

JOURNALS OF
REAL FEMALE DOMINATION:
VOLUME 2



MISTRESS SCARLET

**Journals of Real Female Domination: Volume 2 Author: Mistress
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Readers speaking **English from the USA** may occasionally wish to refer to the two pages of UK to USA word conversions at the end of the journal.

The paragraphs below of introduction and of courtship description were set out in Volume 1. Should you have already read Volume 1, you may wish to move straight to the diary entries.

Introduction

My name is Scarlet, one of three sisters born of a mother who covertly dominated our father and once to my knowledge, cuckolded him. This upbringing clearly rubbed off on me, on my older sister Sandra and on my younger sister Sarah. These journals describe my life of being a dominant female and the accounts within occasionally include details of events involving my two, now equally dominant sisters and other women I have become involved with over the years.

I live with my lesbian lover, Nadine and my husband bitch-boy. Bitch-boy is a subjugated, trapped slave and source of amusement. I am a sadist and dominant. He does all the chores and housework, and fetches and carries and his reward is enforced chastity, humiliation, punishment and suffering. You could say he is between a rock and a hard place because his submissive soul is fully satisfied as my slave-husband but he hates so much of what he must endure. Should he ever consider it, he would fear the consequences of leaving me, but my years of conditioning him, I believe, have left him thinking of no other life beyond that which he now endures.

For this journal, the year of writing is 2010. In general, the events within are not in chronological order. Each of the events described are picked at my whim from my extensive diaries of the last nine years of my life. An entry will sometimes include what was happening in bitch-boy's head during the event described. This has been achieved because throughout our relationship, I have often reflected on a recent event and interrogated bitch-boy as to his feelings during it, before making my diary entry. The entries are not verbatim portions of text lifted directly from my diaries. I have rewritten the diary entries to provide explanation of the circumstances prevailing at the time, to ensure full understanding by the reader.

I absolutely love my life and it is my earnest hope that females reading these journals, who have not yet taken firm control of the males in their life, might be moved to do so and come to take as much pleasure from their lives as I do.

My tastes are eclectic and in the journal entries you will find accounts of petticoating humiliation as little girl, school girl and French maid; accounts of sub-human slave treatment, babyfication, bondage, enforced hospitalisation, dickie-discipline, the use of an electrical box, tease and denial, and of course sessions of discipline to maintain appropriate standards of submissiveness.

I begin the journal with my courtship with bitch-boy which I hope sets the scene for all the events that follow. It certainly reminds me just how much I have changed in the last nine years

as well as the conditions of bitch-boy's existence.

16 February 2001:

Courtship: The first rendezvous; the die is cast.

Recently separated from my first husband, I met bitch-boy at a work conference. He was witty, charming and intelligent. He drove to the conference and I had taken the train. He offered me a lift home. This was some 80 miles away and at least 20 miles out of his way. Disliking public transport as I do, I accepted his offer. On the journey home I offered to map read. I proceeded to get us very lost, more than once. I was truly taken aback by his endless patience and graciousness throughout. This was not your average misogynist man. At the end of the two and a half hour journey, he asked me on a date. Although he was 14 years older than me, and recently divorced, I accepted. I had enjoyed every single minute of his company on the long journey and I had been made to feel respected and cared for, despite my incompetence with the maps.

Our first date was in a pub in the country. It was bitterly cold. After five minutes of sipping our first drinks he obviously noticed I was feeling the cold and he suggested we should move close to the crackling open fire. He sat me as close as could be and settled down opposite me. That simple gesture of consideration had not been a condescending or an affected act on his part; it was clearly as natural as breathing to him to have focused his attention on my needs. He clearly expected no gratitude or appreciation in return. I had never come across this before in any man I had dated. I made no comment but I think, at that moment, I decided I would marry him. Neither of us could have possibly imagined the very different lives each of us, together, would subsequently be leading 10 years after that act of consideration.

On parting, in the car park, in the bitter wind of that February night; we kissed like fifteen year olds.

3 March 2001:

Courtship: The third date; my prophetic warning.

During our second date, I was charmed, entertained and cherished. The third date was more of the same. As naive as it sounds, I was now convinced I would marry him and I warned him while I smiled and held him close.

'I am never going to let you go, you know. You are mine now and you're not going to get away.' He was very flattered and he beamed, although he obviously did not believe me. After all, I was 14 years younger than him. I held down a well paying senior position. I was intelligent and I had a perfect body; athletic legs, shapely arse, tiny waist, B cup pert, perfect breasts, long neck, slim feminine arms and fingers and sparkling diamond blue eyes. He told me that he knew I would soon enough tire of his older body and mind, but he would enjoy every moment of us being together until that time came. I wonder now, as he toils on his endless chores, or looks longingly at the beautiful female bodies fuelling his enforced sexual frustration or suffers the pain of punishment, whether he remembers my phrase of nine years ago and what it now signifies.

'I am never going to let you go, you know. You are mine now and you're not going to get away.'

25 August 2001:

Courtship: The first holiday: the truth is out.

Before we had left, I had decided while we holidayed, I would ask him to move in with me. Already I was taking the lead. I asked in the afternoon and he was ecstatic. He told me I made him want to be a better person which was touching and powerful. It was also before we had seen the line repeated for us by Jack Nicolson in the great film, *As Good As It Gets*. That evening as we lay in bed he became very serious and told me he had to make a confession before he could allow me to commit to moving in together. I was intrigued. I could think of nothing he could confess that would put me off. For him though, he was clearly in miserable turmoil thinking his forthcoming confession could split us. He was close to tears and I was taken with his integrity and honesty.

He quietly told me that he had realised since the age of 10 that he was submissive to dominant women and that he was unlikely to be completely content without such occasional interaction in the bedroom. I said I would like to understand a lot more and that I could see no problem with that. Inside, although I had little idea what he meant, I knew that whatever it was, he was still the man I wanted to spend the rest of my life with. He was elated. We spoke for a while more and I began to understand what it was all about. I had noticed that our lovemaking sessions always began with me receiving his oral attentions until I had had between 2 and 6 orgasms before he began to seek his own pleasure and release. A few blocks of comprehension fell into place. In a lull in our exchanges I held his nipple between thumb and forefinger and began to squeeze, wondering what his response would be. His response rose up granite hard he looked into my eyes with surprise and sexual arousal. I just loved this wonderful phenomenon upon which I had stumbled; simple, easy to use arousal power.

On the coach on the way to the airport on the home journey I learned that I could create a granite hard response in his trousers merely by whispering mean things in his ear. I just loved this new found power to create arousal with so little effort on my part. It was soon enough to turn to more overt and comprehensive power.

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Volume 2: Diary Entries

6 September 2008: A typical Saturday of housework and humiliation

Bitch-boy woke me by gently drawing back the curtains, allowing the morning light to filter into the bedroom. He stood by the side of the bed while I ascended from my sleepy state. As always I had slept the deep sleep of an angel. When I was ready, he passed me the cup of tea he had brought me. After a further minute's silence, during which I sipped the tea and bird song from the garden was all that could be heard, I spoke brightly.

'Today you will start as Alice my little maid as there are some chores to be done. Once the chores are done, sometime this afternoon, I will turn you into Betsy the little girl and you can spend a few hours amusing me.' Bitch-boy sported a pained expression but remained silent. He knew it was pointless to seek to influence my plans for the day.

Having finished a second cup of tea, I rose and slipped on my dressing gown and bitch-boy knelt, and guided my feet into my slippers which are four inch heeled, black mules; each decorated with a little tuft of black ostrich feather. I proceeded to dress bitch-boy in his black and white maid's uniform. I chose his black Mary Jane shoes which have one inch heels and his white ankle socks topped with a lacy frill. Over his uniform I fitted him into his cream, full length PVC apron. It has masses of large PVC frills over the shoulders and at the hem. I pulled his auburn bob-style wig onto his head and topped that off with a little black and white maid's hat. I applied shiny, plum coloured lipstick to his sullenly pouting lips, a lime green eye shadow fully up to his eye brows and the coup de grace, a pair of one-inch-long false eyelashes, obtained from an on-line fancy-dress party site. As always he begged momentarily before the application of the lipstick, the eye shadow and the eye lashes. As always I ignored his begging completely. He whines to me, from time to time, that the false eye lashes are constantly in his field of vision. I love that thought! He is short and stout in build and he had one day's growth of beard on his face. The result is that he cannot, in any way, try to hide in the guise of a real woman. He is clearly, exactly as I desire, a man dressed against his wishes as a maid. He is no transvestite and hates being dressed as a maid.

I led him to stand in front of the full length mirror in the bedroom and I sat on the bed, at his side.

'Look at yourself in the mirror. What do you look like? You're pathetic aren't you; allowing your wife to dress you like this. How ridiculous do you look? But you got yourself into this position didn't you. Wanting to play some bedroom games of domination and submission; and look where it's ended up.' I finished my diatribe with a question spat out with aggression.

'You look utterly ridiculous don't you?'

'Yes Mistress.' He answered quietly and emotionally, looking down at the floor. I continued with my hostile onslaught.

'And I hope you know that I love this life. I love having you as my slave and toy. I am going to look after you carefully and I am never going to let you go. You know that don't you?'

'Yes Mistress.'

I instructed him to return to looking at his reflection and I continued my verbal assault for a few more minutes; pointing out and ridiculing various elements of his outfit and make-up. I had him watch himself curtsy, on my demand, several times. Satisfied that I had debased him sufficiently to ensure an obedient, docile state, I turned him to face me.

'Now little Alice, here is your list of chores. You will dust the whole house, vacuum

the whole house, polish the mirrors and tidy the kitchen.' I ran my eyes over his chore timing list.

'Those chores should take you one hour and twenty five minutes.' I should explain, dear reader, that I have watched him while I timed him, carrying out every chore in every room and, so now, when I give him a chore to do, I know exactly how long it should take him. So there is no chance of him grabbing a sly break when I am not monitoring him.

'Now, before you start I think a deterrent punishment would be a good idea. You have a hard day ahead of you and I want to ensure you know what will happen if you are slow to obey or you are indolent.' He looked at me with a meek expression as he spoke timidly.

'Oh Mistress; I do already know what will happen if I am slow to obey or indolent, and I promise I will not be.' I responded calmly and quietly.

'That's as maybe, but a deterrent punishment can never be a bad thing can it? Particularly as it will give me pleasure; now get in position.' After I had given him 20 with the wooden paddle and 20 medium strokes with the cane, I had him commence his chores while I first got dressed, and then relaxed reading the papers, having made a note of the time he began his chores. I wore very tight low cut jeans and a cropped T-shirt exposing my flat stomach and the tops of my hip bones. Four inch heeled, black, pointed-toed boots on my feet. My hair was in a pony tail and I wore full make-up. As always when not in my direct control, he wore his penis tube, locked in place through his penis frenum piercing. [His chastity device and regime are fully described in the 3 September 2005 entry in volume 1.]

One hour and twenty three minutes later he presented himself in front of me indicating his chores were completed.

'All done pansy?'

'Yes Mistress.'

'Good. Well let's check the vacuuming and dusting shall we?' He looked miserable at the prospect of my checking. I cuffed his wrists behind him and attached a dog's leash to the ring through his clitty piercing. As we walked from room to room, the scent of fresh polish filled the air, together with the sound of the heels of my boots clicking on the hard floor surfaces. I ran my finger over a good sample of the dusted surfaces. I found dust on the top of some candle holders and on a section of woodwork on the stairs. Both times, I presented the line of dust on my finger to his face to indicate the evidence and then wiped the finger across his tongue, to clean the dust from my finger. Every time I found a small speck of detritus on the floor; that was also deposited on his tongue. Each time his tongue was employed he pulled a revolted face which amused me greatly, as it always does. At the end of the inspection I totted up the demerits for the infractions and he was duly bent over to receive 25 with the cane. The peace and quiet of my cottage momentarily shattered by the sound of cane striking flesh and bitch-boy begging and pleading and gasping. If he thought his chores were over he was wrong.

'Now bitch-boy, I want you to clean the bathroom, and the toilet needs to be clean enough to eat your food from, if you know what I mean.' I smiled wickedly as his begging began. He knew exactly what I meant and was very unhappy.

'Please no Mistress, please not that, please?'

'There is no negotiation; you know I enjoy feeding you that way. Now go and get on with it. You have 17 minutes.'

16 minutes later he again presented himself in front of me, indicating his latest chore was completed. The inspection regime was again followed but this time I found no fault. I instructed him to prepare and serve my lunch. While I ate my lunch, he knelt at my side on a square of coir matting with his nose pressed to the wall and arms folded behind his back. He

pleaded not to have to kneel on the coir matting which he advised me was very, very painful. I responded that that was the point of it. When I had finished my lunch and he had tidied things away, I instructed him to join me in the bathroom, after collecting a tea spoon and a tub of black cherry yoghurt from the kitchen. As he turned to do so, he let out a deathly sigh and his chin dropped to his chest.

I sat on the edge of the bath and he knelt on the floor next to the toilet, his wrists cuffed behind his back. I smiled broadly as I lifted the lid and seat of the toilet exposing the white china rim. He began begging in a distressed manner, which I ignored. The aroma of the yoghurt merged with that of the freshly used cleaning products. I deposited a spoonful of the yoghurt along the top of the white vitreous china toilet rim.

'There; your lovely lunch; off you go then.' He paused momentarily and begged some more. I remained silent and he slowly lowered his head and with tongue and lips removed the yoghurt from the china surface. Over the next 15 minutes I again and again deposited a spoonful of the yoghurt onto the rim and watched him lick it up; making little slurping noises as he tried to consume his yoghurt with minimal contact of his lips to the cold white china surface. I really enjoy making pretty patterns. Sometimes a long winding line like a snake; sometimes circular drops, in decreasing size as the amount left on the spoon diminishes to nothing. He begs before consuming the majority of the spoonfuls as he really hates this extreme form of degradation. I just love it and it makes me feel so very powerful and wicked. And anyway it is up to him to make sure the rim is clean enough for him to eat his lunch from. I have some nasty plans to make this ritual even worse for him in the future. One is to use pureed sweet corn instead of yoghurt. He hates the taste of sweet corn. Another will require him to kneel and watch as I urinate into the toilet, after he has cleaned it; and then he will be licking the pureed sweet corn from the rim while my fresh urine sits in the yet to be flushed toilet. That will be a lovely mixture of aromas for him and colours for me, from where I will be sitting. I will allow him to flush the toilet once he has finished his lunch.

His lunch finally over, I found that all the lovely cruelty, and his near constant, distressed pleading, had got me rather hot. So I led bitch-boy upstairs, laid him on his back and queened him for a while; enjoying his tongue working away at my asshole. After five minutes of that I shifted my body forward a tiny bit and he began long strokes of his tongue along the length of my cunt, catching my clit with each stroke as he is trained to do. Soon enough I moaned loudly as a very powerful orgasm consumed me, followed by five minutes of silence, but for the birdsong, during my recovery time.

It was now time for him to be cruelly and deeply humiliated to provide me with entertainment. After he had stripped and put away his maids outfit and wig, I began the process of transforming him into a little girl, or should I say a man, as a parody of a little girl. I removed the restraint tube from his little clitty. The eyelashes and make-up remained. I began with a liberal spray of very cheap teenager's perfume. The room was filled with the sickly sweet scent. He hates having the perfume sprayed onto him. I had him in white Mary Jane shoes and white ankle socks with a lace frill and large bows on the front in pink gingham. I secured his pastel yellow baby reins over his little girl dress, the hem of which reaches down only to his hips. I pulled a blonde wig onto his head with pigtails, and each pigtail sported a big ribbon bow. Over the wig, a baby's bonnet, which was tied in a bow under his chin. I also added a very large pink ribbon to each wrist, tied in a big bow. Finally I secured his wrists into the restraints attached to the front of the reins and pushed his three foot tall dolly under his arm. I led him to the full length mirror and had him look at himself while I verbally shamed him and set out the rules for the afternoon.

'You will lisp until further notice and any failure to lisp will result in the cane. Do you understand?'

'Yeth Mithtreth.'

'You will stand and walk with pigeon-toes until further notice and any failure to do so will result in the cane. Do you understand?'

'Yeth Mithtreth.'

'Any hesitation to follow an instruction, no matter how humiliating, will result in the cane. Do you understand?'

'Yeth Mithtreth.'

'If you drop Suzette Simperkins, your dolly, you will be caned, do you understand?'

'Yeth Mithtreth.' He let out a sob-come-sigh and almost imperceptibly shook his head from side to side, now fully understanding the levels of humiliation that were in store for him. As a final gesture of my spitefulness I tied a large ribbon, tightly in a bow around his shaved genitals which were permanently on display below the hem of his dress.

Having led him downstairs by the reins, I had him stand in the middle of the room while I sat on the sofa. I had previously named him Baby Betsy when I had him parodying a little girl, but as I observed him in all his finery, it occurred to me that this was not a humiliating enough name. I spoke with a smile.

'I have decided you need a more humiliating name than Baby Betsy, so from now on you will be called Baby Girl Belindakins, or Belindakins for short.' He just stared at me miserably which broadened my smile. His eyes revealed the mental pain he was enduring.

'Now then, Baby Girl Belindakins, come over here.' I beckoned him to stand directly in front of me between my parted legs. I began to manipulate his genitals in both hands and he soon responded, in his desperate, denied state, with a very hard erection. I pumped him and brought him right to the edge before suddenly letting go. I spoke calmly.

'That's enough of that.' He looked so confused, and of course so ridiculous, with his hard little erection, bound in its ribbon bow, poking out from below the hem of his baby dress. I released his wrists from the cuffs on the reins and instructed him to go and get his other dolly, his teddy and the little tea-set I had bought him for Christmas. He looked close to tears as he whispered.

'Pleath no Mithtreth, pleath, not that.'

'Yes Baby Girl Belindakins, you are going to have a little tea-party with your two dollies and your teddy. Now off you go.' He paused momentarily and then begrudgingly took four paces before I exclaimed in a stern tone.

'Get back here!' He turned and looked frightened.

'You did not walk with pigeoned-toes Belindakins; that means the cane.' Despite his protests and apologies he was duly bent over the dining table, wrists bound behind him, and I delivered 12 very hard cane strokes. He yelped and whimpered as each stroke made its vivid red line.

The tea party was set up on the floor at my feet where Belindakins sat with her teddy and two dollies. After a second and then a third caning for insubordinate hesitancy on the part of Belindakins, she eventually followed the humiliating ritual to my exact instructions while I looked down with an amused mocking smirk. She had to ask each tea-party guest if they wanted tea and then answer in the tea-party guest's voice. Then ask if they wanted milk, answering in the tea-party guest's voice. Then ask if they wanted sugar, answering in the tea-party guest's voice. Belindakins then had to pretend to serve the tea and then had to hold the cups to the mouth of each guest in turn so that they could drink their pretend tea. It is fair to say that bitch-boy loathes this ritual with every fibre of his being and is profoundly humiliated

by performing it in front of me while I laugh at him and think of little additions to make it worse still. I was not surprised the cane had to be used several times before he was fully compliant.

The tea party was finally concluded but bitch-boy's humiliations were far from over. Once he had tidied away the tea party paraphernalia, I announced that Baby Girl Belindakins could do some colouring-in for a while, and I would read a magazine. Bitch-boy silently and slowly shook his head from side to side. Five minutes later she sat at my feet with her Disney Princess colouring book and pack of felt pens. I selected a page to be coloured in, as I normally do, and I warned Belindakins that I would be inspecting the colouring-in and there would be a caning if she went over the lines. However I was feeling especially wicked and had thought of an enhancement to the colouring-in routine which I knew he would completely abhor. Knowing he really hates play-acting the part of his dolly, Suzzette Simperkins, and finds doing so utterly humiliating, I informed him he must ask Suzzette Simperkins what colour to use for each discrete shape to be coloured in, and then answer in the role and voice of Suzzette Simperkins. With a pained expression he began pleading.

'Pleath no, pleath, pleath Mithtreth. Pleath, pleath no, pleath?' The manner of his pleading confirmed to me that my new innovation had hit the mark. I responded with unfeeling insistence.

'You will do as you are told and I will cane you long and hard if there is any hesitation; do you understand?' he let out a distressed sigh before responding meekly.

'Yeth Mithtreth.' He was obviously quite sore after his three recent canings and I am sure the thought of a fourth helped him decide to comply. He began.

