks all hot and bothered!"

"No, certainly not," said Jackie sharply. "You ought not to pander to his animal lusts, darling."

Debbie came strolling back to the couch and gave Fred a sharp kick in the midriff.

"I'm going to use you again, slave," she said. "This time I'm going to use your face. Get on your back, along this arm."

Fred balanced himself on the arm, bracing and supporting himself by spreading his feet. The next thing he knew Debbie was coming down on top of him, straddling him with thighs splayed. Briefly, he saw everything again. Then he was crushed down by her big, soft, curvaceous buttocks. He gasped for air but got none. Then Debbie began to rock herself back and forth over his mouth and nose. There were brief moments when Fred was able to suck in air... and he did so greedily.

He felt totally crushed and dominated by this ruthless big bitch. She was simply using him as a masturbation aid!

Back and forth she went, back and forth, back and forth...

Debbie was panting, totally intent on what she was doing. Fred, half suffocating, was fighting for survival. He felt that he might easily suffocate. But would she care?

She pounded and pounded, faster and faster... then, the sound muffled for Fred by her engulfing flesh, Fred heard her crying out, and realised she was climaxing yet again. Debbie collapsed quivering down on him, slaked and satisfied. Fred, overwhelmed and helplessly crushed, thought the end had come. He was being stifled but he could do nothing. His head roared, he saw flashing lights. Just as he was passing out, Debbie moved slightly and Fred was able to get some air. He filled his lungs as best he could.

"We'll do that again, slave," he heard Debbie say, as if from a long distance away.

Then Fred was aware of Debbie changing her position. She turned around to sit on his chest facing away from him, and he had a close-up view of her swelling, spreading buttocks. Then her hand came down and he gasped as she gripped his erection.

"Only one way to get rid of this," she said.

Then she began to masturbate him vigorously.

"Disgusting," he heard Jackie say, "a slave should not be allowed such privileges."

"I'm enjoying it," said Debbie. "He's got quite a good cock on him and I like the feel of it."

"As you wish," said Jackie sulkily. Fred had a horrible feeling she would take her revenge next time she thrashed him. Meanwhile, he let the lust steadily mount within him and finally overwhelm him. He cried out ecstatically as Debbie pumped and pumped him to a jetting climax, which seemed to go on and on and on.

When it was over, Debbie removed herself. "I'm going to take a hot shower," she announced.

"And kindly give that animal a cold one, he could do with it, the randy sod!" said Jackie, glaring at Fred.

"Come along, slave, follow me," ordered Debbie. Feeling weak and exhausted, Fred scampered after her on hands and knees into the bathroom.

Debbie gestured to him, and he adjusted the shower temperature to the correct level — a level which he had learned off painfully, through being soundly thrashed when he got it wrong.

She stepped under the water. Then:

"Soap me."

He picked up the bar of soap and began to lather her all over. She closed her eyes, enjoying the feel of his servile hands on her. When he was done, she pushed him away and rinsed off.

She stepped out of the shower, into the towel held open by her waiting slave.

Debbie then pushed him under the shower and turned the water on full blast and 100% cold. He gasped and spluttered, but knew better than to protest or evade the treatment. She flung a scrap of old towel at him.

"Get dried off, fast."

He did so. Then, while he was still shivering from the cold shower, but mostly dry at least, the iron restrainer was locked on him again, tightly enclosing his flaccid prick, and Debbie lead him down to the cellar again.

Back in his cell, she chained him face down on the hard and unyielding bunk. Then, she addressed him.

"You do realise, slave, that a price has to be paid for such sexual privileges?"

Fred's heart sank. He looked round at her.

"No, Miss, I didn't..."

"Well, I'm telling you there is. It is twenty strokes of the cane."

A supple cane swished before his eyes.

"*This* cane."

Fred recognised it. He had felt it before. He knew just how much it hurt. His eyes widened in fear.

"M-mercy, Miss... mercy. I only did as I was told. *You* told me..." he blurted out pathetically.

"How dare you argue and answer back, slave! Just for that, I'm making it *twenty-five* strokes!"

"Mercy!" screeched Fred. But he knew he wasn't getting any.

