



DIARY OF A DOMINANT DIVORCÉE

A Femdom Fairy Tale

MIRANDA BIRCH

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By [Miranda Birch](#)

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Pauline Hammond, "fair, fat and forty" has been converted to the femdom lifestyle by an old friend, Lucy Elcox, after the painful break-up of her marriage. Now, her friend arranges for her to get a toy-boy slave half her age — in exchange for Jonathan, her ex-husband, who is himself enslaved and *sold* to a mature black BBW! This book recounts, in `flash-back' form, all the details of her exciting life-journey: from bitter divorcée to dominant male-slave-owning Goddess!

Episode One

Revenge! A Domina Triumphant

Lucy and I were having coffee one Saturday when it happened. We were discussing my ex and his disgraceful behaviour, and I was thinking out loud about how I would like to be revenged.

"I want him to be owned by a big black woman", I said with a sudden fierceness that surprised even myself. I could see it surprised Lucy. The idea had just suddenly popped into my head, and then out my mouth. "And I want him to spend the rest of his life as her humble little arse licker!" I was surprised at my vulgarity, but what the hell! I could even see it in my mind's eye; a huge, bare, black bottom, and Jonathan's head squashed underneath it, mouth open, tongue hard at work...

Jonathan had always been a bit racist — though he denied it of course, inveterate liar that he was — and it seemed a most appropriate fate for him. Of course, when I said the words, they were just that — words. I little realised how soon they would be come reality!

Once Lucy had got over her surprise, a thoughtful look crept over her face. She spoke slowly, still thinking things through.

"You know... it's the funniest thing, but... it so happens that I have such a client.. and believe it or not, she is looking for something very specific — a well-spoken, well-educated white man from England! I haven't been able to provide her with what she wants. Most of mine are young guys from the States. But... it's Jonathan to a tee, isn't it?"

I couldn't believe it!

"So you're saying...", I began hesitantly.

Lucy nodded, more to her self than to me, then interrupted:

"I am saying we could do a trade. If you can arrange things so that my girls can pick up Jonathan, I will give you Robert free of charge. You like him, don't you?"

I was speechless. It was a very generous offer. I knew how much trouble it was to train up a male slave. And I knew that however much I did to ensnare Jonathan, most of the actual work would be done by Lucy and her associates. Good old Lucy!

And as for Robert... he was just fresh out of college, ripped and buff, a former football player, and once upon a time I guess a bit of a frat-boy — but now, transformed at the hands of Lucy and her girls, he was humble and submissive and eager to please... and that tongue of his! Lucy was right, he was far and away my favourite. She had generously allowed me to have him all to myself while I stayed with her — and now she was offering to *give* him to me! I had the chance to *own* him!

"Oh, Lucy!..." I stammered.

Lucy smiled at me. "You serve it, after what you have been through — what that *bastard* put you through. And I know Jonathan's British accent will just drive the lady I have in mind wild!"

I was busy with work at my new job and moving in to my new apartment, and forget all about our little chat. But some time later, I got a call from Lucy, bringing me up to date. It seemed that ensnaring Jonathan had proved to be quite simple. The girls picked him up from campus after framing him with a rape charge — people would simply assume he fled rather than face justice, especially after he recent marriage break-up. Since then, he had been undergoing the usual intensive training routine. She invited me over to see the progress she had made.

After work, I went round to Lucy's. Lucy met me herself, and we went straight to the observation room. It is a room with a one-way mirror adjoining one of the training rooms, so that one can watch without being watched. I had been there before, of course, to watch the girls put some hapless newcomer through his paces, "helping" him to adjust to his new life as a slave. But this time, as Lucy explained, it was to be Jonathan and his new owner!

"Normally of course clients prefer privacy, but Gracie has kindly allowed us to watch as she puts him through his paces."

I had not met Gracie. I gasped out loud as she waddled into the adjoining room. She must have been at least 400lbs. She was average height. She carried it well. She looked about 50. And there, behind her, crawling on hands and knees — Jonathan! Stark naked. There was a stout wooden collar about his neck, padlocked, and to this was attached a chain leash by which Gracie was leading him. I could see the heavy steel cock restraint dangling between his legs. He was well-marked with welts and bruises, his bum and thighs in particular were just a mesh of red marks — clearly Gracie had a heavy hand! Indeed, I saw that a thick leather strap was dangling from the leather waist cincher she wore over a white blouse and tight black leggings.

"Gracie knows we're watching, of course", Lucy whispered to me.

I nodded.

"My God, she's a BBW and a half, isn't she, this Gracie?"

Lucy smiled and nodded in agreement.

"Not exactly poor Jonathan's type, really, I gather?"

I smiled with delight. Indeed not!

"No, he likes young slips of things, naïve students. Or he did. No more of that for him!"

I ended with a note of triumph and returned my attention to Gracie and her new slave. The activities in the room were audible through the loudspeakers placed strategically near to us.

"Kneel up boy!" I heard Gracie boom in a deep voice. Jonathan obeyed at once, kneeling erect, hands clenched behind his neck, legs wide— obviously an accustomed posture. The trainers had been busy!

"What your name, boy?"

Jonathan didn't hesitate. In that crisp British accent I had once loved, he enounced:

"My name is Arse-licker, your Highness."

"Dat right?"

Grace struggled to get her leggings down and, once they were finally around her ankles, kicked them off. She was wearing a simple black thong as underwear. The thong seemed superfluous, it covered so little — but then, there was so much to cover! That came off too.

To my surprise, Jonathan, still kneeling, quickly approached and kissed the big black rump, each cheek in turn, over and over, while Gracie stood arms akimbo, no doubt savouring her triumph. It must have been something she had trained him to do. Then she ordered loudly:

"OK boy! Git your cute lil' lily-white ass up on that bench, and lets see if you can live up to your name!"

It was a sight to see how meekly and humbly Jonathan crawled to the bench and lay full-length upon it, face up. Gracie straddled him, and then that big black bum came down, totally engulfing Jonathan's head. The big woman gave a satisfied grunt.

"Let's see if your tongue-work ain't improved any! It betta have!"

She unhooked her strap and brought it down hard on Jonathan's left thigh, then let it rest there, no doubt as a reminder to him of what he could expect if he failed to please.

Lucy looked at me, and laughed at my astonished pleasure. Although she had kept me up to date with Jonathan's — or should I write, Arse-licker's?! — training, it was one thing to know about it and quite, quite another to see it. That smug, arrogant, cheating *bastard* reduced to the status of a naked slave, lead around on a leash by his owner, and severely punished for any lack of enthusiasm in licking said owner's fat arse!

"I think we'll leave our two lovebirds to it, eh?"

"Sure thing", I said happily. I took one last look at my cheating ex-husband, engulfed under those enormous dark-brown bum-cheeks. No more young students girls for him! Just desserts!

Later that evening, still at Lucy's, in my private room, as I reclined at my ease enjoying a devoted pussy-lapping from her — no, I suddenly realised, my! — *my* slave-boy, I thought of how far I had come, how very, very far. Really, it had all started with that cruise...

Episode Two

The Cruise: A Domina in the Making

Oh, that cruise! The idea had been to take my mind off things, to help me get over my divorce. I was of course delighted when Lucy offered to pay for a European holiday to help me recover from that *bastard* Jonathan. Her idea was that I stay with an acquaintance of hers, Comtesse Marie-Louise de la Marche. She lives in a small chateau on the lower slopes of the Alps, a real fairy-tale palace, cut into the mountain side, built back in the middle ages, with ramparts, tall towers, the lot. It was marvellous! But more about that later; I must first describe my voyage, and what led up to it.

Before I set out, I had a small problem. I simply hate flying, so I would have to go by train and ship. that was fine by Lucy; but she pointed out that I would be travelling alone, and having to pretty much fend for myself, apart from on-board staff that is. But no slave. No slave! It had only been a few weeks, but already I was used to the idea. "I expect I'll manage", I replied. But once you've been waited on hand and foot, you don't like the idea of it not happening, and I dare say my expression betrayed my dismay.

"I suppose I could lend you one," said Lucy, in her usual generous fashion.

"What, a slave? Wouldn't that look rather odd? I mean, me travelling with a slave?"

"Not at all. What I mean it, who's to know? You could travel as an influential business woman, and he could be your personal secretary." She smiled. "Dealing with your office, taking care of any problems en route... whatever."

"Mmmmmmm..." I thought about it, and decided I rather liked it. "Seems do-able", I said. "So you think I should take Robert with

me?" Robert has been on loan to me as my personal slave since I have been staying with Lucy.

"No... not Robert", she replied. "I don't think he really looks the part. Too rugged." She thought for a bit. "I believe we've got a qualified accountant on the estate somewhere. He'd do nicely."

"I'll take your word for it. You're the expert!"

Lucy smiled.

"Yes, I remember now. His name is Timothy, I think. We acquired him in a rather interesting way."

"Oh? How?"

"He was on trial for rape, but escaped with some others from the courtroom cells. One of my agents picked him up. He had the alternative of coming here or being sent back. He choose to come here." She smiled. "The penalty for rape in his State is harsh."

I nodded. "Even so", I said, "he might now be regretting his decision."

"Quite possibly", said Lucy. She seemed unconcerned about the matter. "Anyway, I'll have him brought to you and, if you'd like to take him with you, please do."

"As always, Lucy, it difficult to thank you enough for your kindness."

