

Miranda Birch

Femdom Tableaux



Scenes From Female-
Led Lives

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Scenes From Female-Led Lives

By [Miranda Birch](#)

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This is NOT a story per se. One definition of tableau, plural tableaux: “a striking and vivid representation”. And that is what is here. Scenes rather than complete stories. In fact, they are mostly scenes from stories on which I got ‘stuck’. I simply was not able to finish them. However, the scenes themselves are jolly good, if I say so myself — ‘striking and vivid’ in fact! Some of them are longer than others. The shorter ones ought really to be illustrations, but alas! I am no sketch-artist.

As regular readers will know, I write three types of story. Hard Femdom Fantasy, where the dominant women are cruel, merciless, unrelenting, and do not take no for an answer! Usually non-consensual; hard labour; frequent severe punishment; nudity and chastity non-negotiable! Romantic Femdom Fantasy, exploring the world of female-led relationships in a domestic setting, is femdom with a softer edge. It could also be called Domestic Femdom, as it generally concerns wives/girlfriends in a more ‘realistic’ setting than the hard stuff. Frilly Femdom Fantasy explores the world of forced feminisation. Can be quite hard or quite soft, but generally leans towards the harder edge of things. I also have various characters. Sometimes my ladies are young, sometimes mature; sometimes they are svelte, sometimes they are BBW; and sometimes their victims are mere lads, sometimes older men.

All these various themes are represented here. So this is in effect a sampler of my work. If you have been dithering about whether to buy a Miranda Birch story, it might be an idea to buy this. If you like some of the scenes here, I am sure that you will like some of my other stories as well.

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MORNING COFFEE

It all started when my friend Sue invited me round for coffee. I hadn't seen her for ages. I knew she had had love-life problems, what with her unemployed live-in boyfriend expecting her to do all the housework as well as hold down a demanding job in a City bank to support the two of them.

I got there about eleven, and was ushered in by a strangely-excited Sue. I said nothing, but wondered what was up. She took my coat, sat me down, then asked "coffee?". "Oh, yes please," I said. She made no move to get it, though; instead, she sat down opposite me, picked up a small handset that was lying on an occasional table next to her chair, and pressed a button on it. I heard the distant chime of bells. Sue caught my puzzlement, and winked.

"Coffee is on its way!"

"What, served by your very own butler?! Won the pools have we?", I said laughing, not really making out what was going on. But Sue just smiled mysteriously.

Then, the door opened, and in came... well, not a butler! But her boyfriend, Paul. No surprise there. Except... he was stark naked. I mean, completely nude: not even his glasses. Anyway, he scurried in at the double, bowed low to Sue, then stood rigidly at attention, without saying a word to anyone. I had time for a good look at him then, and saw that he had a narrow steel tube enclosing his cock, with a great heavy-looking padlock dangling from it. All in all, a pretty bizarre site, especially if you were only expecting a quiet chat over coffee with a friend! I saw his eyes flicker short-sightedly from me to Sue and from Sue to me. From the look on his face, it was clear he was utterly humiliated. But he said nothing. Nor did Sue. I saw she was watching me, gauging my reaction. I had met Paul a few times, hadn't thought much of him, wondered what Sue saw in him really... but this had me gob-smacked. I just stared. Then Sue's voice brought me out of my reverie.

“Coffee, Julie?”

“Well, er... yes, yes ...”

Sue winked at me, then turned to Paul and in a very sharp tone said shortly, “you heard”. At once he bowed low again, said “Yes, Ma'am” in a trembling voice, and scurried out as quickly as he had come. I watched him go, and noticed that his bum and thighs were quite heavily marked with long, thin, red welts. She must have caned him, I realised suddenly. I had heard about that sort of thing going on, high-court judges and such paying expensive call-girls to tie them up and whip them and what have you, but I didn't associate such goings-on with my friend Sue. Clearly there was a lot I didn't know about that girl!

“You should see your face!” laughed Sue.

“Well...” I managed, “of all the things I might have expected to see coming through the door...”

“...my slave Paul wasn't one!” Sue completed.

“Slave...?”

“Yes, he's my slave,” Sue confirmed simply.

I thought there was little enough I could say in answer to that, so I asked:

“Why was he caned?”

“Oh, you noticed the welts! I didn't think you'd know what those were! Well, he broke a cup this morning while washing up.”

“Oh” I said, dumbly. It was all I could think of to say. It seemed a bit harsh, though, for one old cup... Sue must have picked up on that, because with a very serious expression, she continued, “believe you me, Paul gets a sound thrashing if I find so much as a speck of dust.”

“I see...”

“Look around you. Everything is spick and span isn't?”

I had to admit it was.

“A damn sight more tidy than when I did the housework!”

I had to laugh at that. Sue's domestic skills had always been a bit lackadaisical.

“Oh my God, Sue! I can't believe this!”

“It's no dream, my dear.”

“Anyway, I found his stash of femdom wank mags, and decided it would be good for him to get a taste of fantasy become reality, so to speak.”

“Well! He has certainly got that!” I agreed. “But you'll miss being waiting on hand and foot when the weekend's over!”

I assumed naturally that it was all role-play. Well, you would, wouldn't you?

Sue looked at me in surprise.

“Oh, I'm not going back now, not ever. He wasn't much cop as a boyfriend, but he makes an adequate slave.”

“Who can afford to hire servants these days?”

“But aren't you... I mean...”

Sue shrugged.

“You've seen how it is. This is what it's like all the time, now.”

“But,... surely he can just get up and leave?”

“Leave? And go where? He's got no job, no money, no flat — and in fact, he hasn't got a single stich of clothing either.”

“Eh?”