'What colour should the printheth's thkirt be Thuzzette Thimperkins?' After a pause he then whispered the single word,

'Red.' I interjected immediately.

'Your dolly would not simply articulate the colour Belindakins, she would articulate the colour and add your name on the end. Do it again!' He meekly and quietly spoke again, cringing with shame.

'What colour should the printheth's thkirt be Thuzzette Thimperkins?' He answered quietly, pretending to be his dolly.

'Red, Baby Girl Belindakins.' A chuckle from me, and a pause while the skirt was coloured-in.

'What colour should the printheth's gloves be Thuzzette Thimperkins?'

'Yellow, Baby Girl Belindakins.'

A chuckle from me, and a pause while the gloves were coloured-in.

'What colour should the frog be Thuzzette Thimperkins?'

'Green, Baby Girl Belindakins.'

And so it went on. It was as though I had invented a perpetual motion shaming machine; humiliation of the most efficient kind. Without any further effort on my part, he had to repeatedly subject himself to turns of humiliation while kneeling at my feet, holding Suzzette Simperkins next to him, using his right hand to colour-in.

If he stopped colouring-in he would be punished. If when I inspected his colouring-in, an item was coloured-in for which he had not asked Suzzette Simperkins to select a colour, he would be punished. So I could sit back, flicking through my magazine and every few minutes would hear him ask Suzzette Simperkins what colour an item should be and then hear him answer with a chosen colour in the voice of Suzzette Simperkins. The little chuckle from me each time, often without me even looking up from my magazine, dramatically increased his terrible humiliation. From time to time, I would however interject that his Suzzette Simperkins voice had not been simpering and girlie enough and he would have to repeat the question and the doll's answer, always followed by my derisory chuckle. When the page was completed, I

inspected his work and there were four instances where he had made a mark outside the lines of the object he was colouring-in. This was not surprising because the felt pens are quite thick, but that is not my problem. I awarded five strokes of the cane for each time he had gone outside the line. By the end of the caning, taking account of the cumulative effect of the previous canings and humiliations, bitch-boy was utterly conquered and subjugated. He breathed hard and whimpered throughout.

I was still in the mood for more cruel fun. I had him stand in front of where I sat and I buckled his wrists into the wrist restraints of his baby reins. I caressed his shaved genitals with both hands and soon had the desperate creature at the edge of an orgasm. I edged him twice more and then I sat back leaving him gasping and breathing heavily. He again looked quite ridiculous in his little girl outfit with his hard little erection poking out and twitching with desperation. I parted my thighs.

'You don't get to come, but I do. Kneel down and get to work with that obedient little tongue Belindakins.'

After I recovered from a very powerful orgasm fuelled by so much wickedness, I thought Belindakins needed a drink and some respite. I gathered what I needed with a quick trip to the kitchen. I returned to Belindakins, who was now sitting on the floor, and after tying her adult sized baby's bib in place, I sat down on the sofa to her side and offered the spout of her feeder cup to her lips. The cup was purchased from a website catering to dementia sufferers and their carers'. It is bright yellow and, on its shiny outer surface, has little hearts and flowers painted on it, by bitch-boy, to my instruction.

'Does your drink taste nice Baby Girl Belindakins? Equal proportions of tap water and my urine; you are such a lucky little baby girl that I put so much effort into your care.' When the contents of the cup had been consumed, I picked up Belindakin's large dummy and a bottle of fluid used for preventing nail biting, which I like to keep to hand. It has the most foul, bitter taste. The taste is truly repulsive and I would say actually unbearable to endure for more than a moment; but bitch-boy often has to bear the unbearable. While Belindakins shook her head from side to side, I applied several coats to the teat of the dummy. I led Belindakins over to an armchair facing the sofa and seating her on it I tied the dummy in place with an elasticated ribbon in a bow behind her head. Belindakins pulled some exceptional expressions of disgust at the taste of the dummy teat and began whimpering which made me smile cruelly. I then sat her big dolly, Suzette Simperkins, to her side and had Belindakins grasp the doll's leg with one of his restrained hands, so that the dolly was nicely held in place. Finally I looped a length of wide pink ribbon around each of Belindakin's ankles and tied her ankles to the chair legs.

'Now then Baby Girl Belindakins, you can sit and rest nicely for a while with your big dolly to keep you company and sucking on your lovely dummy to make you feel nice and secure.' I stood back to admire my handiwork and laughed at the scene of shame faced, distressed, whimpering misery. The foul taste was clearly a severe trial for bitch-boy and I was glad I had left the bib in place because it looked liked my baby would be dribbling rather than swallowing in the not too distant future.

Sitting on the sofa, I switched on the TV and laid back relaxing with my feet up, glancing from time to time at my very miserable toy opposite me. It was over two and a half hours before bitch-boy was released and returned to his maid's outfit to tidy up and prepare my evening meal. There is something very decadent and powerful in having a human doll to play with. In this final diversion of the day, a living statue or installation, to provide amusement; hours of being ignored apart from the occasional glance and chuckle of derision. Helpless and hopeless, a dehumanised object with no free will whatsoever, responsive only to the whims of another human being; undergoing the extreme tedium of the life of an inanimate item of

household ownership. No activity to undertake, no book, magazine or TV screen to look at, the only sensory input being the occasional sight of a cruelly smiling face and the occasional sounds of derisory chuckling and demeaning comments.

He never did get to orgasm that day.

22 April 2007: Rainy Sunday, electricity box testing

Intermittent heavy rain showers were forecast for the whole day. I decided it would therefore be a good day to experiment on bitch-boy with my electricity box. A quite expensive purchase: an Erostek ET232 tens unit.

It has two output channels, labelled A and B, each with its own power output level control. It has 12 different pulse settings with names like, Thump, Stroke, Random and Waves. Three other settings provide pulses of electricity activated when the unit receives a sound. Finally it also has a dial to set the frequency of the pulses delivered; from several pulses per second through to only one pulse per minute. To deliver the pulses to bitch-boy, I have a pair of penis straps and also an electrode butt plug.

In preparation for the fun, I turned up the heating in the bedroom and placed the Erostek tens unit on the bed. Laying him naked, and on his back, on one side of the bed. I propped up his head and trunk on some pillows so he could see me and see what was happening to his poor genitals. I secured bitch-boy's hands to the rails at the top of the bed and his feet wide apart at the bottom. I secured an inflatable gag in his mouth and removed his penis restraint. I then laid top-to-tail with him so my feet were up by his head. I wore high heeled designer sandals and a very expensive bra and thong set. With the novel I was currently reading to hand, I was thoroughly prepared. Laid on my side, with my knees bent, he had a very arousing view of my beautiful feet and shoes, my shapely legs and my equally shapely arse. I began stroking his shaved cock and balls with both hands and he immediately became granite hard and began whimpering. It was a long time since he had last cum so I was not surprised at his reaction to my skilful butterfly strokes of his balls and perineum; and at the same time, my firm rhythmic pumping and squeezing of his hard little clitty.

'Time for some electricity fun I think.' His whimpering changed in tone, now representing begging rather than pleasure. I secured the electrode straps to his clitty; one at the base and one just below the head. I picked up the unit and he fell silent; now obviously focussed, with extreme anxiety and concentration, on detecting the nasty sensations that might, at any second, run through his hard clitty. I selected the Waves option on the unit and moved dial A up to setting three. His whimpering began again, in earnest.

'Hmmm. You can feel that then.' I chuckled. He continued whimpering. I delicately increased the intensity by another half an increment and, making me smile, his whimpering increased a little further in response to the marginally more powerful surges of electricity. This was such fun. Moving my attention to the central dial I set the setting to half-way which increased the frequency of the wave-shocks and of his whimpering sounds. I set the unit down on the bed and picked up my book and began reading.

After about ten minutes, I returned my attention to the control box and moved the setting from Waves to Thumps. He clearly disliked the Thumps setting even more than the Waves setting and now emitted regular distressed gasps about once a second. After another 10 minutes, I increased the power by another half an increment so the power level was set to four. He tried to utter the word *'please'* again and again despite the inflatable gag. I could just discern this and spoke with a tinkling laugh.

'It's no use asking please, please. I am enjoying myself and that's all that counts.' So the game went on; for over an hour in the end. Once or twice I had to rekindle a full erection in

him but that took only seconds each time. At the end of the hour I moved to sit up at the opposite end of the bed facing bitch-boy and moving the silky fabric of my thong to one side, I began to bring myself to a powerful orgasm; having become aroused by my fun game. He looked at me as I began masturbating, no doubt noticing the glitter of amusement and wickedness in my eyes, as I turned up the power yet again, by a quarter of an increment. I then closed my eyes and drifted into euphoric reverie as I played with my clit to the arousing sounds of his yet more earnestly distressed whimpering noises and attempted but stifled begging words.

Having recovered from my orgasm, I decided to conduct some experiments. First I tried some of the other settings with the straps in their current positions. There are so many options with the Erostek Tens unit and the penis electrode straps, I am not sure if I will ever get to try them all. Next, I swapped the polarity of the straps. Next, I left the one strap just under the head of the penis but secured the other around the base of his clitty and his balls. The extra distance between the strap electrodes now required a little more power to produce appropriate levels of whimpering. I made a mental note to interrogate him later about each of the feelings induced by the various options I tested. The setting of Thump seemed to work well with the straps in this new position. I moved onto the Sound setting whereby I could induce a shock by clapping my hands; such amusing fun! I made a mental note for some time in the future, to use this setting while dancing erotically in front of him to some loud R&B music with a regular and loud base beat.

Leaving the bed for my final experiment, I inserted the butt plug electrode inside him and connected it to channel B. 'B' for butt plug I thought to myself. I removed his gag and secured him on his knees in front of me, with his wrists and elbows bound behind his back. I pushed his head down to the floor and set the channel A dial to begin delivering moderate shocks to his genitals.

'Beg me to stop then bitch-boy.' He immediately began begging sweetly, his face directed at my shoes. I however, wanted more passion from him so I upped the power. Satisfyingly, more passion in his begging was the result. I turned the power up a little more and smiled as his begging began to take on a panic-stricken quality. After another 30 seconds I dropped the power to zero. It was immensely decadent and pleasurable to look down at him, kneeling at my feet while he breathed-in large gulps of air. I had not finished however. For the first time, I turned up the power on dial B. He began to make distraught gasping sounds and then began his begging again.

'No I don't want begging now. I want you to start kissing the ground I walk on. When I can clearly hear you ardently and passionately kissing the ground I walk on, I will turn off the power.' What a sight he made as I looked down at him, kissing the polished floorboards between my shoes while, every second or so, his body convulsed a little with the shocks. Just for fun I turned up the power briefly and his kissing, as a few moments ago, again took on a distorted, panic-stricken style which caused me to laugh out loud. Finally I turned off the power and sat down on the bed with my toned thighs splayed wide apart. He knelt between them. He looked exhausted which was understandable given he had suffered over an hour of various types of electrical shocks to his penis, without any sort of break.

'If you lick me conscientiously to a very nice orgasm, I will leave the power off and your ordeal is over for today. If not, woe betide you. Oh and by the way, you will not be cumming today.' With the wires trailing up his back to the unit at my side, his gentle kisses worked their way up and down the inside of one thigh and then the inside of the other before he moved delicately to my clit. His level of reverence and diligence was a delight and I quickly moved to a very, very powerful orgasm.

4 September 2010: A new level of obedience is sought

I downloaded a female domination book from the website *Lulu.com*. The book was a compendium of letters sent to hardcopy femdom magazines in the seventies. I like to read such material to get fresh ideas for inclusion in my regime with bitch-boy. I was struck by one letter in particular which revealed a practice that required a level of obedience in the slave-husband potentially beyond that I had achieved with bitch-boy. I was really taken with both the entertainment aspect and subjugation value of the practice, and I was a little envious that perhaps some other dominant women had even more power over their slave than I did over mine. I read the letter out to bitch-boy and explained I was considering adopting the practice in question from time to time. He agreed that the practice did indeed reveal the highest level of submission and amazingly he commented, albeit tactfully, that it was likely to require a level of tenacity and doggedness beyond that my hedonistic attention span would be able to manage. I was taken aback with his audacity, although it was probably motivated by both a realistic evaluation of my personality as well as a wish to avoid me adopting the practice. The combination of his comment and my attraction to the practice resulted in a solid determination on my part to include the practice in my regime and I informed bitch-boy of this. He immediately, earnestly begged me to reconsider, clearly hating the prospect, which simply hardened my determination yet further. I did make a mental note though, that I would probably have to adopt a level of patient, painstaking discipline that would, in the past, have been beyond my decadence and hedonism. I resolved that the reward would be worth the effort.

In the letter in question, there was a slave-husband called Pamsy. He was ruled by his wife with the occasional assistance of her sister and the constant assistance of her live-in mother. The women were very cruel and strict. The practice I was smitten by is not easy to describe. In a nutshell, Pamsy had clearly been trained to be sycophantic, toadying and obsequious when being dealt with in a manner he found distressing. So, to give examples from the letter, if Pamsy's penis was being scrubbed clean with a toothbrush, and he was asked whether the scrubbing was hard enough he was expected to answer as follows.

'Oh no, please, please scrub much harder and for much longer Mistress, my tiny clitty is a disgusting object and can never be cleaned exhaustively enough.' If Pamsy's penis was being rinsed with a very hot flannel and he was asked whether the flannel was hot enough he was expected to answer as follows.

'Oh I don't think it is hot enough, please, please make it hotter and hold the flannel very tightly around the disgusting little object.' If Pamsy was being caned and after perhaps two dozen strokes, he was asked whether enough strokes had been applied, he was expected to answer as follows.

'Oh no, I can never be punished enough, because I am so pathetic and stupid please, please give me some more strokes of the cane Mistress.'

I am sure you can see how wickedly amusing this practice is and just how much obedience is required. I decided to set pen to paper and begin working on a plan for adopting the practice; although I wanted it to be an option I could choose at my whim, from time to time, rather than a 24-7 part of my regime. It seemed from the letter that for poor Pamsy it was a 24-7 element of his life. I needed to give the practice a name so that I could inform bitch-boy of when it applied. Although a bit of a mouthful I decided to call it his *Obsequious Obligation*. When the plan was complete I had bitch-boy kneel in front of me.

'Now then bitch-boy, you remember the practice I remarked on from the letter about Pamsy. The practice you felt may be beyond me to enforce?' Bitch-boy looked up at me with a remorseful and nervous expression and nodded.

'Well it is to become an occasional part of your life.' His expression moved to one of pained acquiescence.

'I am calling it your Obsequious Obligation, which means that when I tell you your Obsequious Obligation applies until further notice, you will follow the practice until you are told that your Obsequious Obligation is suspended. Of course, if I really get to like it, I may make it a 24-7 obligation.' His expression was a picture of despondency on hearing my final comment. I ignored his expression and his obvious underlying emotions and continued in a no-nonsense manner.

'When the obligation is in force you will follow these five rules. Rule one: when instructed to do anything that will result in your distress; be it painful or humiliating or anything else, you will not beg for the instruction to be rescinded. Not even once. You will follow all instructions without comment or hesitation. Rule two: when undergoing any sort of distressing treatment; be it painful, or humiliating or anything else, you will not beg for it to cease. You may squirm or whimper or cry like a baby girl, but you will not indicate in any way verbally, a desire for the treatment to cease. Rule three; if asked if the treatment should continue, you will beg for it to continue and beg for it to be amplified and explain why; just as Pamsy does in the letter. You will need to be creative and I will expect you to be so. Rule four: when you beg you will do so in a very sissyish tone and style. Your tone will be whining, sissyish and high pitched. Your style will be overly dramatic, sycophantic and obsequious. You will be fawning, servile and toadying. So you will be using the word please many times in each of your sentences and the word please will be elongated at the vowels. "Pleeeeeease, pleeeeeease". You will encourage your tormentor. You will describe how pathetic you are and what a sissy you are. Finally, rule 5: You will always lisp when your Obsequious Obligation is in force.' He looked like he was about to cry. I continued.

'When in force this obligation requires creativity and pro-activity on your part. Be clear that you will be judged on these facets. I know how creative you are and any failure on your part to fully embrace the rules 100 percent will be noted and dealt with very harshly. As I say, be clear that you will be judged on the facets of creativity and pro-activity. Your training begins tomorrow evening.' I sat back to take a sip of my mineral water while my pronouncements sank in.

I had been thinking about this training session all day and now it was about to begin. I had prepared myself mentally to be as tenacious, dedicated and as strict as the sought outcome required. I was assuming a number of training sessions would be necessary to reach perfection. Bitch-boy had been transformed by me into a parody of a little girl. I had removed the restraint tube from his little clitty, applied one inch false eyelashes, frosted pink lipstick and sky blue eye shadow up to his eyebrows. I had him in white Mary Jane shoes and white ankle socks with lace frills and large bows on the front in white satin. His pastel yellow baby reins were secured over his little girl dress which reaches down only to his hips. He wore his blonde pigtails wig and each pigtail sported a big ribbon bow. Over the wig a baby's bonnet which was secured with a bow under his chin. I pulled short white lace gloves onto his hands and secured his wrists into the restraints attached to the reins. Without further ado, I secured him over the dining table so that his arse was conveniently presented for a caning.

'Bitch-boy, the Obsequious Obligation now applies. Do you remember the five rules?'

'I think so Mistress.' I brought the cane down with all my might. He gasped loudly and took some rapid audible breaths.

'Well as rule five requires you to lisp it seems you do not remember the rules very

well. Do you remember the rules?’

‘Yeth Mithtreth.’

‘Now then bitch-boy, we are starting with a deterrent punishment.’ I gave him three hard strokes with half a second between each stroke. Bitch-boy let out a little moan. I began a routine of three hard strokes with half a second between each stroke followed by about a five second pause, then another set of three strokes and so on. After a dozen strokes he began to wriggle and gasp on receipt of each stroke. I applied a further two sets of three and then stroked his bottom with my hand to test the level of heat, while I spoke patronisingly to him.

‘So far so good bitch-boy. You did not request to forgo the deterrent punishment; that was good. Your last words were lisped; that was good. You have not begged me to stop; that is good.’ I applied another dozen strokes and his wriggling and gasping became considerably more intense. I applied a further three and in a distraught voice he spoke.

‘Oh pleath, pleath Mithtreth.’ I responded in a stern, forceful voice.

‘Please what Pansy?’ He paused for a good five seconds before responding in a resigned and miserable tone.

‘Pleath continue with my deterrent punishment Mithtreth.’ I considered his response for a few moments.

‘Hmmm. While your request for me to continue is in the spirit of your Obsequious Obligation, I believe your original words of please, please Mistress were actually a request for me to halt the punishment. That broke rule two. Remember rule two? When undergoing any sort of distressing treatment, you will not beg for it to cease. So you have already broken rules five and two so far.’ I paused and stroked his bottom with my hand to again test the level of heat. Satisfied it was getting very hot I carried on talking.

‘When I have finished this deterrent punishment I will give you 20 strokes for each of the two infractions so far.’ After a pause he emitted a long emotional sigh. I applied another two sets of three strokes before speaking again.

‘Should I end this deterrent punishment now little sissy girl?’ After a long pause he responded.

‘Oh, pleath no Mithtreth, pleath keep going with it.’ I shook my head to myself. I had a long way to go.

‘You have earned another 20 strokes bitch-boy. That was pathetic. Try again. Should I end this deterrent punishment now little sissy girl?’ There was now a distinct tension in the room. Bitch-boy had realised how serious I was. After a pause he spoke again.

‘Oh, pleath, pleath no Mithtreth, pleath keep going with the deterrent punishment. I am a pathetic thlave and need long deterrent punishment to ensure my obedienth.’

‘That was better bitch-boy but I want a more drama queen style and stretch out your pleases. If you answer really well I will deduct ten strokes from the 60 you are owed. If I am displeased I will add another 20.’ Again there was a pause before he broke the tension.

‘Oh, pleeeeeath, pleeeeeath don’t stop Mithtreth. Pleeeeeath keep going with the deterrent punishment. I am such a pathetic thlave and panthy and I really need long deterrent punishment to ensure my obedienth Mithtreth.’ I smiled with triumph.