"Think nothing of it", she said, pressing a bell at a side. Within moments, it seemed, a slave was coming through the door of her sitting room, bowing low. He was stark naked, of course — all Lucy's slaves are kept completely nude. Tall, lean, the usual thick iron tube encasing his penis, with a heavy padlock dangling from it. No wanking for him!

"A drink, Pauline?"

"A long Bourbon with ice, thank you."

"Me too." A snap of her fingers and the slave was away. I noticed a dozen or so fresh red weals across his rump. Nothing unusual about that at Ms Lucy's, of course! He came back in a jiffy, our drinks on a salver. He served us, bowed low again, then scurried away at a wave of Lucy's hand. Yes, I reflected, it is simply essential to have slaves around one, wherever one goes.

Later, in my sitting room, Timothy was brought to me on collar and chain by one of the overseers, a big strapping young black girl. She was quite a sight, glad in knee-high boots with wicked-looking spurs attached, skin-tight black leggings, and white blouse with a black leather waist cincher laced tight about her middle. Lucy's staff do like to dress the part! The slave Timothy was of course completely nude. He looked somewhat different from Ms Lucy's run-of-the-mill slave. He was shorter and thinner than most, with an "academic" forehead. I wondered how he was able to cope with the laborious regime of the estate. (Later I found out that he was engaged on relatively light duties. The tree-felling and so on would have killed him). I noticed that his penis was not restrained, and queried the overseer about this.

"Ms Elcox thought you might prefer him like that, Ma'am"

"Oh, no! Get him locked up, please."

The girl gave a big grin. "Come on you!" She tugged roughly at the chain-leash and led him out again. She was soon back, this time, I was gratified to see, with the slave's prick suitably locked away in its cruel metal prison. At a gesture from his escort, he fell to his knees before me, obviously in a state of high nervous tension. He had never seen me before, but, perhaps, I was already gaining a reputation among Ms Lucy's property? I certainly hoped so! I dismissed his overseer with thanks and gave him a long, hard look.

"Do you realise, you miserable looking creature", I said, "that Ms Lucy has lent you to me? For a month or so?"

"Yes, Mistress... I am greatly honoured." His voice was cultured. Suddenly I realised he must be English.

"You are", I replied quickly. "And you will find me a hard task-mistress. From England, are you?"

"Yes, Mistress."

"Educated?"

"Yes, Mistress. A Cambridge graduate."

Better and better! Just like that bastard Jonathan! I realised that this, of course, was one reason Lucy had picked him for me. Revenge by proxy!

"A fat lot of good your fancy degree does you in here", I said with a harsh laugh.

"Quite so, Mistress..."

Was he being insolent? From his demeanour, it didn't seem so. On the other hand, I thought, he would need watching. Lucy had impressed upon me that a slave must be mentally subservient as well as physically. I was not going to stand for any intellectual arrogance.

"I also understand you are a rapist?"

He shook his head.

"The charge was statutory rape, Mistress. And it was never proved, Mistress", he said.

Ah-ha, I thought to myself, we have a clever one here. But he'll suffer for his cleverness!

"Because you did not stand trial, that does not mean you are innocent. Indeed, if you were innocent, why did you run away?"

He was silent for quite a while.

"Answer!" I bellowed. I do not normally lose my cool.

I saw him shudder. "I was guilty, Mistress", he said, almost whining.

"You filthy bastard", I said. "In my book, you have committed the vilest crime imaginable: corrupting a young girl. It is unforgivable."

"Y-yes...yes...Mistress...I have paid dearly for it..."

"And so you should... you animal!" He bowed his head in acknowledgement of my scolding.

"Yes Mistress, I agree."

Was he putting it on? He certainly seemed most servile. Perhaps his experiences at Ms Lucy's had brought him to this.

"If it was up to me I'd have that thing off!"

I aimed a kick at the heavy metal tube, but missed.

"And I'm not talking about the restrainer!"

He gulped, hung his head, remained silent.

"Are you permitted any sexual relief while you are here?", I enquired. I was aware most slaves were allowed a period of masturbation (under supervision, of course) once a month or so. But there were exceptions.

"No, Mistress", he answered mournfully.

"Quite right, too", I said. "Nor will you be while you are in my charge". He seemed to accept it philosophically. Then I began to explain his new role. That, when we travelled, he would act as my "private secretary" and he would be conventionally addressed. That, in public, he would address me as "Ms Hammond" and only in private

as "Mistress". He would be completely in my power at all times, but he would not give the appearance of being so. He would simply act out the role of a devoted servant. Polite and deferential. Happily willing.

"Do you understand, slave?", I asked.

"Yes, Mistress. Absolutely." He seemed almost pleased by the idea. Perhaps to get away from Ms Lucy's estate was a bonus in itself! However, I don't think many men would be over-joyed to put themselves in my hands if they knew what to expect — and I suppose this one did!

"Very well. You can start by packing my bags and trunks. I want everything in the two main wardrobes and the large chest of drawers. Move!"

He bowed low. "At once, Mistress", he said, and left my presence. It seemed to me that Ms Lucy had chosen well.

That evening, I gave Timothy a thrashing with a riding crop. Twelve good strokes. It was not for any particular fault but, as I explained, it was always my practice to make a new slave aware of his Mistress's authority. I spoke as though I had been doing it for years; after all, as far as he knew, I had! He took it quite well, doubtless used to such arbitrary treatment, but I soon realised that he was not as resilient or robust as my normal slave, Robert. Nor as many of the occupants of Ms Lucy's estate. Basically a weakling, whom only time and experience had hardened to some degree.

Afterwards, he grovelled at my feet, actually weeping. Mind you, there were some nasty-looking purple-ridged weals over his rump, because I had not gone easy on him. Truth to tell, I was then not very experienced in dishing out corporal punishment, so I probably over-did it. Learning by doing!

"You are quite pathetic", I said.

"Y-yes... oooh... yes... aaahh... Mistress", he agreed. "I do b-beg... urr... pardon..."

"But since you are a rapist, I have not the slightest sympathy for you. You deserve everything that has come to you... and is still coming to you".

He groaned. My words were hardly words of comfort.

"Now get out of my sight and report to your overseer. You will be sent to me when I require you again."

"Th-thank you... Mistress..."

He staggered to his feet and left the room. It seemed to me that I had adequately impressed myself upon him.

Timothy turned in a good performance during the voyage. It was, for me, rather amusing to have a slave as a kind of "companion". For, as my private secretary, he was formally dressed and quite often accompanied me. As an example, he sat at the same table for meals. He even played Bridge with me on occasions. He being younger than me, I got some envious looks for the older ladies on board. If only they had known! I must say he was remarkably polite to acquaintances I made, without over-doing the servility. Yes, I must commend him. Frankly, I think he was over the moon on account of being in normal surroundings again.

Of course, once we were down in our adjoining cabins, it was back to square one. At once, he'd strip down to his restrainer and be running around attending to my slightest need. And getting a strap or cane across his backside if he displeased me. The ordinary life of a slave.

During the day, he had to be allowed to talk to other passengers on equal terms. There was no way around that, unless we wanted to attract unnecessary attention. However, I warned him to be most

discrete. I warned him particularly about talking to young women passengers, of whom there seemed to be quite a number.

"As a rapist", I told him, "you'll suffer for it if you I catch you so much as touching one of them."

"I understand, Mistress", he replied compliantly.

It then occurred to me just how much he must have yearned to have some sort of physical contact with a woman — after all his deprivation. It must have been most difficult for him to speak and act normally under such circumstances. But there you are. He was, after all, only a slave.

Then one evening I was playing cards, with him seated alongside me as usual. He was behaving discreetly, like any paid servant should. A young blonde girl came up to him smiling. He looked embarrassed, and turned his head away.

"Oh, Tim...", she said. "You don't want to sit in this stuffy room all night. How about a stroll around the deck?"

Anguished, Timothy looked at me. It was a difficult moment. I could not tell him what to do in public.

"Why not, Timothy", I said icily. My eyes must have been like daggers going through him.

"If... if... you don't require me, Ms Hammond..." He was colouring.

"Of course not, Timothy", I replied as naturally as I could. "Just carry on".

I felt it was important to behave as naturally as possible. I saw him bow in an old-fashioned manner to the young blonde, who took his arm and accompanied him jauntily out of the room. Did the girl imagine she had some kind of prize, I wondered, and then laughed inwardly. She would certainly be surprised by the locked-on

restrainer, if she tried anything! On the other hand, I wondered how far my slave would dare go.

About twenty minutes later, as Dummy at Bridge, I excused myself and left the table. It seemed only sensible with Timothy under such pressure. Who knew what he might not get up to? I walked rapidly along the First Class upper deck. Then, at the end of a life-boat, half-hidden, I saw the blonde with her arms around my slave's neck. His hands were ardently squeezing her bottom. You can imagine my indignation, but I managed to keep control of myself.

"Oh... Timothy... I'm sorry... I didn't realise...", I said loudly.

He sprang away like a startled faun, leaving the blonde gasping.

"O-oh... Mistress... I m-mean... Ms Hammond... I didn't know... I mean... I wasn't aware..."

"What on earth's the matter, Tim?", asked the blonde, looking puzzled. "She isn't your mother, is she?"

Far more than a mother, I thought, as I smiled sweetly.

"It's just that I'm going to bed now. They want you to make up a four at the table."

"Of course... of course... Ms Hammond".

He was grovelling verbally. And I could see, in mortal dread.

"I'll see you later then", I said meaningfully.

"Yes... yes, Ms Hammond."

"Oh, must you go to that silly old Bridge game?", wailed the blonde.