“Yes, I dropped all his clothes off at Oxfam,” she said breezily, as though it were the most natural thing in the world. “I keep him completely naked, as you've seen, so he doesn't need them.”

“But what if you want to go out?”

“Out? Like I have time to go out!” she exclaimed.

“Look, I appreciate the odd night out with the girls, and I have to dine out the occasional evening for work, but normally, I spend the weekends recovering from the week, and evenings in the week I just wanna come home and be waiting on hand and foot — and now I am... so...” She shrugged, and finished “... so if I don't go out, why should he?”

I didn't know how to answer that!

“Well, yeah, hmmm,” I said, lamely.

Then he was back with the coffee. Sue's eyes twinkled wickedly as he poured.

Then, “You have knickers to wash, I think?”

“Yes, Ma'am.”

“Of you go then, chop chop!”

I watched the wretch scurry away. I felt sorry for him. Sort of. But not much. He had made Sue's life miserable. And now he was paying!

“Washing knickers?” I enquired of Sue.

“Oh, yes!” she breezily replied, like it was the most natural thing in the world.

“But... haven't you got a washing machine?”

“Not any more. It's all done by hand, at the kitchen sink, in cold water. It's the best way to handle expensive lingerie.”

“He... er... helps around the house now, then, does he?” I said, eyebrows raised. This had long been a standing point of contention between them, I knew. But I knew what sort of answer was coming.

Sue smiled. “You could say that! Let's see... his day starts at six. I like him up by then, as he does have a lot to do. His first chore is scrubbing the kitchen floor. Breakfast is served at seven sharp in the morning room on weekdays; at the weekend, he brings me breakfast in bed around ten. He normally gets to bed before midnight, unless we are having some special fun together.”

“Special fun?” I queried, archly, guessing what she must mean.

Sue returned the arch look. “He has got a good way with his tongue... and I can assure you, he's improving all the time!”

We giggled together like naughty schoolgirls.

“Do you... you know... sleep with him?”

Sue shook her head.

“He shares my bedroom, but not my bed. I have a large dog-basket at the foot in which he can curl up under an old blanket. It is convenient having him on call should I wake up and need something during the night.”

“So that tube thing...stays on?”

“The cock restrainer? Oh, yes. I keep him in total chastity. He's not even allowed to play with himself. I had the thing custom-made — cost a bloody packet, but it was worth it! — so it's a nice snug fit, and I keep him locked up in it 24/7. I only ever take it off once a week for washing purposes, which he hates of course. What is it with men and washing their bits? I don't know. I use an old toothbrush, and have a good scrub until it's squeaky clean.”

“Green as well, isn't it?”

“How do you reckon that?”

Sue was one surprise after the other, that day. I'd never heard of slavery being good for the environment before!

“Well, now that I own a slave, I don't need a dish-washer, or a washing-machine, so I got rid of them.”

“So he...”

“Yes”, said Sue triumphantly. “He does it all by hand — not just knickers.”

“It seems... well, extreme,” I said dubiously.

“Oh, I may ease up in time,” Sue said thoughtfully. “I dare say I will. Let him eat with me, for instance.”

“You don't eat together?”

“Well, he's serving then, isn't he? He eats afterwards. He's on a diet of cold porridge for now.”

I was gob-smacked.

“Well, he was putting on weight!” Sue said defensively. “Anyway, I can't be bothered with sorting special meals for him. So, for now, I just cook up a big pot of porridge on Sunday, stick it in the fridge, and dole out a nice big bowl before I dash off to the office. anyway, he can have as much salad as he likes too, so it's not like...”

She trailed off, seeing me looking at her; the scepticism I felt must have been plain on my face.

“Oh, look, like I said, if he's a good boy in future, he'll get little treats... but for now, I am still working hard on getting him used to the idea that he is my slave. And the diet thing is part of that, see?”

“I see...”

But I still felt dubious, and no doubt looked, dubious about the whole thing.

“Don't you judge me, you!” Sue said with a laugh and poked me in the ribs.

“I'm not judging! Just... oh, whatever...”

OWNED BY BBW

Pushing away her plate, the big brunette gave a contented sigh, patted her big round belly through her skimpy nightie, then lazily reached out a fat arm for the buzzer and buzzed for her slave.

A few seconds later, a naked male rushed through the open door and flung himself on his knees, kow-towed to the big woman in the bed, then knelt erect, legs wide, hands behind his head, head up, looking straight ahead. He was absolutely stark bollock naked save for a thick, heavy, narrow iron tube which encased his penis from root to head. It was screwed tight and padlocked.

“Did I feed you yesterday?” she enquired casually.

“No, your Highness,” the man responded in a low voice.

“You may have what's left,” she waved one podgy hand at her breakfast, on which a few bones with shreds of meat attached where left.

“Thank you, your Highness.”

He was dismissed with a wave of her hand.

He rose, bowed low, then took the tray. Karina watched the pert buttocks of her slave in sensuous movement as he left bearing the big tray. There really wasn't much fat on him at all these days, she thought smugly, her eyes still on the well-muscled buttocks and thighs. The restrictive diet seemed to be working. Normally, slave was fed on cold porridge and water — when she remembered, which she had not yesterday for example. Today she had given him one of her rare “special treats”, allowing him to feast on the scraps she had left. Not that there was much left. He had been quite well-built when she acquired him, and the extra chores generated by getting rid of the all the domestic mod-cons had done wonders for his figure.

He knew better than to ask of course. Unless he wanted a round dozen or so from the cane. She had been sparing with the cane while training him up. But now that he was completely under her control she was a veritable martinet, and thrashed her property mercilessly for the slightest display of willfulness or reluctance — open disobedience being unthinkable. He had come to genuinely fear as well as adore his big, mature owner, who had complete control of him, body and soul. As he come more and more under her power, she found herself needing to be less cautious about using physical punishment, at first to enhance her authority, then simply because she could.

