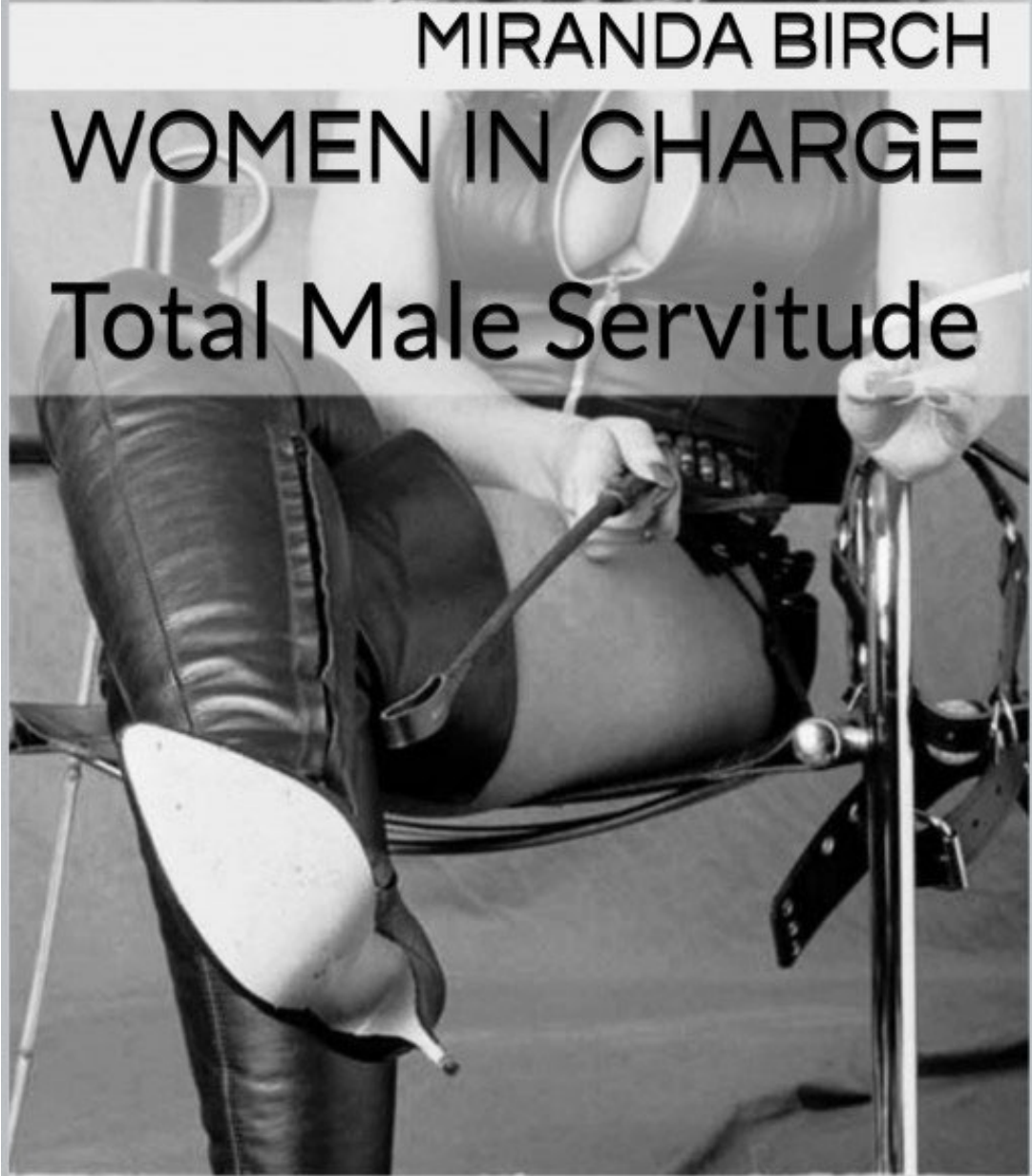


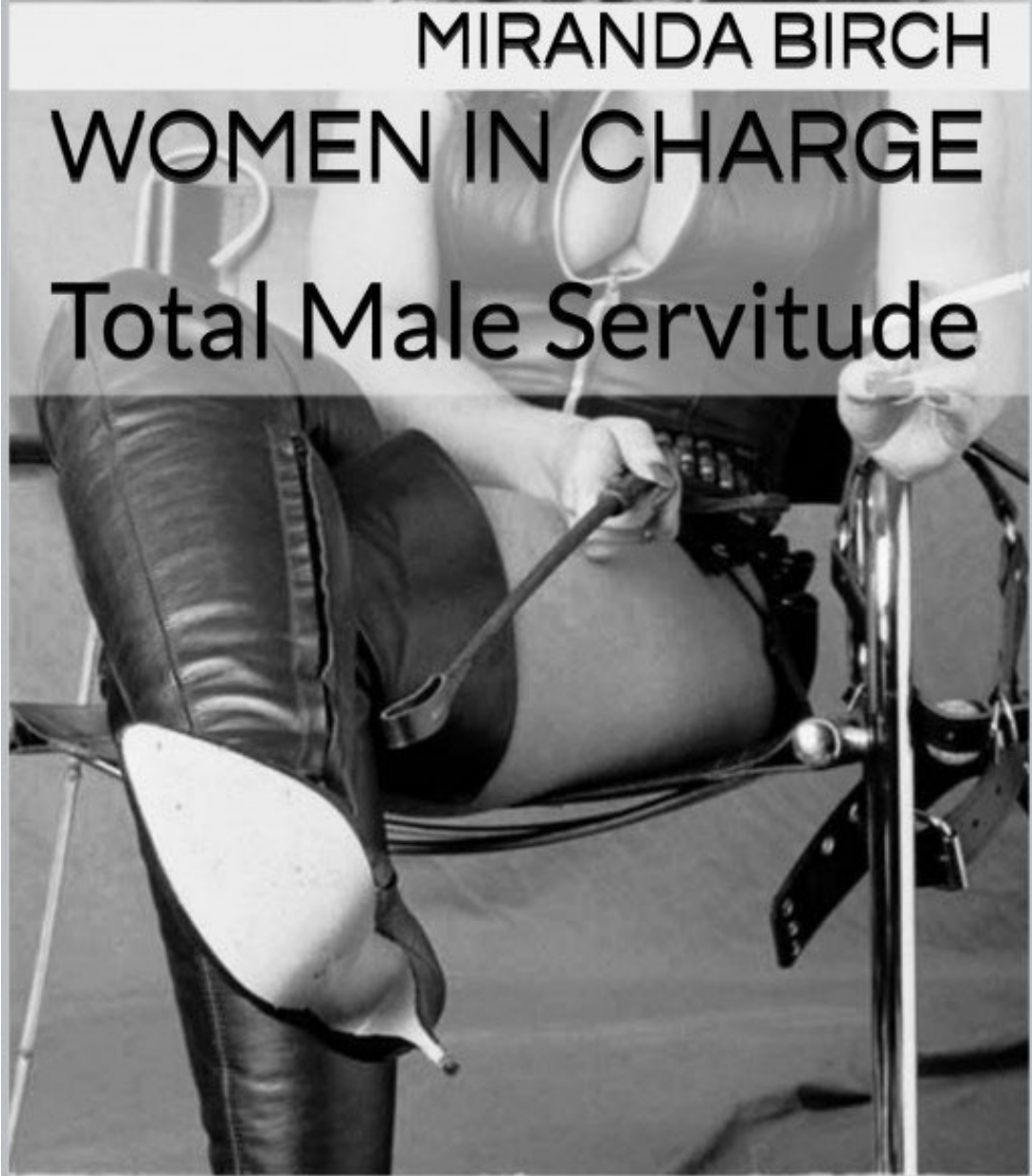


MIRANDA BIRCH
WOMEN IN CHARGE
Total Male Servitude





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Women in Charge

Total Male Servitude

Part 7 of Femdom Future

By Miranda Birch

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This is the seventh part of an on-going serial exploring a possible future world — a Femdom Future world!

In this seventh episode, we return to the world outside the walls of the various institutes dedicated to the training, correction and punishment of the male. What is the fate of those trained males who avoid being sent to punishment prison? As we shall see, it is far from being an easy life. Servitude and suffering is their fate.

Please be advised, this story is over 9,000 words long. It is a short story, not a novel!

The previous episodes of "Femdom Future" are:

1. Rigorous Retraining.

2. More Rigorous Retraining.

3. The Auction.

4. National Domestic Service.

5. Punishment Prison.

6. Abuse of Power.

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Denise Marks was very excited. Now that she was eighteen, she was entitled to claim a male slave of her very own. Her mother was old-fashioned, and they did not have a single slave in the house. Well, there was daddy, but he hardly counted. He did all the housework for Mummy, of course; but she hardly ever even punished him! Denise had grown up feeling rather left out, especially when she heard the girls at school boasting about what their mothers did to their slaves — and what those indulgent ladies allowed them to do to said slaves... 99% exaggerated no doubt, but still...

Anyway, that would all change now. She was an independent women, with her own flat. There was no hurry about getting a job. That would come in due course. First things first. And the first thing, the very first thing, was to buy a slave — her very first male slave!

What would it be like to finally own a male slave, Denise wondered. Having him at her beck and call. Punishing him if he displeased her. Denise felt a thrill of pleasure. I must be a bit of a sadist, she said to herself. No bad thing in these days.

But: she would need help from friends a little older than herself, a little more experienced. As luck would have it, she did know someone from school. Helena Carter had been a few years above here, and she was an Assistant Chief Instructress at the local Training School for males. An amazing position for a young woman still in her twenties. Denise had always looked up to Helena at school. She was so sure of herself, so authoritative. Denise, in fact, had rather had a crush on her. She would make an appointment to see her for Denise was sure her advice and help would be invaluable.

So Denise picked up her phone and called Helena Carter.

“Assistant Chief Instructress,” said a crisp voice.

“Oh... Helena... it's Denise here... Denise Marks. Maybe expect you remember me from school?”

A few moments of silence, then:

“Ah.... oh, yes, yes I do. You were two grades below me. I remember you. How can I help you, Denise?”

“Well, it's just that I am of age now, and I'd be grateful for a little advice if you can spare the time...”

Helena understood at once without being told that it was advice about ‘man management’ that Denise was seeking.

“I think that can be managed. Can you come and see me at the Training School the day after tomorrow. Say about ten-thirty?”

“Oh yes, I can do that. It really is most kind of you...”