Then the first stroke whip-lashed down and Fred begin to howl and writhe with pain. The strokes fell rapidly, horizontally and diagonally, all over his buttocks. Teeth clenched, Debbie caned hard. She was thoroughly enjoying herself. It was the right way to treat a slave who had enjoyed such intimacies, she told herself. No pleasure without pain! Also, Jackie would be pleased when she told her what she had done.

Slamming the cell door and locking it after her, Debbie left Fred moaning and sobbing abjectly. She felt jolly pleased with herself. It *had* been a satisfying evening! And there were plenty more to come!

Episode Five: Crime and Punishment

The intruder was shaken to the core to hear the office door opening and the sound of female voices. There shouldn't be anyone here now! Who could it be? What were they doing here? Cold sweat suddenly prickled all over his body. What had started out as a piece of petty pilfering suddenly looked like turning into disaster.

Should he run for it? But the only way out was through the outer office and they were already at the door. He was trapped like a rat, and no mistake. He looked through the glass wall at the cash box, which he had stupidly left lying open while he went into the inner office to see what else might be lying around. he wasn't a thief, he had reassured himself, he just needed the money. It was more like a loan really, he could always pay it back, he would pay it back...

The light came on in the outer office. The game was up.

Oh! It was Jackie and Debbie, the two girl assistants. Jackie was a slim brunette, petite and well-formed; Debbie a blonde, big and busty but still shapely with it — And the arse on her! Well, maybe he could still talk his way out of this after all. They were only a pair of girls after all, and he was a man, and a graduate to boot. He had a strong

suspicion that Debbie fancied him. At least, she hadn't seem to mind when he 'accidentally' brushed up against her now and again...

They saw him at once. He saw their eyes: wide and startled. There was a few moments' silence. Then Debbie barged through the open door and confronted him.

"Tom Roberts! What the *hell* are you doing here?"

A difficult question to answer, that. You couldn't simply say, I've come in to nick — sorry, borrow — the petty cash!

"Just left something behind, picking it up," he said stupidly. Then he tried to laugh. Perhaps he could bluff his way through this. Then Jackie advanced.

"What are you doing in here, though? You have no business in here!"

"Oi, Debbie!" came Jackie's voice from the outer office. "The petty cash box is out and open, and ... hmm, I *don't* think it's all here!"

Debbie's eyes widened with recognition of the facts.

"The bastard's robbing!" she said.

"So he is!" said Jackie, coming through the door.

The two pairs of eyes were not startled any more. They now looked distinctly menacing. for two such young women, they had a certain air of authority about them.

"He's just a bloody thief!"

"Yeah! And him with all his airs and graces!"

Tom Roberts was the new library assistant. He had a degree, and behaved as though the work — all he could get, in fact — was somehow beneath him. And Debbie and Jackie, two slips of girls with no higher education, were definitely beneath him, as he lost no

opportunity of pointing out. Jackie and Debbie were senior to him, in fact, although not in charge of him; but he tried it on, bossing them about, he being a graduate after all. Also, in the past, he'd often made the odd quick pass. A fumble here, a squeeze there.

And now here he was. They had him! Now the tables were well and truly turned.

"Shall I phone for the police?" asked Jackie.

Tom began to panic. His job was being put right on the line, apart from the possibility of charges, and a conviction, and — oh, even a jail sentence! And what would his parents say?

"No... don't do that," he said quickly. "Come on girls... surely we can come to an understanding about this."

"Understanding?" Debbie raised her eyebrows.

"Well, you know... er, I could see you right in the future. Promotion. More money and... er... all that. I'm well in with the Head Librarian."

"Well, you won't be for much longer," sneered Jackie. "I don't think the Head Librarian is big on tea-leaves!"

"Please..." said Tom. He was getting desperate now. He saw a hard look coming into Debbie's eyes.

"Please!" echoed Jackie sneeringly. Debbie laughed. Then her eyes fixed on Tom, and she licked her lips.

"Beg us," she said slowly in a flat voice.

Tom swallowed. He was damned if he was going to beg these two vulgar little bitches! Common as muck, both of them!

"Look... can't you be reasonable?"

"Jackie, phone." was Debbie's sole reply.

"Right!" The girl gracefully withdrew her mobile from her handbag.

"No... for God's sake!" He saw a faint smile on Debbie's lips.

"Beg us," she repeated. Jackie stood, mobile in hand, faintly grinning.

He'd have to do it — he'd *have* to! Blast the pair of them!