How long had she kept him without relief now? she wondered. Her phone was lying on the smaller table on the other side of the bed. She reached for it, tapped a few keys, smiled as she saw that the last time was just over four months ago. So long! she hadn't realised. She had unlocked the chastity device only last week, she recalled, but that had only been for a playful ‘willy whipping’, not even a proper tease. Well, it had been playful for her. For her slave, not so much. It had reduced him to tears, in fact, and he had even dared to beg for mercy.

She did like to see him all big and stiff and hard for her, just for her, only for her, so she unlocked the device whenever she had a mind to, usually during a session of body worship. But that by no means meant that he was going to be given sexual relief; far, far from it in fact. Usually teasing his cock gave her such heightened pleasure, adding to that provided by his hands and lips and tongue that she often didn't even think of masturbating him, or even allowing him to pull himself off in front of her, before she, tiring of her fleshly toy, either whipped it down to size or, more gently, used the ice-bucket to get it limp and tiny so that it could be squeezed into its tight, cold metal prison: locked away nice and safe. She wore the key on a chain about her neck, nestling between her huge breasts. It gave her such a thrill to feel it there, knowing what it controlled.

GOTHBITCH

The obese middle-aged woman is clad all in black. Her hair is dyed blue. She is heavily made-up, and wearing lots of jewelry. She is lounging on a settee, watching with amused contempt as her new slave-boy dances naked for her. Up on the coffee table, legs wide, hands behind his head, he writhes and gyrates lewdly, uninhibitedly. The bells hanging from his nose, nipple and glans rings tinkle lightly. Mouth open, he waggles his protruding tongue, showing his owner how well-trained it is for her pleasure. It is studded along the tip. As he writhes and gyrates, his penis, weighed down by a heavy iron tube which encloses it from root to just below the head, swings slowly to and fro, as does the heavy iron padlock dangling from the base of the tube. The shaven head and plucked eyebrows give him a perpetually surprised expression, but the brown eyes, staring short-sightedly into the middle distance, show a mixture of anxiety and despair. Then he turns and wiggles his bottom at her. A criss-cross pattern of fresh red welts cover his taut rump, under which can be seen two tattoos: on the left, "slave licky-boy"; on the right, "Property of Mistress Gothbitch". The dozen strokes which left these marks were inflicted earlier in the day, not for any particular fault: slave licky-boy is often thrashed even when he has been adequately submissive and obedient. His owner feels that this keeps his fear and anxiety levels high. He has been her possession for just six weeks. She calls herself Gothbitch. Having grown bored with "the

scene” she decided to acquire a REAL slave at last: for non-consensual, no-limits ownership.

“Don't wanna be a slave 24/7? Then DON'T answer this ad!” He had answered. And now he was. Simple as that.

CAM SHOW

“OK, hi! Welcome to the very first live cam-show for my website blondebbwfemdom.com! My name is Mistress Rubenesque...”

“First I am gonna do a nice strip-tease for you boys, which I know you like. Then I'm gonna be showing off my new slave, Nick. He is gonna show me how much he *adores* my big ole ass. And while he's doing that, I'll tell you about our new life together.”

“Yes, that's right! I got myself a new slave!

Her slave is hooded — Mistress Rubenesque is taking *NO* chances with him being recognised — but is otherwise completely naked, save a for a very narrow, thick stainless steel tube which imprisons his cock from base to just below the glans. A heavy padlock dangles from a ratchet at the base of the cylinder.

”OK, so, this is slave Nick. He has been my property for six whole months now. And when I say property, I *mean* property! We live a *no-limits*, 24/7 femdom lifestyle!“ And now, today, I think we're ready to take it to the next level, and share some of our life with you guys!”

“As you can see, he's naked, just like me. Only difference is, unlike me, he won't be getting dressed after the show. I keep my slave completely nude at all times.”

“Very important! Any girls watching, take note. Helps a great deal with humility as we as with — well, shall we say any ideas he might have about taking off unannounced?” Mistress Rubenesque cocked an eyebrow and looked archly at the camera.

“You've seen me, so now let's give you a tour of my slave's body, shall we? As you can see, he's shaven bare, I prefer that.”

The riding crop tapped the underside of his nose.

“A tasteful nose ring, not too big, but big enough.”

The riding crop tapped his shaven-bare chest.

“Nipple rings of course.”

“This is rather special,” she continued, indicating with her riding whip the narrow steel tube that completely encased the male's flaccid penis. “It is a custom-made chastity device, I found the standard devices too easy to defeat. This babe is foolproof.”

She grinned.

“Turn round, slave.”

She pointed with her riding crop first to his left bum cheek, where the legend “slave licky-boy” was tattooed, then to the right, which bore the legend “Mistress Rubenesque's arse licker”.

“*Arse*, not ass,” she emphasised. “I acquired him in London, you see” — she said “Lunnun” — “and I just *love* that accent. When I took him over 24/7, I made him *beg* to be my A R S E L I C K E R...” she pronounced the words slowly and with relish. “And that's what he is now — among many other things!” She laughed.

“So, that's about it. Pretty basic stuff: nudity, chastity, and a few simple body mods... Eh voila! A slave!”

“So I thought I might indulge myself a nice long face-sit, complete with lots of pussy and ass worship! And you just know an ass this size needs a *lotta* worship!”

She slapped a hand against one meaty bum-cheek, and grinned salaciously at the camera.

“OK!” she beamed enthusiastically at the camera. Then her face hardened and she barked in a stern tone, “Slave! Worship bench — assume the position!”