“See you then. Bye now.”

Denise put down the phone and found herself smiling. Her life as a girl was over; her life as a woman was about to begin!

Denise arrived at the centre in good time and was escorted by a friendly guard through an iron-gated entrance. She entered reception and saw two males, naked but for tight black leather shorts, standing stiffly at attention, one each side of the reception desk. Trainees, she thought. They looked young, pale and very nervous. One of them was actually shivering.

Once upon a time, this may have seemed rather strange. But Denise had never known any other way of life and accepted it all as perfectly natural. They learned

in school that back in the bad old days, men had been in charge — but she wasn't sure she really believed all that stuff. It just seemed too absurd

An intercom buzzed.

“Miss Carter will see you now, Miss,” said the receptionist.

She raised a finger and one of the near-nude males stepped forward.

“8864! Conduct Miss Marks to the Assistant Instructress's office!”

The manner in which she addressed the male was in sharp distinction to the friendly tone she had used with Denise. It was loud, stentorian, and anticipated no refusal.

Denise saw the number blazoned on his forehead. He still stood rigidly to attention.

“Yes, Miss,” she said meekly.

Denise rose and followed the male — hardly more than a lad, really — out of the room. She saw there were cane weals on the upper parts of his thighs.

They walked along a corridor for short distance. Then the trainee stopped at a door and knocked.

“Come...” said a familiar voice. They entered and sure enough Denise saw Helena sitting behind a large desk. She was wearing a smart blue uniform, complete with a peaked cap, and looked very official.

“Miss Marks, Miss,” announced the trainee.

Helena nodded, smiled at Denise, and snapped a curt “that will be all!” at the trainee, who bowed, did a smart about turn and left the room.

“Come and sit down,” said Helena, smiling again.

Denise took the chair in front of the desk. “It is good of you to see me,” she said. “You must be a busy woman.”

“Yes, always something to attend to here,” said Helena. “But giving young women advice on slave ownership... well, that's the sort of thing I consider ‘part of the job’, even if it isn't, officially.” She paused, and looked Denise up and down. “Finished with school, eh? I must say, you look older than your years.”

“Thank you,” said Denise. At her age, being told one looked older was still a compliment. “The point is I've got an apartment and now I want to buy a slave. I'd like your help with that. And some advice on how to treat him.”

“The answer to that last point is with severity!” said Helena with relish. “Right from the outset. Show him who is boss. It's quite a good idea to give him a sound thrashing as soon as he gets to your apartment.”

Denise was a little surprised. She had the idea slaves were only punished for faults. In fact, she seemed to remembering the Civics Mistress at school rather insisting on the point.

“Really?” she said. “If you say so. You are the professional, after all.”

“I do say so,” said Helena emphatically. “Every woman must dominate the male. Totally. We must never get soft or we will lose our grip.”

“I guess you're right,” nodded Denise.

“Can you imagine a life without slaves?” asked Helena.

“I've never thought about it,” replied Denise. “But I guess it would be a bit of a drag.” She herself had never done a lick of housework; it was hard to imagine: all that drudgery...