‘That was better bitch-boy. Not perfect, so no deduction from the 60 I am afraid, but good enough that I will not add a further 20. Now next time I want even more of a sissy drama queen demeanour. I am being lenient because it is your first training session but be clear that when I have completed the training, unless I see and hear extreme sissy drama queen, toadying demeanour, you will be very harshly punished.’

Having completed the deterrent punishment and subsequent punishment for the rule breakages I was satisfied that it was a good first training session. I announced that his

Obsequious Obligation was now suspended until the next training session which Bitch-boy acknowledged with a sullen expression. I let that go because I was in high spirits given the eventual prospect of the completion of the training and the wickedness of this new aspect of my domination. I informed bitch-boy that the next training session would be the evening after next and would broadly follow a penis cleaning session as set out in the letter relating to Pamsy.

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Bitch-boy was secured, standing up, at the end of the dining table for training session two. Facing away from the table, his ankles wide apart, tied to the table legs and his wrists were cuffed behind him. His penis tube was removed and he was blindfolded. I announced that his *Obsequious Obligation* now applied until further notice. I sat on a chair facing him and his freshly shaved genitals protruded conveniently at my chest height. Reaching up I removed his blindfold. He sighed deeply, shook his head from side to side and adopted a very pained expression when he noticed the array of equipment just behind me on the window sill. I had set out a pair of rubber gloves, a tube of *Deep Heat* embrocation cream, my 12 inch plastic ruler, a toothbrush, a flannel and a steaming bowl of water fresh from the kettle.

I wore high heeled, black patent knee-length boots, a wrap around black leather miniskirt, sporting a couple of pleats at the front and a long-sleeved, see-through lace blouse which has a little collar. Depending on the angle and direction of light – sometimes the outline of my perfect B cup breasts are completely visible and at other times, simply the dark outline of my aureole.

'Well now bitch-boy, training session two. I warn you I am looking for near perfection now.' I grabbed his chin and directed his gaze so he looked into my eyes. I spoke solemnly with a very serious expression.

'Be clear bitch-boy; I am not going to show any mercy and I am going to be very, very harsh if you are not completely compliant. You had better show all your creativity and pro-activeness too. Are you clear?' He looked frightened and hopeless as he nodded his head. I was content that he believed me. My tone changed to one of cheerfulness as I advised him it was time for a wash and brush up while I put on the rubber gloves. I manipulated his little clitty with one hand while tickling his balls with the other. He had not cum for 16 days and within a few seconds he became granite hard in my gripping hand while he gasped repeatedly with pleasure. Turning away from him, I dropped the flannel into the bowl of steaming hot water, rinsed off the excess and turning back to him, I wrapped it around his hard little clitty. He jerked against his restraints and whimpered with teeth clenched. I noted he did not beg for the flannel to be removed which was pleasing. I spoke with an innocent expression and tone.

'Is the water hot enough little sissy?' After about ten seconds he spoke, he looked very upset.

'No Mithtreth, pleath can it be hotter?' The tone of my response revealed my anger with him.

'That was pathetic bitch-boy. I did warn you.' I returned the flannel to the bowl and picked up the ruler. Holding his still rock hard clitty with my left hand I began, with the ruler in my right hand, to smack his clitty with very hard smacks. I delivered seven smacks to each of the top, left side, right side and bottom surfaces of his clitty while he gasped and cried out in shock at the force and number of the smacks. He was panting and whimpering when I returned the ruler to the window sill. He was very distressed which was not surprising because I had used much more force than I ever normally would with the ruler and I am sure the skin being wet only added to the soreness. I grabbed his chin again and he looked into my eyes.

'Now then bitch-boy, if I have to administer another punishment, the smacks will be even harder and there will be at least treble the number of smacks. Are you clear?' He nodded and I noticed a single tear at the corner of each eye. He looked terrified. The flannel was reapplied and again he clenched his teeth and emitted distressed sighing and whimpering noises. I then spoke with an innocent tone.

'Is the water hot enough little sissy girl?' After only three seconds he spoke. He looked close to tears.

'No Mithtreth abtholutley not. Pleeeeeathe, pleeeeeeathe can it be much, much hotter. It ith a dithguthding object and needth really, really hot water to make it properly clean.' I smiled with satisfaction and continued my role play with great delight.

'Well actually I have finished with the water for now pansy piece and it is time for the toothbrush scrubbing.' Removing the flannel, I rhythmically squeezed him in a clenched fist for a while until the hardness fully returned and then I picked up the toothbrush. I heard a little sob as I began scrubbing lightly at the skin of the shaft.

'Am I scrubbing hard enough pansy?' After a five second pause bitch-boy began speaking. He sounded very close to tears.

'No Mithtreth, you are not thcrubbing hard enough. Pleeeeeathe, pleeeeeeathe thcrub much harder so that the nasty object can be really clean.'

'Of course I will scrub harder if you are sure that is what you want little sissy?'

'Oh yeth Mithtreth that really, really ith what I want, pleeeeeeathe.' I began scrubbing a little harder while he responded with lots of gasps and sobbing and whimpering. This was so delightfully wicked.

After the scrubbing it was time for moisturising with the Deep Heat embrocation cream. I warned the now thoroughly distressed bitch-boy not to spoil his progress and that I would not hesitate to apply the ruler most harshly and enduringly if he slacked off in his compliance at this point. Proving his training was a success and his fear of a smacking with the ruler on his already very sore clitty was an adequate threat, bitch-boy responded appropriately to my question about how much cream I should use. And when I began rubbing the cream in and I asked whether there was any part of his little clitty that should get an especially thick coating, he responded in a toadying, sissy style that I should pull the foreskin right back and rub an especially thick coat really well into the whole of the head of his clitty. I was consumed with a mixture of triumph, amusement and sadistic arousal. The Deep Heat was especially cruel after the hot water had opened all the pores and the toothbrush had created a myriad of little sensitive scratches on the skin. When it began to invoke its full burning effect, I was not surprised that he started to cry properly, his chin resting on his chest and his head twisting from side to side. The room was filled with the eucalyptus aroma of the Deep Heat. I removed the rubber gloves and sat back and parted my thighs, moving my hand to my clit. I was in need of sexual release. Just before I closed my eyes I noticed bitch-boy look in my direction, no doubt in response to the sound of my shifting in my seat and removing the gloves. Perhaps he feared a further act of cruelty on my part. It was very pleasing to see the unmistakable look of awe in his eyes when he realised my decadence and sadism necessitated a sexual release as a result of his misery and humiliation, despite the extremes we had just shared. Just for a moment, before I drifted into sexual reverie, I pondered that his awe of my cruelty, dominance and decadence continued to fuel his obsession with me and although I had constructed a web from which he could never escape, I knew given his submissive soul, he would never be truly content without the extent of my domination over his life and the extreme erotic experiences I brought to his existence. Of course he would no doubt like me to be rather less extreme and perhaps abandon some of his worst living nightmares, but he is in no position to do anything but take everything I choose to do.

Having recovered from my very powerful orgasm, I studied my miserable bitch-boy for a few moments as he breathed shallowly, head on chest, whimpering. He was obviously feeling very sorry for himself and was assuming the severity and duration of his recent ordeal, coupled with my powerful orgasm, signalled his ordeal was over. I look out for these moments because they are perfect opportunities for me to demonstrate to him just what a serious bitch I am, which is a great aid to my subjugation of him and bizarrely results in him being even more in awe of me. I left him for a few seconds to go upstairs and he looked up as I returned and re-entered his field of vision. Panic and misery filled his expression and he began earnest, constant head shaking from side to side in response to the sight of the hairdryer I was now carrying.

'Oh little sissy, what a fuss you are making. Obviously a wash and brush up is concluded with drying; everyone knows that.' I paused and before I asked him my next question, I wondered momentarily if he would still follow the obsequious obligation rule.

'You do need your little clitty to be thoroughly dried don't you?' There was a long pause before he responded with a defeated, hopeless tone.

'Yeth Mithtreth, pleeeeathe, pleeeeathe thoroughly dry my little clitty.' Despite his clear lack of an enthusiastic tone, I was happy he had continued to meet his obsequious obligation.

'Of course I will dry it for you and I will set the dryer to maximum heat so that it dries it properly. That is what you want me to do, isn't it?'

'Yeth Mithtreth, pleeeeathe uthe maxthimum heat.' He looked very close to tears and I decided to overlook his continued lack of enthusiasm on this occasion and get on with the fun.

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After a couple of successful and very amusing sessions of applying his obsequious obligation, I felt the need to show off this new level of dominance. Nadine my lesbian lover was away on a shoot and would not be back for another couple of weeks. I decided to invite my sister Sandra around for a Saturday afternoon of perverse amusement and pleasure. [My sister Sandra was fully introduced in the 16 January 2006 entry in Volume 1].

Bitch-boy had been transformed by me into a parody of a little girl exactly like when I had undertaken his first obsequious obligation training session except I had added a dummy, or pacifier; whichever term is preferred, tied on a length of pink ribbon which was secured to his dress at the shoulder by a large pink safety pin bought from a baby supplies shop. While awaiting the arrival of Sandra, I had him kneel in front of me. First I mind-fucked him to ensure the waiting time was miserable for him.

'Just imagine what it will feel like when Sandra walks in, wearing her day to day clothes, like me, and you will be dressed like that. What will she think of you? What will she say to you; or about you. But there's nothing you can do about it is there? It's going to be so humiliating for you and it's going to be happening sometime in the next half hour. You can have a good think about those first few moments while we wait for Sandra.' I want you to wait in the hall, looking at, and facing the front door, standing with each hand holding up the hem of your little dress; and with your little pinky poking out each side. But before you go to the hall, there is one more thing. During Sandra's visit your obsequious obligation applies. It is very important to me that you are fully compliant with the obligation. I have decided that if you disappoint me, not only will you receive 100 strokes of the cane but also your only sexual relief for the next six months will be by occasional spoilt orgasms. Do you believe me?' He

paused and timidly looked me in the eye. He could see how serious I was.

'Yeth Mithtreth.'

'Now off you go to wait in the hall and don't forget exactly what you look like, and what Sandra is going to see when she walks in.'

A couple of times during the wait, I walked through the hall and past bitch-boy. He looked so ridiculous standing in his short dress, holding the hem up at both sides with his little pinkies sticking out and his shaved genitals embarrassingly on display; nicely encircled in the tight pink ribbon bow. He was looking so nervous and forlorn. He was obviously thinking about how it would feel when Sandra arrived and saw him; excellent.

After around 20 minutes the door knocker sounded and I entered the hall to open the front door. Just before opening the door, with my hand on the latch, I turned and looked into bitch-boy's eyes and smiled wickedly and patronisingly, clearly indicating that his misery was about to increase tenfold. He looked like he might burst into tears at any second. I opened the door wide. Sandra stepped inside and spotted bitch-boy. An enormous smile spread across her face and her eyes glittered wickedly. We briefly embraced and kissed each others' cheek and then she strode across to bitch-boy as I closed the door behind her. I stood with my hands on my hips and when bitch-boy, his face a picture of trepidation and mortification, fleetingly glanced at me as Sandra approached, he could not miss the pleasure and cruelty in my own broad smile. Sandra spoke loudly and disdainfully while chuckling.

'Oh my oh my; what do you look like? What a picture of ridiculousness. Has your mummy got you all dressed up for my visit?' Bitch-boy's head dropped down to his chest. Sandra grabbed his chin between thumb and forefinger and raised his head.

'Oh no, you ridiculous creature; you look me in the eye when I am talking at you.' Bitch-boy complied despite the act of looking Sandra in the eye appearing to cause him actual physical pain. Sandra seized hold of the pacifier and began to repeatedly push it between his lips into his mouth and pull it out again, while she continued her verbal onslaught.

'You're just a human dolly aren't you; a little human doll that superior females can dress up, and undress, and play with, just as we see fit; just however we want. So pathetic; not a real man, despite these silly things poking out down here.' Sandra left the dummy in his mouth and untied the ribbon around his shaved genitals and then retied it very tightly eliciting a gasp from bitch-boy which Sandra ignored.

'And what a tiny little, weeny thing this is.' She held his soft penis between manicured finger and thumb; waggling it from side to side. Bitch-boy was utterly crushed by Sandra's attentions. I wondered if he was about to cry. Sandra stood next me and we both looked at bitch-boy while she spoke.

'Oh I do so enjoy my visits here; they are always so much fun.'

Sandra and I retired to the sitting room while bitch-boy was despatched to the kitchen to prepare two iced teas which he then served to us in the sitting room on a little silver tray.

I explained to Sandra that bitch-boy would be lisping all the time, would be curtsying whenever entering or leaving an occupied room and would be responding to the name of baby Girl Belindakins, or Belindakins for short; which she found very amusing. I did not mention his obsequious obligation. I wanted her to discover that phenomenon for herself; before I fully explained this new occasional aspect of his life of submission to superior females. Sandra and I both wore skin-tight jeans tucked into high heeled boots. My jeans and boots were black. Sandra's jeans were pale blue and her boots were tan. I wore a tight fitting, jade green, lacy blouse and Sandra wore a cropped T-shirt showing off an inch of her taught stomach. We

both stood taller than bitch-boy in his flat heeled Mary Janes' and I knew this, as always, added to his sense of inferiority.

While we caught-up on recent events, bitch-boy was moving to and fro, fetching nibbles from the kitchen, followed by serviettes and suchlike. Within 15 minutes of Sandra's arrival she decided that one of his curtseys was of such poor quality that a punishment was required. Although the curtsey was a little below standard it was clear that Sandra had simply been looking out for an opportunity to carry out a punishment. Sandra pulled her large wooden hairbrush out of her handbag. Bitch-boy looked very unhappy when the hair brush appeared. Sandra has a favourite punishment position and style which is not a favourite of mine but each to their own. Belindakins duly had his wrists bound in front of him and Sandra placed an upright chair in the middle of the room. She sat on the chair and bitch-boy was instructed to lay over her lap. Bitch-boy supported most of his weight with his feet and bound hands resting on the floor. Sandra looked at me with a smile and the hairbrush raised ready to strike the first blow. I raised my hand, palm facing her, indicating I wished her to delay the commencement of the spanking. Sandra looked puzzled, but paused. I spoke with an innocent tone.

'Now then Belindakins; do you think Mistress Sandra should give you a spanking for your below par curtsey?' After a three second pause, bitch-boy responded in little more than a whisper. I knew the threat of the six months of sexual relief consisting of only occasional spoilt orgasms would ensure obedience, notwithstanding the 100 strokes of the cane.

'Oh yeth Mithtreth, I should be given a thorough thpanking for thutch a poor curthey.' An enormous smile appeared on Sandra's face. I responded to bitch-boy.

'Well then Belindakins, ask Mistress Sandra very sweetly to give you a thorough spanking.' There was another brief pause before he spoke again, utterly humiliated.

'Pleath Mithtreth Thandra will you give me a very thorough thpanking for my poor curthey?' Sandra answered with enthusiasm.

'Of course I will Belindakins, a very thorough spanking.' Sandra hits hard with the polished wooden back of the hairbrush and each smack is quite an ordeal for Belindakins. Sandra also likes to cover every inch of bitch-boy's arse, unlike myself. I prefer to concentrate on the sweet spot on each buttock. So when I have finished a spanking there is a red area on each buttock about the size of a saucer. When Sandra has finished a thorough spanking each entire buttock is bright red.

Bitch-boy gasped with each smack and periodically wriggled a little, but not enough to get him into trouble. After about ten minutes Sandra took a break from swinging the hairbrush to make an inspection of her work and consider whether she had completed the spanking. Bitch-boy was very distressed and close to tears. Bitch-boy breathed hard and whimpered a little while Sandra ran her hand across his buttocks feeling for the level and uniformity of heat. He had not begged for Sandra to stop as he would normally have done but it did not seem that Sandra had noticed this. It was now my opportunity to fully exhibit his obsequious obligation.

'Belindakins; do you think you have been spanked enough?' Sandra smiled at me, no doubt assuming I was impressed with her handiwork. Bitch-boy remained silent. I spoke again, this time with menace in my voice.

'Six months and 100 strokes Belindakins; your choice. Do you think you have been spanked enough?' He made a couple of sobbing noises, paused momentarily and then began speaking softly.

'Oh no Mithtreth I have not been thpanked enough. I should be thpanked lots more for being such a thlovenly maid.' Sandra's face was a picture of amused bewilderment. She is however very intelligent and clearly made an accurate assumption about the role now

expected of bitch-boy. She smiled as she spoke in a matter-of-fact fashion.

'So little Belindakins, you want me to spank you some more then?' Bitch-boy sobbed a couple of times again before speaking.

'Oh yeth pleath Mithtreth Thandra, pleath thpank me thome more.' Sandra retained a smile but her expression moved to cruelty. She began again with the hairbrush on bitch-boy's sore bottom. He whimpered and gasped pathetically. After a minute or so, Sandra spoke again.

'Am I spanking you hard enough little sissy Belindakins?' I was very impressed with my sister's astuteness. She had clearly worked out the exact nature of the new requirement on bitch-boy. After a couple of sobs, bitch-boy responded miserably.

'Oh no Mithtreth Thandra, pleath spank me much harder to make me a better behaved maid.' With a smile of cruelty and delighted satisfaction, Sandra started to spank harder. The unfairness, pain and hopeless situation were all too much for bitch-boy and he began to cry just like a little girl. I have no mercy however when it comes to my bitch-boy and I had noticed a shortcoming with his obsequious obligation conduct. I interjected while he was being spanked.

'Belindakins; I am sure you want to use more pleases and elongate them and use an altogether more drama-queen, sissy tone like the pathetic sissy you are. Answer Mistress Sandra again. Is she spanking you hard enough?' Bitch-boy was obviously now utterly defeated. He responded immediately.

'Oh no Mithtreth Thandra, pleeeeeathe, pleeeeeathe spank me much, much harder to make me a better behaved little sissy maid, pleeeeeathe, pleeeeeathe.' Sandra and I both chuckled; a sound which no doubt crushed bitch-boy yet further. I was sure, at that moment, he was in absolutely no doubt that he was simply a toy to be painfully punished and to be a source of amusement to superior females; who had absolutely no mercy whatsoever. The spanking had turned into an especially painful and cruel one but Sandra still had a momentary mind fuck to deploy. Taking another rest she looked at me as she spoke to the crying bitch-boy.

'Should I spank you yet more little sissy Belindakins?' Bitch-boy erupted with a fresh wave of crying and then responded; now clearly beyond hope.

'Oh yeth pleeeeeathe, pleeeeeathe Mithtreth Thandra, pleeeeeathe thpank me thome more.' I became a little concerned about just how much more spanking Sandra was intending to deliver. I have no mercy but I do not want him damaged. However I quickly relaxed and smiled as she responded to bitch-boy.

'Aren't you a greedy little sissy-girl; wanting yet more punishment. However I consider you have had enough; for now at least.'

Bitch-boy was despatched to stand facing the wall, his arms folded behind his back while he recovered some composure. Sandra and I looked at each other and smiled with delight at the fun we were having. Sandra's eyes sparkled brightly with excitement. I was about to fully explain the finer details of the new practice of obsequious obligation when she lent close to me and whispered in my ear before I could begin.

'Oh that was such cruel pleasure; it has really made me horny. Can I take him upstairs for twenty minutes, you know; use his tongue?' I raised my eyebrows and cocked my head to one side. It was not what I had planned but I decided it was only fair, given I frequently have to break off from abusing bitch-boy to seek sexual gratification myself. I knew how she was feeling. I smiled with amusement at her forthrightness.

'Go on then. But don't be all day.' Bitch-boy had not been able to hear our exchange and it was quite amusing watching Sandra walk up to bitch-boy, grab him by the ear and pull him, with a confused expression on his face, off towards the stairs.

I attended to my social emails until they both returned downstairs. Sandra smiled broadly and looked wonderfully contented; bitch-boy no doubt felt more like a human doll than ever, having been lent out to be used with no regard whatsoever given to his preferences or choices. I wanted to fully explain the obsequious obligation to Sandra and so I sent Belindakins out to play in the garden.

Being sent out to play in the garden is a ritualised activity that provides amusement to me and my guests and deeply subjugating humiliation for bitch-boy. I stood him by the back door and, dressed as a parody of a little girl as he was, I secured his wrists into the wrist restraints on his reins, slid his three foot high dolly - Suzette Simperkins under his arm, tied his pacifier into his mouth, and opened the back door. I spoke brightly while Sandra chuckled.