The naked male at once scurried over to the leather-covered bench, and lay upon it. Mistress Rubenesque swaggered slowly over, swaying on her high heels. She straddled the bench, and plumped her big fat arse right down on her slave's face.

“Oh *my gawd!* Oh yeah! Get that tongue right up in there! That's it...”

She lifted her breasts in her hands, and began to stroke her nipples.

“Oh, lick that ass! Yeah, yeah, baby... oh, you're the best ARSE-LICKER I have ever owned. Are you ain't goin' no place, are ya? now, ain't ya? Huh?”

She bounced heavily once, then again.

“Huh?”

A muffled reply.

“Huh? Louder!”

She bounced heavily again.

“YYYYmmmmsssss!”

“Are ya gonna thank me? Huh?”

Bounce.

“So say thank you then, but don't stop licking...”

Bounce, bounce...

“FFfffaakkk ooou”

She laughed. “Was that thank you? I do believe it was!”

Bounce.

“You're welcome, baby!”

Bounce.

“Oh yeah!”

“I really like it that slave Nick is willing to put so much time and effort into giving me pleasure — not that he has much choice well, any choice at all! ...”

She was stroking his cock as she spoke. It was now rock-hard, stiff and quivering.

“Oh, I think you can lick harder than that!” she announced suddenly, and frowned.

The cruel leather thongs curled tight around his rigid cock.

“I said...” “...I think you can lick harder than that!!”

She brought the whip across and back across the helpless male's rigid cock.

A muffled shout came from between her bum cheeks. She repeated the action, whip-lashing the leather thongs twice more across the defenceless organ.

More muffled sounds came from under her.

“Naughty boys feel the cock-whip if they forget to lick hard enough!” she remarked, superfluously, and giggled. She took her feet off the floor then, letting her full weight rest on the face of her hapless slave. She waiting a few moments, then grinned and placed her feet back on the floor — but just lightly. She gave a approving grunt.

“I do believe the boy has a tongue in his head after all! Oooooh...! Yeah... See?” “I told you you could lick harder than that! Hahaha!... Oh my

gawd... Oh my gawd you're makin' me come! Oh, you fuckin' WHORE!
Oh yeah, oh fuck... tongue me, you whore, tongue me!”

“Time was slave Nick was a bit of a — what's the British expression? Oh, yeah, ‘moaning Minnie’, that's it. But Moaning Minnie's get a whole lot of extra-special personal attention from Miss Cane on their cute little bot-bots and their sexy thighs ... Ever seen a grown man cry? Miss Cane is *real* good at making grown men cry. She makes 'em cry, and howl, and beg, and plead... I don't hear too much moaning and complaining any more!”

“Ain't that right?” she asked the figure under her, and gave a bounce. A muffled noise came in answer, any words impossible to distinguish any words in the inchoate noise..

“What's that?”

Again a bounce, again a muffled, incomprehensible noise.

“I think he's trying to say, 'thank you!'” explained Mistress Rubenesque, looking straight at the camera. She looked down at the man, who was now beginning to struggle feebly.

“Why, you're welcome!”

By this time, Nick's cock was stiff and rigid again. Mistress Rubenesque stroked it lightly.

“Oh, you wanna cum, don't ya, baby? Huh? Yeah! Oh, you wanna cum so bad!”

She picked up the martinet.

SWISH! “Well...” SWISH “you...” SWISH “can't!”

She smiles at the rapidly-deflating member. Never mind, she'll soon have it hard again.

“The great thing about keeping a slave in more or less permanent chastity is that they are pretty much always hard if you let their cock out of the

restrainer,” Mistress Rubenesque remarked matter of factly. Sure enough, his whipped penis was now rapidly returning to stiffness, helped along by her hand.

...

Eventually Mistress Rubenesque had had enough of tease and denial.

“Now, let's just get this naughty old thing back where he belongs...”

She applied the ice to her captive's stiff penis, which began rapidly to deflate. She kept rubbing the wilting organ with pieces of ice until it was fully deflated. Then she picked up a fluffy towel and dried it quickly and briskly. She grasped the head of the now flaccid organ in one hand and with the other eased the narrow iron cylinder on until it encased the whole length. Finally, she picked up the padlock, slipped it through the holes in the base and snapped it shut.

“There we are!” she exclaimed happily, beaming at the camera. “All locked up nice and safe until our next playtime! OK now, just one last orgasm for me, and I think we're done here!”

She turned to address the camera again.

“Ya know, since I got myself a *proper* slave, I have had much better orgasms. It's all about the motivation I think. Cock whip” she held up the martinet — “plus key” — with her other hand, she held up the small key which hung on a chain about her neck — “ equals one very enthusiastic licky-boy!” She smiled, then laughed, and gave a playful bounce. “Ain't that right, licky-boy?” She glanced down, smiled again at his muffled incomprehensible reply. “See? He agrees!” she said into the camera, and bounced again.

“Ooooooh! He's doing a *good* job — I think he likes it!”

...

At last, Mistress Rubenesque was satisfied.

She stood heavily, and a tug on the leash brought her slave kneeling beside her.

The camera closed in on her fat, lined, middle-aged face. She licked her lips and looked serious as she spoke direct to camera.

“Remember boys, this is slave Nick's *life*. He doesn't get to switch off the computer after he's finished jerking off, and go do something else. In fact, he doesn't get to jerk off *at all!*”

The camera panned out again. Mistress Rubenesque stood there, regally nude, a smug, self-satisfied smirk on her face, big heavy breasts with their pierced nipples hanging down onto her large, dropping belly, one hand on her hip, the other resting proprietorially on the hooded head of the slave kneeling beside her.

“Bye now, boys!” she cooed, with a wave of her free hand. “And remember: be careful what you wish for!” She gave camera a coy look, then looked down and patted the head of the kneeling slave, twice. The gesture was deliberate, proprietorial. She looked up again and blew a kiss towards the camera.