“More than a bit of a drag! Quite intolerable, I should say,” rejoined Helena. “But, remember, it was once like that, long ago.”

At that point there came a knock at the door.

“Come,” intoned Helena.

Curious, Denise turned in her chair. She saw a Junior Instructress enter, followed by two very pale trainees. One was biting his lip.

“Miss Grayson reporting, Miss Carter,” said the Junior Instructress, “with this morning's punishment detail.”

She placed some papers on the desk before Helena, who promptly picked them up and glanced quickly over them.

“You must excuse me,” she said to Denise, “ this is a regular routine here at eleven every morning. These two inmates have displeased their instructresses in one way or another. They are here to be punished.”

Denise felt a little thrill. “Is it alright if I stay?” she asked.

“Oh, of course,” said Helena casually. “In fact, I'd rather you did.”

She looked from the papers to the inmates.

“You, 6566, were here only last week, and for the same offence, I see. Inattention in class. What did I give you?”

“Twelve with the heavy strap, Miss.”

The youth's voice was weak and nervous.

“That didn't seem to impress you.”

“Oh but yes, Miss...”

“Silence!”

Helena's voice cracked through the room like a whip.

“And you, 7293, have failed yet another Domestic Science test. Things are going to change around here.”

Helena stood up and marched into the annexe next to her office, motioning Denise to follow. The two males brought up the rear.

Denise looked around the small space. A wooden Punishment Block in the centre. The metal troughs containing birches and canes soaking in brine. A variety of straps hanging from the rack on the wall.

“Trunks down!” snapped Helena.

Immediately, the two trainees pushed down their excessively tight leather shorts. Both sets of buttocks showed marks of previous correction, Denise saw.

“7293! You first,” said Helena.

At once, the so-numbered youth mounted the block and knelt on it stretching his body and arms out before him.

“Twelve with the heavy strap,” announced Helena.

The youth groaned.

“Maybe that will stimulate your brain cells.”

Off the wall she took a real brute of a strap, some 18 inches long, three inches wide and half an inch thick.

“Felt this before, have you, boy?” asked Helena.

“Once, Miss,” came the reply.

“It hurts, doesn't it?”

“Y...yess... Miss...”

Denise saw the nates of the lad's rump contracting with dread as he stammered out his reply. He was clearly terrified!

The strap went up high and came sweeping down.

THWACCKKKK!

Denise was amazed, indeed startled by the amount of force Helena used. She was not aware that her old school-friend always flogged flat out. ‘Punishment is meant to hurt’ she was often heard to say. Denise was also amazed by the stoicism of the recipient. Although he let out a gasping howl and writhed frantically, he remained bending over the block, hands fiercely gripping its edge. A red-purple swatch blazed its way over two buttock cheeks.

After about five seconds, Helena laid on the second stroke. Deliberately, and with skill, she laid it over where the first one had fallen.

TTTHHHHWWWWAACCCKKKKKK!

An agonised howl erupted from the trainee and he catapulted up off the block and writhed down on to the floor, twisting and kicking.

“Yaaaghhhh... aahhhhh,” he bellowed.

“Get back up there! At once!” commanded Helena.

There was a grim little smile of pleasure on her face. She had enjoyed being able to make the young man do that.

“At once, I said, or I'll secure you and give you double!”

Knowing this was not an idle threat, the trainee scrabbled frantically back into position.

“Mercee... mercee...” he babbled while Helena stretched her arm back to inflict the next stroke.

But mercy was a quality quite unfamiliar to Helena. With unrelenting vigour she continued to lay on stroke after stroke and the buttocks before her changed from a mottled pink colour to a deep red-purple, whilst her victim howled and writhed dementedly.

Denise was a little shaken by the severity of the punishment. She had never seen anything quite like it before, certainly not in her mother's home. Still, they are

being trained, she told herself, so perhaps it's necessary.

When it was over, 7293 was ordered to pull up his trunks. This he did, sobbing and and blubbering uninhibitedly.

“More effort, boy,” said Helena, “or you'll find yourself back over that Block. And next time you'll get at least eighteen solid strokes!”

The trainee gasped with horror. He seemed to be having difficulty standing erect.

“I... I... w-will... Miss...” he whined.

“You'd better,” Helena snapped. “6566! Up with you! I'm going to give you a good caning. You certainly deserve it.”

The other trainee climbed up on the block. He was already whimpering and shivering with dread. Helena turned to Denise.

“We use three canes in here,” she said. “Light...” she took a cane out of the trough. It was like the cane used in most households, painful but not too damaging. “Medium...” went on Helena and took out a second cane considerably thicker and heavier. “And heavy...” The third cane and the thickness of an index finger, yet looked just as supple as the light cane. “I'm going to use the medium cane,” she said finally. And then flexed it with evident relish.

The trainee was shuddering with dread as Helena measured his twitching rump.

“I don't like boys who offend a second time, so soon.”

Seconds after those words, that dislike was given physical expression by the whip-lashing force with which the cane descended upon 6566's bare bottom. He squealed in agony and almost squirmed off the block straight away. Denise was becoming to realise how strict discipline was in the school. And to think, it was just the beginning of a life of strictly-disciplined slavery for these creatures!

SWISH... CRACK!

SWISH... CRACK!

SWISH... CRACK!

The cane fell rapidly and soon the trainee was on the floor, writhing and kicking uncontrollably, hands clasping at his weal-striped buttocks.

Helena showed no mercy.

“Hands away... back on the block!” she bellowed. Her eyes were bright with sadistic joy. joyful sadism. She liked her job — but oh, how she loved this part of it!

Somehow the young trainee managed to get back on the block and present his bottom again. The effort it cost him was clearly great. Did he really deserve such punishment, Denise wondered? His fault did not seem to have been so very big. But Helena was a State official, an expert in her job. She must know what she was doing. I'm not tough enough, she thought. I'll have to harden up now that I have come of age.

Suddenly, she realised that Helena had stopped the caning. She had turned and was smiling at her.

“Have you done any punishing, Denise?” she asked.

“No, not really,” answered Denise. “Just a few slaps, I suppose.”

“Well, you'd better get some practice in,” she said. “Perhaps you might like to give 6566 his last half dozen?”

“Oh!” This was unexpected. But Denise was suddenly excited as she looked at the trainee's quaking, weal-striped buttocks.

“I... I'll have a go,” she assented.

With a faintly trembling hand she took hold of the whippy cane.

“Don't stint yourself, Denise,” said Helena. “Give it to him just as hard as you can.”

The bottom flinched as she tapped it as she measured it. Then she swung up and down. The cane landed with none of the cracking sound which Helena had produce. She was disappointed, especially as the trainee did not produce his usual agonised howl.