"Yes... yes... I must!", replied Timothy, hurrying off, stumbling over a small bollard.

"Goodnight, Miss whatever-your-name-is", I said acidly. Then turned on my heel.

I do not imagine Timothy concentrated too well during the next couple of Rubbers he played. He must have known he was in for something pretty unpleasant. For my part, I took a leisurely bath, put on nothing but a pair of high-heeled mules, then lay naked on the bed with a bottle of champagne at my side. I flicked idly through a magazine, and considered what I should do with my slave.

He came to my cabin about an hour later, knocking on the door, then prostrating himself on the floor. I saw he was sweating. "I... I b-beg pardon, Mistress... the last Rubber was a very long one", he said.

"I'm not interested in your card games", I said, "but in your behaviour with that young lady. No sooner out of my sight... and you're mauling her! It is quite disgusting. Doubtless you would have been raping her in another few minutes!"

"No-no... no... Mistress... never... never! It was she... Mistress... I swear it... she who started it... put her arms around me.. kissed me... I couldn't stop her... it's true, Mistress!"

I could see that he was quite desperate that I should believe him. He was actually trembling with anguish.

"She didn't make you squeeze her bottom, did she?", I asked. That floored him. He had no answer to it. "I... I just couldn't h-help it, Mistress", he stammered.

That, of course, was very understandable, under the circumstances. But I wasn't going to make any allowances.

"Once a rapist... always a rapist", I spat out.

"No... Mistress... no... ooo!", he cried out desperately.

Naturally I realised that a man so frustrated and deprived as he was, could scarcely have acted in any other way. But I wasn't going to excuse his failing. Timothy had had strict orders to keep his hands off the opposite sex during this trip and he had disobeyed them. Very well, I was going to deal with the matter. I could see, by the way, how disturbed he was by my nakedness. He had never before seen me in that state.

"Strip!", I ordered. At once he took off the formal clothes (dinner jacket, etc.) and stood rigidly in only his restrainer. "Lucky you had that on, I reckon", I said. He made no reply. It would have been unwise. His clothes were folded neatly on a chair, as was the rule.

"Now, slave, you are going to pay for your lustful behaviour." He flinched and went pale. Terror was in his eyes. All very understandable. "I told you to keep your hands off women, didn't I?"

"It... it was Mandy... she started it...", he began.

"Mandy, eh?" I think I put enough scorn into my voice. "So we're already on first name terms, are we?"

He stood there dumbly. Bewildered and petrified. It was nice to have a young — I guess he was still in his twenties — strong male in such a state.

"Mandy darling, eh?"

"N-no... no... Mistress... I swear... I did nothing... it was she... she who did everything... lured me on..."

"Lured! I like that. Have you no will of your own, slave?"

I paused.

"No... of course, you haven't, simply because you are a slave. You are nothing but a helpless chattel. But one who happens to be in my power at the moment."

He bowed his head in acknowledgement of what I had just said. What a pitiful creature he was. How low he had been brought. I found it most satisfying.

"Do you know what I am going to do to you, slave?"

"N-no... no... Mistress..."

He looked utterly shattered. Quite terrified.

"Then I shall tell you", I said, taking a sip at my champagne. My goodness, I bet he would have loved a stiff drink at that moment! I smiled lazily at him, raising one limb so that my most intimate charms were better displayed to him. The more frustration the better, I thought.

"First, I am going to give you a very sound thrashing. After that, I shall remove your restrainer and whip that thing you have between your legs." He grew even paler, and his eyes widened. "After that", I went on, "I shall put on you a different restrainer. One with sharp bristles on its inner side. The slightest lustful reaction from you and you'll certainly know all about it." He looked utterly despairing at that, knowing of course, that whatever I said was no bluff. I meant it all. "After that", I smiled, "you may have to attend to my personal desires. Possibly, I am going to get rather drunk." He knew exactly what I meant. He had had to service me with lips and tongue before. And been very roused. He would surely he roused again. Mostly painfully!

Since the cabin was not sound-proofed sufficiently, I had to gag Timothy. A pair of screwed-up knickers was sufficient. Then I secured him over the back of a chair. He was half-sobbing, and shaking with dread.

"M-mercy... have mercy, Mistress... it was not my fault..."

I ignored this pleading. Any man who had taken advantage of a young girl as he had did not deserve the benefit of the doubt. I took

the cane I had brought with me out of one of my travelling cases, and proceeded to thrash him vigorously. I had no particular number of strokes in mind. Just until I was satisfied. I berated him continually as I thrashed him.

"Lecher! Rapist! You've no control... you're quite disgusting. Filthy! How dare you disobey my orders! Pig... pig... pig!"

His howls of pain were muffled by the knickers in his mouth. I do not even know how many strokes I gave him. At least twenty, I am sure. Certainly, I reckoned, he would keep his hands off that blonde Mandy in future.

But, of course, I wasn't finished. I released him, and had him kneel before me, hands on head. Using the key which I wore on a chain round my neck, I unlocked and took off his restrainer. Then I produced the penis-whip, and brandished it at him. This is quite small: a short handle to which are attached six thin leather thongs, like boot-laces. Small, but very, very effective!

"Masturbate", I ordered.

Already in tears, moaning, he did so. Then, when he had got himself good and hard (didn't take long, even in his state, he having gone so long without), I ordered him to stop. His hands went back on his head, and with an evil grin I lashed at his organ with the thongs. At the first stroke he screamed through the makeshift gag, eyes wild. Again and again I lashed at it, back and forth. Soon he was quite deflated, making quite peculiar noises through the knickers-gag, and the tears were pouring down his cheeks. Fit treatment for a rapist, I thought. I stopped. But he torment had by no means come to an end.

Next, I produced the bristled restrainer. A nasty-looking device if ever I saw one. He groaned horribly as I fastened it tight upon him. Already those bristles were impinging on his tender flesh. If there was any tumescence, he would be in real agony. Good! He looked at me, eyes full of anguished pleading, but I was quite unmoved. I

removed the knickers from this mouth. Slobbered all over, of course; never mind, he could hand-wash them in the sink tomorrow.

"You have the instincts of an untrained animal", I said. "You deserve to suffer". He simply sobbed helplessly. What a pitiful wreck he was. I felt absolutely no sympathy. Then I lay back on the bed again, parted my legs, and, simply raising one finger, pointed down. He knew what he had to do. He crawled forward and got his head between my thighs.

Soon his mouth was pleasuring me as I wished, making me moan with pleasure. He was groaning and whimpering, but for quite a different reason! For, quite naturally, what I was making him was getting him quite excited — with the predictable result! His evident torment simply increased my pleasure. It was a most satisfying twenty minutes or so. Poor little Tim was in no end of a state by the time I told him to desist. Indeed, he was blubbing like a school-boy. Perhaps he was sorry now that he had ever left Ms Lucy's estate. But then, the choice wasn't his to begin with.

Finally, thoroughly satisfied, I pushed him away. I lay there for a while, then decided it was time for bed.

"You! Kneel erect, and thank me for correcting you."

The wretched fellow, who had been slumped at the foot of the bed, at once knelt erect and stammered out his thanks.

"Err, th-thank... thank you for correcting me, Mistress."

"You deserved it, didn't you?"

"Y-yes, yes... Mistress, thank you."

With that, I grabbed him by the hair and bundled him unceremoniously into the wardrobe, then locked the wardrobe door. He still had the bristled restrainer on. That would make for sweat

dreams — not! Then I returned to bed, had a final glass of champagne, and fell happily asleep.

Episode Three

The Château: Old World Domination

I was much stricter with Timothy after our little "falling out". In fact, I decided a daily six of the best would be necessary to keep him in his place. It was most amusing to see him gingerly placing himself down in his seat at table.

I very much enjoyed the journey, my first time on a trans-Atlantic voyage. Indeed, it was over all too quickly.

Arriving at port, I booked a hired car for the journey across France. Timothy sat up front with me. However, as soon as we had got some distance from town, but before joining the motorway, I pulled over and ordered him out. He looked surprised, but complied.

"Right, you! Strip!"

"But... Mistress, I..."

I slapped his face hard once, then again.

"I said strip!"

Brought to his senses, his training obviously kicked in, and he disrobed quickly, then stood to attention stark naked before me. Me, his *owner* (for the time being anyway).

"Get those clothes bagged!"

He did so. I opened the car boot.

"Get those trunks into the back of the car". That he did too. Then:

"In!"

I pointed to the open boot, and he He clambered reluctantly in. I slammed it shut. I was really getting the hang of this slave-Mistress lark!

And so I enjoyed a lovely drive across the French countryside, a trip made all the more pleasurable by the thought of my slave closely confined in the boot, lurching back and forth, trying in vain to get comfortable.

That afternoon, we arrived at the chateau. A long driveway lead up to a wide, massive, mediaeval-looking set of double doors. I rang the bell. I didn't have long to wait before the a young, leather-clad woman emerged. "Bonjour Madame", she greeted me. Then she said politely, "you will be Ms Hammond, I imagine. I am Chloe, one of the Comtesse's slave overseers".

"Yes, I am Ms Hammond. My friend Lucy Elcox has told me a lot about the Comtesse's' establishment".

The girl smiled and nodded.

"But I... that is, we understood you would be bringing a slave?"

I laughed, unlocked the car-book, and pulled roughly on Timothy's hair.

"Out you!"

Chloe laughed out loud as she saw Timothy rise stiffly out of the boot and stagger upright. She nodded approvingly as she saw the chastity restraint and the marks on his rump.