"I... I beg you..." said Tom lamely.

"Beg us what?" demanded Jackie, hand still on the telephone.

"Not to ring the police..."

"What do you think, Debbie?"

Debbie's smile broadened. Obviously, she was beginning to enjoy herself no end. What a marvellous reversal in roles for her!

"Get down on your knees and beg us," she ordered sharply.

Tom felt his face flush. This was going too far. "Are you off your rocker?" he asked, sudden fury in his voice.

"On the contrary. Very sane. Get down on your knees, you thieving swine!"

"I... I won't!" said Tom.

Debbie sighed.

"OK Jackie. I guess we have to let the boys in blue handle this."

Jackie demonstratively lifted her phone, and pressed 9. Once, then again.

"No!" he yelled. What did it matter? Anything was better than the Law. "I... I'll do it."

To his relief, Jackie stopped dialling.

"So do it then!" barked Debbie.

Tom had never realised what a right little vixen she was. Rage surging up through him, Tom knelt.

"Beg us again."

Tom almost lost control, then thought of the consequences.

"I... I beg you not to phone the police," he forced himself to say.

It was unbelievable that this could be happening to him. But it was... it was!

Debbie smiled coldly and moved closer to him.

"I beg you not to phone the police, *Miss*," she said.

Tom flushed more deeply. This was getting intolerable. Yet he had to do what this chav girl said.

"I beg you not to phone the police, Miss," he said sullenly.

"Don't go sulky on me," snapped Debbie. "Remember, you've brought all this on yourself."

How true that was, how maddening! Tom felt a hand grip his hair. His head was forced back.

"Smile," ordered Debbie.

Tom forced a grimace of a smile.

"Has... hasn't this gone f-far enough?" he almost whined.

"Nowhere near," answered Debbie.

In the background, he heard Jackie titter. Oh what a lovely time those two were having! the hand that still gripped Tom's head by the hair gave it a shake.

"Now listen to me, Tom Roberts," said Debbie, "I want no more nonsense and no more arguing from you. From this moment on, you're going to do exactly as we say. Exactly. Otherwise Jackie will pick up that phone and next time she won't put it down. However much you plead. Am I getting through to you?"

"Y-yes..." nodded Tom.

"Yes, Miss!" insisted Debbie.

Then she slapped Tom's face — hard. He was more shocked than hurt.

"You... you can't do th-that..." he quavered.

"I've just done it," smiled Debbie calmly.

She was obviously just beginning to realise the extent of her power.

"Say it!"

"S-say what?"

"Yes, Miss, you fucking blockhead!"

She slapped his face again.

Fury surged within him — but helpless fury.

"Yes... M-miss..."

"Better," said Debbie. "Don't forget again."

Jackie came strolling over.

"What are we going to do with him?" she asked.

"I'm considering it," replied Debbie.

"He'll obviously have to be punished in some way," said the slim brunette.

"Punished!" Tom's voice squeaked incredulously. "What are you on about?"

"Punishment," said Debbie, cool as a cucumber. "Crime deserves punishment."

"You... you can't take the law into your own hands," said Tom.

"Oh, so you'd prefer the real Law?"

"No... no... I didn't mean that."

Tom was slowly realising what an utter fix he had got himself into. These two bitches had him by the balls — and they both knew it! He couldn't run because they would be *sure* to call the police then. He couldn't even put up any resistance to whatever 'punishment' they intended to dish out — the warning Debbie had just given him had been crystal clear, and he could see she meant what she said.

"We'll simply have to give him a good hiding!" proclaimed Debbie, smiling.

"Oh come off it! You can't do that!" protested Tom.

"Who says we can't?" asked Jackie, almost smiling broadly. "You? You are in no position to decide. After all, you know what the alternative is."

"It... it's illegal..."

"So's thieving."

They had him there.

"You wouldn't dare."

"Oh, wouldn't we? We'll see about that."

God! These two little bitches really meant it! Tom felt a cold sweat prickling on his skin again. Two vicious young women goading each other on — that could spell real trouble.

"So we cane him then? I like the idea of that."

"Yes, we cane him. Just like a naughty schoolboy."

Tom was looking aghast from one to the other. Were they simply trying to frighten him? Surely the wouldn't dare use that kind of violence? But what was there actually to stop them?

