

Kidnapped

A black and white photograph of a woman dressed as a maid. She is wearing a dark, long-sleeved jacket over a white blouse with a large collar, a white apron with a lace border, and a white headband. She is holding a silver tray with both hands, which contains a bottle of wine and a glass. She is standing in front of a window with a grid pattern. The image has a vintage feel.

From Manager to Maid

Miranda Birch

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By [Miranda Birch](#)

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A sexist Manager makes a bit too much of a nuisance of himself in the workplace, and finds himself subject to a sudden, unexpected career change — transformed into a lady's private Maid!

-
- [A TAUNT TOO FAR](#)
 - [A LITTLE CHAT](#)
 - [SNATCHED](#)
 - [TORMENTED](#)
 - [TAMED](#)
 - [TRANSFORMED](#)
-

A TAUNT TOO FAR

“BWOOAAHHH! What a stink!*” Mike exclaimed, and made a big show of waving his hand to and fro in front of his nose. Marjorie flushed a deep red. She had taken her shoes off under her desk, as she often did — it was more comfortable that way, but there was no smell, her feet didn't stink, she knew that. None of the girls complained, and Kate for one sure would have, if there had been anything to complain about! But that was goddamn Mike for you, always needling her. How she hated him! Smug red-faced pot-bellied bastard! Thought he was God's gift to women too, for some weird reason! And now he had it in for her. Just because she hadn't wanted to make out with him at the Christmas party. Urgh!! Imagine being kissed by that old geezer, practically old enough to be your granddad! Yeuch! Marjorie said nothing, even as she fumed inside. He was her manager, and that was that. Although in point of fact, she did most of his *fucking* job as well as her own! A sudden surge of anger lifted inside her at that, which she suppressed with an ease born of long practice. She simply stared at her screen, moved her mouse, waited for the idiot to just leave. Mike wandered about making further stupid remarks about pongs, then, getting no response to his prodding, left. He seemed to spend the whole fucking day wandering about the office like that, poking his nose in where it wasn't wanted. For a manager, he seemed to do fuck-all managing, that was for sure. As usual, the incident soured Marjorie's whole day. She was getting thoroughly sick of all this. But what could she do?

A LITTLE CHAT

Over a drink that night Marjorie poured her heart out to her friend Karen who she had met a while back through a mutual acquaintance. She had once worked for the same firm, and knew about Mike from then. She had since learned a lot more from Marjorie; for, although Karen was quite a bit older than her, they had hit it off at once and Karen had by now become a confidante.

“And the worst thing is, he is my boss and there's nothing I can do about it!”

“But surely sexual harassment laws...?”

“Well, that's just it, they are all just little digs and snide innuendoes, no-one takes them seriously.”

Karen pondered.

“It could be taken care of, you know...”

“Oh, I wish...”

Marjorie rolled her eyes dramatically.

“No, I am serious.”

“Yeah, yeah, whatever...”

Marjorie rolled her eyes again. But Karen didn't let it drop.

“What if, right?”

Marjorie opened her mouth to respond, but Karen held up her index finger for silence. Somewhat taken aback, Marjorie held her peace.

“Just hear me out. What if... right? What if Mike were... what if Mike were to, well, disappear?”

Marjorie looked at her, her brow wrinkled in puzzlement.

“Disappear? As in... what?”

“Well, you know, go away, move somewhere else?”

“But he's not likely to, is he? Not in this economy! And anyway he's on the pig's back, with all us mugs to do the work for him! Bastard! You know he pulls down...”

Marjorie was off on her favoursite subject again. Karen interrupted.

“For a price, there are people who could ... *make* him move.”

“Huh? I'm sorry, you've lost me...”

Karen took a deep breath. It was a risk, of course, telling Marjorie about Mistress Nina and her little operation. But she had a feeling it would be alright. Her intuition had never let her down, and all her feelings about Marjorie was positive. So She took the plunge.

“I have a friend, and this friend has a... well, you could call it a hobby...”

Marjorie looked at her, bemused, but said nothing.

“And this hobby involves well... changing men...”

Marjorie snorted.

“Oh, what? Like a fairy godmother? What's she gonna change him into for me? A pumpkin?”

Marjorie began to laugh. Karen decided to stop pussy-footing around.

“Those men become *slaves*, Marjorie. That's what they are turned into! And my good friend Nina makes a bloody good living *selling* them, once they've been trained up. Or she just gives them a short, sharp shock. It depends what you have to spend. So, you see, she might take Mike off your hands, so to speak — if that's what you *really* want.”

She looked at her friend. It was up to here, in the end. Marjorie had stopped laughing. She was utterly dumbfounded now. Karen chuckled. The usual reaction!

“Look, you don't have to say either yes or no straight off the bat. Have a think. It would cost, of course...”