"Madame Elcox told us you were just a beginner, but I see you have gained much experience in a short time!"

"Why thank you!" I replied, giving her a winning smile. Then, I turned to Timothy and my face hardened.

"Bring in my trunks, slave."

"Yes, Mistress". He scuttled off to do my bidding. Those trunks were heavy for one man to handle, but he'd manage it somehow.

"When he's finished, take him down to a cell, please Chloe. I imagine the Comtesse has a dungeon here?"

"She certainly has", smiled the girl.

"Feed him whatever you give slaves here, then chain him up."

"Certainly, Ms Hammond. Has he behaved himself en route?"

"Reasonably. Why?"

"I thought you might like me to give him a taste of my crop", she said. A very keen girl, I realised at once.

"I don't think that will be necessary. Thank you all the same, my dear."

It seemed I was already getting rather proprietary with Timothy!

Meanwhile, Timothy was lumbering into the hall with the first trunk.

"Take them up to the first floor, slave", snapped Chloe. "The blue room at the end of the corridor."

"Yes, Miss...". Warily Timothy heaved the trunk on to his bank and staggered up the wide staircase.

"He doesn't look very strong," she said with a contemptuous sneer in his direction.

"He isn't," I stated. "Bit of a weed, in fact. Cries like a girl after a few strokes of the whip."

Chloe laughed out loud, and her eyes flashed like those of a tigress.

Just then, a near-nude slave passed by, carrying a tray of wine glasses. "How many slaves does the Comtesse have", I asked.

"Eight," she replied.

"And you are in charge of them?"

"I and another girl by the name of Gabrielle. Would you like to freshen up before meeting the Comtesse?"

"Yes please", I said. We mounted the staircase, passing a servile Timothy coming down. He looked pale and was sweating freely. He'll soon cool off when chained in his cell, I thought.

The Comtesse, Marie-Louise, was charming and beautiful, and really made me feel welcome. Whilst we gossiped, we drank a delicious white wine. This was served by a discrete slave, nude but for a restrainer and a small green baize apron, upon which was a monogram of the Comtesse's coat of arms. I told her all about Lucy's estate and she was most impressed. Although they were friends, she had never been to the States, and the sheer size of Lucy's establishment amazed her.

"I thought I had gathered quite an entourage," she said enviously. "But nothing like she has."

"I think you've done a marvellous job. it's all so very intimate here."

"I suppose so. It suits me well, anyway. Still, I'd like to pay a visit to your friend some time."

"I'm sure you would be most welcome."

Later, we took a light but excellent luncheon. Excellently served, too. "Now," said the Comtesse, "I expect you'd like to rest after your tiring journey."

"Yes, I would," I agreed looking at my watch. I saw it was three o'clock. Should I leave Timothy where he was for the time being?

Why not? He could unpack later. "Could you get Chloe to bring up my slave, Timothy, at six o'clock please."

"Certainly, my dear." She rose and as I did so too, she kissed me on the cheek.

After an afternoon nap, I read for a while, until a knock at the door announced the arrival of Chloe with my slave. My slave! Gosh!

I had slave Timothy unpack, then ordered him to assume the position for his "daily half-dozen." He looked crest-fallen.

"Oh, did you think I'd forgotten?" I asked, in a sickly-sweet tone.

He didn't reply. At an inspiration, I instructed him to thank me after each stroke. Then I gave duly him six of the best, good and hard.

"Aaahhh! Ah... th-thank you, Mistress."

One... two... three... four... five... six. After delivered those six good hard cuts, I made him kneel before me and thank me all over again. Oh, delicious!

Then I rang the bell for Chloe. When she came, I breezily instructed her to take Timothy to his cell. As to the manner born!

I slept soundly that night. Being a middle-aged divorcee was beginning to seem like not such a bad deal after all!

The following morning, after breakfast, Marie-Louise and I went riding in the grounds of her estate. I saw that many trees had been felled in certain parts. "I suppose that is the work of your slaves", I said, pointing with my crop.

"That's right," she nodded. "They do turn and turn about. One week four are engaged on domestic duties in the chateau, and the other four are on outside labouring. Then they change around. It is a system which works quite well. Constant outdoor labouring would, in my view, soon wear a slave out."

I wondered about that, thinking of some of Lucy's slaves. The Comtesse was probably right. We passed a clearing and saw some naked figures sawing away busily. They seemed to be un-supervised but I supposed they had some kind of work quota to fill. Later I found this to be correct. Neither Chloe nor Gabrielle had the time or the patience to stand outside all day watching slaves toiling away, sweating their guts out. I could well understand that.

"I'd like to see your dungeon sometime", I said when we returned.

"Of course. This afternoon would be a good time, since this morning Chloe informed me that two of the domestic slaves are to be punished. You could watch that as well, if you like."

"Why not?", I replied. "What's the punishment for?"

"We have a system here for domestic slaves", answered the Comtesse. "Chloe or Gabrielle award Demerits for what they consider slack work, carelessness, laziness, dumb insolence, cheek and the like. If a slave earns himself six Demerits before the end of the week, he is taken down to the Punishment Chamber in the dungeon. I leave the degree of punishment to the girls. They are both very experienced and are neither too soft nor too severe. Personally, I flog only rarely and, when I do, it's in my own boudoir."

I guessed that would be when some slave she was using for sexual purpose had failed to please her adequately. But I did not ask: it didn't seem lady-like to enquire too closely.

That afternoon after a splendid lunch we went down to the dank chill of the dungeon which had been created out of the numerous cellar rooms below. There were four small stone-walled cells, each with a barred window, a plank bed and with chains hanging from the walls. Then we proceeded to the Punishment Chamber. It was quite simple, almost crude in appearance; perhaps deliberately so. It could have been a wine cellar at one time. There was no whipping block or post, as such, but a plain trestle bench. One of the walls was

festooned with instruments of correction. It was by no means as elaborate as similar places on Lucy's estate, but I, as I was soon to witness, it served its purpose quite adequately.

Shortly after the Comtesse and I had arrived, the girls brought in the two slaves scheduled for punishment. Understandably, they looked more than a little nervous. They were absolutely naked, even the customary restrainers were off. But then, I supposed there was little fear of them playing with themselves in the Punishment Room! First they were ordered to kiss the feet of the Comtesse and myself. "Thank you for honouring us with your presence, Highness", they said in turn. She insisted on this form of address, I had learned.

Chloe had on a smart, figure-hugging leather outfit and ankle-boots; Gabrielle also wore a leather outfit, but one which exposed her excellent breasts. Very tantalising for any slave, which I suppose was the idea. Nothing like taunting them with what they know that can never have.

The Comtesse and I took our seats, and waited for the show to begin.

Then I had a sudden thought. "Oh, Marie-Louise, Timothy is still chained up in his cell. Wouldn't it be rather... er... well, character-building for him, to witness this?"

The Comtesse laughed and smiled at me. "We'll make a proper dominatrix of you yet, my dear! That's an excellent idea!" Then, turning to Chloe:

"Chloe dear, would you be so kind as to fetch this lovely lady's slave?"

Chloe grinned. "At once, Comtesse."

Soon she was back, leading a woebegone-looking Timothy. I felt for the key around my neck, and unlocked and removed his penis restraint.

"Just so he doesn't feel left out!" I announced. Then I ordered him curtly to stand to attention, over where I could see him and he could see the punishment.

The Comtesse nodded at me in approval, then signalled to Chloe to begin.

"Would you like to go first, Gabrielle?", enquired Chloe.

"Just as you like". She strolled across and selected a nasty-looking riding crop. The slave she approached blanched visibly. Doubtless he had hoped for something less severe. "Right Jean," said the dark-haired Gabrielle, "I'm going to start by giving you 18 with this". The crop swished loudly. "Flat down on the bench, slave. Arms outstretched.

Whilst the slave, Jean, positioned himself, Chloe ordered her slave to face the wall with hands on top of his heads. He was about to have the unpleasant experience of hearing his companion thrashed while knowing the same was shortly going to happen to him.

Gabrielle, a powerfully-built girl, positioned herself, measured the buttocks, then swung into the thrashing. The cracking sound of that crop on bare flesh was loud in the room as was Jean's gasping grunt. His whole body shuddered but he remained stretched out in position.

Five seconds ticked away then Gabrielle swung again. I noticed already that she was putting everything into her strokes — and approved. As I say, when a slave has earned punishment, he should be punished thoroughly. Steadily the strokes mounted and steadily the red-purple weals multiplied. Jean's gasping grunts of pain grew louder and more urgent. However, I reckoned he was an experienced slave by the manner in which he maintained his posture, even though he did keep bucking and shuddering under the onslaught.

Six... seven... eight...

This produced more than a gasping grunt. It got a howl out of him, which echoed back off the walls. I guessed Gabrielle had, either by accident or design, overlaid one weal with another. And now that the halfway stage had been reached, those howls became far more frequent and Jean twisted frantically from side to side on top of the bench. All the same, he kept his grip. His knuckles ivory white. He was certainly suffering.

"A-agggghh... merceeeee!" he bellowed as number fifteen bit into his rump. I saw Chloe seize her slave's head and yank. "That's what's coming to you in a few moments, you little bastard!", she informed him. Not exactly pleasant news!

Far from acceding to Jean's plea for mercy, it seemed to me that Gabrielle laid on the last three strokes harder than ever. His bellowing became bull-like; he almost writhed off the bench. How he still managed to maintain his grip, I'll never know.