The screen went black.

PLEADING IN VAIN

Eventually he found out, of course. About the money. There was almost a row. Almost. But Mary was firm.

“There is no use crying over split milk. The money is spent, and that's that. It isn't like you got nothing for it. Most sissies would give their right leg to have such gorgeous outfits as you have!”

She laughed then, not even bothering to pretend to take his objection seriously. Mike was stung by this to attempt some sort of opposition.

“But... I'm not a sissy, I'm not!”

“No Mike, you certainly are not,” retorted Mary. “You are NOT a sissy.” She paused, and he waited, puzzled. That had taken him off-guard.

“So...”

“Please don't interrupt, darling, I wasn't finished.” She held up a hand. “Thank you. Now, as I was saying, you are certainly not a sissy, which is why I will *not* allow you in future to wear anything but the most way-out, sissiest, girliest costumes!”

“But that doesn't... I mean, I thought...”

“Yes, I know what you thought.”

“Just so we are clear. This is the life I have chosen for us. It is not up for debate.”

“You must grasp Mike, that such things as pride and dignity are simply no longer appropriate for you. Humility, submission, obedience, these are the trait we will work together to develop in you. And what better way than by having you shamed and humiliated in such ridiculous outfits?”

She stopped to laugh.

“Oh, I am sorry darling, but I can't help but laugh at the spectacle you make in that get-up, all ‘tits, bits and bum’!”

She dissolved in helpless laughter until her eyes watered.

“But, please Mary, please, I rally don't like wearing this stuff!”

In his urgency he had forgotten the correct form of address. Mary decided to overlook it preferring to rub his nose in his sissified subjection.

“You are not *supposed* to like your uniforms, darling!” she said with unbearable smugness, as though talking to a backward child. “Helen and I put a lot of thought into to ensuring that they would be ridiculously exaggerated caricature of femininity! And *of course* the whole point of *forcing* you into this ridiculous garb is so that you will feel utterly shamed

and humiliated! And you do, don't you? I didn't tell you this at the beginning, because you would have kicked up such a fuss. but now..." she shrugged.

She was taunting him openly now, secure in the knowledge of her power over him.

"Oh, you silly, silly boy! Imagine getting yourself into such a predicament! Nothing at all to wear except frilly frocks and aprons!"

She dissolved into laughter again. She dried her eyes, and tried to compose herself.

"Anyway, *these* are the clothes I have chosen for you, so *these* are the clothes you will wear."

His eyes filled. He was fast losing control.

"Now, Mike, no tears please," she said warningly.

She waited until he looked more composed; then moved in for the kill.

"There will be plenty of time for tears *later!*" she exclaimed "When I parade you in all your frilly sissy finery for a selected group of my friends, for instance. Oh, yes," she added, noting with satisfaction his look of disbelief, "that day *is* coming, and there is nothing you can do about it. I want to see your cheeks burn *crimson* with shame and humiliation, I want to see you fighting to hold back your tears! In fact, I rather hope you do cry, it will add spice to it!" she laughed gaily. "Oh, darling, I am afraid there will be tears of shame and humiliation aplenty in your future."

"You see Molly," Mary explained patiently, "you are staying in frocks one way or the other, let there be no doubt about that. My only concern is to make sure you understand one thing above all: by getting upset about this you are only making yourself unhappy. Not a thing will change. You need to learn to accept what you cannot change. You have been quite good about obeying, including doing things that must have been difficult for you — wearing your uniform, for example — but I think always with reservations,

always with the idea that if you were ‘good enough’ I would sooner or later relent. Well, I won't. This is your life now.”

“And now just look at the time! You really don't have time to waste, Molly, there is still lots to do! You are dismissed.”

She nodded curtly and turned away.

LIVING OUT FANTASIES

Mrs Hargreaves was 58, and a very big lady, weighing around 30 stone. She was a faded blonde, carefully maintained from a bottle. There was no “Mr Hargreaves”, he having expired a few years ago under his good lady wife's broad backside, a fact over which a discrete veil was drawn. He was twenty years her junior, and had been with her for fourteen years, all that time as her slave. One should point out here that this was not some suburban couple trying to revive their waning sex life by indulging in kinky fun and games. When I write that Mr Hargreaves had been Mrs Hargreaves's slave, then that is precisely what I mean. Anyway, it so happened that a chance encounter with a friend of a friend enabled Mrs Hargreaves to acquire a replacement. A few weeks later, said friend of a friend was invited round for coffee...

“Now, I suppose you are wondering what became of that naughty toy-boy of yours...”, Mrs Hargreaves said mischievously.

Sally tutted.

“Couldn't care less.”

“Oh? Well, I have a surprise for you, my dear.”

Mrs Hargreaves smiled, said nothing, simply picked up a hand-bell which was lying on a little table beside her, and shook it once. It pealed twice, quite loudly. Mrs Hargreaves put a finger to her lips and winked at Sally. A few moments later, the door opened — and in he came!

Sally's eyes widened. She stared at open-mouthed at the figure who came through the door. He did present quite a spectacle, Mrs Hargreaves had to admit to herself. She was used to it, but someone seeing him for first time...

She eyed her slave boy up and down, trying to see him with fresh eyes. There he stood, rigidly at attention, short-sighted eyes darting nervously about, stark bollock naked, head and body hair shaven close, a narrow steel tube confining his penis, with a heavy padlock dangling from its base. Yes, quite a sight!

Dave for his part couldn't believe his eyes. He had belonged to Mrs Hargreaves for only six weeks, but the rigour and intensity of her training methods had been such that already his old life had faded to the insubstantiality of a dream. And now this revenant from the past had appeared: the old girlfriend who got him into this predicament.

