



FEMDOM ABDUCTION

Two Tales of Dominant Female Terror!

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By [Miranda Birch](#)

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We rejoin Debbie & Jackie, the Dominant Duo, previously seen in [Dominant Retribution](#), for another pair of adventures.

[Episode Three: Indecent Assault](#)

Just out of prison, jobless and friendless, it looks like Fred Walker has hit rock-bottom. But things are about to get even worse. Debbie and Jackie have found another victim — him! The two female tyrants subject their latest captive to a non-stop regime of humiliation and punishment.

[Episode Four Trained To Please](#)

After a week in the clutches of Debbie and Jackie, Fred wishes he were somewhere else — anywhere else! But he is not going anyplace. His new life as a slave has only begun...

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!"

Horried, 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 l-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.

"Ooooooohhhhhhhh 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.

"Aaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhh!" 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 he 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 Please2>

"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!

TO BE CONTINUED

This book's code is: e9TbDb3esv

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