“Yeah...” mused Marjorie, “guys pay big money for this ‘Mz Whiplash’ stuff, don't they?” She thought she had a handle on it now. “Perverved fucker would probably enjoy it...”

Karen laughed so loudly that glances were cast their way from neighbouring tables. Tears came to her eyes as she struggled to control herself. When she had stopped, she wiped here eyes and said,

“No, no, no... I shouldn't think dear Mike would enjoy half the things Nina would do to him...”

Karen dried her eyes a bit more. Mike *enjoying* it? Oh dear, oh dear... Some of them thought they would, she supposed; but she doubted any of them actually did. That was half of the fun, for girls like Nina — and her... She

gave a secret smile, thinking of the naked, chaste young slave-boy she had waiting for her at home... No need to let Marjorie know about *him* — not yet, anyway!

“Anyway, have a think, yeah?” Karen continued. “And, if you fancy it, and can afford it...”

“That’s the thing though...”

Karen leaned forward and whispered into Marjorie’s ear. Marjorie blew, and shook her head.

“Way out of my range.”

“Even if I was to stump up half?”

Marjorie looked at her friend, surprised. They were close, but...

“Would you do that for me?”

“Yes,” answered Karen simply.

Then she continued: “Look, just have a think, OK? And when you decide, let me know. Right?”

Marjorie just nodded, suddenly deep in thought.

A few weeks later, Karen’s phone rang one Saturday morning.

“Hi Karen, alright?”

“Oh hello Marjorie, how are things? Work going well.”

“Oh, yes! Well it *would* be, if it weren’t for a certain dick-head...”

Karen waiting. She felt Marjorie had something else to say. After a prolonged pause, Marjorie spoke again.

“You know that thing we talked about...?”

“I know.”

“How would we...”

“You pay me half, I’ll take care of *all* the rest. Are you saying you’re up for it!”

“Yes!” exclaimed Marjorie suddenly and loudly. “Yes, I am up for it!”

Karen smiled.

“Then you just leave it to me!”

They chatted a bit more, but it was clear Marjorie was too excited to think straight, and the call ended.

Karen smiled as she replaced her phone in her handbag. She had met Mike briefly, once, and that had been more than enough. What an absolute prick — he thoroughly deserved everything Nina was going to put him through!

SNATCHED

“Mike! Excuse me, Mike!”

“Huh?”

“Mike, if you have a moment, I need to talk to you privately. It's a matter of grave urgency.”

“Well, yeah, sure!” said Mike, surprised and taken off-guard.

Karen took him by the arm and led him round a corner. She checked: they were alone.

“Hey, I know you! Where do I know you from?”

Karen nodded.

“I used to work down the hall from you a few years back, before I got transfered” she said bashfully, playing the girlish woman awed by this macho man's sheer animal magnetism.

His eyes showed that he recognised her.

“Yeah... Hey, you were quite a babe when you were younger, I always thought!”

He probably meant it as a compliment. Karen giggled and simpered and flattered her eyelashes. Now if I can just get him into the room...

“Why don't we eh... find somewhere more private, Mike Oh! Sorry! I should call you Mr Taylor, shouldn't I?”

She made herself blush.

“I didn't mean to be forward... I ... I already think of you as...”

Her voice trailed off, as though embarrassed by her slip of the tongue.

It had exactly the desired flattering effect on Mike. He beamed what he imagined to be a winning smile at her.

“Hey, babe! Mike is just fine!”

“Mister... I mean, Mike,” she corrected herself with another shy smile, “why don't we find somewhere more... private? So we can talk *properly*, I mean.”

“Anything for you, sugar doll! Lead the way!”

Karen scanned the scene — still no-one in sight. Perfect!

She lead the way into the room, closed the door behind them — and then she and the waiting Nina made their move.

They had the cuffs on his wrists, the tape over his mouth and the hypodermic syringe in his left buttock in one uninterrupted series of swift fluid motions. Mike was taken utterly by surprise. His mouth moved behind the sticky tape, and he tugged frantically at the handcuffs. His eyes were wide. They waited patiently for the tranquillising drug to kick in.

The wait was not long. Mike slumped in their arms. They lowered him carefully to the floor, and took a moment to catch their breaths. Their hearts were pounding.

Calm again, they took the somnolent form by an arm each and dragged it over to a wooden box. He was a big fellow, but with a deal of effort the two women was able to get him into the box. Then Nina trussed him up like a turkey with leather straps. She removed the sticky tape from his mouth. It had served its purpose. It now needed to be replaced with something more effective. She forced his mouth wide and inserted a large ball gag into his oral cavity. The gag was partially deflated. She pumped it full, so that it made his cheeks bulge. Then she fastened the straps behind his head. There! All done. Trussed up like a turkey, all nice and safe and silent for transport.

Nina bade farewell to Karen, flipped her phone and called her team.

TORMENTED

Mike came to and shook his head groggily. Damn, he felt like he had been hit over the head with a hammer! Then, the shock hit him. He... he was naked, and strapped up in some... What had happened? And where the hell was he?