“Delay your wrist action, Denise,” advised Helena. “Try and get a whip-lashing effect at the very last moment. You need it at impact. That's what hurts.”

Denise tried again and was rather more pleased with herself. She was even more pleased with succeeding strokes. She was definitely getting the idea.

“A great improvement,” cried Helena as soon as her young protégé had landed the final stroke. “I reckon you'll soon be caning as hard as I do!”

“I hope so,” said Denise. And she meant it! What an experience it had been! Such power!

The two trainees put on their leather trunks and were dismissed back to their duties.

Once more Denise faced Helena across her desk.

“There is a sale at the local Auction Room tomorrow,” said Helena. “I’ll take you there, if you like.”

“You really are most kind,” said Denise.

“Think nothing of it,” smiled Helena. “We are the new generation and we must help each other out. Come here at the same time tomorrow and I’ll accompany you.”

The two women kissed and parted. Denise was glowing with pleasure and excitement. She had not expected just how much pleasure she would get from caning the trainee.

The following morning Denise put on one of her favourite outfits. It was formal enough for such an important occasion, yet still fashionable. A mini-skirt to show off stocking-clad legs. A low-cut blouse which did full justice to her budding breasts. A short jacket. A pair of calf-length stiletto-heeled boots. All in black. Primping and preening before the mirror, She thought she looked like a million dollars, — though she said so herself!

Helena seemed to agree. At least, she complimented her richly when she met her at the School as agreed. Helena was wearing her uniform, of course. The two women set off right away. A rickshaw was awaiting them at the School entrance. They climbed in to the padded seat and Helena took the corded whip out of its holder. She reckoned that the nude male between the shafts would need a little encouragement with a double load.

He certainly got it on the long incline up to the Auction Rooms as Helena lashed

him cruelly as she issued orders to keep up the pace. Denise was even more impressed than she had been on the day before. Her friend certainly knew who to keep the male sex in line!

Abandoning the rickshaw outside — it would be easy enough to catch another in such a well-visited area — they entered the auction hall.

Helena conducted her up to the front. There were already several dozen women assembled, all chattering away merrily. Auctions were held weekly and were very popular. They were social gatherings as much as anything else.

After a while the auctioneer entered. She was dressed ordinarily enough, in top and trousers; but in her hand was a meaty leather riding crop.

Everyone had a catalogue of sale in which details of sales on offer were listed... age, dimensions, weight, previous history and so on.

Helena glanced through the catalogue with Denise.

“There's nothing much to begin with,” she told her. “Just some slaves past their prime. They'll probably be bought by the town council for street cleaning and so on, at knock down prices. I imagine you are looking for someone quite young and fit, say in his early twenties.”

“Yes,” said Denise, “the sounds about right.”

The thought of actually owning her own slave was really taking hold of her now, and she was so glad she had a guide to think of such practical points.

“Lot Number 1” called the auctioneer then. A motley group of slaves came up on the dais. They each wore an iron collar and were linked together by chains. They shambled along despondently. All were stark naked, which was the custom for slaves being sold. This was so that all their physical attributes were on display.

“A batch of slaves to be sold as a job lot,” announced the auctioneer, “More or less past their prime,” she conceded; “but there is still plenty of work left in them yet. Could possibly be of interest to Miss Jackson?”

Miss Jackson was the regular buyer for the Town Council. She was a severe-looking middle-aged woman. She glanced briefly at the group.

“100 Credits for the lot of them,” she said curtly.

It was a very low offer; but since there were no others it had to be accepted. Accompanied by cuts from the auctioneer's crop, the group were ushered off the dais and out of sight. They would be worked hard in public service; but such was the life of a male slave.

“Lot 8 looks a possibility for you, Denise,” Helena remarked, still leafing through the catalogue. “He's only 21, but has had one owner, so not a novice, which is better for you. We'll see what he looks like.”

Meanwhile, Lot 6 came up on the dais. He was a rather brutish looking male, well muscled and very well hung. Some of the middle aged women showed interest.

“They'll want him as a sex-toy,” said Helena.

Sure enough, one of them called out: “I'd like to see him in erection.” She was quite matter-of-fact about it, as though she had asked to see a horse's teeth.

The auctioneer cracked her crop smartly across the man's buttocks.

“Get it up, slave!” she ordered.

At once the man began to play with himself. There were a few titters as he did so. Denise was fascinated to watch a male being so degraded before them all.

“Stop,” called the auctioneer.

The man stood with his prick quivering massively before him.

“60 Credits... 75... 80...” Bids were coming from everywhere. “100 Credits,” called the woman who had asked for the demonstration. It was the maximum bid, and accepted. The woman looked on her new purchase with smug content.

Lot Number 8 came up and Denise looked at him with some satisfaction. He was quite good-looking, slim, with tight, well-rounded buttocks.

“He'll do nicely,” she whispered to Helena.

There were several bidders but Helena snapped him up for 60 Credits.

“Quite a bargain,” she said afterwards. “You'll not be using him for sexual purposes, I imagine.”

“Oh! Umm, no, no, I shouldn't think so,” answered Denise quickly. Actually she hadn't thought about it at all. Sex with a male was an unknown world to her; though she had had several mini-affairs with girls at school.

“I'm glad about that,” smiled Helena, “otherwise I would have bought something with a bigger cock.”

Denise giggled nervously. This was a strange new world to her but, at least, she now had her first slave.

“Thanks for everything,” said Denise after the auction.

“You're welcome,” said Helena in response. “And don't forget: show him who is boss from the start.”

The two women kissed each other affectionately and parted. There might be an amusing afternoon or two to be had with Denise, thought Helena as they separated.

Denise could hardly wait to lay hands on her new slave. While waiting for him to be delivered, she did some shopping. Later, she returned to her apartment in a state of some excitement. When she got there, she saw the slave had indeed been delivered. He was attached to a hook on the wall by a length of chain. The other end of the chain was linked to his balls.

Denise unhooked the chain, opened the door to her flat and walked in. She pulled on the chain and her new slave gave a gasp of pain before stumbling in after her.

“Kneel,” ordered Denise. The slave knelt at once, head a little bowed.

“Name?” demanded Denise.

“Mark, Miss,” came the answer.

“Follow me. On your hands and knees.”

Denise heard the chain clanking as Mark crawled behind her. Oh it was good to possess one's own slave!

She opened a door to disclose a small bare room which contained a plank bed and a punishment block, rather like the one used at the Training School where Helena worked. On the wall hung a medium cane and a single-thonged strap, neither as severe as those used in the School. This was where her slave would sleep, and where he would be punished.

Denise unfastened the chain from around Mark's balls. She had a sudden desire to squeeze them but refrained from doing so.

“You will either work naked or wear a pair of leather trunks,” said Denise. “I will tell you which. There will be no masturbation without a direct order. Indeed any attempt at masturbation in secret will be most severely punished. Understood?”