"Up! Face the wall, slave. Hands on head", barked Gabrielle. With surprising alacrity, the slave obeyed the order, gasping out at the intensification of the pain caused by his movements. The bench lay empty. "You want to use this then, Chloe?", asked Gabrielle.

"I like the look of it", nodded Chloe, flexing the supple crop. "Now then, Marcel, let's have you on the bench." Looking as pale as death, the slave took the place his companion had just vacated and stretched out similarly. Would he be as tough? Chloe tapped the muscled rump with the leather tab of the crop. "The week before last, Marcel," she said venomously, "you were also on Demerits. So, this time, I'm giving you 24." A shudder. A groaning exhalation. Tension tightening his muscles. It was a tough punishment. Already I was impressed by the standards of discipline in the chateau.

Chloe began the thrashing, obviously going just as flat out as Gabrielle had done. She was not quite such a big girl as Gabrielle but she certainly knew how to wield a crop. Her accuracy was remarkable in view of the fact that Marcel was constantly twisting and his haunches jerking up and down. She seemed to be able to

overlay at will and, whenever she did, a raucous yell of torment erupted from Marcel. It was evident, though, that he was as tough as Jean. He had to be to withstand such merciless treatment.

Eighteen times that crop came blurring down, cracking loudly, with Marcel begging for mercy near the end, just as his companion had done. Then Chloe stopped. I was surprised. Had she forgotten how many strokes she had promised. Surely not. No, she hadn't. She walked to the end of the bench; then, widening her limbs, she walked along it so that she stood straddled over her victim. With evident satisfaction, she looked down at the lacerated, twitching buttocks. Then she proceeded to lay the final six strokes on so that they ran from the top of these buttocks and part way down the thighs. Marcel's howls became more tormented, his pleas more desperate. He was, however, spared *nothing*. By the time she had finished, Chloe had created a grille-like effect over his juddering rump, with vivid weals running both horizontally and vertically. Sobbing groans came from Marcel. I thought he had shown remarkable fortitude. But in the end the girl had broken him. When he rose stiffly off the bench, I saw his eyes filled with unmanly tears. He was ordered to stand alongside Jean, also facing the wall.

I presumed it was all over. But not a bit of it.

The Comtesse turned to me. "Whenever I attend a punishment", she informed me, "it is customary for the slave or slaves to receive extra punishment." I recalled what Jean and Marcel had said about being 'honoured' by her presence. 'Honoured', maybe, but not particularly pleased!

"Is that so?", I smiled at her. "And what might that be, Marie-Louise?"

"That is at my discretion", she replied easily. The two slaves facing the wall must have had nerves stretching like elastic. The minutes ticked away. Tension mounted. Then: "Kneel on the bench, facing each other", came her sudden staccato order.

With horrified reluctance betrayed on their faces, the slaves nevertheless obeyed. It was clear they knew that not have done so would have meant far greater torment. How unlucky for them that "Her Highness" had deigned to pay them a visit that afternoon! "Alright, girls", said Marie-Louise. They were chatting quietly in one corner. "One of you use a cane, the other that crop. Six of the very best for each of them. So that hey fully appreciate who their Mistress is!".

Chloe and Gabrielle took up their instruments. It seemed to me that Marie-Louise had gauged just about right. Both slaves had already had a damned good hiding, Marcel in particular, and anything more than 6 would have been unwarranted. Anyway, that was my opinion.

Two pairs of male buttocks flinched with dread as the girls positioned themselves. Very understandable: both slaves knew exactly what was coming. And then... just waiting. I caught Chloe's eye, and she smiled with sadistic glee. I smiled back; and then I understood. The wait would be another torment for them! Marie-Louise must have kept the wretched slaves waiting in dreadful anticipation for a full five minutes. Then, she gave a nod to Chloe; and the final thrashing began!

Strokes fell simultaneously. Yelping bellows of pain echoed from the walls simultaneously. Two male rumps writhed in excruciating torment simultaneously.

Remarkably, both of them managed somehow to get through it, remaining kneeling on the bench until the final strokes had lashed down. My Timothy could never have taken such severe punishment without being secured. When, of course, he would have had no option! Now there was a thought...

The two slaves were ordered to their knees on the rough stone floor, and were made to kiss the instruments which had just been tormenting them. They both did so most fervently, obviously aware of the need to show utter submission. Then I saw Gabrielle was fastening a leather collar about the still-kneeling Marcel's neck. The

collar had a chain-leash attached. It looked for all the world like a dog leash.

"Why is she doing that?", I asked Marie-Louise. "That looks like a dog-leash!"

"So it is", came the reply. "She likes dogs, you see, but I don't. A slave can substitute for a dog. She quite often takes one out in the afternoons. Probably going to take him for a walk in the woods!"

She smiled, then called over to Gabrielle.

"Off for walkies, then, you and Marcel?"

The girl nodded and flashed a brilliant smile. She obviously enjoyed her work, and this was clearly one of the perks. Really, I couldn't help laughing. Marcel, on the other hand, did not seem particularly amused. He had had a tough enough afternoon already; yet it seemed it was by no means over! Both slaves were lead off. I put Timothy's chastity device back on and, at Marie-Louise's suggestion, put a collar on him and chained him to one of the ring-bolts in the wall. She said it would do him good to spend a few hours standing there, looking at the instruments of correction.

Then Marie-Louise and I returned to the comforts of the chateau above.

What a wonderful holiday it turned out to be!

Episode Four

The Estate: A Domina's Progress

After my experiences at the chateau of the Comtesse Marie-Louise de la Marche, I realised how sheltered I had been during my first weeks at Lucy's. Deliberately so, I grasped now. I had had nude male slaves waiting on me hand and foot, and had seen the marks of punishment, but now I truly realised that they were really slaves, chattels, possessions: Lucy really did OWN them! And I also grasped that there was definitely more to Lucy's estate, much more, than I had seen so far. Now, back in the States, I determined to experience more of the new life of which Lucy and Marie-Louise had given me a taste.

And so one morning, over breakfast, Lucy and I had a long chat about Marie-Louise and her life in France. Eventually, I got round to asking her whether she used slaves for any outside work. I told her I had seen slaves felling trees on the grounds of the chateau. What I really wanted to know if just what exactly she had going on here.

She smiled.

"I was wondering when you would ask. Yes, I do use my slaves for all sorts of things. You have only seen the few slaves I have serving me here in the house, but what I've got on the estate itself puts Marie-Louise's little operation into the shade."

I was intrigued, and said so.

"Come on then, why don't you spend the day seeing what goes on? I noticed you are certainly dressed for it!"

And indeed I had done myself up that morning. I was all in black: a black top that left my arms bare. tight leggings showing off my big bum (I had noticed one of the house slaves ogling it already when I

was wearing a tight skirt, so I thought a bit more teasing would be in order), and the leggings tucked into high-heeled black leather boots,

"I have stuff to do, but you'll be alright on your own, I hope? Take a look around, see what goes on; the staff know about you and will give you every assistance. There are plenty of overseers around. Should you need one urgently, wear this."

She handed me a whistle on a lanyard.

"One blast on that will have the staff coming running."

So we took a leisurely stroll down the long lane which lead to the farm buildings. It was a sunny day, warm but not too hot, perfect to spend outdoors.

"Of course, normally we wouldn't walk this, but let's break you in gradually." Lucy said mysteriously, and winked at me.

I wondered what on earth she meant.

"Lead on, lead on" I replied, deciding to let her show me things her way.

We reached the cluster of buildings, and strolled out on to a long, wide patio which overlooked sweeping, rolling lawns, immaculately cut. It was a glorious day, already warming up. As we walked towards one of the tables in the shade, we passed two slaves, on hands and knees, scrubbing the large stone flags. These stones already looked clean as a whistle to me, but they were doing it all the same. One of them, I noticed, already carried several nasty-looking welts across his rump. Probably his overseer had decided he hadn't been putting his back sufficiently into his work!

No sooner had we sat down than a naked slave was at my side. Stark naked, apart from the cruel metal prison on his cock. I realised that I hadn't seen a clothed male since my return to the estate. Lucy however dismissed him with a curt wave, saying "later".

"Very good Ma'am", he uttered meekly, and scurried off.

"You can take elevenses here in a bit, if you like, but I thought we might talk first. Just ring the bell when you want him."

She indicated a handbell lying to one side.

"Now. What you will see here today is the main operation..."

And she went on to tell me all about it. I really had just seen the tip of the iceberg. Here, on the estate itself, she has over fifty males kept under conditions of iron discipline. To do this, she has about a dozen female overseers.

Only a few of the slaves work in and around the house. The rest are engaged in all sorts of things on the grounds: tree-felling, wood-sawing, fence and hut building, path and road maintenance, you name it. These outside slaves usually work in small groups of not more than four, in the charge of an overseer, so they are most closely supervised.

All slaves are kept completely naked — unless one counts the penis restrainer which they all wear as `clothing'. This ingenious little gadget consists of an iron tube, narrow but heavy, which encases the penis and is secured at the base of the organ to a tight ring, this being fastened with a padlock. It is impossible to remove without the key. One way to stop them playing with themselves, I suppose!

That said, Lucy told me that `relief' *is* permitted — generally once a month. The slave takes it kneeling in front of his overseer. The girls love to taunt the wretched wanker as he tosses himself off. Some of them even strip off in front of him, flaunting their unavailable bodies, and making the wretch keep himself on edge until they finally give the command to shoot. Others just regard it as a distasteful chore, to be got over as quickly as possible. It's entirely up to them. The iron restrainer goes back on immediately afterwards. This, mind, is for slaves who are allowed relief; not all are. Timothy, for example, who

had been my `escort' on my trip to France, is kept completely denied. Quite right too, I think!