"This... this has gone far enough," he said. "You've given me a good fright, fair does, but..."

"Don't forget my warning, Tom Roberts," interrupted Debbie with sudden sternness. "No second chances. You do as we say. Or else..."

"A-alright..." Tom quavered.

"Good! Come on then!"

"Where... where are you taking me?"

"You'll find out!"

They frog-marched the hapless Tom out of the library and on to the street. Debbie's Mini Metro was parked on the curb. He was bundled into the back seat. They drove the short distance to the house Debbie and Jackie shared.

They lead him in the front door, through the hall and straight down the stairs into the cellar. It was quite expansive down here, noted a surprised Tom, for such a relatively small house. There was a long passage, with several doors leading off, presumably to other rooms or cupboards of what have you, and a narrow door at the very end of the passage.

This one Debbie now unlocked, and swung it outwards. The space revealed was no bigger than a broom cupboard. It was bare of all furnishings, lit only by the light from the passage. And kneeling up, his hands on his head, eyes cast down, was — was another man! He was stark naked!

Tom gawped open-mouthed at the shocking sight.

"This is flasher, our full-time slave," Jackie informed him.

"Get out here, flasher. We have a visitor," ordered Debbie, and 'flasher' at once fell on his hands and knees and crawled through the narrow door into the passage, where he at once resumed his former position, on his knees, hands on his head, looking at the floor. He looked utterly miserable. Once upon a time, he had been called Fred — until Debbie and Jackie had got their hands on him.

Tom could now see that he was not quite completely naked. That is, his prick was encased in a narrow tube of what looked like steel, attached to a ring behind the balls from which a hefty padlock dangled. Tom could only gawp some more. What the hell was going on here? What had he got himself into?

The girls just let him stare.

Then, deciding he had seen enough to scare him: "Back in there, you!" Debbie barked at 'flasher', and kicked him in the arse. He scurried back through the cell door, which Debbie slammed and locked as soon as he was through. As he crawled in, Tom could see that his bare arse was criss-crossed with marks, red marks, like he

had been whipped or something... or caned! Oh! Caned! Like they had said they were going to do to him!

"Flasher got on the wrong side of us, and now he is doing time down here."

"For just as long as we want him."

"Do you want to end up down here, like him? Not just for the weekends — but full-time?"

Tom stared open-mouthed at her. He was really terrified now.

"No? Do *exactly* as you are fucking told this evening, then!"

Tom nodded dumbly.

"Come," Debbie ordered.

She opened one of the side doors and stepped through. Tom followed her numbly. The room was — he had never seen anything like. One wall was mirrored. Whips and canes and all sorts of things he didn't quite recognised were arrayed along another.

"Welcome to our play room, Tom!" Debbie announced, enjoying his look of surprise and wonder.

"Kneel!"

He fell to his knees like an automaton. It was all too much for him. He just wanted to get it over with.

"Right... let's have these clothes off."

"You... you don't m-mean it?"

"I certainly do," answered Debbie emphatically. "You're going to get it on the bare. Hurts more."

The humiliation would be all the greater. But what could he do? He tried pleading.

"It... it's not right..."

"Right or wrong, you'll do it, Tom Roberts. Or else. I've warned you. Now do as I say. Clothes off!"

There was no way out. He had to obey. He started to unbutton his shirt.

"Jackie, come with me," said Debbie.

The pair of them slipped through a side door, leaving him awkwardly disrobing on his knees.

He heard the two of them laughing in the next room. Oh, how he hated them for this! Hated them almost as much as he hated himself for his stupidity. Tom took off the shirt, then his vest; stood up and removed his shoes and socks, and his trousers; then very reluctantly lowered his underpants. Now he was naked. He felt terribly vulnerable. Was he really going to be caned?

Then the girls came back. Tom was stunned at the sight of them.

Jackie was practically naked, clothed in nothing more than a skimpy pair of white knickers and a pair of white high heels. Her pert breasts joggled deliciously, nipples erect. Debbie wore a low-cut black bra which left half her breasts exposed, black knickers, and thigh-length boots of black leather with a wicked heel.

"Like what you see, Tommy?" Debbie taunted him.