“Yes, Miss,” said Mark. He seemed very humble. In fact he was rather stunned at having such a young and pretty Mistress. His first owner had been in her mid-thirties. She had occasionally made use of him sexually, insomuch as she had liked him to tongue her. Mark wondered if such liberties would be permitted here. He saw his new Mistress taking the cane down off the wall. What was this? He had done nothing wrong, surely.

“I am going to impress on you, slave, that I am your new Mistress and although young and new to all this, I can be as strict as any older, more experienced woman. Get over the block.”

Mark was startled and dismayed. He had thought he was on to a good thing with this youngster. But, as many another slave had discovered, a young Mistress could often be the cruellest of all.

Resignedly, he stretched himself over the block. Denise, however, ordered him back up. On a whim, she wanted him to bend and touch his toes — and remain in that position throughout his beating.

“I am giving you a dozen,” said Denise in a tight voice. “Just a taste of what is in store for you if you displease me, slave!”

I am starting as Helena advised, she thought, as she measured the taut, rounded rump.

SWISH... CRACK!

Mark's bottom jerked and twisted and he uttered a strangled gasp — but no more. He realised at once that his new Mistress was a novice at administering punishment. On the other hand, taking it like this, without the help of the block, was proving harder than he had thought. For her part, Denise recalled Helena's advice about maximum whiplash and Mark found the second stroke considerably more painful.

“Owwwowww!” he cried out, much to Denise's satisfaction.

She continued to lay it on in the same fashion, delighting in Mark's gasps and cries and the way he squirmed to and fro. He's quite tough, she thought. Good! That means I can thrash him harder for longer! But for now, enough.

Mark remained bending while Denise replaced the cane in its place on the wall.

“Up!” she snapped.

Mark straightened up, wincing at the pain of the freshly raised weals.

“I say again: do not imagine, slave, that because I am young I am weak,” said Denise. “Or that I shall go easy on you. I have started just as I mean to go on. I shall be very strict. I hope you understand that.”

“Yes, Miss,” replied Mark. After a caning like that — for no reason at all! — he did understand.

“I have ordered a lot of furniture for my apartment,” said Denise. “At the moment it is being delivered outside. You will bring it in and up here and I will tell you where to put it.”

“Yes, Miss...”

It sounded like hard task... and so it turned out to be. By the time everything was in the apartment Mark felt totally exhausted — and his buttocks carried considerably more cane weals. And those extra, once again not for any fault, not for any disobedience; but this time, simply because this petulant young Miss considered he was not moving as fast as he should be. Mark's previous owner had used him for general domestic duties; although he was young and fit, such heavy labour as this was new to him. No matter!

At last, all was done. Only then was he allowed to slump on his hard plank bed and fall asleep.

Mark had the usual domestic chores, including cooking and cleaning and generally waiting hand and foot upon his young Mistress. But then, like all other domestic slaves, he had been trained to do these things. And do them well. Which was good for him, for Denise proved to be a hard task-mistress. She used the strap and the cane with great frequency. Mark either knelt on the floor with bottom raised high to receive his punishment or was draped over the back of any convenient chair. She only bothered to take him to the little punishment room cum slave bedroom for a really sound thrashing.

Denise was delighted with her new-found power and authority. And when Helena paid her a visit after a week or so, she much approved of the state of Mark's buttocks. They were indeed, a mass of weals and welts.

“I see you have been giving him plenty of ‘encouragement’,” she said.

“Yes,” smiled Denise, “I took your advice Helena.”

“Have you given him any sexual relief yet?”

“No, not yet,” answered Denise. She had not given it a thought, in fact.

“I recommend not more than once a week,” said Helena. “You can either take him to a ‘Milking Parlour’ [editor's note: see ”Rigorous Retraining“] or do it yourself.”

“You mean I should masturbate him?” Denise wrinkled her nose. Urrggghh! she thought.

“Or make him wank himself,” said Helena.

“I'll think about it,” said Denise. “No rush, is there?”

“Oh, none at all!”

Mark's reaction at this little conversation can be imagined! But his thoughts were of no account...

When Helena had gone, Denise sat and had a think. Finally, she decided how she would handle the question of ‘relief’. She summoned Mark into the living room. He came in very apprehensively, assuming he was to be punished for some reason or another.

“Take down your shorts,” came the order. It was the usual precursor of pain. But then he saw his Mistress slipping a plastic glove on to her right hand, part of a ‘slave-handling’ kit that every new apartment came with these days.

“I am going to wank you slave. I shall do so once a week. Kneel on this stool and put your hands on top of your head.”

Mark did so, he had no option. Anyway there were worse things than being wanked by a young woman. His former Mistress had made a practice of strapping him before and after masturbation. It seemed that that was not going to happen.

He found his prick firmly gripped. Lust stirred in him. Denise began to manipulate him, pumping up and down. She did so with seeming nonchalance; but, in fact, she was very excited.

The very fact that she could do this to a male gave her an incredible sense of power. And to feel the male organ thickening and stiffening in her hand was quite fascinating. Denise had never had such intimate contact with a male before, and the thought that the hard thing could be put inside her was... strange. Could she ever put up with such a thing?

Mark groaned, his hard organ jerked and quivered.

Abruptly, Denise stopped the motion of her hand.

“Ohhhh... ohhhh... Miss don't stop... not now...” her slave moaned instinctively.

Denise's hand smashed across Mark's mouth.

“How dare you give me orders?” she demanded.

“I beg pardon, Miss... I didn't mean...”

Mark got another mighty slap. “Silence, slave!” roared Denise. She waited a few moments before conceding that he could ‘finish himself off’.

“T-thank you... oh thank you, Miss...”

Mark seized himself eagerly and began to pump away furiously. In seconds, he had brought himself off. He hung his head then, aware of his young Mistress's eyes upon him. Denise regarded him dispassionately. No doubt at all, males were disgusting creatures!

Mark had been Denise's personal slave for just over a week. It was going quite well. He had settled into a routine, and Denise was well content. Basically, Mark worked for and served his Mistress hand and foot from early morning to late at night. He cleaned, he cooked, he waited on her, absolutely at her beck and call every minute of the day. That was what Denise loved best of all — the absolute power she had over him. He really is all mine, my actual personal property, she told herself happily.

Denise was relaxing, clad only in a pale blue see-through negligee.

She lay in an armchair with her bare feet upon Mark's back. He was acting as a footstool. He had been doing so for two hours. It was tiring and tedious for he had to keep still and ensure his back was level. The only relief he got was when Denise's wine glass was empty and he had to hurry off to refill it. He would hand her the glass, then kneel down again respectfully. Up would come his Mistress's bare feet and make use of him. Most humiliating, especially as he was naked and almost permanently in erection. It was madly frustrating having that lovely ripe young body on display and not being allowed even to touch himself. Sometimes he thought it better to be made to wear his tight leather shorts.