"Well, I must be off. You just relax here, and take a look around if you have a mind to."

"OK, will do. See you later."

And so I settled down, looking forward to my elevenses. Lucy had given me a lot to think about! I rang the bell, and almost at once the same nude male was by my side, bowing and scraping.

"Does Madam require anything?", he enquired obsequiously.

"A croissant, and coffee," I answered, not looking at him.

"At once, Madam..." He asked the same of Lucy, who simply shook her head dismissively. He bowed again and hurried off.

Just then, an overseer came up the steps at the end of the patio. She was a young girl, quite large — well very large, bigger than me! — definitely what they call a BBW. She was scantily clad, and I noticed a few tattoos. Can't say I care for them myself but the youngster seem to go for them nowadays. They looked quite well on her actually. Her outfit consisted of a very short skirt showing off heavy thighs, and a short-sleeved white blouse, low-cut, drawn in at the waist by a black leather cincher, which had the effect of pushing her very large breasts up and out. A pair of knee-length pirate boots completed the ensemble. The customary leather thong hung from a loop in the cincher. They get themselves up like this to tantalise, taunt, and frustrate the slaves, of course. Not at all a bad thing in my book!

"Lovely day, Ma'am," she said as she passed, giving me a dazzling white smile.

"Isn't it just," I replied. As she approached the kneeling slaves, I saw her unfasten the thong from her waist.

"You slack bastards should have been finished by now!" she bellowed. "Do you think Madam wants to be disturbed by the noise of your scrubbing?"

The thong swung... once... twice... three times... across one set of buttocks. At each stroke the slave jerked up with a gasp, but then went straight down again and got frantically on with his scrubbing. The other slave got similarly treated and reacted in the same way.

"It's alright," I called out. "It's not disturbing me."

In fact I was rather enjoying watching them toiling away as I took it easy.

"Just as you say, Ma'am," said the overseer. Then she turned back to her charges.

"If this patio's not scrubbed spotless in half an hour, I'll take you down and give each of you a damn good caning. Got it?"

"Yes... Miss..." they answered hoarsely in unison.

Their scrubbing took on even greater vigour. Clearly they knew that the threat was no idle one.

"Got to keep right behind them," said the girl as she came back towards me.

"I quite agree," I nodded. "Care to join me for a few moments?"

"Why not?", she said and took one of the white, wrought iron leather seated chairs, crossing those big legs of hers. She really was quite large, but most attractive with it, curves in all the right places and then some. It was not surprising that she enjoyed displaying herself... and I could well imagine she was a sore trial to those under her control.

"What would you give them?" I asked.

"Who?" I indicated the sweating slaves.

"Oh... a dozen, I guess," she replied casually.

It seemed fairly severe to me, since they'd already had some of her thong. I told her this.

"They're fairly new," she explained, "so I come down hard on them."

"Of course." I smiled. "You know your job."

"That's right," she smiled back.

I judged she couldn't have been more than 19. Her slaves looked twice that.

At that moment my 'waiter' reappeared bearing a tray.

"You took your time," I said.

He must have been away all of three minutes.

"Kitchen was very busy, Madam," he said.

"Don't you dare answer Madam back!" snapped the overseer, rising from her chair. "Get your backside up."

Once more the thong was slipped from her belt. Without delay or demur, the slave knelt on one of the stone flags and raised his hind-quarters high. Five times that thong cracked across his rump, yet though he whinnied between clenched teeth, he remained well in position throughout. Obviously an experienced slave. "Apologise," ordered the girl, sitting down again.

"I... I sincerely apologise for my error, Madam," said the slave humbly, bowing his head before me.

I made no comment and simply sipped my orange juice.

"Kiss my boots and thank me", came the overseer's next order.

Down went the slave again, fervently kissing leather and, in between, gasping out his thanks for having been corrected. The girl smiled and winked at me. She was very much enjoying herself. Showing off a bit, too. Still, that's natural in the young.

"While you're down there, give them a shine. I want to see my face in them."

With no hesitation, the slave's tongue began to work over the leather. I raised my eyebrows at this. The expression on Melissa's face was exactly that of a cat that's got the cream: simply revelling in her power over this man.

After a few minutes, she gave him a dig in the shoulder with the sharp toe of her left boot.

"Get out of my sight, slave."

"Y-yes... miss..." Then he was up and away, his rump now nicely striped.

"Actually," said the girl, "he couldn't have got here much quicker. The kitchens must be about a minute away."

I shrugged and broke my croissant. What did it matter? He was only a slave.

The slaves toiled on; the sun rose higher; we chatted of this and that. Life was very pleasant.

It seemed that she had only been a fully-trained overseer for some three months. She told me how exceedingly she enjoyed her work. I have noticed before that the young and new are the most enthusiastic — but sometimes inclined to overdo things. As I have stated before, I do not believe that a slave should be punished for fun, but for failure. In a certain sense, he should be punished 'fairly'.

That does not mean, of course, that he should not be punished severely should the need arise. Anyway, I suppose in her line of work its better to be over-severe than too lenient.

"Sorry, Ma'am, have to leave you now," said the girl after about ten minutes. "Got to have a look-see at my other charges."

"Bye now. Nice to have met you."

After a while, it became evident to me that the slaves, no matter how hard they tried, were not going to reach the end of the patio in the time they had been allotted. So it turned out. The girl, whose name was Melissa, I had discovered, came striding back at the end of the half hour.

"You lazy slob!", she yelled. "You don't know the meaning of work! Not yet anyway. But I'm going to teach you."

This was not exactly a just statement since both of them had been going flat out and had probably been on that patio already for an hour and a half. Still, that was of no account, these fairly recent 'recruits' to Lucy's estate were obviously still being trained in its ways.

Drenched with sweat, mouths agape, chests heaving, they knelt erect before their young mistress. How pathetic they looked! Hopeless despair in their eyes.

"M-mercy... ahhh mercy... miss... we just... d-didn't have time..." croaked one of them. Instantly a flat palm smashed back and forth across his face.

"Shut up, you miserable wretch. You know I never accept excuses! You know, too, what I promised you. Now you're going to get it."

A great heaving sob burst from one of them. Yes... life was very tough. Melissa turned to me.

"Like to come down?" she asked. "If you've got nothing better to do?"

"Might as well," I replied. It would be interesting to see this youngster at work.

There are several punishment rooms in the basement of the main building and Melissa conducted her semi-exhausted charges to one of the smaller ones. It contained nothing but a humped leather flogging block and a bench on which were set out an array of corrective implements. Two of the walls were fully mirrored so that the victim over the block could see himself both fore and aft... not to mention his overseer.

"You... over the Block."

One of them got a kick and stumbled to the leathern hump. Melissa selected a medium-weight cane and tested its flexibility. Seemingly satisfied, she put it down and fastened the slave's wrists to the side of the Block. Then, rather to my surprise, she looped a thin sliver of leather, rather like a boot-lace, around his genitals. The other end of the sliver was tied to a small ring fastened to the end of the Block. "Trains them to keep their arse in position," she said, smiling at me.

I saw what she meant. If the slave twisted round or bounced about too much, the self-induced pain in a most sensitive region would be agonising. Most ingenious! I wonder if Melissa had been taught this little gimmick or dreamt it up herself. Most likely the latter, I guessed. She had a rather impish look about her.

"Mercy... m-mercy Miss... I t-ried as... hard as I... could... Miss I swear!", the miserable fellow cried out, trying to move her to pity.

Melissa said nothing. I suppose overseers simply became immune to pleas; they must hear so many! Instead she slowly and deliberately measured her victim's rump, slowly and deliberately raised the cane high... and then brought it whip-lashing down with all the force at her command. A bellowing howl of pain filled the small room. Not only had the slave to endure the agony of that vicious cut itself but, as he

writhed uncontrollably, the tugging on his genitals must have been excruciating.

A five-second pause, the only sound the whimpering sobbing of Melissa's victim.

"When I give you an order, I will have it obeyed," Melissa said, smirking. There was a sadistic glint in her eye. Clearly, she was made for this job.

Then the cane whistled down again, biting deep, and producing the same reaction as the first stroke.

So it proceeded and, I must say, my ears were soon ringing with the sound in that small room. The slave whose turn it was next looked ready to pass out, but he didn't. I don't suppose it would have changed anything if he had. Just bring him round with smelling salts, and get on with it! (In fact, Lucy told me later that that *is* what they do!) In due time, he took his companion's place, also beseeching the young tormentress to spare him. Again she said nothing as she secured him as she had done the first slave.

Then a second merciless twelve-stroke caning was administered.

And that tiny room echoed to a cacophony of agonised sound.

I was deeply impressed, by the iron discipline this youngster was capable of imposing. On the other hand, at the back of my mind, there was the thought that she was rather excessive — in view of the insignificance of the offences. But then it maybe that I am inclined to be too easy-going with males. At least, I was. And then, as I had already thought earlier, she was most likely showing off in front of me. Certainly it made me wonder what this voluptuous vixen would have done if either of her charges had committed a serious offence!

The punishment over, Melissa took me around the grounds. Just as Lucy had said, nude male slaves were toiling away at all sorts of things. Felling trees, chopping wood, cutting grass, weeding, picking

fruit. There certainly was an emphasis on muscle power, too: I didn't see a single machine. Even the carts were pulled by slaves. It was a fascinating new world for me. I had had no idea that any of this could be possible. Dozens of nude males, totally subjugated, kept under the heel — the *female* heel!