They strutted back and forth in their high heels. Tom felt anything but turned on. Kneeling there naked, with these two dangerous females in their bizarre costumes parading in front of him. But despite everything, Tom was fascinated by the sight of the two near-naked girls. And maybe, just maybe, all this talk about caning and

punishment was just to scare him. Could it be that they... but then how to explain `flasher'? tom was utterly befuddled.

"Dear me, nothing much happening in the willy department!" sneered Jackie.

"Perhaps he's never seen a half-naked lady before!" Debbie chimed in.

"Probably shy," agreed Jackie.

"Always wanted to have a look at my tits, haven't you Tom boy?" laughed Debbie. "well now you can. But don't touch!"

"Anyway, time for his punishment!" announced Jackie with relish.

She was looking down at him, grinning hugely.

"I like caning a man," she said happily.

At that moment, Tom realised to the full the awful humiliation that was coming to him. He wasn't simply going to be caned. He was going to be caned by *this* girl, this sneering, ill-spoken chav!

Debbie meanwhile had taken two crook-handled canes from the wall and was jauntily swishing one too and fro. "Here's one for you," she said, handing the other to Jackie.

Jackie took the cane and flexed it happily. "My, my, that feels good," she said.

"I doubt if Tom will think so," laughed Debbie.

Indeed, Tom had frozen inside at the sight of it. Talking about it was one thing, seeing it was another.

But they could say what they liked, do what they liked. He had been driven helpless into a corner. What fun they were going to have with him!

Debbie tapped her cane on a low stool.

"This will do nicely," she said.

Tom felt goose-pimples.

"If... if I let you c-cane me," he said, "will that be the end of it all?"

"Maybe," said Debbie. "Depends how you behave yourself. Now over you go."

Tom hesitated. Then anger gave him resolution. I'll show these two little cows I'm a man, he told himself. He bent over the stool. He felt very vulnerable, splayed across it, legs astride, arms encircling.

"Would you like first go, Jackie?" he heard Debbie ask.

"Sure, why not?" came the answer.

Tom Roberts shrivelled inside. If, way back, someone had asked him what was one of the most unlikely things ever to happen to him, being thrashed by a negress would certainly have been one of them. He tensed, clasping the stool to himself. I can take it, he told himself.

He felt the cool wood of one of the canes tapping gently on his backside. He flinched.

"You... you won't get away with this!" he cried out.

"Shut up!" snapped Debbie. "You're the one who is getting away with something. Like not being reported to the police; like not losing your job. Right?"

Tom could only groan.

"Right?" repeated Debbie.

"Yes... yes... I suppose so..." whined Tom.

"Yes, Miss!"

"Ohhh... yes... Miss..."

"OK Jackie. Give this thieving swine half a dozen. Just to warm him up."

"A pleasure, sweetie!"

There was a brief pause, then Tom heard the hiss of the cane, followed by a stinging cut across his bare flesh. It hurt, it hurt like hell. But it was just about tolerable. He gasped, his head jerking up.

Again! Again the rod swished down and cut a searing path across his rump!

"Ahhh!"

Again, just about tolerable. It occurred to him that the two girls had discussed this. They were going to cane him, but not so hard as to make it impossible for him to endure it. They wanted their fun but not a disaster area over his backside.

"Nice work, Jackie," said Debbie. "Just about right."

Again!

"Yeeee-oooohhh!" Tom yelped.

That one had been harder. Despite his resolution to show what a tough guy he was, Tom simply couldn't help crying out. How long was this going to go on, he wondered? After all, he was not superhuman. There were three more to come from Jackie, that he knew for sure.

Again! Once more the rod cut across his backside, wrenching an inarticulate cry from him.

Tom gritted his teeth. It stung like hell!

"How are you liking it, boss?" enquired Debbie.

Tom made no reply. He felt like throttling the girl.

"Answer me!"

"I... I'm not..."

"I'm not... Miss!" Give him an extra one for forgetting, Jackie."

"Sure thing."

"I'm not... Miss..." whined Tom.

Again!

"That was the extra one," Jackie informed him. "We want respect from a creep like you. And we're going to get it. Yes?"

"Yes... Miss..."

Tom was quite defeated. These youngsters could do what they liked with him at that moment. One day, somehow, he was determined to get his own back. But how... how?

Again!

"Oooooowwww!"

That had been considerably harder, and really very painful. Tom summoned up his resolution. He was not going to give way under this. Fury reinforced him again. He'd like to take that cane and thrash the living daylights out of both of them. No hope of that!