'Out you go to play then Belindakins, like a good little girl. You can play with your dolly Suzette Simperkins for a while.' He momentarily paused and then ruefully shuffled off to stand in the centre of the patio on a specific paving slab which has been marked with an engraved X. I closed the door behind him with a loud clunk, turned to look at Sandra and we both laughed at the wickedness. The paving slab which has been marked with an engraved X is located so that he can be observed if I am in the kitchen or I am in the conservatory; and that is where he must stand when sent out to play in the garden.

He has begged and begged in the past for the ritual to be abandoned, not just because it is so humiliating in its own right, but also because although the garden is completely secluded, he cites the possibility that some extraordinary event may cause him to be seen by strangers when he is outside, such as horse riders trotting close by our rear hedge and seeing over it. I delight that, added to his humiliation, he fears such an unlikely event occurring exactly at the time he is outside and I think, whether in a nappy or when his genitals are exposed like today, that simply adds wonderfully to the ordeal. Sandra and I moved to the kitchen where, through the large window, he could see us talking and smiling and occasionally looking in his direction. I noticed he was failing to follow an aspect of the ritual and to Sandra's great amusement I opened the window briefly to shout at him.

'Pigeoned toed Belindakins; at this house little girls always stand pigeon toed when out to play!' No doubt he could hear us both laughing loudly while I pulled the window shut. Nonetheless, with obvious misery, the toe of each Mary Jane shoe made contact and the heel of each slowly slid outwards, coming to rest eight inches apart; making him look even more ridiculous; if that was possible.

I sat with Sandra in the conservatory, both sipping coffee, so that we could enjoy the amusing sight of Belindakins and so that he could see us relaxing and amused by what we saw. I fully explained the obsequious obligation to Sandra. She absolutely loved it and asked if it could be used often when she visited, to which I agreed.

Sandra decided to stay overnight and the rest of the day was spent relaxing and was in the most part relatively uneventful for bitch-boy, but that would change considerably the next day.

He prepared and served our one-course evening meal, still dressed as a parody of a little girl and when we had both eaten as much as we wanted, leaving some left-overs on our plates, I summoned him over to kneel between us. We sat either side of a corner of the table and swivelled our chairs a little so that we faced him and each other. I handcuffed his wrists behind his back.

'Time for your one and only meal of the day maggot; cold leftovers served on polished wood.' He knew exactly what to expect from many previous experiences. Picking up my plate I spat into the left overs and held it close to Sandra who did likewise. I then held the plate 12 inches above the polished wooden floor boards in front of Belindakins and I scraped the food onto the varnished surface with my knife. He knelt, head hanging down facing the floor, completely still and he watched as I pressed and twisted the sole of my boot into the food scraps. Finally I crossed my legs with my knees apart, exposing the sole of my boot as a vertical surface, now covered in a mess of cold food and spit.

'Off you go then little sissy, we haven't got all night.' With very little enthusiasm, he began to obediently lick and suck the mess from the sole of my boot until it was clean. Then it was Sandra's turn; and so on. Occasionally one of us would lean forward and deposit more spit onto the mess on the floor, before pushing our boot into it and we would both chuckle. Alice's meal ended with him licking the floor clean after which he was instructed to tidy the dining table, fill the dishwasher and tidy the kitchen.

It was about 7:30pm when Alice had finished his chores and timidly stood before me awaiting my next instructions.

'It's time for little girls to be in bed I think, so that the grown-ups can chat and have some peaceful grown-up time.' Sandra laughed. I explained to Sandra that I would be about half an hour and left her watching TV while I took bitch-boy upstairs. First I removed my jeans, put my boots back on because I like how that looks, and had him satisfy me with his tongue. Then I put him into an adult disposable nappy and some lockable plastic pants I had purchased on the internet. They have belt loops around the top through which a thin chain is passed and padlocked securely. I removed his frilly ankle socks and Mary Jane shoes and slipped some pink woollen booties onto his feet, and some woollen mittens onto his hands, again items purchased on the internet. Finally I secured his wrists into the wrist restraints on his reins. I stood back to admire my handiwork and enjoy how thoroughly humiliated bitch-boy was; especially with an 8:00pm bedtime. A very wicked thought crossed my mind.

'There now, all nappied up and ready for bed-y-byes; just one more thing to do. Go down to Sandra, and in your best lisping voice, tell aunty Sandra that you have been sent down so that she can give you a kiss goodnight. I will stay up here at the top of the stairs but I will be listening, so you had better lisp nicely and call her Aunty Sandra as instructed.' He looked mortified.

'Please no Mistress; please don't make me do that, please. I am already being put to bed at eight-o'clock; please.' I smiled cruelly at his distress and squeezed his dolly under his arm as I spoke to him.

'Don't be such a silly little girl, now off you go.' He did not move and looked at me with a pleading expression. After about five seconds I spoke with a very irritated tone and a harsh expression on my face.

'You really do not want to make me angry bitch-boy; go!' His fear outweighed his resistance and despite considerable reluctance he slowly turned and walked off and began his careful descent of the stairs, given his wrists were restrained. I decided to follow him to discretely witness the events from the doorway of the sitting room. Once he entered Sandra's peripheral vision, she turned to face him and laughed out loud at the site that met her gaze.

'Oh my, oh my; all ready for bed little baby girl. What sweet little mittens and booties. Oh and you are wearing a nappy. Do you still wet yourself at night, oh dear. Oh and you have got your dolly to keep you company in bed, isn't that sweet.' Belindakins stood with his chin on his chest about four feet from Sandra and remained silent. The frozen scene continued for a few more seconds and Sandra adopted a confused and amused expression.

'Well what's happening Belindakins? Why are you standing there? Is your

mummy coming down to join us? After a brief pause he responded.

'No Mithtreth Thandra.' Still thoroughly amused and confused Sandra spoke again.

'Well why are you standing there Belindakins?' After a longer pause he spoke in a whisper, blushing deeply.

'I have been thent down tho that you can give me a kith goodnight aunty Thandra.' Sandra laughed loudly and clapped her hands, thoroughly amused and very aware of how humiliating bitch-boy was finding the exchange. Her eyes flicked over to the doorway in which I was standing and she noticed me peeping around the door frame. I raised an upright finger to my lips and she understood I did not want bitch-boy to know I was watching. She returned her attention to him. She spoke while dipping her hand into her handbag.

'Come here then and aunty Sandra will give you a lovely kiss goodnight.' From her handbag she retrieved a scarlet lipstick and while an uncomfortable bitch-boy stood directly in front of where she sat, she applied a thick coat to her lips. Returning the lipstick to her handbag she grasped bitch-boy by the shoulders and bent him at the waist so that his face was only inches from hers. I noted and enjoyed how helpless he was, to be pulled this way and that, with his wrists secured at his stomach. Sandra held his head with a hand each side of his face, tilted his head down and planted a big kiss on his forehead; making an exaggerated kissing sound.

'Mmmmwah.' She moved him back into an upright position and smirked at the vivid lipstick impression of her lips on his forehead.

'There now, a big kiss from aunty Sandra. Off you go to bed then. Sweet dreams Baby Girl Belindakins.' I waited for the utterly humiliated bitch-boy to turn towards the door and make his way back upstairs. He turned and saw me, instantly understanding that I had watched the whole scene and he looked deeply desolate knowing that I had witnessed the exchange. Sandra laughed out loud at my wickedness and I joined in with her laughter as I grasped Belindakins by his ear and led him off. I knew she would know that the absence of my jeans meant he had been supplying yet more orgasms despite his continuing sexual denial.

With the helpless bitch-boy laid in the spare bed, covered with the duvet and a pacifier tied into place, I gently stroked the inside of his thigh while I spoke to him.

'No doubt, it will take you a while to fall asleep my little toy so I want you to spend that time thinking about tomorrow. Sandra is staying over tonight and is to be with us all day tomorrow and I will be making sure we have a very amusing time at your expense. You should be very worried about tomorrow, believe me. I think there will be a school girl detention time which will no doubt involve several hours of writing lines, considerable use of the cane and tawse; to bottom and hands, and I will be insisting on your obsequious obligation. And there may well be some rather extreme dickie-discipline.' I actually had no idea what we would be doing the next day, but mind-fucks are such fun.

He looked profoundly hopeless and close to tears contemplating this continuing and apparently remorseless use and abuse of him. As I observed his helpless, forlorn expression, topped with the lipstick impression on his forehead and considered the bound and napped night he had ahead of him, I was overwhelmed with sadistic desire; despite my orgasm only 15 minutes earlier. Climbing onto the bed, I sat on his chest and, with a boot either side of his chin, I laid down on my back, with my head resting on the duvet over his feet. I played with myself and enjoyed an enormous orgasm. What a sight he must have had.

When I had put my jeans back on and rejoined my sister, she excitedly explained that

bitch-boy's nappy had given her an idea for some fun the next day which she fully explained. I augmented her plans and after an hour of discussion, the following day was planned to perfection and we were both filled with amused anticipation.

For the sleeping arrangements my sister and I, naked, shared my bed. In all the combinations of pairs, my two sisters and mother and I have often slept together over the years, whenever a pair of us have felt like it, simply for the amusing familial companionship. We all really enjoy each others' company. Sandra and I both like to sleep naked and while there is nothing whatsoever of an incestuous nature in these occasional sleeping arrangements, I was sure that after 20 days without sexual release, bitch-boy would be laying very restless for a while in the lonely bed in the spare bedroom, his little clitty locked in its nappy and his hands secured out of harm's way, imagining the two slim, firm naked bodies laying close together, in the heat under the duvet, only 30 feet from him.

5 September 2010: My sister Sandra stays over

Sandra awoke before me and left the bed without waking me. I had no doubt that before leaving the bedroom she would have slipped her four inch heeled mule style slippers on her feet and donned the kimono style dressing gown she keeps at my house for when she stays over.

I was awakened by movement in the bedroom and opened my eyes to observe Sandra, naked, getting back into bed and bitch-boy, now dressed as Pigtails Prudence the schoolgirl, standing to one side of the bed holding a tray containing two steaming cups of tea. With pillows behind our backs, and naked breasts exposed, we sat upright drinking the tea while Prudence stood, feet together, looking down at the floor with the tray held demurely in front of him with both hands.

I ran my eyes over him and checked Sandra had dressed him properly. He wore his one-inch-long false eyelashes, deep red blusher to his cheeks and apricot lipstick. He had his pigtails wig on, with scarlet ribbons in each pigtail and a straw boater hat. Of course there was his grey gymslip, white blouse buttoned on the girls' side, a scarlet and blue striped tie, white socks pulled up to just below the knee and his black Mary Jane shoes with one inch heels. I instructed him to lift his hem and observed he wore one of his pairs of white cotton knickers. He has a number of these and each has several, one inch wide, pink ribbon bows sewed onto the front by him, in accordance with my instructions. I asked him to show me his clitty and found it had been returned to its unyielding plastic tube, nicely padlocked in place through his piercing. I turned to Sandra.

'What happened to the nappy?'

'Oh, a number of the things have taken place while you have been sleeping. I released Belindakins from her bonds and found she had wet her nappy; for which she still needs to be punished. I stripped her, had her perform her bodily functions in the bathroom with the door unlocked, had her shower while I watched and then had her lock herself in her restraint tube. Then, as you can see, I dressed her ready for the first part of today's plans.' I smiled at the thought of how humiliating bitch-boy would have found these activities.

Bitch-boy was despatched to the kitchen to make lunch for Sandra and I, to be wrapped with kitchen film and left in the fridge for later. While Sandra and I showered and dressed he had to vacuum and dust the whole house. When we were ready we called Pigtails Prudence to the dining room. We both wore tight jeans over our high heeled boots and fitted blouses; mine was white and Sandra's, borrowed from my wardrobe was black. I spoke in a calm authoritative tone.

'Now Prudence; we are going out shopping and you will be sitting at this table here, writing lines while we are gone.' I indicated the chair pulled out from the far end of the table ready for him to sit on. On the table in front of the chair sat a low stack of sheets of plain paper and a pen. A waste paper bin sat next to the chair. A dunce's hat sat at the far end of the table. I made the dunce's hat myself. A sheet of pink card rolled into a cone with a large letter D written on it.

'You will write the following line, three times a minute, until we return. - LITTLE BABY GIRLS WHO WET THEIR DIAPERS ARE PUNISHED UNTIL THEY CRY.' Unbeknown to him, the night before, we had timed how long the line took to write and knew this task was just

barely achievable; but only just; and it required non-stop, regimented line writing.

'You must number each line. Errors, untidiness and an inadequate number of lines will all result in punishment. If you make a mistake you must throw the sheet away and start a fresh sheet. Do you understand Pigtails?'

'Yes Mistress.' He looked very miserable. Sandra spoke with mock displeasure.

'But first Pigtails there is the little matter of you wetting your diaper last night, you dirty little girl.' With wrists bound behind him, he was bent down over the end of the dining table and I gave him 12 very hard cane strokes to his taught buttocks. To start with he let out a little whimper in response to each stroke and by the last four the whimpering became constant and imploring. Sandra then used the strap on the back of each thigh, giving 6 strokes to each; two to the left, then two to the right and so on. The thigh is more sensitive than the buttock but Sandra nonetheless really made the last four count and he cried out as he received each one. Sandra released his wrists and he stood thinking the punishment was over; but I had other ideas.

'Kneel in front of me Pigtails Prudence.' He knelt, looking slightly confused. I picked up the leather strap.

'Hands out in front of you, palms facing up.' He complied and I grasped his hands and raised them to the correct height. He looked very dejected. I delivered six stinging smacks to the fingers and palm of each hand.

'Hmmm, more I think.' I again delivered six to each. He was breathing hard by the end with a pained expression on his face. Sandra was smiling and spoke up.

'There, that's warmed your hands up so that you will be nice and quick with your line writing. You have such a kind Mistress don't you?' Pigtails let out a pained sigh before answering.

'Yes Mistress Sandra.' Sandra and I both laughed. He was then laid on the floor on a towel on his back and Sandra applied baby oil to his genitals and fitted a fresh disposal diaper on him and locked him into his plastic pants. She did pause after applying the baby oil to manipulate him and he very quickly became hard as she fondled his shaved genitals covered in slick oil. She squeezed hard and pumped up and down for a while and he started to become very excited breathing with fast panting sounds. I became a little concerned as to her intentions and was about to speak up when she abruptly released her grip and began fixing the diaper in place while she spoke.

'What a pointless little morsel of flesh that really is Pigtails Prudence.' Bitch-boy looked utterly deflated, humiliated and very sexually frustrated.

Bitch-boy was secured to the chair using chains and numbered plastic padlocks. We made a note of the numbers and warned him that unless the house caught fire or we were burgled, the padlocks had better be in place when we returned. Noting the time, we instructed him to begin his line writing. During the planning for the day, I had been worried that, while we were out shopping, he might assume he simply could not achieve the number of lines required, at a rate of three per minute, and as a result, resolve himself to being punished for this; and therefore simply take some time-outs. Sandra had a solution. While he was writing his first page of lines, we set the camcorder on the tripod, zoomed in to bitch-boy's hands and hit the record button.

'We are videoing your hands Prudence. When we get home we will play the video on the TV, at double speed, and if we observe, just once, you taking any sort of break from your tedious line writing, your only sexual release will be spoilt orgasms for the next three months.' He listened and obediently carried on silently writing but I thought I detected a tiny shudder in response. Whether the shudder was him thinking about the possibility of his only sexual release being spoilt orgasms for the next three months, or whether it was thinking

about how he would not be able to take a rest for the next hour or two, I neither knew nor cared.

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According to our timing, we returned with our purchases 94 minutes later.

As well as buying what we needed for the rest of the day's plans, and some browsing in our favourite clothes shops, we had stopped for a coffee. During this break, I had thought about poor Prudence all alone in the silent house, submissively, carefully writing tedious line after line, wrists and fingers aching; too scared to take any sort of break - given the camcorder's silent, meticulous monitoring; and he no doubt thinking of the power of his cruel all-powerful wife and the difference in status and lifestyle between him and I. The difference at that moment- me, relaxing happily and drinking coffee in the wonderful company of my sister; and him, miserable, aching, immersed in tedium and with punishment likely to be the conclusion of his toil. That difference made me feel aroused and a million dollars and I knew made him feel deeply in awe of me; life is wonderful.

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We entered the dining room and I spoke with authority.

'Stop writing and put the pen down!' He complied with the instruction. Sandra wandered across to him and picked up the stack of sheets of paper he had written his lines on, while I switched off the camcorder. Sandra focussed on the last page and noted the number for the last line he had written. Sandra turned to me.

'Two hundred and forty nine lines. I make that 33 less than the two hundred and eighty two required.' Sandra turned to bitch-boy.

'You lazy little slut. What have you been doing? That's 66 strokes of the cane coming your way.' Bitch-boy let out a sigh and looked towards me with a pleading expression which I ignored. I spoke directly to Sandra.

'What about mistakes and untidiness?' Sandra paused, looking at the sheaf of papers she held, and then responded in a matter of fact tone.

'I can't be bothered to check; can you?' I instantly saw the wickedness and responded accordingly, also in a matter of fact tone.

'No, I don't think I can be bothered either.' Bitch-boy looked a little disorientated as Sandra nonchalantly ripped the sheaf of pages in two and dropped them into the waste paper bin at his side. I could only imagine the contradictory feelings filling bitch-boy's head. On the one hand he had been tediously and so carefully writing neat lines for over an hour-and-a-half, and these had been torn in two and discarded without even a cursory examination. On the other hand, he had been spared the award of extra punishment for any untidiness in his lines; but he no doubt understood that he would be periodically punished throughout the day anyway, because no doubt some other reason to punish him would be invented. I did make a mental note that, next time I had him writing lines, I would carefully check every line and harshly punish him for each error and any untidiness, so that from then on, he would never know whether his completed lines would be indifferently discarded without checking, or be checked thoroughly and serious punishment awarded for imprecision.

Using nail clippers on the plastic padlocks, I cut Prudence free and removed the chains. Sandra placed the dunce's cap on his head and he was sent to stand in the corner, arms folded behind his back, while we each relaxed with a cup of coffee. He no doubt listened as we discussed delivery of the 66 cane strokes he had earned. In the end, we decided on 36 immediately and 30 to be given at bed time, which would give him something extra to think

about all day. His dry nappy was removed and he was duly bound, facing down, bent over the end of the dining table and I stood to one side and Sandra to the other. We each delivered 15 strokes in alternate sets of three. He was breathing hard after about 12 strokes; and remorselessly and earnestly begging after around 18.

'Please, please no more, please, please, please.' I responded to his begging only once as though speaking to a small child.

'You have to learn to write the number of lines you are instructed to. If we don't punish you, you won't learn. You can beg as much as you want, it will make no difference.' Sandra and I each laid our last two sets of three strokes on with maximum force and paused to smile to each other at the effect the strokes had as bitch-boy's begging intensified.

With him back in the corner in his dunce's hat, but this time holding the hem of his gymslip high so that his red striped bottom was on display, Sandra explained to him what the rest of the day had in store. Enjoying dealing with him in his wet nappy early that morning, Sandra explained that for our amusement she wanted him to spend a day reverted back to a six month old baby girl. He would be dressed and treated accordingly all day and he had to follow one important rule. He was never to utter a single word. He could make any sort of meaningless noise he wanted, but if even one intelligible word left his lips, it would mean dire punishment. I interjected at this point.

'Turn around Prudence and look at me.' He did so, looking anxiously into my eyes.

'Do you doubt how bad dire punishment would be; involving extended denial, only spoilt orgasms, and frequent doses of the harshest dickie-discipline?' He looked petrified and I already knew he would answer in the affirmative and mean what he said.

'I don't doubt it Mistress.' I nodded with satisfaction and was contented he would comply.

I had him connect the camcorder to the TV and rewind the visual recording of his line writing. Sandra left the visual recording playing in the background and gathered the morning's purchases together and began removing them from their bags and wrapping while I took bitch-boy upstairs to get him out of his schoolgirl outfit. The events of the day so far, coupled with his conquered, apprehensive demeanour left me very aroused so, before removing his outfit, I took him to my bedroom, I lay on my back and had him lick me to a lovely orgasm.