Mrs Hargreaves cold, clear voice snapped him out of his reverie.

"I believe you have already met Ms Parker?"

Dave blinked and gulped and recollected himself sufficiently to reply.

"Y-yes,... yes, Ma'am".

He looked as though he wished the ground would swallow him up.

"Well? Aren't you going to thank her for introducing you to me?"

"T-thank you for introducing me to Mrs Hargreaves, Ms Parker," he stammered out.

Sally felt momentary pity for him. But then her heart hardened. He had spent all that money on those porn magazines and videos, and all that time wanking to them. Well! Now he was getting what he fantasised about!

"You're welcome, sweetie! You are having a marvellous time, aren't you, living out all your fantasies...?" Sally simpered, sickly-sweet.

Dave stared at the floor, his eyes filling with tear.

Ms Hargreaves raised an eyebrow and stared hard at him.

“Well?”

Her voice was suddenly icy cold.

“Yes, Ma'am,..” he stammered.

“Say it, then!”

“I... I am having a m-marvellous time, l-living out all my fantasies..” he stuttered out, his voice trembling.

Sally smirked. Ms Hargreaves smiled and patted his bottom. “Of course you are!” she said cheerfully.

Then, more briskly, “You have knickers to wash, I think?”

“Yes, Ma'am.” “Of you go then, chop chop! I'll ring when we're ready for coffee.”

The two women watched the wretched youth scurry away. Ms Hargreaves turned to Sally, smiling.

“Washing knickers?” queried Sally.

“Oh, yes! By hand, at the kitchen sink, in cold water. It's the best way to handle expensive lingerie.”

“He... er... helps around the house, then, does he?”

Mrs Hargreaves smiled.

“You could say that! Let's see... his day starts at six. I like him up by then, as he does have a lot to do. His first chore is scrubbing the kitchen floor. He brings me breakfast in bed around ten. He normally gets to bed before midnight, unless we are having some, ah... special fun...”

“Special fun?” queried Sally archly.

Mrs Hargreaves returned the arch look.

“You were quite right, he has got a good way with his tongue... and I can assure you, he's improving all the time!”

They giggled together like naughty schoolgirls.

“So do you... you know... sleep with him?”

“He shares my bedroom, but not my bed. I have a large dog-basket at the foot in which he can curl up under an old blanket. It is convenient having him on call should I wake up and need something during the night.”

“So that tube thing...stays on?”

“The penis restrainer? Oh, heavens yes! I keep him in TOTAL chastity. He's not even allowed to play with himself.”

Sally gave a low gasp. “Wow!”

Mrs Hargreaves smiled, and continued.

“I had the steel penis restrainer custom-made, so it's a nice snug fit, and I keep him locked up in it 24/7. I take it off once a week for washing purposes, which he hates of course. What is it with men and washing their bits? I don't know. I use an old toothbrush, and have a good scrub until it's squeaky clean.”

Sally felt quite thrilled. No more wanking for the selfish prick — ever!

“Now, how about that cup of coffee?” Mrs Hargreaves asked.

“Oh, yes, please!”

Mrs Hargreaves rang a bell. Scant moments later, Dave was back, first bowing low, then standing rigidly at attention as before. Mrs Hargreaves ignored him at first, carrying on chatting idly with Sally; then suddenly said shortly, “coffee”, before carrying on talking to Sally. With a quiet “Yes, Ma'am” and another low bow, Dave scurried off again.

DISCOVERY

“Pull your knickers down please, Stephanie.”

The wretched lad put his fingers into the waistband of the tight frilly white knickers and tugged. They pooled around his ankles.

“Gather your skirt around your waist please, Stephanie.”

Swallowing hard, Steven gathered up the voluminous skirts of his uniform, exposing his bare white bottom.

“Bend over the table please, Stephanie.”

Steven bent forward, trembling.

“Thank you, Stephanie. Now, I am going to give you twelve strokes of the cane on your bare bottom.”

And what a pretty little bottom it is, thought Mrs Fortesque to herself. And all mine!

“Why is that, Stephanie?”

“I..I...”

“It's because you are a lazy slut who can't be bothered to use a vacuum cleaner properly! Now, why is it, Stephanie?”

“It's... it's.. b-because I-I'm a lazy slut who.. who can't be bothered to use a vacuum cleaner correctly.”

“Yes, Stephanie, that's right.”

There was an ominous pause. Steven's legs began to tremble. He heard the swish of the cane as it travelled through the air propelled by Mrs Fortesque's heavy hand, and then ...

THWACK!

... a burning band of fire encircled his bare bottom.

“Ooowwwwwwhhhh!”

Steven's head jerked up, and his hands gripped the table hard.

“Shush, Stephanie! I don't want you disturbing the other guests! If you can't be quiet I shall have to knicker-gag you again!”

Stephanie was sobbing quietly now.

THWACK!

Another sudden burst of pain. Steven kept his mouth shut, making a low moaning groan in his throat...

THWACK!

...

What was that? It sounded like... well, it sounded for all the world like a good old C.P. session! Here, of all places! Jane's heart pounded. She had not had a cane in her hand for a good old while now. She missed it. She crept closer to the door.

THWACK!

There it was again. Oh, she had to, she had to... she could always apologise... Before discretion could get the better part of valour, Jane closed her hand on the doorknob, gave it a firm twist, pushed it open and walked in.

And there they were. Mrs Fortesque, done up to the nines as usual, cane in hand, and rather glowing. Clearly she had been exerting herself. And bending over before her: the maid! The maid's bottom was well-striped and she was snivelling quietly. Mrs Fortesque turned in surprise. Her eyebrows raised as she recognised her new guest.