Again!

One more to come. Tom gritted his teeth even more fiercely.

Again!

"Yeeoo... ooow!"

That had been a real hard one. He was near to sobbing now. But he wasn't. He had made it, he was through.

"Nice work, Jackie. I enjoyed watching that. Just what the thieving bastard deserved."

"Too right. And I can't begin to tell you how nice it was to give it to him!"

"I can believe you!"

Tom shuddered. The test was getting harder all the time. How long would it be before he was begging and pleading for them to stop? How long before they broke down his powers of resistance?

"G-give me a break... a bit of a break..." he head himself saying.

"Alright, weakling," if that's what you want," answered Debbie.

Weakling! Did the girl have any idea how painful it was to be caned like that? Obviously not. "There's another half dozen to come after we take a little break. Consider the situation, shall we say."

"H-how long is this going on?" gasped Tom.

Debbie gave him a sudden hard cut with the cane.

"Miss!" she snarled. "Will you never learn?"

"Eeee... owww... Miss..." squeaked Tom.

This girl was relentless.

"Have you seen his cock?" enquired Jackie.

"No, and I don't particularly want to," replied Debbie nonchalantly.

Tom could feel Jackie's cheek against his thigh now.

"It isn't bad," she said. "I think I'll have a feel."

Tom was astonished to find the girl's hand gripping his penis. It wasn't exactly unpleasant, just such an extra-ordinary thing to happen.

"Mmmmm... not bad," Jackie adjudicated. "Not bad for a creep like him anyway."

"Don't get carried away, darling!"

"Oh I won't, you can be sure." Jackie's hand was squeezing, pulling to and fro. Tom was horrified to realise that he was swelling and stiffening. Oh the shame of it!

"Is he getting `uppity', so to speak?" asked Debbie.

"Just a little..."

"Let him go. I'll soon deal with that..."

Crack!

The cane descended across Tom's bare bottom. He yelped loudly. Debbie had laid it on considerably harder than Jackie. That little bitch would!

"Like pinching our bottoms, don't you, Tom Roberts? Like squeezing tits on the sly?"

"No... no..."

"Don't lie to me, you bastard, you've been doing it since you started!"

"I... I'm sorry... so sorry... please... that's enough..."

"That's what you think!"

Crack!

Another stinging cut.

"Owww... oh not so h-hard..."

"Not so hard, *Miss!*"

"Ahhh... not so hard, Miss, please..."

Crack!

Tom got a stroke just as hard as the previous one and he could not stop his hands flying back to clasp his tormented flesh.

"Hands away! Get back over the stool!"

"I've had enough... enough... I say..."

"Oh dear, oh dear. So we'll have to phone the law after all."

"No... noooo!"

That would be madness after all he had gone through. He'd got to hold out, got to take it. "Oh my God," he moaned, slumping back over the stool.

Crack!

"Yeeeeoooo!"

A really vicious stroke had Tom twisting right over.

"Please... please... not so hard..."

He was truly begging now. Manly pride was fast slipping away because the pain was too great. Oh how that willow hurt! It was quite remarkable how much such a simple thing like a cane could hurt.

Crack!

"Owwwww.. owwwww...."

He was twisting and kicking.

"No... no more... that's enough... for God's sake... that's enough..."

"Two more to come, thief" intoned Debbie. "Then we'll take a break. Let's have that backside well up, Tom Roberts."

Jackie was giggling.

"Come on... up, I said... UP!"

Somehow, Tom made himself thrust up his buttocks.

CRACK!

"Owwwww.... aaaahhhhh!"

This *bitch* laid on far harder than Jackie. Tom realised he was actually sobbing. Not loudly, but definitely sobbing. How could a man be reduced to such depths by two girls?

Crack!

He knew how. Through pain. The power of pain. He lay over the stool, feeling the dozen or so throbbing weals which laced his flesh. It was incredible to think that standing over him, doing this to him, were just the two girls from the library. But it was true.

"How's his cock?"

"Not as lively as it was," replied Jackie. "But that's not surprising."

Tom felt his penis being squeezed and manipulated again. Was there going to be no limit to his degradation?

"Stand up!"