With bitch-boy now naked, apart from frilled ankle socks and his white Mary Jane shoes, I was ready to lead him downstairs to the waiting Sandra who had set out our purchases in the sitting room. He spoke timidly.

'Please Mistress, please may I use the bathroom Mistress?' This is the phrase he must use whenever he wants to use the bathroom. It is one of my twenty-four-seven rules.

'No you may not and do not ask again today. I will decide when, how and where you urinate.' I had noted earlier that when I had removed his nappy it was dry. He had obviously avoided wetting his nappy during his line writing, thinking he would be able to gain permission to use the bathroom when Sandra and I had returned from our shopping. He had not urinated in at least two hours. I led him downstairs. I carried a nine inch long leather strap, a large towel, a clean diaper, his lockable plastic pants, his large baby's pacifier and some baby oil gel. On entering the sitting room, bitch-boy glanced at the TV and although he no doubt noticed that Sandra or I would only occasionally look at it, I could see he understood the concept of a visual recording worked effectively as a control device while he was alone and I decided I would employ it frequently.

A number of items were set out in a line on the floor. First there was a fairy princess melamine eggcup from *Lakeland* kitchen shop. This was an eggcup moulded into the centre

of a plate with sweet fairy princess decals. Next in the line of purchases was a roll of two inch wide decorators' masking tape; next, a tin of pink gloss paint and an assortment of stickers of princesses and flowers; next an *Ikea* dining chair purchased from a second hand furniture shop; next was half a dozen chromed threaded eyelets and finally a large, pastel green, silicone cooking spoon also from *Lakeland* kitchen shop. It had the proportions of a normal desert spoon but was around 12 inches long. Bitch-boy surveyed the line of items and looked confused and discomfited.

I laid the towel out on the floor.

'Lay on this on your back bitch-boy and hold your hands to the top of your head.' He obeyed. Sandra then knelt one side of him and I the other. His thighs were spread wide apart and I tipped a large quantity of baby oil gel over his shaved genitals which Sandra began massaging in while I unfolded the diaper. The inevitable happened and his little clitty became very hard while he emitted little whimpering noises of pleasure. With the diaper laid out ready, next to me, I joined Sandra in manipulating him and was quickly pumping his hardness in a tightly clenched fist while Sandra massaged the gel deeply and soothingly into his balls. I brought him to the edge and then abruptly released my grip. He panted very hard and made a disappointed gasping sound. I spoke in a matter of-fact-tone as I slowly began pumping again.

'Don't be ridiculous Belindakins. We, have lots of lovely satisfying orgasms; you, get teased and left all frustrated and desperate. That's how your world works.' He whimpered disconsolately in response. Two pairs of attentive hands, together with his ongoing period of denial meant that it only took four or five minutes to edge him five times. Sandra laughed each time he whimpered in dire frustration when I released my grip on his, close-to-spurting, cock. I smiled with satisfaction and cruel pleasure. Having edged him the 5 times, he was secured in his nappy and padlocked into his plastic pants and his pacifier was popped into his mouth.

He looked ridiculous standing there in front of us in his nappy, plastic pants, frilled ankle socks, white Mary Jane shoes and sucking on his dummy. Sandra took great pleasure in telling him how ridiculous he looked while we both smirked mockingly. To his considerable indignity and some confusion, I sent him, as he was, to the garage, to saw 9 inches off of each leg of the *Ikea* dining chair.

He returned from the garage, task complete; and we sat him on the lowered chair. Sandra inspected the resultant composition and took charge in implementing her concept. She sent him out to saw off another three inches from each leg. On his return, looking down on him, sat on this much lowered chair, with his knees now up around his chest, she decided the modification was a success. She spoke with self-satisfaction.

'I am sure you have begun to guess what this is all about little maggot. You are making a little infant's chair for yourself. So you can sit looking up at the adults when we are sitting on the sofa or at the dining table; just like a real baby girl would.' With a pen, Sandra used an X mark to indicate where she required each of the six chromed eyelets to be screwed into the chair. One either side at the top of the backrest, one either side at the bottom of each front leg and one either side of the back of the seat.

'Now back out to the garage and fix the eyelets in place.' He did look ridiculous walking swiftly and uncomfortably, in the cool breeze between the house and the garage; obviously hating being outside dressed as he was, with his pacifier in his mouth. The chair was ready for use and Bitch-boy was told that before Sandra's next visit, he had to paint it with the pink gloss paint after which I would apply the lovely stickers of princesses and flowers.

Belindakins was prepared for lunch which entailed a number of components. First; having had him clench his fists, his fingers were securely wrapped in the two inch wide masking tape and woollen mittens were then secured with their ribbon bows at the wrists. As a result he had very limited gripping ability between woollen covered thumb and the constrained ball of four bent fingers. Second; a pink, frilled baby's bonnet was tied in place by a pink ribbon bow under his chin. Third; his socks and shoes were replaced with pink woollen booties. Fourth; he was secured into his pastel yellow baby reins, his wrists buckled securely at his navel; and finally a baby's bib was tied around his neck and I removed his pacifier and tied it to the collar of the bib with a length of pink ribbon. I just love the internet; all these baby items in adult sizes. Sandra and I walked around our new baby, looking down at him; given the high heels of our boots, making little adjustments here and there while we left him in no doubt as to how ridiculous he looked. I spoke with utter disdain.

'You look so utterly ridiculous you pathetic little sissy. All dressed up as a little baby girl with hours of baby life ahead of you; such utter humiliation, just for the amusement of the superior women who control you. You are certainly not a man are you? No real man would allow this to happen. You are so lucky to be subjugated to me, you little submissive pansy because I am always going to take such good care of you, just like I am doing today.' His head was pointing down as he avoided our eyes and intermittently he made little despairing sighing noises. Sandra spoke next; harshly spitting out each of her words in a loud voice. With unspoken collaboration, she and I had entered a phase of serious verbal spitefulness; just for the pleasure of the cruelty of it. Sandra bent forward; her face six inches from his ear.

'You are so fucking pathetic aren't you?' There was a pause, Sandra became louder still.

'Aren't you!' In a barely audible whisper, bitch-boy answered.

'Yes Mistress.'

'Louder! I can't hear you maggot!'

'Yes Mistress.'

'Lisp!'

'Yeth Mithtreth.' Bitch-boy was becoming very distressed. Sandra leaned back and laughed mockingly. I smiled and, leaning close to him as Sandra had, I continued the verbal onslaught with a raised voice.

'Don't you think you should say thank you to Governess Sandra for all the nice things she acquired at the shops for you today; with your money by the way; you hopeless little creature.' After a pause he spoke with quiet timidity; eyes still focussed on the floor in front of him.

'Thank you for acquiring the nice things for me Governess Sandra.' I slapped the back of his thigh hard with my hand and shouted.

'Lisp you fucking pansy!' He let out a cry and then a sob before responding.

'Thank you for acquiring the nithe thingth for me Governeth Thandra.' Sandra and I looked at each other and laughed together. It was such fun to occasionally employ loud, coarse verbal bullying. I stood in front of him and with an index finger under his chin, I lifted his face to have him look me in the eye. I felt very powerful observing the intimidation and fear in his gaze when our eyes met. My tone was now full of sweetness.

'Your baby girl existence begins now Belindakins. Here are the rules. You will crawl and sit. You will not walk or kneel. You will be obedient; no matter how humiliating the result of the obedience may be. If you break the rules or fail to be obedient, you will be punished with the strap to the backs and or insides of your thighs. And of course, you will not even once use an intelligible word. As well as a very heavy dose of the strap, that will also incur the dire punishments we touched on earlier.' Sandra popped the pacifier back into his mouth while I was speaking.

'Now; down onto your hands and knees and crawl with us to the dining room. It's time for lunch.'

Sandra and I sat either side of a corner of the dining table and we sat Belindakins between us, some three feet from the table's corner, on his knee lowered chair; his knees up by his chest; his head at about the level of our breasts. His reins were clipped to the eyelets on the back of the chair and ankle cuffs were clipped to the eyelets on the chair legs, which combined with the bulky nappy kept his knees wide apart. His wrists were still secured to the front of the reins and his pacifier remained in his mouth. Sandra and I each had our pre-prepared lunches in front of us and also on the table sat the ingredients of Belindakin's lunch, covered with a tea-towel. Resting on the corner of the table closest to Belindakins sat the ominous nine inch leather strap. While we ate our delicious food, the scents of smoked salmon, lemon juice and white wine filling the room, we chatted about this and that; occasionally one of us would glance down and give Belindakin's a condescending smile to maintain his humiliation level and our amusement.

Having consumed our delicious snack and half way through our glasses of white wine, it was time to prepare Belindakin's food. I pulled away the tea-towel and made sure Belindakin's could see all the ingredients. He let out a little sigh and looked very miserable indeed.

'Remember now Belindakin's no intelligible words. This is your final reminder.' He looked at me pleadingly which simply broadened my smile. Set out in front of me was a two pint glass jug containing my urine topped up with water; an opened and drained tin of sweet corn; his feeder cup; a small carton of natural yoghurt and a large baby's desert bowl. I poured a generous helping of my diluted urine into his adult feeder cup and I topped this up with a little apple juice. I then poured the sweet corn and the yoghurt into the desert bowl. He really hates sweet corn and I was sure mixing it with plain yoghurt would not improve the taste. Using the enormous spoon from Lakeland, I stirred the contents of the bowl together and spat into the bowl several times. Sandra smiled at me; her large blue eyes glittering with wickedness and I offered the bowl to her and she also spat into it several times.

'There now Belindakins, Mummy has prepared your lovely din-dins for you to eat all up.'

We took turns to spoon the mixture into Belindakin's mouth, all the while talking to him like he was a little baby girl. His expression was a picture of absolute disgust at the taste, and deep shame over this treatment of him. The spoon was too big to fit into his mouth and so his face began to get daubed with the food. Sandra purposely deposited some on the end of his nose.

'What a good job you have your bib on baby Belindakins. You're such a messy little baby girl aren't you.' We both laughed a lot during this feeding ritual; it was great fun. We took turns and when one of us was in charge of the spoon and bowl the other would take charge of the feeder cup, tipping some of its contents into his mouth from time to time to make sure the whole two pints had been consumed by the end of the meal. After about five minutes I decided to intensify his humiliation.

'Now then baby Belindakins. When little baby girls eat nice things they make goo and gaa sounds don't they. So I want you to start making those baby sounds while you eat this lovely food.' He looked pleadingly at me as a chuckling Sandra spooned another mouthful into his mouth. He remained silent. I quickly delivered two very hard slaps of the leather strap to the inside of each thigh causing him to jerk in his restraints and gasp in shock. He remained silent. After another three to each inner thigh, He began to faintly make a few goo and gaa sounds. I raised the strap again.

'Louder baby Belindakins and with more realism! Let us hear those ridiculous baby

noises clearly.' Although he was plainly very shamed by doing so, the baby noises became louder and longer. His shame no doubt increased further as both Sandra and I laughed loudly and derisively in response. It was Sandra's turn to introduce a new element.

'I think it's time baby had a go at feeding herself.' Releasing his right hand with its woollen mitten enveloping his thumb and balled up fingers, Sandra managed to locate the giant spoon between his thumb and the ball of his bound fingers and she held the bowl to Belindakins, offering him the contents. In his grip, the dished side of the spoon was facing down and Belindakins could not spin it over. He looked at me pleadingly without making an attempt to use the spoon. In response I brandished the strap menacingly and fearful of more stinging slaps he tried to feed himself. With his awkward grip and the enormous size of the spoon he really did look like a baby. Again Sandra and I laughed loudly which very obviously deepened his humiliation cruelly. Three times he tried to manoeuvre food from the bowl to his mouth and each time the food ended up on the floor. His degradation continued when Sandra used the side of her finger to scrape the food off of the floor. She examined it briefly before speaking.

'Oh dear the floor must be a bit dusty. Never mind; waste not-want not.' She pushed her finger into Belindakins mouth and, no doubt very conscious of this personal intrusion, and despite that the food had been on the floor, he had no option but to obediently suck the finger clean. Three times he had to eat the food from the floor in this fashion. Finally lunch time was over and the plates and cutlery were left piled on the kitchen work surfaces. Alice the maid would be cleaning everything away at some point when baby girl time was over.

I headed upstairs to fill a carrier bag with equipment that might be needed for the next phase, while Sandra had Belindakins crawl to the sitting room, where she sat him on his little chair facing the sofa and his wrists were secured to the reins again. I rejoined Sandra and we settled back for a twenty minute chat; while we each consumed a mug of coffee. Setting down my empty coffee mug, I spoke.

'I wonder if Belindakins has wet her nappy?' I had him lay on his back on the towel, unlocked the padlock securing the plastic pants and, of course, the nappy was wet.

'You naughty little baby, wetting your nappy like this.' I released the adhesive tapes and folded the nappy fully out; exposing his shaved genitals. Taking a wet-wipe from the carrier bag I began wiping his clitty, balls and thighs. He began to whimper when I wiped his clitty and balls; so sexually desperate that even this contact, after all that had gone before, caused him arousal. Finished with the wet-wipe, I began earnest manipulation of his little organ; quickly making his little clitty very hard, while he whimpered with both frustration and pleasure.

'Oh dear Sandra, look, he is all swollen and perhaps a bit inflamed; do you think it is the beginnings of nappy rash?'

'I think you could be right Scarlet. Just to be on the safe side, we should rub some cream in.'

I pulled out the tube of Deep Heat embrocation cream from the carrier bag. Belindakin's began whining with a frantic pleading quality. I spoke as though talking to a baby.

'But we must make sure you don't get nappy rash, little Belindakins. A lovely thick coat of the nice cream, rubbed well in. So good for little baby girls.' Sandra and I both laughed cruelly. I began to rub a generous amount of the white cream into his erection and the room filled with the smell of eucalyptus. Belindakin's whimpering became quite loud and Sandra popped his pacifier into his mouth in response, with a grim warning that he had better not spit it out. When the burning effect of the cream took full effect, Belindakins began to cry pathetically. Sandra now spoke as though to a baby.

'Oh there, there little precious, is that nappy rash all nasty and sore and making

you cry like a little baby girl? Well I am sure we can keep adding more coats of the cream to make it all better.' I smiled at her wickedness before taking my turn to talk to Belindakins.

'Now then Belindakins, time to get a fresh nappy on you.' I paused.

'No actually; no need to waste a fresh nappy on a pathetic little specimen maggot like you; is there?' I drew the scissors and parcel tape from the carrier bag and secured the wet nappy back into place with large strips of parcel tape. Then, momentarily freeing his wrists from the baby reins, I stood him on his feet and wound parcel tape around the top of the nappy at his waist to ensure the nappy would stay in place. Following this, the plastic pants were again padlocked into place. With Sandra's help, I removed his reins and popped his onesie onto him before replacing the reins and re-securing his wrists to the reins. He hates his pink onesie so much; another amusing purchase from an internet adult baby shop. The garment is like a T-shirt at the top but continues down to his crutch where poppers secure it at the gusset. You will no doubt have seen real babies wearing such garments in the summer months. He looked utterly ridiculous as we sat him back on his little chair and clipped the reins to the eyelets at the back. Sandra and I both sat back on the sofa, facing him, and we both burst out laughing at the ridiculous image he made, particularly as he was still crying pathetically with the burning heat of the cream biting into his clitty. Sandra spoke with a spiteful tone.

'God you look so utterly pathetic in your little onesie and reins, and in your wet nappies. And crying like the little pansy you are. I just love being here with my sister doing whatever we want to you. I don't feel sorry for you; you know. You got yourself into this subjugated life you now have to lead. It makes my sister very happy, which is what is important to me; and seeing how pathetic you are just makes me want to make you even more miserable. It doesn't make me feel any sympathy for you; you know. Fucking pathetic!' She spat out the final two words with a look of satisfaction and derision on her pretty face. I joined the verbal harassment.

'You know this is your life now don't you? No going back. You are a human toy to be used and abused; a human doll, a whipping boy. And of course, when not being abused, you are simply a servant doing all the chores.'

He sat on his little chair for the rest of the afternoon. There was eventually a change of nappy, together with a tearful over the knee spanking from Sandra with the back of her hairbrush; for wetting his nappy. More cream was applied to the, again swollen, object before the new nappy was secured into place. He also had to endure having his pacifier teat coated with a solution used for painting onto the fingernails of people who wish to cease the habit of nail-biting. The taste of the fluid is so bitter and disgusting it could almost induce a gag reflex.

When it was time for Sandra to leave, I left him secured to his chair. She planted a big lipstick coated kiss on his forehead as her good bye kiss. In front of bitch-boy, I informed her that she would be receiving in the post, in the next two or three days, a thank you note from bitch-boy, sweetly thanking her for her visit, for her purchases and for her help in keeping him nicely subjugated to the will of superior women. She laughed and said she would look forward to it.

It had been an especially painful and humiliating two days for bitch-boy. He was exhausted and meek as he went about tidying the house after Sandra had left. I doubted that he remembered he was still owed 30 strokes of the cane at bedtime for the inadequate number on lines he had written while Sandra and I were out shopping. I decided I would pretend to forget the 30 strokes until the next day, unless he thought to remind me. By the time I retired to bed, he had failed to mention the 30 strokes to me. I decided that, the next

day, the 30 strokes would be doubled to 60, as a punishment for him not reminding me he was owed a punishment.

17 November 2009: A typical weekday morning

As I drove to work, I considered that I should provide an account of my workday morning regime with bitch-boy. I have a written menu of activities, from which I choose which to do, during the period in the morning before I set off for work. The menu is actually written down in my manual. [My manual was fully introduced in the 31 March 2007 entry in Volume 1].

The night before a workday I advise bitch-boy of the time at which he must wake me and present me with a steaming mug of tea. Unless I have specified a more perverse arrangement, he wakes me by getting in bed next to me, in a sitting position and he gently strokes my throat, neck or back. Within a few seconds I am awake enough to flop over so that my head is resting on the duvet on his lap, over his restrained clitty under the duvet. He then delicately strokes my jaw line, neck or back while I wake up properly over five minutes or so. It is a heavenly way to awake. If he wakes me later then instructed, I award a punishment to be delivered on another occasion. It is his job to note the punishment in his punishment book.

He must bring my manual with the first mug of tea, for me to read my workday morning checklist while he fetches the second mug of tea. I always have two mugs of tea before leaving my bed. If he forgets to bring the manual I award a punishment to be delivered on another occasion.

I exercise every workday morning; alternating between a weights session one day and the exercise bike the next. While I exercise he must prepare the contents of my lunch box and then clean the shoes or boots I will be wearing that day; even if they do not need cleaning.

After I have exercised I sometimes have him lick the sweat from my beautiful flat stomach or from my arm pits. While I shower he must gather together the things he guesses I will need for the day; work papers, mobile phone, car keys, etc.

After my shower, when I stand in front of the full length mirror in my heels and some of my clothes, applying my makeup, I have him either tongue worship my arse or kiss my shoes. If he starts slacking at the tongue worship or kissing, I rebuke him and threaten him with punishment or extension of his current denial period. When he kisses my shoes I expect to hear a constant stream of kissing sounds. If there is a pause or the sounds are too muted, I again rebuke him and threaten him with punishment or extension of his current denial period. While he is performing satisfactorily, I normally talk to him about what is in store for him in the days or weeks ahead, or what lesbian activity is in store for me, and I always remind him how lucky he is to be kissing my shoes or worshipping my arse. For arse worship, I stand with my feet wide apart and my bottom thrust out. He kneels behind me with his thighs splayed wide so that he is at the required height for his treat. His dressing gown gapes open, exposing a reflection of his restrained clitty to my gaze and it amuses me greatly if my stream of one-way conversation causes his little clitty to fruitlessly and uncomfortably attempt erection in its unyielding tube.

If the weather is particularly cold, then five minutes before I leave, he is expected to start the engine of my car so that it is warm at the commencement of my journey to work. If it is snowy or frosty he must clear the windows and windscreen.

When I am ready to leave he must strip naked and lovingly kiss my footwear while I give him final instructions for the day which I sometimes do with my free shoe or boot resting on his naked back. I will be wearing an expensive tailored work suit and high-heeled court shoes or boots. After he has put some clothes back on, he must accompany me to my car, carrying my bags and opening the car door for me. If it is raining he must also hold an umbrella above my head.