Later, Lucy came to collect me for lunch, and with a mischievous smile asked if I liked how things were done on her estate, and how it compared with Marie-Louise's. Well, what could I say?

"Oh, Lucy, it's simply wonderful! Those weeks I spent in your house, with no idea that all this was less than a mile away!"

"You are now well and truly initiated!"

And it was true!

Over lunch I was full of questions for Lucy, and she was free with her answers.

She told me that she supplied slaves to other dominant women.

"Naturally this is a service that has to be very discrete, and it is only for exclusive clients who can pay. A trained and experienced slave can fetch a lot of money. Some clients have 'special requirements', but my girls have yet to find one they couldn't meet, however weird and unusual."

I asked about escape attempts. These are big strong men after all.

"Generally we select men who are wanted on the outside. Then, they are subject to heavy conditioning, you could call it brain-washing. By the time they are put to work they are thoroughly broken and docile and would no more think of rebelling than the average domestic animal.

"The conditioning centre is a separate part of the estate. It's where all new arrivals are processed. A boy usually spends a few months

there. It's something you might like to see sometime. I would have to arrange it in advance though, the staff are very busy and it's usually not practical to simply drop in. So I thought this afternoon, perhaps we should take a look at the stables."

"Oh, I've seen your stables. Marvellous horses. The morning we went riding, remember?"

Lucy gave a knowing grin.

Well, you've seen the horse stables, yes..."

I didn't see what she was getting at. She saw my puzzlement.

"I have some men ponies too."

"Men ponies?" I was baffled.

"You'll see. Let's go down after lunch."

And so after a lovely light lunch —prepared and served by naked male slaves of course! — Lucy and I took a leisurely stroll down to the stables, which are some way off from the main buildings. Like all the more "special" parts of Lucy's estate, they are well within the grounds, far away from prying eyes. I was to see that in this case especially, that was a wise precaution.

As we approached the main stable building, I saw a small dog-cart approaching. But... it wasn't pulled by a pony, but by a man! He was wearing some sort of harness, and was jogging along like billy-oh. No doubt his mind was kept on his work by the whip which the woman in the dog-cart wielded. He got a good hefty stroke from it as the little carriage passed us. The occupant, a large grey-haired matron, gave us a cheery wave which Lucy returned. Up close, I could see the male was sweating freely. Clearly pulling his rather heavy burden was causing him to exert every last bit of strength.

"That's Mrs Ruddock. A regular guest."

"And pulling her..."

"Oh, that's one of my pony-boys!"

At last the penny dropped. Well! Males as domestics, males as slave labour on the estate, even males as sex toys... but ponies!

"Yes, I keep a very special stable here in addition to the regular one. It is stocked with rather special slaves, picked for their suitability for use as beasts of burden. Their main task is to pull the carriages of me and my guests, but they are also kept busy pulling carts containing heavy provisions or materials, such as logs, or just rubbish. They also pull grass-cutters and rollers. In fact, these brutes pull anything that needs shifting. After all, why waste money on machinery and fuel to drive it when I have all the male muscle I need ready to hand?"

Well! I was flabbergasted. I thought I had seen some pretty way-out things at Lucy's and Marie-Louise's, but this beat it all!

"Anyway, let's stop here and have some refreshment. And then maybe you'd like to try a ride yourself?"

We chatted away for a while on the veranda, being served cooling drinks from time to time by one of her domestic slaves. I noticed that he had a extra-heavy iron ring locked about his penis which was obviously causing him some discomfort. Upon enquiry, I discovered that this was a common punishment for minor domestic infractions.

On the rolling lawns spreading out before us, two wide grass-cutters were constantly at work, each one being pulled by two male slaves. They made a rather relaxing, summery sound — though I don't expect that was much appreciated by the slaves! They pulled at a steady trot but there was no overseer actually seated on either machine. However there was one positioned under a colourful umbrella who could survey the whole scene, and doubtless her whip

would have been put quickly to work if she felt insufficient effort was being made. It was understandable that she should prefer to rest in the shade rather than be pulled about in the heat. As, at one point, one of the cutters passed close by the verandah, I noticed the body of each slave was wet with sweat and there was a look of anguished strain on their features.

"How long are they kept at it?", I asked Lucy.

"Two hours at a time," was her reply. "Not long really, but if they are kept at it longer they might get dehydrated and collapse."

I found that very understandable in view of the heat.

Sure enough, a little while later I saw four fresh slaves led out by an overseer. The slaves on duty were removed and replaced. I watched them as they stumbled away; they certainly did look near to exhaustion. And thus the mowing continued with scarcely a pause. I must say the lawn did look most pleasant and I remarked on its greenness.

"Sprinklers", said Lucy. "They'll be on shortly."

And sure enough, a few minutes later four slaves, each pulling a sprinkler, appeared. These watering devices were placed at various points and then attached to stationary bicycles. Each slave then mounted and began to work the pedals. This action both pumped up the water and turned each sprinkler round and round. Most ingenious! Also, once again, making good use of the plenitude of male muscle available on Lucy's estate.

"So, fancy a spin?"

"Well, why not?"

"I'll introduce you to one of the lasses, and then I have to get back to the house. She'll take it from there."

The 'pony boy' stables on Lucy's estate are in a cellar beneath the real stables above. From this, one can only assume Lucy has more regard for her animals than she does her slaves. More than likely!

Though the little carriage in which I would sit would have a canopy, it would still be pretty hot. A stable 'lass' had been informed of our arrival and welcomed us. 'Lass' is hardly an appropriate word for her: she was a great hefty black girl. She was wearing only skin-tight white riding breeches and boots of black leather. Her bare breasts were most ample. Incidentally, the majority of the stable 'lasses' are coloured. Around her waist was a holster-type belt from which dangled a slim riding crop. She certainly was a most formidable-looking figure — and I certainly did not envy any male in her charge. She had a look of iron on her dark features and I could well imagine how satisfying the situation must have been for her. For she was in a position to take revenge for whole generations of female slaves who had suffered at the hands of white male owners.

Lucy introduced us, then said she would see me later. I was left with the 'lass'.

"Nice to see you, Ms Hammond. Ms Elcox has told me all about you." She gave me a big, friendly smile. "How are you liking our little operation so far?"

"Oh, I think it is all absolutely marvellous. A bit much too take it so quickly, though!"

"That I can well believe," she answered, smiling broadly again. She had magnificent teeth.

"Now, Ms Hammond, would you like an experienced pony? Or one that's still learning the ropes?"

"I wouldn't mind a beginner," I answered.

"Right you are then, Ma'am. Now, if you would like to come with me."

I followed her down into the long, dimly-lit stone cellar. There must have been a dozen stalls on each side of it. Only about half of them were occupied so I assumed the rest of the ponies were being used or exercised. We entered a stall numbered 22 and I glimpsed a nude figure lying on straw, the halter-collar around its neck being tied to a ring on the wall. The 'lass' had unhooked the crop from her belt and cracked it down across an upturned rump. "Up you!" she bellowed.

With a startled roar of pain, the `pony' leapt to his — or its?— feet, then immediately prostrated himself, with his nose an inch or so from the lass's boot-caps. There is nothing I like better than seeing such instant subservience and it certainly showed that this creature had a healthy respect for his overseer.

"This one's had some training," she said, "but he's nowhere near fit enough or skilled enough to satisfy Ms Elcox. He's strong, though. In time he'll learn to do a good job."

"Up, you!" she bellowed again.

The `pony' leapt to his feet again, hands at once going to his head. Fear seemed to ooze from his every pore. He was solidly built, but his face looked drawn. He certainly didn't look as though `pony training' was going easily for him!

"Most ladies prefer them with their cock restrained. You the same, Ms Hammond?"

"Certainly."

I nodded, and she nodded back with approval.

"Quite right too. I'll just leave the standard restrainer on, then. And we always fit something extra on the ponies to boot."

The lass had taken down a belt, with a leather triangle attached to it, which hung from the wall. This she now fastened tightly on to the pony who groaned as extreme pressure was exerted on the under-

running thong. This thong cut between his cleft, leaving both buttocks fully exposed.

"Stops 'em swinging around too much," the lass explained.

Next a bridle went over his head, with a serrated metal bit which the lass slipped into his mouth. Then, she took the reins and led the pony from the stall. I followed her. Doubtless, this creature had been hoping for a restful afternoon; well, he was going to be disappointed!

We emerged into the sunshine of the yard and there stood a small carriage, which had been brought out for me. It had large, thin wheels, a soft, well-sprung seat and a sun-canopy to shade the driver. The lass pushed the pony back between the shafts. Slim chains ran up from the shaft and were attached to his arms which were folded behind him and tightly thonged together. Thus his forearms took the weight and it was with those that he pulled.

The lass slipped the reins through a guide-ring and handed them to me. I decided to handle my unorthodox beast just as I would a unfamiliar horse. I pulled on the reins so that the bit cut into the corners of his mouth and forced his head not only up but slightly back. I wanted him to know right from the start that he was *fully* under my control.

"As I say, Ms Hammond, he's inexperienced," said the lass, "so don't spare the whip. He's at the stage where he needs plenty."

Nodding, I reached for the whip with which the buggy was provided. The muscled figure before me flinched at the sound made as I slid the implement out of its tubular holder. Clearly he knew that sound all too well, and knew what invariably came after! The whip was the customary one used on these so-called 'jaunts', having a slim, bamboo handle and a four-foot length of cord. I noticed at its tip there was a brass ferrule instead of the more usual three small pieces of lead-shot, and the lass saw my interest in it.