Thankfully, Tom got up off the stool. The weals throbbed nastily. Rage was like bitter gall in his throat. If only... if only... he could somehow overpower them... then he could give them both a thrashing with one of those canes that they wouldn't soon forget! Oh, what a joy that would be! But he knew even as the thoughts rushed through his head that he would never dare do try it.

"Say thank you!" That was Debbie.

"Thank you," said Tom sulkily after a short pause.

The cane lashed across his sore backside.

"Miss!" he squealed. "Thank you, Miss."

"Now thank Jackie."

"Thank you Miss," groaned Tom again, facing towards Jackie.

"You deserved it, didn't you?"

"Yes, Miss." The fury was welling up again. How long could he go on controlling himself? There were deliberately goading him, he realised. They *wanted* him to loose his temper!

"Are you going to be a good boy in future? No more nose in the air? No more pinching and mauling? And above all, no more stealing?"

"Y-yes, Miss."

"I'm glad to hear it." said Debbie smugly. Then she continued, "Are you aware, Tom Roberts, that we haven't finished caning you?"

His heart sank. Oh they couldn't!

"Oh God... I've had enough... I can't stand any more. Please... please..."

"What a softie," said Jackie.

She was now seated on a chair alongside Tom and, once again, she had got hold of his penis.

"Are you referring to his cock?" laughed Debbie.

"I wasn't actually," replied Jackie. "But that's soft, too. Must see what I can do about it."

Tom felt the hand beginning to manipulate him. Frantically he fought to control himself. It was all so utterly humiliating to be dealt with like this. To be roused for their amusement.

"Please... please..." he whined.

"Shut up!" snapped Debbie and the cane lashed. "If Jackie wants to play with your cock she certainly can. Can't she?"

Again the cane lashed.

"Oww... owww! Yes... yes, Miss..."

Tom felt himself getting hard despite himself. It was so shaming.

"That's better," he heard Jackie say — a sneer in her voice. "Coming on a treat. Keep caning him Debbie. I think he must like it."

"No... no... please!"

Crack! Crack!

"Ywwwoooo... no more.... no more!"

Crack! Crack!

"Stooooopppp... ohhh... stoppp!"

But who was that plea directed to? For Jackie had now brought him to full, solid erection. At any moment, he thought he was going to lose control. Lust was overpowering him, driving out the shame of it all. Then he felt her slipped a condom on his cock.

"Don't want all that splooge going all over the place, do we?" she remarked lightly.

Her hand resumed its work; Debbie's cane kept on with *its* work.

Crack! Crack!

God how that cane hurt! Yet the pleasure induced by Jackie's insistent pumping strokes was beginning to outweigh it.

Crack! Crack!

"He's going to come!" giggled Jackie, hand working furiously now.

Crack! Crack!

The explosion hit Tom and he jerked and shuddered in climax, spurting into the condom. Then slowly he sank to his knees, burying his face in his hands. He felt utterly defeated, utterly deflated.

"Aren't men disgusting?" said Debbie from above.

"Quite disgusting!" agreed Jackie.

Oh the bitches! Anyone would think it had been his fault that he had erupted in that fashion. Would he ever be able to look either of them in the face again?

"What next?"

"I think we should cane his naughty cock and balls after that disgusting exhibition!"

"NO! NO!"

Tom was desperate. he was convinced now that they were mad enough to do it.

"Alright, kneel up straight! Look me! Now — BEG us not to cane your cock and balls. And you'd better beg good, my boy!"

"Please, please!" howled Tom in terror. "Don't cane my cock and balls! Please! I beg you!"

He actually clenched his hands in supplication. He was a broken man.

"Alright then, we **WON'T** cane your cock and balls."

Tom sighed out loud with relief. He was still shaking.

Debbie pointed with her cane to a leather-covered bench.

"Lie on that!" she ordered crisply.

Tom meekly lay down on the bench. Maybe they would give him a bit of a rest... Christ his arse was on fire!

"Right, let's get him strapped down for this, Jackie."

"What? But no,... you said...", Tom babbled, half-rising from his prone position.

"I know what I said," the big blonde bitch replied with a sneer. The two girls seized him, and used leather straps to secure him to the bench. They soon had him on his back and strapped down. He lay there, splayed and helpless, quivering with fear.

"I did not, however," Debbie continued, "say anything about not caning the insides of your thighs, did I? Very tender area, apparently."