Throughout the whole time, he is at my beck and call and must drop whatever he is doing if I instruct him, in an ad-hoc fashion, to fetch something for me.

I generally leave a list of chores for him. I often make a record of the current mileage of the car he uses (which I own) and forbid him from using it that day. (He works from home.) If when I get to work, I find I have forgotten something I needed, I text him and advise him he will be punished on my return home.

Some mornings, I strap him down and cane him as a deterrent punishment for the day ahead of him; quite an exhilarating way to start a workday! Some mornings I lock a leather collar around his neck using a disposable plastic padlock on which is printed a unique number. He has to wear a very high necked shirt if he wishes to leave the house or if the postman knocks with a package. He could remove it in an absolute emergency by cutting the plastic padlock, but I am the strict judge of what constitutes an absolute emergency and there has not been one in the last seven years.

Apart from chores, my instructions for his day may also include things like gathering nettles for my return home from work for me to torture his little clitty with. Another fun thing I enjoy is to tell him that I want him to be able to take a bigger butt plug by a certain target date, several weeks in the future. In the subsequent mornings, in the run up to the target date, I will suggest that he might want to do a bit of butt plug training today, but it is up to him; and either way that bigger butt plug will be inserted on the target date; by me, if he is unable to do so himself.

Finally I may tell him that I expect him to be worshipping at my altar when I arrive home from work. However I will leave the details of what that entails for another entry.

2 June 2007: Walk in the country

It was a beautiful Saturday and I spent the morning sunbathing naked in my secluded garden reading the Saturday papers and supplements. Bitch-boy was allowed to sunbathe next to me because I wanted him to have a nice tanned body for the summer. Of course, he was at my beck and call and repeatedly had to fetch me cups of tea or cool drinks, sun tan lotion, and anything else I required. He was naked apart from his penis restraint locked through his frenum piercing. It was a pleasure to see the desperate desire etched across his face, given he had been denied for 11 days, particularly when I would have him kneel and reverently slip my seven inch platform mules onto my pretty feet and I would then promenade to and fro past him to visit the toilet in the house. Sometimes stopping to run my hands down my breasts and rib cage, across my perfectly flat stomach and finish at my cunt, shaved of all hair except for a half inch wide vertical stripe. Or I would turn away from him and push my shapely bottom out in his direction. He simply groaned and looked helpless. I did not go without however and there is something very special about laying back in the hot sunshine on a lounge, the birds singing in the trees, your slave kneeling obediently between your open thighs and respectfully licking you to a powerful orgasm; especially while he is restrained and has been denied for some time.

Another amusement during sunbathing involves the dregs of each of my drinks. Whether a cup of tea or a glass of diluted cordial, I always leave a small amount. I stand, with the mug or glass containing the dregs;

'Kneel on the grass bitch-boy.' I instruct in a matter of fact tone. He looks at me miserably.

'Oh please no Mistress.'

'Don't make me ask you again.' He reluctantly kneels on the grass in front of me while I stand at the edge of the patio, and smiling broadly, I throw the dregs of the drink into his face. The resultant picture of a dripping degraded bitch-boy, feeling very sorry for himself, always fills me with callous amusement. It is a simple act I will never get bored of and it seems bitch-boy will never become comfortable with. I hold out the empty cup or glass to him as I speak.

'What do you say?'

'Thank you Mistress.' I laugh again and he moves off to the house to clean the container and towel himself down.

It was early in the summer and after a couple of hours I decided we had had enough sun for the day. I really enjoy long walks in the local countryside and thought it a perfect day to enjoy one. I had bitch-boy prepare a sandwich lunch and a large flask of iced sparkling water which he packed into a large rucksack. He also packed the garden secateurs, my short leather gloves, a small plastic bottle containing my fresh urine, a plastic cup and a fabric cat collar which can be used to secure his wrists together in a couple of seconds.

When we were ready to leave I lifted the rucksack and told him it was not heavy enough and, just for the pleasure of being a bitch, I instructed him to place an extra two litre bottle of water into it. I wore skin tight faded jeans in which my arse looked exquisite and a flimsy vest. I allowed him to remove his penis restraint as he would be under my constant supervision during the walk. Outside the front door before we headed off, I had him kneel and kiss my

walking boots, which sported some dried mud around the soles.

We set off and quickly entered the dappled light of a large and very remote area of woodland close to our cottage. Occasionally deer hunters frequented the woods around sunset or sunrise but in the middle of the day we would not come across another soul. After about an hour of enjoyable walking I decided it was time for lunch but continued walking until I located a suitable place to stop. Soon enough I spotted a patch of ground enclosed by hazel trees and tall brambles under the canopy of oaks and beech which made up the ancient woodland. Each hazel tree sprouted from its base a myriad of finger thick shoots rising around eight feet towards the sky. I also noted with pleasure the area of stinging nettles nearby. Carefully picking a route through the five feet high brambles we found ourselves in the central clearing, fully hidden from view, were there exceptionally to be any passers-by. I had bitch-boy drop down onto his hands and knees next to the contents of the rucksack he had laid out on the dry brown leaves which carpeted the ground. I sat on his back and had him pass me my sandwiches. I spent a relaxing and peaceful twenty minutes eating my delicious food and drinking the iced, sparkling water from the flask; luxuriating in the calm atmosphere of the woodland while watching small birds flit from branch to branch in the trees around us. Given the lateness of the lunch and the hour of walking I realised I was very hungry and I knew bitch-boy would be too. Eventually I stood. It was time for some fun at bitch-boy's expense. Kneeling in front of where I stood he followed my instructions and half filled the plastic cup with water. He then passed me the cup and the bottle of my urine. He groaned as he watched me add my bottled urine to the water.

'Hmmmmm, some of my lovely nectar for you bitch-boy. I do spoil you don't I?' He looked very miserable as he answered.

'Yes Mistress.' He consumed two cup full's of the nectar-water cocktail. Following my instruction he passed me his wrapped sandwiches. I began unwrapping them as I spoke.

'I was very hungry bitch-boy. Are you hungry?'

'Yes Mistress.' He looked rather troubled as I held his food in my hands. I raised my eyebrows with an expression of regret.

'Well the thing is bitch-boy, you are not at a perfect weight and shape yet are you. And it would seem such a shame to waste the benefits of this calorie burning walk by consuming calories half way through it wouldn't it.' He looked at me in mute misery as I dropped the sandwiches onto the dry leaves at my feet and stepped forward so my walking boots came to rest on the bread and filling. What a bitch I am. What a picture of submissive defeat was written in his expression. I looked into his eyes.

'The birds can eat your lunch and I will help take your mind off your hunger.' Within two minutes bitch-boy found himself facing the trunk of a tree, his wrists bound together at its far side and his trousers and knickers around his ankles. He looked around the woodland nervously. I would soon supplant his fear of being observed by a stranger in the woods with something more painful to occupy his thoughts. Using the secateurs, I cut a hazel rod as thick as my index finger and around three feet long. I swished it through the air behind him a few times and then laid three strokes on his arse. He gasped loudly. I spoke harshly.

'Push your arse out maggot.' He did not respond so I gave him two strokes to the backs of his thighs. He cried out and quickly pushed his arse out nicely. There is a special decadent pleasure of administering a thrashing outdoors in a notionally public place. I find it quite exhilarating. Once bitch-boy's arse was covered in red stripes I rested and drunk some more iced water while he composed himself. Then it was time for more fun. I repositioned him with his back to the trunk of the tree and his wrists bound behind him at the far side of the trunk. I knelt and stroked his clitty and balls until he was hard and panting and lost in pleasure; eyes half closed. I smiled when his begging began, on seeing me pull my leather gloves onto

my hands.

'Oh please no Mistress, please no, please no.'

'Oh you have guessed its nettles' time have you. It's no good you begging like that, you wouldn't deny me my pleasure would you?' He emitted loud gasps and moans as I began to run the stem of nettle leaves across his hard little cock. He quite quickly became very upset. I was really enjoying myself. Over the next ten minutes I alternated between stroking and pumping his clitty to maintain its hardness and stroking it with the leaves on the nettle stem. I finished the game by whipping it with the stem 12 times, counting after each swipe. He was sobbing by the end and breathing erratically. His clitty was covered with angry red spots. I grabbed his chin with my left hand, my right menacingly still held the nettle stem. I looked into his eyes.

'Well, what do you say, maggot?' Despite his distress, and his erratic breathing he looked at me with frightened, worshipful awe as he responded.

'Thank you Mistress.'

'Good girl.' I responded as though talking kindly to a six year old child.

I released him and he restored his state of dress which was a shame because I enjoy considerable arousing pleasure from the image of his recently tortured cock covered with angry red and still very sore stinging spots. I gave him another two cupfuls of water-nectar cocktail which I was satisfied to note he consumed in a state of docility without a murmur of objection.

We resumed our walk in the wonderful atmospheric woodland and he slowly rose from his state of pensive timidity to return to be my interesting and knowledgeable walking companion. I felt powerful and utterly content with my life and with my intelligent and outwardly strong husband who was however no more than a helpless, subjugated toy whenever I chose it to be so.

14 October 2010 : Nadine invents a game

I had purchased a DVD Nadine and I particularly wanted to watch and tonight was the night to watch it. While bitch-boy tidied in the kitchen, having prepared and served our wonderful evening meal in which he did not get to partake, we retired to the sitting room and sat next to each other on the sofa. We both wore pleated mini-skirts, high heeled mules and angora sweaters. My skirt was cream and my sweater was sky blue. Nadine's skirt was bottle green and her sweater was black. We sat with our legs up on a leather pouffe, entwined together. We held hands and occasionally ran our hands around each others' torsos; enjoying the feel of the soft wool and the shapes of the firm body underneath. The logs occasionally crackled in the log burning stove and the light flickered with the flames. I asked Nadine if there was anything she wanted bitch-boy to do while we watched the DVD. She, a little coyly, admitted she had concocted a nasty little game for bitch-boy to play and given he had not cum for 18 days, it would be a good time to play the game. Bitch-boy joined us. Observing our appearance and mutual caressing must have been sheer torture for the denied and frustrated bitch-boy.

Over the years I have amassed a collection of over 30 small padlocks, used for various bondage arrangements and fetish equipment. Each padlock sports a unique pair of nail varnish dots and its keys have matching dots, so I always know which keys go with which padlocks should they become separated. Setting the game up involved locking bitch-boy's penis restraint in place with a fresh padlock, the varnish dots on which were obscured with a piece of masking tape. He was stripped naked, his wrists bound behind his back and ankles cuffed together with a six inch chain. A bungee cord with a hook at each end was stretched from the centre of the chain between his ankles to a strap secured tightly around his scrotum so he could kneel and crawl but each movement pulled at his balls. While Nadine had applied the bondage items, I set out 30 small padlock keys around the house, upstairs and downstairs; some on the floor, some on coffers and coffee tables. Some of the keys were coated in the bitter fluid used to prevent people biting their finger nails. Some keys lay in a puddle of my fresh urine in a saucer. Distributing the keys around the house was Nadine's idea and part of her game. The nail biting fluid and urine were my ideas. Rejoining Nadine in the sitting room, I placed a folded towel on the floor in the corner of the room by the door. Preparations completed, bitch-boy knelt at our feet.

'Now then bitch-boy, we know you have not come for 18 days and we know you must be very desperate. Nadine has kindly invented a game for you which gives you the chance to cum. Say thank you to Mistress Nadine.' He looked toward Nadine with an uncertain expression.

'Thank you Mistress Nadine.' She smiled at him mockingly. I continued.

'Deposited around the house are at least 30 padlock keys. One of them opens the padlock to your tiny little clitty. All you have to do is place the key neatly on the towel over there in the corner and you will get to cum tonight. Should you get to cum it will be an especially lovely climax for you as a special treat; lots of lovely warm lubricant, ten fingers tickling your balls, ten fingers working on your little deformity.' I paused to take a sip of my wine and let him contemplate the extreme pleasure of an orgasm induced by the hands of both Nadine and I.

'Some of the keys are on the floor, some are on items of furniture. Obviously you will not know which key is the correct key, so you will need to set all the keys down on the towel in

neat rows until the game ends, which will be when our DVD finishes. That gives you about an hour and a half. I do hope you find the key by then or you will remain locked up for at least another week and you will receive 50 strokes of the cane for wasting our precious time. By the way, once the game starts you must not look at us any higher than our knees.' I picked up the remote control to the DVD and hit the play button.

'Off you go then maggot.'

It was very amusing to be watching the DVD and have bitch-boy enter our peripheral vision, crawling awkwardly on his knees, with his wrists behind his back and the bungee cord pulling on his balls with each leg movement. After each of his first three visits to the room, to deposit a key on the towel, Nadine and I would smile at each other. On his subsequent visits, perhaps one of us would glance his way, and sometimes he would be totally ignored. But even then, it felt wonderfully wicked being aware of his uncomfortable toil while relaxing in comfort, enjoying the entertaining DVD. The wickedness was especially amusing because, as I had secretly explained to Nadine, the precious key he was looking for was actually in my purse so, although he did not know, he had no chance of winning the game. He had no doubt quickly come to realise that, using his lips, he could only pick up and carry one key at a time. I imagined him looking at a key, sitting in its urine puddle in a saucer, and considering the degradation of dipping his lips into the liquid, but also considering the potential reward of finding the correct key. I wondered what he felt about his cruel inventive Mistresses, as he enjoyed the flavour of my urine or while he awkwardly made his way down the stairs; the awful bitter taste of nail biting fluid filling his mouth as he carried a coated key to the towel.

Eventually the DVD ended and I called bitch-boy into the room to kneel by the towel. He knelt looking at the rows of keys while Nadine and I stood the other side of the towel, each with one arm around the others tiny waist, the lovely soft wool enhancing the feel of the sensuous shape underneath. He looked very tired. I imagined that crawling around and up and down the stairs while in his bondage had been physically draining. I smiled with cruel satisfaction as I addressed him.

'You may look up.' He looked up and I was not surprised to catch a look of unrequited sexual desire and desperation as he took in the beauty before him, no doubt enhanced by our minimal embrace. It is so strange just how aroused most men get at the notion of two beautiful woman as sexual partners. Before us, on the folded towel, set out in untidy rows, lay 22 little keys. Nadine spoke next.

'Didn't you require neat rows Scarlet. Those rows do not look neat to me.' bitch-boy sighed, he knew what was coming. With a pained expression he watched Nadine break free from our loose embrace and fetch the cane from where it hung on its hook on the wall. I noticed a particularly evil look in her eye which I could not recall seeing before. Her comfort with, and pleasure in, the decadence of cruelty and sadism appeared to have ratcheted forward another notch. It was an exciting notion and I thought I would test my assumption and spoke as though annoyed.

'You're right Nadine; it is far from neat. It's almost as though the creature has deliberately dissented.' Bitch-boy emitted a whispered and drawn out *'please'*, his expression now filled with anguish. I ignored him and continued speaking.

'I would say it warrants 12 from you with the cane; would you agree?' Nadine's eyes sparkled as she looked down at the bound toy at her feet. We both knew that 12 strokes was quite an excessive amount of strokes for this largely fabricated infraction. Particularly as we also both knew, although he did not, that he had 50 strokes still to come. She looked down at him as she responded.

'Oh yes, I agree; 12 strokes from me.' Her tone moved to callous.

'Forehead to the floor bitch!' With bitch-boy appropriately positioned she took her time delivering the 12 strokes and they were very hard strokes. I watched with a mixture of fascination and satisfaction; observing the unashamed cruelty and pleasure in Nadine's eyes. I became very aroused. From the third to the last stroke bitch-boy repeatedly whispered begging entreaties for the punishment to cease, but of course he was ignored. In response to each of the last five strokes his legs wriggled pitifully which for some reason always turns me on. He was very close to tears by the end, occasionally emitting little sobbing noises. Following the last stroke, Nadine looked at me and her smile revealed excitement and pleasure. She returned to stand next to me with an arm around my waist as before. While we both looked down at the distressed bitch-boy, we whispered an exchange too quiet for bitch-boy to hear. She spoke first.

'Aren't I becoming naughty, and I'm really horny now.'

'So am I, whatever you are turning into, I approve.'

'Let's get upstairs I want to cum.'

'Just hold on for five minutes darling.' I squeezed her and she reciprocated. I bent and grasped bitch-boy's hair, pulling him into an upright kneeling position.

'Shall we see if you get to have that lovely orgasm?' Reaching down I removed the masking tape from the padlock on his restraint tube. The nail varnish marks were composed of a very dark plum coloured dot followed by a candy apple pink dot. He quickly scanned the keys laid out in front of him. After a few seconds I spoke with mock sympathy, as though talking to a young child.

'Oh dear, little maggot, you obviously failed to find the correct key. A chance of a lovely 20 fingered, lubricated climax, relieving you of all that pent up sexual frustration. But you did not work hard enough did you?' bitch-boy let out a series of sobbing, sighing noises. I ignored his noises and spoke again.

'Now ironically, Nadine and I both feel the need for some wonderful sexual release. So we are going up to bed and you can make your way up the stairs after us, with your funny, silly crawling style, and you can kneel in front of the closed bedroom door and listen to the sounds of satisfying sex, just so you do not forget what that sounds like, because it will be at least a week before any such sounds are emitted by you won't it. And oh yes, when we are fully satisfied, you have got 50 more cane strokes to look forward to haven't you.' He miserably looked up at the two smiling amused, cruel and contented faces above him, first Nadine and then me. There was a look of heartfelt pleading in his eyes, but I also caught the look of awe and wonderment that our ruthless decadent cruelty and lesbian sexual excess had created in his submissive, sexually frustrated soul as he looked up at the beauty of the women towering above him and the full injustice of the ramifications of my words sunk in. As Nadine and I turned to leave him to slowly and laboriously follow us on his knees, in his bondage, Nadine surprised me yet again by raising her foot to his ribs and pushing him awkwardly over with the sole of her shoe. He cried out as his shoulder hit the floor; more in shock than pain. I laughed as I spoke.

'What are you turning into you little devil.' She smiled broadly in response, raising her eyebrows impishly. As we reached the top of the stairs, I could hear bitch-boy, downstairs, begin his slow shuffle to our bedroom door.

Three quarters of an hour later, Nadine and I opened the bedroom door having dressed ourselves after our noisy, naked, utterly satisfying lovemaking. On the occasions when we know the desperate, denied bitch-boy can hear us, each of us does seem to make even more noise than normal during orgasm. I think this is partly because it is fun to do so, thinking of how it makes it worse for poor bitch-boy, but there is also an element of increased spiteful arousal while experiencing an orgasm, (or three), in such circumstances. Bitch-boy looked up

at us, now clearly very uncomfortable in the bondage he had been enduring for nearly two and a half hours. His expression was forlorn and beseeching. A thrill of power and yet more arousal coursed through me as I thought about how pitiless I was, given I now intended he should receive his 50 cane strokes for wasting our time.

'Time for 50 strokes of the cane isn't it bitch-boy?' He began to whine.

'Please, please Mistress. Please no more, please, please no more tonight, please Mistress, please.' I ignored his whining. I knew it was episodes like this one tonight, when I continued his mistreatment past when he was already broken and exhausted, that in the weeks and months to come, he would look back on and then hold me in deepest awe. I spoke as though making a reasoned argument, one equal to another.

'But bitch-boy, where would we all be if you were due a punishment and it was not delivered. We would have anarchy. We would have a breakdown of order and discipline. You know I can never, and will never, allow that.' He responded timidly as he looked at the floor in front of my shoes.

'Please Mistress, you could give me the strokes another time, please.' I looked towards Nadine and she adopted a bemused expression and shook her head from side to side.

'It has to be tonight bitch-boy because Nadine is off on a shoot tomorrow morning and she really does want to deliver half the strokes as it was her time as well as mine that you wasted earlier.' Nadine made a sound of agreement and smiled. Bitch-boy began to breathe with short panting sounds, obviously distressed but resolved to his fate.

After some discussion we decided that bitch-boy should receive half the strokes, then spend some time in the corner and then receive the remaining strokes. Given Nadine and I both wanted to share equally in the task at hand over two sessions, a number of strokes divisible by four was needed, so the 50 was increased to 52, allowing each of us to deliver a set of 13 strokes before the corner time and then another set of 13 after it.