"Nowadays" she said, "I use those tips when I'm training. Adds an extra sting."

I could well imagine it would!

"Walk", I commanded, easing off the reins a little, and we made our way out of the yard. Once we were through the gates and on to one of the sandy tracks which criss-crossed this part of the estate, I gave the order 'trot'. At the same time I flicked the last few inches of the whip across his right buttock. The lass had advised me not to spare the whip, after all, and I felt it appropriate to impose my authority early. He gave a kind of yelping whinny (most appropriate for a 'pony', I suppose!) and half stumbled. However, he quickly recovered and went into a steady pace, raising each thigh to the horizontal with each stride. That stumble seemed to me to be proof of this pony's inexperience: one fully-trained would surely have been expecting to feel a touch of the whip at the outset, and could have absorbed it in silence and gone smoothly into his stride.

I kept him at the 'trot', well reined-in, for about ten minutes and was reasonably satisfied with his performance. His rhythm was not as smooth as it might have been, and there was occasionally the hint of a trip caught just in time, but nothing serious.

I ran my eye over him as he trotted along. He certainly was well-built: a broad back, rippling with muscles, slim haunches, sturdy, powerful-looking thighs. If one likes that sort of thing, I suppose he was what you could call a bit of a hunk. But as far as I was concerned then, he was just a male chattel to be used as I saw fit.

Towards the end of that ten minutes I noticed that his thighs were not always coming *quite* up to the horizontal. "Correct that stride, pony!" I yelled firmly and, at the same time, applied my whip left and right over his buttocks. This produced two more yelping-whinnies and a half stumble — but those thighs began to come up to proper height again. Control! It really is something quite delightful to exercise.

A short while later I spotted a carriage flying towards me at impressive speed. I thought I had better pull to one side to give it a better passage. However, just before it reached me, the lady-guest at the reins hauled in hard, and brought her sweat-drenched pony to a juddering standstill right alongside us. Obviously she had a lot of experience. Her pony's chest was heaving, his eyes wild, and saliva dribbled effusively from his gaping mouth. The driver's age belied her skill. She was a mere slip of a girl, no more than 18 or 19, I thought, with a pony-tail tied with a blue ribbon and merry brown eyes.

"Hi there!" she called. "Haven't seen you around before."

"This is my first visit," I told her. The heaving pony must have been very glad of this break, I thought. "My, it looks as if you've been giving him a good work out."

"I sure have," said the blonde, lightly stepping lightly down and moving forward to join me.

"Miss Daisy — she's head stable lass, you know — said he could do with a good pipe-opener." She grinned up at the wild-eyed figure. "Got that alright, didn't you, Ding-dong?"

"Ding-dong... is that what you call him?"

She grinned again. "That's right — on account of this."

She gripped the creature's dangling penis which, I then saw, was quite unrestrained. A first in my experience of Lucy's establishment. The organ swung free and was of exceptional size.

"Quite a stallion, ain't he?"

"Apparently," I said dryly. As far as I am concerned, they can all stay under lock and key, whatever size they are!

"You got quite horny out there in the woods, didn't you, Ding-Dong?" she simpered, then turned back to me. "Well, with this heat, I really

needed to cool off, so I decided to take a dip in the lake out there; and, well, I had to take all my clothes off, didn't I? He really did look eager but, you know, ponies are forbidden that sort of carry-on."

Dear me, every inch the prick-teaser, already at that age!

"I should hope so, too", I answered rather primly and, looking back again, noticed that this so-called Ding-dong was fast coming to erection under the girl's playful hand.

"I'll be moving on now," I said.

She waved.

"Hope to see you again later!"

Then I heard her speaking to her pony again.

"You can canter just as fast with a hard on, can't you Ding-Dong?" she said cheerily. "So let's get it right up, shall we?"

I shook my head as I rode off. It seemed to me that even allowing a male beast of burden an erection was going a bit far, but then I suppose on reflection they are there for the use and entertainment of the superior sex, and if that's what "floated her boat", then why not? I was sure even then, though, that should I ever acquire a slave of my own, he would enjoy no such privileges!

After another few minutes, when we had reached some broader, firmer tracks, I decided my pony should be put properly to work. "Canter!" I commanded. It took him by surprise, and he got my whip across his back for his clumsy change of pace. `Cantering', I should explain for any non-equestriennes, is a pace at least twice as fast as `Trotting' but the drive is of course entitled to insist on a pace faster than that. As that youngster had obviously been doing. I however was content with what I would term a good, steady `Canter', bearing in mind my pony's inexperience. All the same, I thought it wise to flick his buttocks and back regularly with the tip of my whip to keep

him hard at it. Soon I could hear his rasping breath and see the sheen of sweat forming on his nakedness. He was definitely beginning to suffer. Not only was he exerting himself considerably, but it was a hot afternoon.

He must have been very thankful when, after five minutes or so at this pace, I reined him in, jumped down, and led him by his bridle to a small stream winding along by the track.

"Drink, pony", I said.

At once his head went right down and he began to slurp up the water greedily. What a pitiful sight he was! Yet, for me, a most satisfying one. There he was, a big, strong young male brought down to utter, helpless submissiveness.

After a break for five minutes, which I considered enough for my steed, I climbed back into the carriage and we were off again. We started at the 'trot' but very soon I had him up the pace to the 'canter' once again. And, turning for home, I made him step up the pace even more.

"Faster, pony, faster!" I yelled.

My whip cracked across his rump: once, twice, thrice. He howled with pain between each great heaving gasp of effort. Several times he stumbled. In retrospect, that should have warned me to go a bit easier. I had been told of his inexperience, after all. But, what the hell! I was enjoying myself, and threw caution to the winds.

Then, suddenly, about half a mile from the stables, when we were still going full pelt, he tripped, fell, and lay sprawling full-length on the ground. Over went the carriage and I was flung out, luckily falling onto a lush, grassy bank and coming to no harm. But I was certainly a bit shaken, to say the least. I picked myself up and dusted myself down. He lay in the dust, moaning, shoulders rising and falling: absolutely dead-beat. I pushed the light carriage back upright on to its wheels. It seemed undamaged apart from some scratches down

one side. Somehow, the pony stumbled up too, back on his feet. Training kicking in, I supposed. He moaned again.

"Your `lass' won't be too pleased to hear about this," I said.

The moans began to sound more like sobs.

I re-boarded the carriage.

"Walk!"

His head dropped as we moved off. Now, now, we couldn't have that! I pulled on the reins sharply: and up his head came, nice and smart. That was better! For the last few hundred yards I had him at the `trot' and, in that fashion, we bowled back into the yard.

The lass was there to meet us. My pony now was shivering as though he had fever. Yes, you know you'll cop it now, my lad! I thought.

"Everything alright, Ms Hammond?" she enquired.

"Up to a point," I replied. "He did fairly well at first. Then, on the way back, he fell — and threw me out."

"Oh, no, Ms Hammond! But you're not hurt?"

Her concern was genuine. I was touched. She was so harsh with the slaves, it made quite a contrast.

"Fortunately not," I said. "But he obviously is still quite inexperienced."

"That's true; but still, throwing a rider, there is no excuse for that."

Her eyes were round, her big breasts juddering in her agitation.

"He'll pay for that!"

"Yes, and so he should!" Hearing her taking the matter so seriously, I had become quite furious with the wretched creature. "What will you do?"

"First I'll hose him down, then I'll give him a damn good going over with this."

She patted the formidable-looking riding crop dangling from her waist. For a moment, despite my anger, I almost felt sorry for that pony. He had seemed, after all, to really be making an effort. But only for a moment. I had already learned and accepted that at Lucy's as at Marie-Louise's a slave is an object for use and pleasure, and he must suffer if his behaviour is not of service, or displeases. It already seemed natural to me.

"Anyway, I hope we will see you again, Ms Hammond?"

"Oh, I'm sure you will," I said breezily.

I strolled out of the yard and back towards the main building. Twenty minutes later, after a refreshing shower, I was out on the veranda again, this time with the young blonde. We chatted about this and that and I told her of my fall.

"She'll tan his hide good and proper for that," she said. "Saw her do it to another pony after he had taken a fall. Must have given him eighteen with that crop of hers. I guess he was more careful from then on!"

I guessed so too! Later, I gathered her mother owned a couple of slaves, one kept in their home for domestic use and one kept here for use on their frequent visits, and the young lady said she was hoping to be given a new one of her very own for her twentieth birthday. I wouldn't want to be in his place!

Shortly afterwards Lucy arrived to take me back. We returned to the house at a sedate pace in a small carriage drawn by two ponies. It was one of a kind, said Lucy. By the time we reached the house, I

had rather got used to being drawn along by one or more sweating male brutes — so much more fun than a car!

Epilogue: Happy Ever After

I tapped slave Robert's head after my third orgasm, and he dutifully ceased his skillful oral ministrations at once. Those memories had really turned me on, but enough was enough. No point in being a greedy girl. After all, they would be plenty of time for more. I looked down slave Robert, kneeling humbly between my outspread thighs, silent, ready to serve. He was my slave, I reflected; my slave — for life! And what a life it would be! Life really does begin at forty! And it was all thanks to my `fairy Godmother', Lucy. No doubt she would be continuing with her own `happy ever after' here on her estate after I had settled down in my own house with my slave-boy — but that is, as they say, another story...

This book's code is: Drfoley3vj

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