Denise flipped a page. She had grown bored with this book, though. Suddenly a wicked thought struck her.

“Would you like a wank, slave?” she asked suddenly.

“Y-yes, Miss,” said Mark in a quavering voice.

“Too bad,” said Denise in a jeering tone. “You're not having one.”

Denise had already grown to love teasing, taunting and denying her slave.

“Kneel up,” she commanded. She loosened the ties at the front of her negligee, exposing her firm young breasts. She saw Mark's eyes avid upon them.

“Do you like my breasts, slave?” she enquired.

“Yes, Miss...”

A slave had to be honest. And after all, what would “no” have earned him, save a beating for as good as saying his Mistress was unattractive?

“Like to get your hands on them I expect.”

“Yes, Miss...”

“No chance,” said Denise with a light, tinkling laugh. However, an idea was coming to her. “But, instead, I have a very special privilege for you. You, slave, are going to be allowed to lick me...”

Mark remained silent. He knew where he was going to be licking. It was something he had done frequently for his previous Mistress, for jaw-aching hour after hour.

Denise removed the rest of her negligee and lay back in abandon in her chair. Her smooth thighs parted and Mark saw all her young delights. His prick became more rigid than ever.

“You will not lay a finger on me, slave,” said Denise. “Just kneel between my thighs and use your tongue.”

“Yes, Miss...” said Mark. He was by no means averse to doing so, even though

it would be hideously frustrating. After all, a teenage cunt did not often come his way. Mark's head came between her thighs and he pressed his mouth to the sex-lips. They felt very warm and soft. Then he thrust in his tongue, feeling his Mistress quiver happily. Then he went to work on the clitoris.

Denise soon realised her slave was, if not an expert, then at least well-skilled in such matters. She quickly became very aroused. She ran her hands over her breasts and felt her nipples firming.

“Oh yes... yes...” she sighed. She knew she would soon have an orgasm.

In fact, she had three orgasms before she had done with Mark. She lay back, beautifully slaked, her thighs clamped around his head. She realised she would make use of her slave in this way very often. After all, that was a Mistress's privilege.

After about five minutes, Denise unwound her thighs.

“You have to pay a price for that, slave...” she said languidly. “Such intimacy — how dare you... I feel raped!” she had heard all about rape in history class. She could hardly imagine such an act being possible, and she certainly had not been, just now — but whatever!

Mark said nothing. He could guess what was coming now. His heart sank. He knelt, waiting.

“Get over the back of that chair, slave,” ordered Denise. She rose herself, and picked a cane up off the sideboard where it lay handy, ready for use.

“A dozen, I think.”

Mark groaned at the sheer injustice of it. he had been ordered to do it and now he was to be punished for doing what he had been told. He felt the cane tapping his bottom.

SWISH... CRACK!

A red hot wire of torment blazed across his curving rump. Of course, he was used to pain but that scarcely made it any easier to bear.

SWISH... CRACK!

Another stroke. Ten more still to come. Mark gritted his teeth despairingly.

At that point the front doorbell of the apartment rang. Denise checked the next stroke.

“Go and see who that is, slave,” she ordered.

Thankful for the respite, Mark got to his feet. Though he was stark naked and still in erection, his Mistress had no compunction about sending him to the door. Naked slaves were of no concern to anyone; they were commonplace.

Mark opened the door and was faced by none other than Assistant Chief Instructress Helena Carter herself, in uniform. Recognising her, he fell to his knees at once, head bowed.

“What a disgusting spectacle,” said Helena, eyeing the erection. “Where is your Mistress?”

“In... in the living room, Miss,” said Mark hastily.

Helena swept past him into the apartment. She was a little surprised to find Denise as naked as the slave. She wondered if she had been ‘up to something’ with him. Helena disapproved of sexual relations with slaves.

The two young women smiled at each other.

“Not interrupting anything, am I?” asked Helena, just a touch primly.

“Noooo...” Denise drawled. “I was just giving my slave ten of the best.”

“Don't let me stop you!”

“You see...” went on Denise, “I tried a little experiment. Had him tongue me.”

“Oh? Not satisfactory, eh?”

“On the contrary. But the way I see it, a slave should pay for such a privilege.”

“Quite so. I see it excited him anyway.”

“He seems to be excited most of the time when he is naked.”

“Natural in a young man, I suppose. If he were mine, I'd keep him in trunks.”

“Sometimes I do, sometimes I don't,” Denise said, and gave a smug little smirk. She was just finding her way with her new slave, and having him get excited by her pleased her greatly. She tapped the back of the armchair with her cane.

“Over you go,” she said, flexing the cane.

Though it was the last thing he wanted to do, Mark did not hesitate. He bent, displaying buttocks which already carried two vivid red weals.

“How many to come?” asked Denise.

“Eight, Miss,” answered Mark tensely. The cane was worst of all. Particularly when it was totally unjustified.

“Let's make it ten shall we?” said Denise lightly. “For Miss Carter's benefit.”

A involuntary groan came from Mark. His buttocks shuddered convulsively with dread.

Then, while Helena looked on admiringly, Denise laid on ten strokes at intervals of five seconds. Well, she thought to herself, this young miss seems to have got well into her stride already. She clearly doesn't need much more help from me!

Throughout the thrashing, Mark yelped and howled, kicked and twisted, but always kept his hindquarters well presented. It was the display of an experienced slave.

When it was over, Mark lay over the chair whimpering softly. He had never known anything but slavery to women, but that did not make it any more acceptable.

Helena seated herself and, whilst Mark absorbed the burning throbbing pain of his new weals, she chatted with Denise about his capability.

“You think I chose well for you then, Denise?”

“Jolly well! I've no complaints at all,” said Denise.

“Did you decide to allow him any relief in the end?”

“Yes, I settled on once a week. He's due tomorrow.”

“It looks like he could do with it now,” laughed Helena.

“Well, one day doesn't make much difference,” said Denise. “Although... well, would you mind if I did wank him now?” asked Denise.

“Not a bit,” said Helena, smiling indulgently. She supposed it was only natural for a new young Mistress, as Denise was, to enjoy playing with her slave's ‘bits’ now and again!

Denise pulled on a plastic glove.

“I'll do it myself,” she said. “I quite enjoyed it last time.”

“Everyone to their own taste,” said Helena. She preferred the ‘milking machine’ [Editor's note: see “Rigorous Retraining”] herself. So much more degrading!

Denise flipped Mark's rump with the cane.

“Let's have you up,” she commanded. “In both senses of the word!” she added, giggling.

Mark turned and stood. And he was indeed well up in the other sense of the word already. His erection reared up massively. Helena looked at him with some distaste. Oh what one had to put up with in males! On the other hand, she had to admit they had their uses.