Bitch-boy now had the demeanour of a living mannequin, following orders and being pulled this way and that with no resistance at all. He was secured bent over the end of the dining table. Wrists bound behind his back. Nadine is left handed and so we stood either side of his taught arse and delivered alternate strokes with about a 30 second gap between each stroke. He was sobbing after the first stroke and actually crying properly after the seventh. I realised I was becoming aroused again and I could see Nadine was as well; her eyes sparkling with exhilaration. Each of the three of us was experiencing extremes of emotion. I knew the subjugating effect of this caning, following the earlier events of the evening, would be excellent for bitch-boy's conditioning and would stay with him for weeks, or even months, to come. His arse took on a deep red hue and the skin hardened with the assault. At the end of the 26, after he tearfully thanked, first Nadine; and then me, for taking the time to make him a better slave, he was released and pulled by his ear to stand in the corner of the sitting room, his arms folded behind his back. Nadine and I sat on the sofa with refreshed drinks and chatted for twenty minutes about the DVD recently watched. Then it was time for the second set of 26 strokes.

These were delivered as before and produced the same response in all three of us; tears for bitch-boy, arousal for Nadine and arousal and satisfaction for me. At the conclusion, in accordance with his training, bitch-boy, between sobs, thanked each of us in turn for taking the time to make him a better slave. This time though I had him kiss our shoes as he thanked each of us. He appeared to do so with the utmost veneration. I then announced that Nadine and I were retiring to bed for more orgasms and then sleep. I instructed him to tidy the sitting

room and kitchen, stow away the bondage and discipline items that had been used and then he could go to bed, having set his alarm to wake his Mistresses with tea and toast at 7:30am the next morning. I had one more thing to mention as he knelt before us; utterly broken and compliant.

'Oh and don't think that you might find the key to your padlock while you tidy away the keys around the house. I have just realised that it is in my purse in my bedroom. It's been there all the time. Never mind hey bitch-boy, no one ever said your life serving me would be fair did they?' I smiled broadly and Nadine chuckled as we turned and headed to the bedroom, leaving bitch-boy kneeling on the floor, shoulders hunched low, his chin resting on his chest, breathing shallowly and looking like he might burst into tears again.

4 February 2004 : Having it beg with all its heart

Today I read a wonderful article on the topic of conditioning slaves to ensure absolute obedience and awed devotion. Much of it I already knew concerning absolute strictness, relentless fault finding and uncompromising punishment, but one section was a revelation to me. The section was entitled '*Having it beg with all its heart.*' I set out an excerpt of the section below and I intend to properly include its doctrine in my regime for bitch boy from now on.

When it is begging with all its heart, to a degree not found in any other circumstance, then does it truly comprehend the extent of one's power over it and the absence of power it has. At such times that it is begging so sincerely and earnestly for something to happen or not happen; this thing is the most important thing in the world to it at that moment, yet it can see that one is making a decision of the least significance to oneself, simply choosing what to do on the merest whim. What more demonstration of one's absolute power can there be? What more demonstration of its complete absence of power and its complete dependency on one's decision making and mercy can there be? And of course, as well as the benefit of conditioning your slave, what a pleasure it is to dangle your marionette in such a state, on the string of your authority.

There are three key means of inducing this begging state in the slave. 1, during a punishment or torture; 2, by mind-fucking and 3, during sexual teasing, (if you employ a tease and denial regime as part of your lifestyle.)

A point should always be reached during a punishment or physical torture when the slave's need for it to stop induces begging with all its heart. Having reached this state, it is possible to prolong it almost indefinitely. If for instance you have been caning its arse or smacking its genitals with a ruler, and the begging with all its heart begins, then the number and frequency of strokes or smacks can be reduced, perhaps even to a single stroke or smack every 30 seconds, perhaps more or perhaps less than this, but it is always possible to find an equilibrium level of continuation, which is not so excessive as to cause a breakdown in the slave, but is sufficient to maintain its earnest begging state. And all the while the state exists, it is being conditioned to truly understand the extent of your power and the absence of its own.

A mind-fuck can take several forms. It can be the announcement of a punishment, humiliation, torture or event that is definitely going to take place sometime in the future. (The future can be minutes, hours, days, months or even years away.) If it is so disagreeable to the slave that it begins begging with all its heart to be excused from the particular business announced, then it is a mind-fuck which should be drawn out and embellished with much fine detail so as to continue the slave's state of earnest begging. And it is a mind-fuck which should be revisited repeatedly. A mind-fuck can also be the announcement of a punishment, humiliation, torture or event that simply *might* happen sometime in the future, or it can be something which one knows will never happen but you convince the slave that it is your

intention that it will.

Finally, if as I do, one includes extended tease and denial in ones' regime for one's slave, then another opportunity to induce begging with all its heart arises, provided a golden rule is followed. If one only ever releases the slave's organ, or utilises a certain bondage position when relief is to be allowed, then the rule is broken. To ensure the earnest begging state is induced and can then be drawn out, the exact conditions for when relief is allowed must also be employed for when it is denied. I enjoy only allowing relief when the slave has been denied for several weeks, is in severe bondage and only after it has undergone considerable genital teasing and torture. I however make sure I put my slave through these conditions without allowing relief, more often than when I grant relief. By this regime it never knows whether relief is to be granted and, under these conditions it is soon begging with all its heart, and continues begging until I finally implement my decision. If I always granted relief in the conditions I have set out, it would not beg because it would know it will eventually get to cum. If at the outset of implementing the conditions I announce it will not be cumming, then it will not beg because it knows that the begging will be pointless. So I do not announce my decision either way, and it truly does not know what the outcome will be until it happens. The state of begging with all its heart, often for extended periods is ensured and, of course, is often unrequited.

So there is the excerpt from the article. I will be fully following its doctrine. I can see the benefits will be more power and pleasure for me, and more fear and awe of me on the part of bitch-boy.

4 December 2010: An apt punishment

We woke up on this December Saturday morning to find a thick blanket of snow covering the garden and surrounding fields. Both my sisters had stayed over the previous night, in preparation for a Saturday Girls-Night-In. [*The events known as Girls-Nights-In were fully introduced in the 16 January 2006 entry in Volume 1*]. Bitch-boy was in his black and white maids' outfit cleaning the house in preparation for all the other female guests that would be arriving that evening for the Girls-Night-In. At around 10:30am we began to get phone calls from the Girls-Night-In guests giving their apologies that, given the snow and remoteness of my cottage, they felt it unwise to travel; I agreed. So, much to my own and my two sisters' disappointment, as well as that of the other intended guests, the Girls-Night-In was postponed. Bitch-boy looked very relieved on hearing the news and perhaps almost a little smug. A big mistake on his part because this did not go unnoticed by my older sister Sandra. She stared out of the window at the scene of glittering snow covered surfaces and vegetation. She spoke with annoyance.

'We are very disappointed that you will not be enduring a Girls-Night-In tonight bitch-boy and you should therefore feel the same. You are supposed to have consideration only for the pleasure and ease of the superior women around you. You are not supposed to have any regard for your own feelings; you know that.' Sarah, my younger sister and I looked at each other with raised eyebrows. We knew it did not bode well for bitch-boy to have annoyed Sandra. I must admit I too felt a tinge of annoyance that he had not fully hidden his relief in the cancelation of the event. After a pause and a considerable shift in bitch-boy's expression, Sandra ordered him to the kitchen to make coffees for me and my sisters. When he was gone she announced her plan of punishment, fit for the crime. Sarah loved Sandra's plan and the two of them behaved like a pair of excited 16 year olds; which is an endearing trait of theirs, often exhibited when a fun event is forthcoming. It also reflected the nature of the planned punishment. I decided I would watch, rather than participate and I also asked my sisters to limit the punishment to 20 minutes duration.

After coffee my sisters took bitch-boy upstairs to put him into suitable attire. They were smiling wickedly and bitch-boy began to adopt a demeanour of unease. He spoke timidly and politely to Sarah as he was marched along.

'Please Mistress Sarah, what's happening now, please?'

'Oh you will find out soon enough maggot.' She finished her response with an evil laugh which noticeably deepened bitch-boy's unease. He attempted to meekly ask again and before barely his first syllable had been uttered, Sarah spoke loudly and with irritation.

'Shut up maggot! Not another word out of you.'

Bitch-boy reappeared ten minutes later wearing his pink cotton dress which reaches only to his naval. His penis restraint had been removed from his shaved genitals. He was strapped into his baby reins and his wrists had been buckled to the front of the reins. He had a baby's bonnet on his head tied under the chin. His hands were in woollen mittens and his feet in woollen booties. I looked him up and down and laughed.

'Oh my poor little sissy bitch-boy, you are in for a tough time.' He looked really distressed now, still unaware of his fate. I spoke again.

'I think it would be a good idea to cling film his booties girls, I don't want them spoiled.' My sisters thought that a sensible idea and bitch-boy looked even more distressed

and confused. I added another suggestion.

'Put the posture collar on him and when he is in position, bind his ankles tightly together with a length of rope. You don't want him dodging about.' My sisters and especially Sandra, loved my suggestions and soon enough all preparation was complete.

As soon as bitch-boy saw my sisters donning their hats and gloves and coats he worked out what was in store for him. He looked like he was about to burst into tears. He turned to me and pleaded.

'Oh please no, not outside, it's so cold, please.' Any further entreaties were cut short by a vicious smack to his cheek from Sarah. She looked irritated.

'If I say; not another word out of you; that is what I mean.' When my sisters were cosseted in their warm outdoor garments, he was led outside. I stood by the window to watch the fun. A few seconds later Sarah reappeared in the room with me and spoke with childish excitement.

'We need a camera. We need a camera.' I found and handed over my camera and she rushed off, giggling.

The bright low sun shone powerfully from the blue sky and the snow sparkled under the sun's high contrast glare. Sandra positioned bitch-boy with his back to the beech hedge, laden with snow, at the rear of the garden and tied his ankles tightly together. Given the rigid posture collar holding his head in position and his bound wrists and ankles, bitch-boy could not move a muscle. Sandra was the first to form a snowball in her palm and standing only three feet from bitch-boy, threw the snowball into his face. Both my sisters laughed loudly and I smiled at their childish yet very cruel pleasure seeking. Bitch-boy could not have looked more miserable. Their breath turned to steam, illuminated in the bright sunshine in the freezing air. They took turns throwing the snowballs into his face and taking photos of each others' pitches. His genitals, shrinking in the cold breeze, were the next target; more snowballs, more photos. My sisters were really enjoying themselves and I was moved to laughing out loud as I watched them. Their ever present sibling rivalry, today manifesting itself in competing in whom could be the meanest to their helpless victim. Sandra fashioned a large snowball which she simply pushed into bitch-boy's face while holding the back of his head with her free hand. Sarah followed suit but her large snowball was pushed into his groin. My sisters hugged, and lent against each other in hysterics, struggling to stand upright given their hilarity and the slippery snow. Sarah wore Ugg boots and Sandra wore flat heeled faux riding boots. They both wore tight jeans and thick winter coats with hoods pulled over their heads. Their apparent snug warmth was a considerable contrast to bitch-boys obviously freezing condition.

Sandra disappeared from view and Sarah took a few photos of bitch-boy from different angles until Sandra returned carrying a large snowball in the palm of one hand and what I quickly realised was the jug of my fresh urine, I had left in the bathroom to be used to degrade bitch-boy, at some point during the day, if the inclination took me; (an amusing habit of mine). Holding her snowball in the palm of her gloved hand, 18 inches from bitch-boy's face she smiled broadly as she slowly and carefully tipped urine onto the snowball until its bright white colour was replaced with an orange hue. She set the jug on the snow covered lawn and Sarah brought the camera up, ready to snap away at the forthcoming act of spitefulness. Almost in slow motion, Sandra pushed the orange snowball into bitch-boy's face and smeared it around in a circle. My sisters again, lent against, and hugged each other in hysterics, struggling to stand. Bitch-boy burst into tears which generated a fresh tide of hysterics in my sisters and brought hooting laughter from me as I watched. When my sisters had regained their

composure, Sandra received the camera from Sarah and Sarah removed her glove and proceeded to pick small lumps of orange snow from bitch-boy's face, and then from the arc scattered around his booties, and meticulously feed the lumps in between his lips. He sobbed as he compliantly took the urine saturated snow into his mouth. Sarah concluded this particular nastiness by having him suck her fingers clean before retuning her hand to her glove. The girls took a brief rest at this point and bitch-boy stood still like a statue, looking straight ahead; his chin held in place by the collar. He was obviously very cold and very distraught. His ordeal was not yet over though.

Sarah and Sandra whispered an exchange and the after a short argument, Sarah reluctantly took up the camera and stood off to the side. I wondered what was next for bitch-boy. I also wondered just how much he regretted showing his tiny hint of smugness earlier on. Sandra checked Sarah was ready with the camera some 10 yards away and then walked up to stand right next to bitch-boy. Her smile was very cruel as she placed her gloved hand on the rigid posture collar at the back of his neck and then gently but relentlessly pushed. Like a tree having been felled by a lumberjack; his ankles tied tightly together, his wrists fixed at his naval, and his head held firmly upright, he fell face down into the deep snow. Sandra erupted into giggles and Sarah continued her camera duties when Sandra placed the sole of a snow covered boot onto the back of bitch-boy's head and pushed his face further into the snow. Leaving her camera duties, Sarah followed suit and placing her snow covered boot onto his arse she pushed his crutch into the snow. My sisters high-fived as they stood there giggling like school girls. I joined them in peals of laughter until I regained my senses enough to knock on the window and, when they turned to me, I pointed at my watch indicating the 20 minutes was up. I did not want bitch-boy developing frostbite in his extremities! Sandra indicated two more minutes and bitch-boy was hauled to a kneeling position. With her glove removed she held her long slender little finger next to bitch-boy's now very tiny shrivelled penis; it was the smallest I had ever seen it. My sisters and I all have long slender fingers and bitch-boy's clitty was clearly smaller than Sandra's little finger. More hysterics ensued while a photograph was carefully taken which, I later found out, was required to include Sandra's laughing face next to bitch-boy's miserable tearful face as well as the finger-clitty comparison.

The girls were bundles of laughing energy when they returned indoors to join me and while they removed their winter outer garments, I stripped naked the rather blue in colour bitch-boy, as he shivered remorselessly. I put him back in his reins and secured his wrists to the straps at his naval and stood him in front of the flickering light and heat of the log burning stove to warm him back to life. He was exhausted and conquered. While the girls made coffee, I located some clean woollen booties, mittens and a baby's bonnet and we settled down with coffee to chat and laugh while bitch-boy stood slowly thawing and looking utterly ridiculous. Sandra took pleasure in a little mind-fuck.

'When we have finished this coffee we're all going outside again for more snowball fun at your expense pansy piece.' She spoke with such sincerity and malice that bitch-boy completely believed her and he began sobbing; his chin dropping down to rest on his chest. I turned the knife.

'It's no good crying you pathetic sissy. You know how much fun my sisters had in the snow with you. And I could not stop laughing as I watched from the window.' The three of us passed wide, pitiless smiles as we watched him sobbing, his eyes cast to the floor. It was Sarah's turn to twist the knife which she did in a completely convincing tone.

'This time though we are going to start by hosing you down with cold water.' His sobbing became unrestrained and he dropped to his knees. In response, we filled the room with our laughter. After five more minutes of our mind-fuck torments we finally put poor bitch-

boy out of his misery. The truth was, my sisters needed to set off for home given the weather conditions. Before they left it was agreed that bitch-boy would produce a small photo album of the snow session which would completely show his full degradation. I would be the judge and a below par album would result in punishment and the need to try again until it was right. Sandra asked for an eight by ten print of the finger-clitty comparison shot which she would frame and exhibit whenever bitch-boy was visiting her home.

As a final humiliation in my sisters' presence, as they were leaving, I had bitch-boy stand outside of the front door dressed in his ridiculous mittens, booties, reins and bonnet. I held the reins behind him and he had to recite a goodbye phrase to each sister in turn I had taught him for this goodbye moment, curtsying at the start and at the end of the phrase.

'Thank you so much for visiting and showing me what a pathetic sissy I am. Please come back soon. It is a privilege to be able to serve you and suffer for your amusement.'

16 October 2005: The dominatrix visit

Prologue

Last Friday evening I took bitch-boy to a fetish club for a good dose of public humiliation. This was a club night organised by some professional dominatrix, held about once every six weeks where the women attending are dominant and all the men are submissive. Many professional dominatrix attend the club as a marketing exercise and no doubt for some fun too. During the evening I got talking to one particular dominatrix called Madame Morgana who, as we talked, we discovered lived only half an hour's drive from my home. She was actually quite intrigued with my uncompromising and absolute relationship of real female dominance with bitch-boy. All of her experiences with her clients, no matter what she did to them, were - at the end of the day, with the consent of the men; unlike the experiences and life of bitch-boy with me. Madame Morgana was slim with long dark hair, an athletic build and a very aristocratic and haughty voice and demeanour. I guessed she was around 40 years old. She was quite tall, on which I remarked, and she told me she was five feet ten inches tall in her bare feet which was a useful attribute as a dominatrix. I could see bitch-boy, at the time kneeling at our feet, was quite intimidated by her and very humiliated listening to me describe our relationship to her. On the spur of the moment, I asked Madame Morgana if I could hire her to visit me at my home and join me in making bitch-boy very, very miserable for the duration of her visit. Her level of intrigue was such that she not only agreed there and then but also gave me a substantial discount on her hourly rate and said she would not charge for her travelling time. We agreed to finalise arrangements by telephone and email. Some of the emails are set out below.

Great to meet you Morgana, I confirm Sunday the 13th of November works for me, let's say 2:00pm to 5:00pm. One small thing (no doubt I will think of others), on the day, it would be ideal if I could refer to you as Morgana and you refer to me as Scarlet. Bitch-boy will have to refer to me as Mistress Scarlet. How shall I instruct him to refer to you?

Another thing. On the day please look for, and point out, every infraction on his part, however minor. I want to have plenty of opportunity for us to punish him and to ensure he is nervous and frightened the whole time.

Scarlet

xx

It is in the diary and I am looking forward to our get-together. I really am quite intrigued to visit a lifestyle Mistress with a 24/7 slave. Instruct bitch-boy to refer to me as Madame Morgana.

Morgana

x

Another thing Morgana. It would be perfect if you would wear something smart and sexy but not obviously fetish. He will spend time with his genitals exposed and I love CFNM (clothed female-naked male), so something you might wear as a wedding guest or an office vamp look would be great. I know he will find that deeply intimidating. I really want him to understand this is his life. Not some game where women dress – up to titillate him. Please wear very high heels too, then we will both tower over him; which will be amusing in itself. Also I attach a list of my likes and dislikes which you may find useful. I hope this may enable you to improvise during your visit. Feel free to do anything on my likes list. I want you to have a great time (hopefully at bitch-boys expense!)

Scarlet

xx

Please yes

- Verbal humiliation in his enforced role of the moment
- Verbal abuse as to the life he leads and how weak he is and how it is not a game: (He is never allowed to fuck, he is in a restraint tube and denied for two to four weeks at a time, does all chores, dressed up and role play for Mistresses amusement, etc.)
- Humiliation through making him perform actions in his role as maid or little girl or school girl
- Repeated use of a cane, tawse, strap, flogger, quirt, crop on him
- Causing him to beg with all his heart
- Making him cry
- Looking for faults in his obedience and behaviour
- Visually sexually teasing him (he will not have cum for at least 3 weeks beforehand)
- Physically sexually teasing him, including orgasm edging, but no cumming
 - Smacking his cock with a ruler
 - Deep Heat rubbed into his cock
- Using electricity on his cock (I have a Erostek tens unit)
- Licking the soles of your shoes/boots clean
- (CFNM – clothed females naked male)
- Lesbian contact of any kind between us - in the same room as him, or another room (lesbian cuckolding)
 - Bondage
 - Face slapping
 - Spitting
 - Human ashtray
 - Menial chores (toilet cleaning, floor cleaning)
 - Objectification
 - Mind fucking
 - Eating trampled food off of floor

Please no

- Ball busting
- Low heeled shoes or boots
- Involvement of another male in any way

- Using a strap-on on him
- Blood
- Scat
- Nipple torture
- Trampling
- Tickling
- Violet wand
- Knife play
- Fire play

Thanks for email Scarlet. Lots of lovely things for me to think about. I look forward to seeing you on the 13th.