“Oh! I am *so* sorry! I ought to have knocked! I...”

Jane's voice trailed off. She was fascinated by the bare white bottom with its tracery of fresh red welts. A pert little bot — but what narrow hips! And... was that a pair of bollocks?!... something wasn't quite right here!

“Ah...” said Mrs Fortesque, “I see you have noticed Stephanie's... ah... little secret...”

SECTIONED

As ‘77’ stood rigidly erect by the drinks trolley, staring blankly at the opposite wall, a few feet away from the sofa where the half-dozen women sat at their ease, sipping the champagne he had poured for them and listening avidly while Mrs Banting told them all about their 'alternative life-style' as she termed it, his thoughts returned once again, hopelessly, to the past gone beyond recovery, to his entrapment and enslavement, to the events which had reduced him to — this: a naked slave, fresh welts from a hard caning criss-crossing his rump and still throbbing painfully, a narrow steel tube padlocked around his flaccid prick, most effectively preventing any sexual release. A slave! The *property* of that large older woman who sat just a few feet away, boasting about what she had done to him! It was incredible to believe that such a state could be, in this day and age — but it was real, all too real, and there was nothing he could do about it.

He could feel their eyes on him as he continued to stare blankly at the wall, waiting to catch an imperious gesture in his peripheral vision, or hear a curt word of command. He flushed as he heard Mrs Banting — that fat, bottle-blonde bitch! — explaining in relished detail how he had knelt before her, naked, and begged — “*begged*”, she repeated loudly in emphasis — her to allow him to live as her chaste naked slave. He knew they were looking over at him and thinking, “Imagine! Just imagine *begging* to be kept like that!”

The welts from that afternoon's caning continued to throb painfully.

“Allowed”! That was rich. It was true that he had begged for this. He had been forced to beg for this, for all this.

An now he was a 'patient' in Mrs Banting's 'private clinic'. There were others there, he knew that, though he had rarely seen them.

All the other staff — a matron and two staff nurses — had their 'favourites', as did Dr Channing who visited regularly to make use of hers. Matron favoured a slim, shy young lad who now spent hours at a time providing the most intimate and degrading of services, face pressed deep between the pale white cheeks of Matron's broad backside.

He had been made Mrs Banting's personal slave, and he might well be grateful that his fate had not been worse.

He knew that the Matron in addition to her 'favourite', also kept a 'pain toy' in one of the remote wings of the institution, whose 'life' consisted of waiting, naked and strait-jacketed, in a pitch-dark padded cell until such time as that good lady saw fit to take him out for a torture session.

From the corner of his eye '77' saw a glass raised imperiously, and hurried over with the half-full bottle to refill. It didn't do to keep a lady waiting. It was Ms Hammond, who was not here for the first time. Some of the ladies needed some coaching from Mrs Banting before they treated him as she desired — as a slave — but they all soon got used to it. Mrs Hammond was not one of them. Indeed, she was a slave-owner herself, he gathered from the snatches of conversation he had overheard from time to time.

"I see you're not 'sparing the rod and spoiling the slave', then?" remarked Ms Hammond drily, eyeing the fresh red welts that criss-crossed his bare buttocks.

Mrs Banting made a point of giving him a round dozen from the cane every afternoon before one of her little events, just so one guest or other would comment on it. This Ms Hammond knew full well. It was a little game they played. Not much of a game for him, of course. "Oh, you know, I do try to go easy, but he can be *such* a naughty boy sometimes!" she gushed, and reach out to fondle his reddened rump as he straightened up. He stood mutely, having his sore arse lewdly fondled by this perverse old granny, enduring the added pain. At last she released him with a final patronising pat, and he resumed his station by the drinks trolley.

DECISIONS

“Now Martin,” said Claire levelly, calmly and with no more than the merest trace of teasing, “do you still think you are capable of handling a female-led relationship?”

The Martin so addressed was a somewhat younger man who was kneeling before her naked, hands on head, back straight, legs wide. His penis was tightly compressed into a metal cage, from the base of which a heavy padlock dangled. His face betrayed a piquant mixture of emotions; yearning and love; mixed with humiliation; and, perhaps, just a souçon of despair.

“Yes, Ma'am.”

“Yes? Are you sure?”

“Yes, Ma'am.”

Claire smiled, not unkindly but perhaps with just a trace of playful malice.

“Yes, I think so too. I am glad we agree.”

She let him kneel there, waiting, while she sat back at her ease on the sofa, now smiling broadly and very smugly.

She glanced at her wristwatch.

“Now, I want Martina here in — let's see — five minutes,” she said flatly.

At once the male was on his feet and rushing to the stairs without so much as a by-your-leave. Claire waited. She heard his heavy tread on the stairs, then, fainter, him opening a door and entering an upstairs room. The sounds faded. She waiting, wristwatch ticking. There was the sound of footfalls on the stairs again, and in rushed — Martina.

Martina came to halt before her at a respectful distance, and bobbed a quite decent curtsy. Claire regarded with mocking curiosity the figure before her. The pink chiffon headscarf, low on the forehead and tied behind the ears; the hastily-applied eyebrow pencil, rouge and lipstick; the skimpy, scanty

pink frock, generously trimmed with white lace, its skirt only just long enough to cover the bare essentials, and then only just, and the plunging neckline ending with a pretty edging of white lace just above the nipples; the tiny white apron, the edges of which Martina now held out at an angle — the ‘curtsey-ready’ angle as Claire liked to call it; and the outsize lady's open-toed shoes, pink to match the frock. “You must be Martina,” she said smirking.

“Yes, Ma'am.” There was no trace of shared joke in the reply. On one side at least, this was all quite serious.