She watched as Denise got a grip on her slave's rearing prick, and saw the possessive happiness in her eyes. Her hand began to pump up and down. Mark stood quiescent. He knew he was just being used for their amusement. It was a way women had and he could do nothing but accept it. At least it would end in some release for him. He could see Denise's ripe young naked body and that stimulated his lust. Oh what a little beauty she was! Even though she worked him to exhaustion and punished him frequently. But what else could a male slave expect? He heard Helena speaking.

“It's quite a good idea,” she said, “before you see him off, to cover his prick with liniment of some sort. That burns like fury and takes away a lot of his pleasure.”

“That sounds like a good idea,” said Denise.

She was loving the feel of the throbbing vibrant organ in her hand. What control she had! She stopped the movement of her hand and watched the solid prick jerk

spasmodically. Then she squeezed her slaves balls viciously.

“What an animal you are!” she sneered.

Mark cried out with pain. Did he deserve such treatment? Surely not! But women could do just as they liked. He felt his Mistress's hand grip him again and begin to pound furiously. He knew he was being driven to a climax.

Mark began to moan and groan; his haunches quivered. Oh he was coming... he... was coming. Nothing could stop him. Nothing! Crying out exultantly, Mark shot violently into the air, while Helena looked on with derisive disgust.

“Clean that mess up, ape,” snapped Denise. “With your tongue.”

Helena much approved of this, and watched exultantly as Mark obeyed the order. She much approved of her protégé's handling of her slave. Denise was obviously well on her way to becoming an asset in the community.

“Haven't you ever thought of dressing him up?” asked Helena some time later.

“Dressing him up?” queried Denise.

“Yes... as a — well, let me explain. You know how in the old days, women were subordinate to men?”

Denise nodded. She did in theory, the teachers had gone on and on about it in school — but she hadn't paid much heed. Women were obviously in charge, and probably always had been.

“Now,” Helena went on warmly — obviously the topic was one in which she had strong views — “in those days some serving women — servants, they were called — were made to wear special clothing. You can still get them at specialist fancy dress shops, you know, for Halloween and that.”

The penny dropped with Denise, who had been looking puzzled.

“Oh, that sort of thing! Yes, but a woman would have to be daft to dress up like that! It's just so...”

Denise broke off and followed Helena's gaze over to Mark. She nodded.

“Oh, I get it! Yes, that would be fun! And so appropriate!”

“That's the right idea,” smiled Helena. “Also, when he's tonguing you, you can think of him as a woman.”

Good old Helena! said Denise to herself. She never gives up trying to convert me!

But out loud, she said: "I like it. Let's go out right now and buy him an outfit!"

They left Mark on his hands and knees scrubbing the kitchen floor. A slave's work is never done!

Mark was still cleaning and polishing when they returned about an hour later.

"Come in here," called Denise.

Mark came hurrying into the living room, stark naked. He fell to his knees before them. He saw the array of feminine garments tossed on the floor.

"I'm going to make you into my maid, slave," said Denise. "Get these things on."

"Just a minute," said Helena, "he ought to be shaved first."

"I suppose so," said Denise. "I'll go and get my razor."

Soon Mark was lying on the couch and the razor was buzzing merrily. He only had light body hair so it was not too difficult a job. when they had done, Mark's legs were smooth, so was his chest, and there wasn't a genital hair to be seen. His head hair was already cropped short, as was usual with slaves. Mark, feeling like a plucked chicken, looked very downcast, but, of course, he didn't complain.

Helena took charge of the dressing.

“Suspender belt first, then stockings. Don't you dare ladder them!”

Mark fastened on the lacy black belt. It felt weird. Then he carefully pulled on the stockings. They too were black.

“Knickers next,” interjected Denise, and tossed her slave a large pair of white directoire knickers. She was enjoying herself. Mark pulled them on. Helena then put a padded bra on him. She squeezed one of the padded rubber orbs.

“Nice tits, girl” she laughed.

“We'll have to give her a name,” said Denise. “Mark's no name for a maid.”

“How about Doris?”

“Yes, that will do nicely. Doris the Drudge!”

Both girls laughed.

A full petticoat went on next. It was very lacy. A full-skirted black maid's dress went over the petticoat. That was followed by a frilly white apron.

“We going for a slap-head look, are we?” queried Denise.

“Not likely!” snorted Helena, and produced a wig When Helena put on his wig of black, shoulder length hair which she jammed onto Mark's head. Over that she put a white mob cap with lace frills.

“Sit at the dressing table, girl,” ordered Helena. “I'm going to make you up.”

She worked quickly and was a bit slap-dash, and she absolutely plastered on the make-up: lipstick, eye shadow, long false eyelashes, the works. Looking at himself in the mirror as she worked on his face, Mark could soon scarcely recognise himself.

The transformation was finally completed when Mark climbed into a pair of black patent shoes with block heels.

“Walk,” commanded Helena.

Mark set off, stumbled and almost fell. The heels were not every high, only a few inches, but he was not used to wearing anything with a heel at all. It felt totally unnatural.

“You don't walk like that,” said Helena. “Take shorter steps... and swing your arse like a woman does. Come on, you can do better than that.”

She picked a cane up off the sideboard and lashed it across Mark's bottom. It stung fiercely through the thin material of dress, petticoat and bloomers. Mark almost fell again and found it helped to take shorter steps. He swung his bottom and felt a little ridiculous. But he knew he had to get used to it. It was what his Mistress wanted. It was all simply to amuse her.

“You don't mind my using a cane on her, do you?” asked Helena.

“Not a bit,” said Denise, “be my guest.”

The whippy cane lashed several more times. “Think like a woman... feel like a woman... move like a woman,” insisted Helena. And Mark did his very best. He realised this Assistant Chief Instructress caned far harder than his own Mistress, and he strove not to give her any excuse to do so with him.

“You'll soon get used to it,” said Helena complacently. “Stop here in front of me. Now curtsy, girl.”

Mark looked at her blankly.

Helena tutted.

“Doesn't know the first thing about a maid's like. Doris the Dimwit more like!”

Denise laughed.

“Pinch the sides of your apron between thumb and forefinger,” Helena explained. Denise listened and watched, fascinated. She didn't know how to curtsy either — why would she? “Now bend your knees and tilt your upper body slightly forward — that's it — and lower the head submissively... and don't you dare stare up at your superiors! Eyes lowered!”

Mark curtsied clumsily. “Again! You can do better than that — and you will.” The cane flicked menacingly back and forth.

And so Mark curtsied in front of the severe Instructress and his giggled Mistress, again and again and again.

“What's your name, girl?”

“Doris, Miss,” said Mark in hardly more than a whisper.

“Doris the what?”

“Doris the Drudge, Miss.”