Morgana
X

Two weeks after the night at the club, all the arrangements were made for Madame Morgana's Sunday afternoon visit. I fully described the arrangements to bitch-boy. He would clean the house before the visit to immaculate standards. He would bake some cakes to be served during the visit. At the start of the visit he would perform the role of a maid and for the remainder of the visit he would be providing amusement in the role of a little girl; reciting nursery rhymes with actions and perhaps having a tea party with his dollies. Madame Morgana had agreed to my requests to look out for every infraction on bitch-boy's part, to join me in his physical punishment for each infraction and to help me try to reduce bitch-boy to tears solely through humiliation. She proposed to bring her favourite punishment implements with her which I had enthusiastically agreed to. Of course, bitch-boy begged and begged for the visit to be cancelled and I could see he held a deep dread of Madame Morgana and I collaborating with full determination to seriously mistreat him. Given her demeanour I was not at all surprised at his dread. Madame Morgana had also agreed to my request that I make an audio recording of the visit. I own a small digital recorder which can hold nine hours of recording. I intended that, after the visit, under my instruction, bitch-boy would edit the recording down to perhaps two hours of highlights which I would be able to play back to him again and again so he could, firstly, repeatedly relive his miserable experience and secondly, dread the prospect of a subsequent visit from Madame Morgana; should all go well with the first. I envisaged him having to listen to the recording while doing the ironing and during periods of bondage or when locked in his cage while I was out of the house, or even, as a source of entertainment, in his presence, for dominant female guests I might entertain from time to time.

It was three weeks until the visit and I wanted to drag out and intensify his apprehension and dread of the event so I had him print a six by four photo of Madame Morgana and I then dressed him in his little girl outfit complete with every single accessory and all his little girl make-up and I took a full length picture of him. In the picture his hands were strapped into his reins, he had a dolly tucked under his arm and he stood pigeon toed. I had him print off that photo at six by four. Finally I had him print off a six by four print of a photo, we already possessed, of me looking my most bitchy and heartless. The three photos were then pinned directly above his computer screen. He spends between two and four hours each day at his desk-top computer and he would now be reminded, through the duration of each day at the

computer, of how he would be dressed when performing his shameful little girl routines and of the two cruel faces that would be laughing at him and ridiculing him. I was a little shocked, but very pleased, by just how much it affected him to have his own photo, in his ridiculous outfit, up between the photos of Madame Morgana and I.

I laughed out loud when the montage was unveiled because he could hardly bring himself to look at the photos. The three prints were a continuous prompt for me to mind-fuck bitch-boy. Every couple of days I would walk past him sitting at the computer and see the photos. I would sometimes simply laugh, and he knew exactly what I was laughing at. Other times however I engaged in a serious mind-fuck about the forthcoming visit.

'Just look at those photos bitch-boy. How is it going to feel, dressed like that, looking like that, in front of me and Madame Morgana. Imagine reciting your nursery rhymes, lisping, standing pigeon toed? Just think how that is going to feel. And how about when I make you have a tea party with your dollies. I am sure Madame Morgana will insist on sweet little high pitched voices when you have to play the part of each dolly; think how that will feel, really think about that. I wonder if she will insist you look into her eyes when reciting your nursery rhymes. Perhaps I will instruct you to do so myself.' As I spelled out my mind-fuck I could not help laughing, watching his shoulders slowly drooping and his chin moving towards his chest as his head lowered in shame and despair.

Throughout my little speech he had whispered.

'Please no, please no.' At the end he spoke timidly.

'It's too much, it's too extreme, please no.' I laughed before responding.

'Nothing that gives me pleasure and amusement, and keeps you subjugated to my authority, can be too much or be too extreme.' Don't forget bitch-boy you are just my toy and slave. You have no rights and no say in what happens to you. I love you dearly because you are an important part of my perfect life, but I feel no sympathy or guilt at putting you through hell because it is your purpose to suffer for me and toil for me. Your suffering at my hands gives me pleasure and arousal. Nothing more need be said.'

During the week before the visit, Alice had to bake various recipes of scones and fairy cakes for me to choose the baking he would actually do on the day before the visit. With the wonderful aroma of fresh baking filling the house and testing and the tasting done, I decided Alice would be baking scones to be served to Madame Morgana and I, together with clotted cream and blackberry jam.

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13 November 2005

Bitch-boy had worked hard, to my instructions the previous day, while I had been at work. The whole house had been vacuumed, dusted and tidied. I however had more chores for him to do before the end of the morning, dressed in his black and white maid's outfit, protected by his very frilly cream PVC apron. I had him clean the bathroom thoroughly, clean the kitchen and then use the feather duster to ensure there were no cobwebs on the ceilings.

As I sat on the sofa leafing through a magazine, I looked up at bitch-boy.

'What do you look like Alice, in your pretty uniform, prancing around on tip toe with your feather duster; so ridiculous. I almost wish I had delayed this chore until Madame Morgana was present. However, the cleanliness of my home will be a direct representation of my dominion over you so I have to forgo that little amusement.' He momentarily closed his

eyes and winced at my cruelty.

It was inspection time. I secured bitch-boy's wrists behind his back and attached a dog leash to bitch-boy's frenum piercing in his little clitty. I then led him from room to room with the loop of my long thin crop over my right wrist. Inspecting the carpet and polished floor boards I poked at every speck on the floor. If it moved, I picked it up on the tip of my wetted finger and pointed the finger in front of bitch-boy's face. He knew the procedure and, with an expression of utter distaste, opened his mouth whereupon I would deposit the speck onto his tongue for him to swallow. I kept a verbal count of each such speck. I also randomly ran my finger along surfaces which should have been dusted. On doing so, along the top of the TV, my finger was coated in a thin film of dust. I shook my head and raised my eyebrows as I pointed the finger in front of bitch-boy's face. He looked so miserable as he opened his mouth and proffered his tongue which I used to wipe the dust from my finger. My inspection included a visual examination of the ceilings to check any cobwebs had been dealt with. After ten minutes the inspection of my house was concluded. I shook my head as I spoke with a displeased yet resigned tone.

'Well Alice.' I sighed.

'You get so much housework practice and yet still you fail to achieve the standards required. 6 specks on the floor means 12 with the cane, the dust on the TV means six and the little cobweb remnant in the guest bedroom means a further six. That's 24 strokes of the cane. Will you never learn to do your chores properly?' He pulled a pained expression and whispered.

'I'm sorry Mistress.' I responded sternly.

'Yes, well, sorry isn't good enough is it. I want perfection, not sorry.' He stared at the floor; head bowed as I continued to talk at him.

'I will leave your punishment until Madame Morgana has arrived. There is still preparation to be done.' He looked very upset as he caught my eye with a pleading expression but he knew better than to protest or beg. He had correctly assumed that giving him his punishment in front of Madame Morgana was to be one of my pleasures of this day.

The table cloth, napkins and Alice's uniform were all ironed by Alice. Redressed in her uniform, the table cloth was laid and the table made ready with plates, cutlery, crystal glasses and flowers. Also laid out on the table in a neat row were all my bottom punishing implements.

Madame Morgana arrived at 1:00pm as arranged. She wore black court shoes with a five inch heel and one inch platform sole, a tight, dark blue pencil skirt, black hosiery, a pale cream high necked blouse and a black fitted jacket. In her heels, she stood at six feet three. I was wearing six inch heeled ankle strap shoes with a two inch platform bringing me to six feet so we both towered over bitch-boy who stood at five feet seven in his flat heeled black patent Mary Jane shoes. I wore a tight black pencil skirt and white lace blouse.

I answered the door to Madame Morgana and showed her into the dining room where bitch-boy was standing; nose pressed to the wall, arms folded behind his back. He cringed noticeably on hearing Madame Morgana's loud, haughty, confident voice as she and I entered the dining room. The room filled with the scent of her perfume.

'Oh my God, what have we hear?' She laughed as she asked. I answered in my most spiteful style.

'What we have here is a grown man transformed into a sissy maid against his wishes so that she may best serve and amuse her superiors. Come and present yourself Alice.' He stood still for a moment clearly preferring the ignominy of standing, nose pressed to

the wall, than of presenting himself to my guest and I. Eventually he turned to face us, glancing momentarily at Madame Morgana before his shamed face pointed itself at the floor. He followed his training and curtsied before speaking quietly and apprehensively.

'Welcome to my Mistress's home Madame Morgana, it is an honour to serve you today.' He continued to stare at the floor and was clearly very humiliated. Madame Morgana was obviously very amused. Startling him, she grasped his chin firmly and raised his face to meet her gaze. He momentarily looked her in the eye before he directed his eyes downward.

'Oh I love these false eyelashes on her Scarlet, where did you get them?' I laughed.

'He really hates them. I got them from a party shop on the internet.' Madame Morgana directed her words to bitch-boy.

'This make-up does make you look ridiculous doesn't it you pathetic excuse for a man. Sky blue eye shadow right up to your eyebrows, and plum coloured shiny lipstick. What a slutty little sissy maid you are.'

She released her grip from his chin and began tugging his uniform this way and that.

'I do like your uniform though. Black and white, very formal and smart, and such a pretty apron and hat.' I could see that her condescending tone and words were crushing what was left of poor bitch-boy's pride; but it got worse. She lifted the hem of his skirt at the front. He stood like a manikin, putting up no resistance to being handled by Madame Morgana.

'And what is under here I wonder? Oh my goodness!' Madame Morgana laughed loudly and derisively and I joined in her laughter as she stared at bitch-boy's, shaved genitals, tied up with a very large pink satin ribbon bow.

'I can see there is no need for knickers to house such a tiny, flaccid little thing.' I laughed again. I thought bitch-boy might faint with the shame but I took my turn to speak as Madame Morgana continued to stare at his exposed genitals; holding his dress hem high in the air.

'Yes well, it's because it's so tiny that he is not allowed to fuck anymore. Isn't that so Alice?' He paused before responding in a whisper.

'Yes Mistress.'

'Not allowed to fuck. What not ever?' Madame Morgana feigned concern. I answered in matter of fact tones.

'No, not ever, and never again for the rest of his life; you could say he is a born again virgin.' Madame Morgana chuckled as she responded.

'Oh well, given its tiny proportions, that does seem fair enough to me. It is fair, given how tiny it is, isn't it Alice?' He was so shamed and cowed when he responded. It was a pleasure to observe.

'Yes it is fair Madame Morgana.' She and I laughed as she finally lowered his hem and pulled his dress straight, with firm downward tugs. I spoke unsympathetically.

'Now Alice, go and store yourself away until I require you.'

Alice curtsied and left the dining room and I led Madame Morgana to the sitting room where we sat next to each other on the sofa. We discussed final details for the next three hours and I reiterated to her my desire for her to really enjoy herself and to show absolutely no mercy to bitch-boy when either humiliating or punishing him. I made it clear that if he cried I would consider it a bonus and it would not induce the slightest grain of mercy in me were he to do so. I thought I detected a hint of excitement in her eyes, despite her lengthy experience as a professional dominatrix.

Final details sorted, I picked up the baby monitor video screen from the small table at my side and showed the image it displayed to Madame Morgana. Standing in the hall, nose pressed to the wall, arms folded behind his back, stood Alice. Madame Morgana laughed and

raised her eyebrows at the wickedness as I explained how, when he was in his maid's role, he was expected to store himself away as though he was no more than a vacuum cleaner or an ironing board; but of course, be permanently at the ready to respond to my summoning bell. There may be washing-up or ironing to do, but that could wait until I had no need for him to be at my beck and call. It was his duty to be ever-ready to respond to me in an instant. I went on to explain that the baby monitor camera set up on the hall floor was fitted with night vision; so if it became dark as the evening drew in, he must simply wait, nose pressed to the wall, in the dark; never knowing when, or if, he was being observed or would next be summoned. I also explained that we would need to pass through the hall to use the bathroom and that either ignoring him completely, or simply sniggering mockingly while walking past him, had an equally humiliating effect on him.

Finally I explained that if I had no need of his services, at my beck and call, because I was retiring to bed for the night; then given monitoring him would be at an end, he would be either locked into his penis restraint or into nappies and his lockable plastic pants. Madame Morgana was amazed to learn that the baby video monitor, night vision and all, was an off-the-shelf item from a baby shop at a very reasonable price.

Replacing the monitor on the table, I picked up the shiny brass summoning bell and it tinkled loudly as I shook it. Alice quickly appeared before us and looked very apprehensive and subdued as he curtsied. Drinks were ordered and Alice returned after a few minutes, carrying two crystal glasses on a silver tray. He curtsied with some difficulty while holding the tray and swayed a little to his left.

'Oh dear oh dear Alice; that was a substandard curtsey and you did not even have the sense to ask if you could have another go. You are going to be punished for that. You know perfection is the only acceptable standard of service.' Once he had sweetly placed each drink on its coaster, I stood and beckoned him to me. Wrists bound in front of him he knelt down over the footstall and I raised his dress to expose his vulnerable bottom. I spoke calmly.

'Once we have punished you for the imperfect curtsey, we are going to punish you for your earlier sloppy housework. You remember you are owed 24 of the cane for that.' Alice let out a long miserable sigh. Madame Morgana and I paid a visit to the dining table. She picked up a heavy wooden paddle and tapped it gently against her hand. She raised her eyebrows and nodded with satisfaction. I picked up my cane which I love to use so much. In the short walk back to Alice, I explained about the earlier housework inadequacies and Madame Morgana tut-tutted theatrically. I began the punishment with four hard strokes of the cane. Alice emitted a little unhappy gasp with each stroke. I stopped and stood back and Madame Morgana smacked each cheek once, filling the room with the sound of each impact. She looked at me, gauging my approval, but my expression remained neutral. Correctly taking this as a signal that she could apply the paddle with much greater force her next two smacks were much harder. Alice's gasps were now distressed. I smiled and Madame Morgana delivered four more smacks before standing back to look at the results of her handiwork. Alice's bottom had a faint red glow. I stepped up and systematically delivered 6 strokes of the cane. Alice's distressed sounds became almost constant. Madame Morgana and I alternated for a few more minutes until, during a pause, I announced that the punishment for the curtsey was over and the punishment for the housework infraction was now to be given. Alice whispered pathetically.

'Please, please, please no more, please Mistress.'

'Don't be ridiculous Alice. You know I cannot show any mercy. If you earn a punishment, you receive it. Anything different and there would be chaos in your little world and neither of us want that do we?' After a pause he answered timidly.

'No Mistress.' I laughed mockingly and responded.

'That's settled then.' Madame Morgana delivered 12 then I did the same. I was a little surprised that I used more force than the professional dominatrix, but regardless, Alice was well and truly punished. He was whimpering and close to tears as he breathed deeply; slowly recovering from the beating. His bottom glowed red and sported some parallel lines of mild welts. I ran my hand over the hot, marked skin. As always when I did this, delighting in the feeling of the heat and in my power and sadism. I released his bonds and he rose unsteadily to his feet. He thanked me for helping to make him a better slave. A ritual phrase following every punishment he has been taught to recite. I instructed him to return the punishment implements to the dining table. He turned at the door and curtsied. To my surprise and delight, he again swayed unacceptably. He was obviously still a little unsteady following his punishment. He shot me a look of horror which also carried an imploring appeal. He looked utterly crushed and about to cry in response to my words.

'Back over the footstall Alice.' I smiled with pure malice and gratification, and I saw a distinct realization in his eyes. In that brief second, as we held each others' gaze, he realised I had ascended to a new level of sadism and decadence and he realised that I myself was aware of that too. He looked at me in awe and, as though in a trance, he repositioned himself, after I bound his wrists. He was punished again on his already red and sore bottom. This time I used my quirt and Madame Morgana used my heavy tawse. By the end he was sobbing and I was deeply aroused.

Bitch-boy and I both realised I had subtly changed. I had ascended to a new level of dominance and sadism. In part this was because I had found that measured against an experienced professional dominatrix, I was far from wanting. (A surprise to me.) In part it was because I had truly used bitch-boy as a pure plaything in front of and with the aid of another woman. A toy I could do what I wanted with. I could hurt, I could humiliate. He just had to take it and, I felt no guilt, no pity; just contentment and arousal.

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Scones and tea were served. Madame Morgana's boots were polished while she wore them. With his hands bound behind him, Alice's little cock was brought to erection by skilled hands and then, for such impudence, it was smacked with a ruler by each of us while he yelped and begged. More tea was served. Alice was supervised in curtsy practice and before I knew it, the three hours were almost up and I had not even had the chance to put him in his little girl outfit.

To finish the visit properly, I took Alice up to the bedroom, stripped him of his maid's dress and hat and strapped him face down over a large pile of cushions on the bed. I left the tape recorder on the bedside unit so as to capture this final scene.

With a variety of implements, Madame Morgana and I gave his sore bottom a methodical, harsh thrashing. All the while, telling him how lucky he was to be my slave and to receive my patient, thorough training. It was a very, very harsh punishment session but I wanted this to be a memorable day for bitch-boy and for me. At the end, while still bound face down, I had him thank Madame Morgana for visiting and for helping me with his training. His words of thanks were interrupted by the odd whimper but the three hours were up so I let this go. I led Madame Morgana out of the bedroom, switched off the light and closed the door, leaving the sobbing bitch-boy in total darkness with my cold words ringing in his ears.

'You can lay there and think about how lucky you are.'

Having seen Madame Morgana to her car I made myself a gin and tonic and returned to bitch-boy. Without speaking, I released him from his bonds and he stood shakily. I lay on my

back on the bed with my thighs wide apart and uttered a single word.

'Worship!' In a trance like state he knelt between my legs and just before his head dipped down for his tongue to begin its careful ministrations, he spoke with what was obviously heartfelt sincerity.

'Thank you Mistress.' I smiled and shut my eyes to begin my journey to euphoric ecstasy, momentarily pondering contentedly on the wonders of my lifestyle.

English American Word Conversion

English	American
Autumn	Fall
Bath	Tub
Bathroom	The room with the bath/tub in it
Bank Holiday	National Holiday
Bin	Indoor Trash Can
Boot lace	Boot string
Boot of car	Trunk of car
Boots (shop)	drugstore
Break time (at school)	Recess
Biscuit (sweet)	Cookie
Car boot	Car trunk
Cafe	Diner
Car Park	Parking lot
Chemist shop	drugstore
chips	fries
Cooker (in kitchen)	Range or Stove
Crisps	chips
Cupboard	Closet for items
Curtains	Drapes
Dinner (school)	School Hot Lunch
Drawing pins	Push pins or thumb tacks
Dressing Gown	Robe or bathrobe
Dummy	Pacifier
Dust Bin	Outdoor trash can
Fairy Cake	Cup Cake
Fortnight	Two weeks
Garden	Back yard or Yard
Head Mistress	Principle
Holiday	Vacation
Ice lolly	popsicle
Jelly	Jel-o
Jumper	Sweater
Knickers	Panties
Lolly	popsicle
Lounge (in house)	Living room
Mac or Mackintosh	Raincoat
Mummy	Mommy
Nappy	Diaper
Packed lunch	Bag lunch / Sack lunch
Pants (men's)	Underwear (men's) (shorts/jockey shorts)
Peg	Clothes pin
Petrol	Gas / Gasoline
Phone	Telephone

Plaster (medical)	Band Aid
Play time (school)	Recess
Polo neck	Turtle neck
Postman	Postal Worker / Mailman / Mail Carrier
Pullover	Sweater
Pudding	dessert
Run the bath	Fill the tub
School Dinner	School hot lunch
Scone	Biscuit
Semi detached house	Duplex
Shoe lace	Shoe string
Sitting Room	Living Room
Soldiers (food)	Finger sized slices of bread or toast
Starter (first course of meal)	Appetiser
Sweets	Candy
Take-away	Take-out
Tap	Faucet
Terrace House	Town House
Toilet (the)	Rest room or bathroom
Torch	Flash light
Trodden on	Stepped on
trousers	pants
Underpants	Underwear (men's) (shorts/jockey shorts)
Vest	Undershirt
Wardrobe	Closet for hanging clothes as storage
Wash Hand Basin	Sink

Journal 2: Epilogue

I hope you have found the accounts of my life in this journal interesting and I hope you do not think too ill of my perversity and need for absolute control of my bitch-boy. I am working on the next journal and I have been persuaded to start a blog to keep my growing band of followers up to date.

Blog address : <http://msscarletuk.wordpress.com/>