Tom gave a hoarse, high-pitched squeal. Then he found his voice and began to plead desperately.

"Oh no, oh no, oh please no..."

Gag him Jackie," said Debbie calmly.

Her eyes were bright. She swished the cane back and forth through the air, looking in Tom's eyes as she did so. Her eyes were bright with sadistic joy.

Jackie nonchalantly removed her knickers and stuffed them into his mouth, then secured them inside with a strap running across his mouth to the back of his head. He was now soundly knicker-gagged, able to make only pathetic whimpering sounds in his throat.

Debbie and Jackie took it in turns to lay on the cane then, one on his left thigh, the other on his right. They started just below his oh-so-vulnerable balls, and continued down to just above the knee. He got twelve strokes from each of them. They took their time about it, savouring the look of helpless fear and suffering on his face, the tears flowing freely from his eyes.

When they were finished, he just hung there limply in his bonds, sobbing helplessly.

"Right, let's get the restrainer on him."

He felt hands grab him. The something coldly metallic was slid onto his prick. Tom trembled with fear. He thought for several dreadful seconds that they intended to castrate him. He heard a clink as of a padlock snapping shut.

"Let's unstrap him."

The straps were unfastened. He was able finally to spit the knickers out. He was seized roughly and thrown to the ground next to the stool. But he was given no respite. The two vixens stalking about him, shouting instructions, swishing their canes back and forth.

"Kneel up!"

"Legs apart!"

"Hands on your head!"

Confused and fearful, he obeyed each barked command. When they were satisfied with his position, the two girls stood before him, smirking and grinning.

Tom tried to get a grip.

"What have you done? What is this on my.. my...?"

"What is it you've got on your *cock*?" Debbie completed the question. "It's a cock *restrainer*, that's what it is. Stop you from playing with yourself."

"You will be wearing that full-time from now on," Jackie chimed in. "It will make bit of a bulge in your trousers, but that's alright, the girls will just think you are well-endowed, won't they?"

"But... but.. you... I can't..." Tom spluttered.

"Listen! You're basically our toy, our plaything!"

"We can do what the fuck we want with you!"

"And we will!"

"If you're a very, very good boy, we may let you out of that thing now and again."

"Occasionally... as a special treat."

"Yeah, every month or so."

"And let you wank yourself off in front of us."

"Won't that be nice?"

"You will be spending your weekends here with us in future. Unless of course you want to spend this one in the local nick, and the next few hundred in Wandsworth, after you get convicted of rape."

"Rape, what? I never..."

"DNA evidence, dick-head! DNA evidence!"

Debbie cackled.

"According to me and Jackie, you brutally raped her. We have the evidence in the form of what you spunked into her!"

She waved the half-filled condom in front of his face.

"But I'll tell them what really happened..."

"Oh? Your story is two young girls kidnapped you and caned you and made you wank yourself off! Oh, yeah, the Old Bill is gonna believe that!"

Tom knelt there, stunned, realising that he was getting deeper and deeper into — something...

"I see it is sinking in. Good."

"Well, he is a graduate, Jackie, a powerful brain!"

They laughed.

"Now, Sir's room is ready, if Sir would like to come this way."

"On hands and knees!"

They lead him crawling to a door at the other end of the passage. Jackie opened the door, and there was another tiny cell, exactly like the one he had seen 'flasher' emerge from at the beginning of this terrible ordeal.

"In!" Debbie barked, and kicked his arse.

He crawled miserably inside, followed by the two girls. There was barely room in the small cupboard-like space for all three of them. Swiftly, Debbie grabbed his arms and pulled them behind his back, looped a leather strap around his wrists, and buckled it. Jackie meanwhile did the same with a strap around his ankles. He was trussed up like a turkey!

The two stood framed in the narrow doorway, looking triumphantly in on him as he lay on the floor, blinking up at them in shock and dismay.

"We'll leave you here for the night."

"Let you have a think about things."

"And in the morning we can start the weekend!"

"Won't that be nice?"

The door slammed. A key turned. The light flicked out. He was left alone. He lay there in the dark, bound in a most uncomfortable position, his rump and the insides of his thighs two burning masses of pain. A sob shook his frame, then another. He began to cry helplessly.

TO BE CONTINUED

This book's code is: 4X1ncUH6ph

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