“And how old are you, Doris the Drudge?”

“Twenty-two, Miss.”

Helena gave him a leer.

“That's a nice age for a serving girl. A very fuckable age!”

Mark felt a stab of dread. Surely they weren't going to do that! He knew many slaves were raped: with straps-on dildos usually, or sometimes just one shoved in and out manually. So far he had escaped.

Thankfully, Helena dropped the subject.

“Do you think she looks the part?” she asked Denise.

“Oh, definitely!” said Denise with a gay laugh. “Not much of a walker or curtseyer though, is she?”

“She'll get better,” Helena assured her, “a lot better. It's quite a good idea for these she-males to get the strap or the back of a hairbrush over your lap the moment you see their deportment is not up to scratch. Don't spare her! Keep on at her all day every day until she's perfect.”

“Oh, I will, I will! I say, thanks for all your help and advice Helena. I don't know what I could have done without you.”

“Think nothing of it. And if you want any more help or advice, just let me know.”

“Thanks.”

Denise planted a kiss on Helena's cheek and the two young women looked at each other speculatively, then Helena kissed Denise on the mouth.

“I think we're going to be very good friends,” she said.

“I do hope so,” smiled Denise.

Doris was lying across her Mistress's thighs with her knickers down. She had just taken them down on Denise's order and knew exactly what was going to happen. She had seen the heavy wooden hairbrush in her hand. It wasn't the first time and it certainly wouldn't be the last.

“You're still so clumsy, girl,” said Denise.

Whacckkkkk! The hairbrush blazed fiercely.

“You're still not thinking like a wo—” Denise checked herself, and amended:

“—like a sissy servant.”

Whacckkkkk!

“Nor acting like one!”

Whacckkkkk!

“I... I'm sorry... Miss... I do try...” whined Doris.

But Denise's ears were deaf to her sissy maid's pleas. Instead the spanks came harder and faster.

Whacckkkkk! Whacckkkkk! Whacckkkkk!

“But not hard enough, my girl!”

Whacckkkkk! Whacckkkkk! Whacckkkkk!

The torrent of burning blows continued unabated.

Denise had had her slave for over a month now, and there was nothing she enjoyed more than punishing him. Hairbrush, strap, cane, even a penis whip: all were used in their turn. Oh what fun! But, the hairbrush being a relatively light implement, Denise had soon found that Doris could be thrashed very much more often with that without risk of causing damage. There were laws about such things; Helena told her that she knew some young lady who had received a caution from a police officer after the local hospital saw the state her slave was in. She had even been warned she might face a heavy fine if it happened again! ‘Bloody ridiculous’ was Helena's verdict, but there it was. Scant chance of causing reportable damage with the hairbrush though. Denise could smack and smack and smack away — and she did!

But finally Denise's arm got just too tired, so she tossed the hairbrush aside.

“Pull your knickers up, Doris, and then kneel before your Mistress.”

Doris did so. There was a hint of tears in her eyes. Perhaps she was becoming more womanly!

“Miss Helena is coming this afternoon, so I want you on your best behaviour. Moving gracefully, swinging that backside of yours. She'll want to see some improvement.”

Helena now came to the apartment twice a week and the girls made love, usually in front of Doris — or ‘Mark’, as he was still called when he was kept bollock naked rather than in full maid's uniform. Denise liked to vary things a bit, so he was not ‘Doris’ all the time.

“Yes, Miss.”

He hated the afternoons when Helena called. She was such a vicious woman and seemed to encourage his Mistress to excess.

“You will now undress me and give me ‘the works’. Trim my bush, paint my toenails, paint my nipples — make me look nice for my lover.”

“Yes, Miss...”

Oh no! So the afternoon of torment and frustration was just beginning. For Mark knew he would have a hard-on that would be practically splitting his knickers. He carefully undressed Denise who lay on the bed with thighs splayed and eyes half closed. The complete Mistress. Mark went about his tasks.

“Have you got a hard-on?” asked Denise when he was trimming her bush.

“Yes, Miss.”

“Show me.”

Mark pulled up his skirt, to show the ramrod sticking through the thin lacy briefs.

“Ha! A chick with a dick, eh?” Denise taunted him.

“You had better take those knickers off before your rampant manhood rips out of them!” Denise declared theatrically. “In fact, on second thoughts, get stripped off completely. We shall have Mark instead of Doris waiting on us this afternoon.”

Mark at once stripped naked. It was quite a relief. Being Mark was simpler than being Doris. Then he continued his ministrations, his solid erection throbbing.

Later, as ordered, he tongued his Mistress gently. “Just a preliminary before the real thing,” she said.

When Helena arrived, Mark had to kneel by the bed and watch with mounting lust and frustration while the two young women enjoyed each other in total abandon. They rubbed their mounds together, they rubbed their mounds on each others thighs, they tongued each other almost frenziedly as climax succeeded climax. Often they climaxed simultaneously. Mark did not dare turn his head away for a second. He had a close-up view of every part of the female anatomy: bouncing breasts, quivering buttocks, twitching pussy lips. And all the time, he was totally denied.

When the girls were slaked, Helena suggested Mark be allowed a wank. Despite his frustration, he rather hoped his Mistress would not agree — but she did. The result was that Mark would get six strokes of the strap beforehand and six with the cane afterwards. And it would be Helena who gave him the cane in her usual ferocious fashion. And that on a bottom already tenderised by the hairbrush!

He got his strapping, then took himself in hand, and then came the dreaded cane.

By the end, Mark was reduced to unmanly, tearful sobbing.

“I think he — or it, or she, or whatever — is beginning to get more like a girl all the time,” said Helena derisively as she placed her foot on Mark's neck and pinioned him down.

“Maybe,” smiled Denise, “but I've never seen a girl with an appendage like that!”

They both burst out laughing while Mark continued to sob weakly.

This then was the pattern of Mark's existence for the next two years. Domestic toil from dawn to dusk, on call 24 hours a day, waiting on his Mistress hand and foot, using his tongue for his Mistress's pleasure, instant punishment for the slightest fault — even for slowness to obey an order. A typical existence of the average male in a world where women are in control.

After two years, Denise, now settled in a good job with prospects, felt she could afford two slaves, and also felt like a change. She decided to sell Mark and buy two new males.

So one Saturday, Denise led her slave to the Auction Rooms by a chain around his balls and watched as the sale proceeded. Her slave didn't fetch much — only 50 Credits, in fact. It was a slow day. But Denise did not mind about the money. She was looking forward to choosing from the rest of the lots.

As for Mark, he was bought by a large, middle-aged woman with big breasts, a big bottom and fat thighs. Mark regarded his new owner with hopeless despair. He could guess where he was going to spend a lot of his time — on his knees, with his head between those fat thighs. And Mark was right!

THE END

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