“Let's have a look at this uniform then. Hmm, scarf, frock and apron are all acceptable. Oh but those eyebrows! They've grown out a bit again already, haven't they? Make sure you pluck them properly tomorrow morning, won't you?”

“Yes, Ma'am.”

“Hmmm, rouge is just about OK, but the lippy...” she shook her head, “... you have not done very well at all: nothing like that luscious, exaggerated cupid's bow look I want. Still,” she qualified, relenting slightly, “you didn't have a lot of time, so I will excuse it this once. But you need concentrate on getting that just right in future, don't you?”

“Yes, Ma'am.”

“Come closer then, let's have a look under the frock.”

He minced a few steps closer and gathered his skirts high about his waist.

“Oh, good, fully shaven already! That's nice! Now, what about this girdle, yes, quite a snug fit. Still XL is it?”

“Yes, Ma'am.”

“Mmmm, we were trying to get you into an L as soon as, weren't we?”

“Yes, Ma'am.”

“Well?”

“I... oh... I... the L is still very tight, Ma'am.”

“Oh dear, that's a shame. Still, it won't kill you will it? Start wearing the L from tomorrow on.”

“Yes, Ma'am.”

“Right, that's the end of uniform inspection.”

Martina bobbed a respectful curtesy and minced back to where he had been spending.

Claire looked him up and down, licked her lips, looked pensive. Then her face brightened, and she spoke again.

“I was going to leave it until tomorrow to tell you this, after you'd had a chance to get some rest. But I think I might as well tell you now.”

She paused.

“We agreed that we would give our relationship one last chance, for a trial period of a month, didn't we?”

“Yes, Ma'am.”

“And our holiday together as Claire and Martin was at in addition to this trial period, wasn't it?”

“Yes, Ma'am.”

“Claire and Martin had a lovely holiday by and large, didn't they?”

“Yes, Ma'am.”

“More ups than downs, I would say?”

“Yes, Ma'am.”

“There were *some* downs though, weren't there?” Claire wrinkled her nose.

“I.. er... yes, Ma'am.”

Claire nodded. “Yes, I thought so too.”

Idly, she fingered the key which hung on a silver chain around her neck. It was the key to Martina's chastity device.

“I came to a decision on that holiday, Martina.”

Claire paused, and Martina waited.

“Would you like to know what that decision was, Martina?”

“Yes, Ma'am.”

“I decided our relationship works!” Claire announced brightly.

She watched as Martina's face lit up.

“Oh, you are pleased about that! So I am! Very pleased!”

She beamed one of her kindest, loveliest smiles at him; and he smiled shyly, hopefully, back.

“And...” she paused, letting the tension build. She could see the expectation in his face mounting, tinged with just a little doubt.

“... I also decided that Martina is now full-time.”

His face was a picture to behold, it changed so rapidly.

Claire reiterated the point, speaking more slowly and rather more loudly than usual.

“I want up both to be absolutely clear about that. Martina is now full-time.”

She paused and waited to let it sink in. And waited some more. Finally she broken the tension and spoke again.

“So, here you are Martina. ‘Frocked and locked’, as someone once put it. Not so easy to get out of chastity and out of frocks as it was to get into them, is it?”

“No, Ma'am.”

“Do you enjoy being ‘frocked and locked’, Martina?”

He looked hesitant. “I...”

“You many answer freely,” Claire encouraged him.

“N-no, no I don't Ma'am.”

“Oh! What a shame!” Claire held her head on one side and regarded him as one would a bird with a broken wing. Or, just perhaps, as a *cat* would. She levelled her head, and regarded him steadily for a while without speaking. He stood motionless, successfully overcoming the strong urge to fidget nervously.

“But surely you must understand by now, Martina, that you are ‘frocked and locked’ PERMANENTLY?”

Martin/Martina hung his head. Claire smiled.

BOY GUEST

“And how is your... ah... ‘boy guest’?”

“He's chained up naked in one of my garden sheds for now, having a nice long think about his new life. Actually it's about time I let him out, he's been there since late last night. Don't suppose you want to come and see?”

“Oh, wouldn't miss it for the world?”

The two big mature matrons made their way slowly to the bottom of Mirabelle's big, over-grown garden.

“Dear me, this grass is out of control. I shall have to have this new slave boy out here.”

“With a *manual* mower, I should hope?” said Jane, trying to be arch. But Mirabelle was way ahead of her.

“Oh, no, great big noisy things, and always going wrong. A pair of scissors should do, I think.”

They arrived in front of a small shed. The sturdy wooden door was bolted and padlocked. She takes no chances, thought Jane. Mirabelle tugged on the door, and after a bit of a struggle with it, got it fully open. In the small, bare space inside a young man was standing, blinking in the sudden sun-light. He was completely naked. A large ball-gag filled his mouth, held in place by a leather strap buckled at the back of his head. A wooden collar was padlocked about his neck, from which a short length of chain led to a sturdy ring-bolt in the wall. The chain was short enough to ensure that he could assume no other posture than standing erect. A narrow metal tube was screwed tight around his cock, a heavy padlock securing the ratchet at its base. He blinked at them, his eyes growing accustomed to the light. His face was tear-stained.

“I'll bet that ball gag must be jolly uncomfortable by now, hmm?” Mirabelle asked him in a friendly, almost motherly tone.

Frantic head-nodding.

“Would you like me to take it out?”

More head-nodding; and the eyes pleaded.

“If I do, are you going to be a good little slave-boy?”

Again his head went up and down. His eyes widened in supplication. Mirabelle smiled and stroked his cheek.

“No more shouting and making a fuss?”

He shook his head.

“Very well then.”

Mirabelle reached behind his head and un-buckled the strap that secured the ball-gag. She pulled and with a loud 'pop!' the big rubber ball came out.

THE END

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