



FEMDOM RETRIBUTION

Dominant Duo Punish Miscreant Males!

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Episode One: Knicker Nicker

Debbie Parker and Jackie Wilkins, both 18 years old, are assistants in the local Library of West Hindon. The Chief Librarian is a pompous 40 year old bachelor, John Appleyard, who has always bossed them about whilst looking at them with lecherous intent. But one night, the girls catch John Appleyard stealing their knickers off the line in the garden! Under threat of public exposure and disgrace, he submits to the will of the two girls. A terrible ordeal of shame and humiliation now awaits the Chief Librarian!

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

"What?" asked Jackie curiously.

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

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

"Burglars?"

Debbie shrugged.

"Let's go and take a look."

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

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

The man at the end of the garden made desperate efforts to scale the fence, but then Debbie was on him. She thumped him viciously, he turned, and Debbie let him have it right in the face, one two, and then a kick. Jackie came up and started kicking too, more in fear than in anger. The man held his hands up feebly, making no attempt to fight back. Debbie suddenly stopped hitting out, and grabbed Jackie's arm. For it was John Appleyard, their boss from the library where they worked, who stood, or rather crouched, before them! And clutched in one hand was a bunch of knickers — *their* knickers, from *their* clothes line! It was Jackie who recovered from the surprise first.

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

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

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

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

Jackie took the initiative.

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

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

"No!" whispered John frantically.

"Get in there then."

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

"Stop! Stop!" he pleaded ineffectually.

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

"Like our knickers, do you?"

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

"Answer!"

"I... I..."

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

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

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

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

"Yeah, come on then, grab him!"

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

"Enjoying yourself?" Jackie sneered.

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

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

"Get a good sniff, knicker-sniffer!"

Debbie laughed. "Nice one!"

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

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

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

Jackie was back within five minutes.

"Found 'em!" she announced triumphantly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A hefty kick from Debbie sent him into one corner.

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

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

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

Jackie threw a cloth at him then.

"Get that bench scrubbed clean, pisser!"

John took the cloth and bent awkwardly over the bench.

"On your knees, scrubber!" barked Debbie.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

John went in.

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

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

"Enjoying it?" enquired Debbie.

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

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

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

When the washing was completed, as John thought, Jackie inspected the knickers — and told John to wash them

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

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

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

"Bread and milk, with lots of sugar," said Debbie with a grin. "Very nourishing." It was not something John had had since he was a child and he didn't like it. But he didn't dare say so.

Jackie came back into the kitchen.

"Tucking in, is he?" she asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

John knelt.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Jackie was smiling, but it was a menacing smile.

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

Both girls laughed uproariously.

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

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

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

John felt near to tears; he was trembling.

"On your feet," ordered Debbie.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

to do it. The impossible was about to happen!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Jackie slowly raised her cane high, then with one swift movement brought it lashing down across the top of John's buttocks. The shock of sudden pain robbed him of breath. His head jerked up, his bottom squirmed, and then a howl of agony burst from him, only partially muffled by his knicker gag. He could not remember feeling such pain before.

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

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

"Agggghhh... agghhh...!" howled John.

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

SWISH! Three!

SWISH! Four!

SWISH! Five!

SWISH! Six!

SWISH! Seven!

SWISH! Eight!

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

SWISH! Nine!

SWISH! Ten!

SWISH! Eleven!

SWISH! Twelve!

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

"Twelve more to come," said Jackie sadistically.

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

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

SWISH! Thirteen!

It began again. Agony... agony!

SWISH! Fourteen!

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

SWISH! Fifteen!

SWISH! Sixteen!

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

SWISH! Seventeen!

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

SWISH! Eighteen!

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

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

SWISH! Nineteen!

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

SWISH! Twenty!

SWISH! Twenty-one!

SWISH! Twenty-two!

SWISH! Twenty-three!

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

SWISH! Twenty-four!

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

The girls looked down at their handiwork in triumphant satisfaction.

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

"I guess not," grinned Debbie.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

he went on sobbing and sobbing, all his aches and pains constantly assailing him: his puffy, very tender face, the steel cuffs cutting into his wrists, the rough hard wood under his belly, the torment of his welted buttocks.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Oh, you..."

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

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

Debbie laughed and finished her glass.

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

"Yes, better."

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

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

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

"Kneel erect!" ordered Jackie.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Debbie slumped down in an armchair and placed one leg over the arm, her short gym slip riding right up. Since she was now wearing no briefs, her golden, downy triangle was revealed. John's swollen eyes flickered to it momentarily, then away again. He had other things to worry about!

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

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

Debbie poured half a tumbler full and approached John.

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

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

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

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

Jackie laughed.

"What have you in mind?"

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

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

Debbie tossed a pair of black lace knickers at him.

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

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

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

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

Debbie walked round behind him.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

John nodded his head slightly.

"Answer!" snapped Debbie.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Sometimes... Miss..."

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

"Sometimes, Miss Wilkins."

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

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

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

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

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

"It does rather," said Debbie.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She jiggled her breasts about provocatively.

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

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

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

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

Jackie almost wet herself with laughter.

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

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

"What a sight!" cried Debbie.

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

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

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

And John Appleyard did exactly as he was told.

Episode Two: Consciousness Raising

A flasher gets his just desserts when he encounters the dominant duo Debbie Parker and Jackie Wilkins in his favourite stalking place. He who wanted women to see him in all his 'manliness' will now have his consciousness of a certain organ raised to whole new levels!

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Stand up!"

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

"Take that raincoat off!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

But it had been different today.

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

But, on this occasion, there were no screams, no hysterics, no rushing away. In fact, no fun for him at all. They simply looked at him blankly for a moment or two, then one laughed. Then the big blonde one kicked him in the crotch. Agony!

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

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

A laugh.

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

Another laugh.

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

"Move, you bastard!"

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

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

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

Then the boot slammed shut.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

the dark-haired one sneered.

"You pitiful hypocrite!"

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

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

"Serve you right!"

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

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

"*Anything?*" said one.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes, that's what we agreed."

The woman called Jackie smiled coldly at him.

"What's your name, weed?"

"R-Roger..."

They tittered.

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

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

Roger flushed and didn't reply.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"And more prick-conscious!" giggled Debbie.

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

terror.

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

"Just a shade higher," advised Debbie.

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

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

Roger was really sweating buckets now.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Roger, now sweating profusely, began to sob unrestrainedly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Jackie and Debbie looked at each other, smiling understandingly.

"I think this will make doubly sure!"

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

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

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

What time was it? And where was he? He had no means of knowing. He was at the mercy of two female tyrants. Very, very carefully, his hand went to his genitals. How agonisingly sore they were! His hand withdrew quickly. still, he reflected, they're still there. At one time, it seemed they wouldn't be.

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

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

"We've got a paper for you to sign, flasher," said Jackie. "Won't bother to go into details. It simply states, that you

are a masochist and like being dealt with in this fashion. Sign!"

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

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

"No!" stated Debbie.

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

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

Roger started to protest.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes... yes..."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Have a good night!" said Debbie brightly.

"Sweet dreams!" added Jackie.

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

CONTINUED in [Femdom Abduction](#).

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