He looked around as best he could. The room was windowless. It was painted red. The floor was of stone flags, well-maintained, everything neat. There was a cage in one corner. One wall was lined completely with whips and paddles and straps, of leather and wood. Under them stood several tall containers, filled with canes. What the hell was this place? Some kind of kinky sex den?

He remembered vaguely then that broad from the conference — had she...? The last thing he remembered was that she had something important to say to him... But...

He tried to move. But he found that he was securely fastened to the gym-horse by leather straps. He thought of shouting out, but his mouth was filled with some rubber thing that made it impossible to speak.

He heard the clacking of high heels on the stone flags of the floor. He tried to turn his head, but there was some kind of leather collar around his neck, restricting his head movements.

A woman appeared in his field of vision. She was dressed in some peculiar leather get-up. Her face was concealed by a scary leather hood painted to make her look like some kind of demon.

“Hello. I am Mistress Nina. You will be my guest here in my establishment for several weeks.”

Mike at one began to thrash around in his bounds, inarticulate grunts issuing from his throat, eyes filled with fury.

“Tut, tut! Temper, temper, Mr Tough Guy! Although you won't be very tough for long...”

Mistress Nina proceeded to attach wires terminating in butterfly clips to several sensitive parts of The Mike's anatomy. Then she stood back and picked up a black box from a nearby table. The wires ran to the box.

She turned a dial, pressed a button — and Mike was convulsed in pain. She stood watching him writhe, then released the button.

“That was level five. It goes up to level nine, in case you are interested. Would you like to try level nine?” She put her head to one side, as though asking a toddler if he would like a nice biscuit. She smiled sweetly.

“Urgghhh! Ummppph!”

“Is that, no, you wouldn't? Or, yes, you would?”

Mike frantically tried to shake his head, but he could make only short jerks.

Mistress Nina shrugged.

“Well, here it is anyway!”

The naked male writhed and convulsed as much as the strict bondage he was in allowed. His eyes were wide-open and staring, almost bulging out of his head. Weird, urgent sounds came from behind the ball-gag.

Mistress Nina released the button after just a few seconds.

“Oh dear! I don't think that was very nice at all, was it?”

She laughed pitilessly.

“Welcome to my world! Here, bad boys get shocked, good boys get nice rewards like... uh, well like not getting shocked quite so often!”

Mike made incoherent noises.

“What's that? I am afraid I can't hear a word you say. Probably just as well really. You are a bit of a ranter aren't you? Well there is going to be no ranting in my house. And no sexist remarks either.”

She moved in close and grabbed him by the crotch. And squeezed. The sounds became higher in pitch, more urgent somehow. She released her grip.

Mistress Nina had cleared her schedule for the next few days. She had all the time in the world to ‘play’ with her captive man. There was no rush. She placed the box on a table nearby. She left the leads clipped on for now. A few hours of that, painful even without the current, and then when she took them off... delicious! Mistress Nina stalked out, leaving her victim hanging.

Mike had lost all track of time and place. The windowless room could be anywhere, and it could be midday or midnight, wherever it was.

He was still stark naked. To that had now been added the indignity of being shaven *completely* bare, from head to toe. He was once more very securely trussed up in the middle of the room — which made a change from being locked in the tiny cage in the corner, but hardly a welcome one. A thick leather posture collar held his head up and severely restricted his ability to move it. His arms and legs were stretched to the limit, wrists shackled by leather straps to chains that hung from the ceiling, ankles similarly shackled to ring-bolts in the floor. The tips of his toes *just* touched the floor, spread wide apart. He made a figure like an Andrew's Cross, arms and legs stretched out at roughly-45-degree angles. The large hollow ball-gag again filled his mouth, inflated to the very limit.

Mike had had plenty of time to think things through, but he had come to no conclusion. If it was a kidnapping, a money thing, then why not come out and say so? What the hell was all this kinky stuff about?

Now, Mistress Nina was sitting nonchalantly flicking through a magazine while he just hung there, waiting. They were both waiting now, it seemed. But waiting for what? Usually when Mistress Nina was in this room, she was very busy, working him over.

The door opened and in walked — what the fuck, Catwoman? Nah, some damned freak in a costume! Goddamn! When he got free from here he was gonna...

‘Catwoman’ approached and stood looking at him, hands on hips, her scarlet lips twisted in a cruel smile.

“Why! Mister Taylor! I had *no idea* you were into all this kinky stuff! You should have said — we might have partied together!”

Mike looked utterly baffled, staring at her as though she were insane. What? Who was this crazy bitch? Did he know her? His mouth worked around the ball gag that filled it.

The woman in the catwoman costume motioned to Mistress Nina, who un-strapped the ball gag and pulled it from Mike's mouth. He spluttered and gasped and began to rant.

“I don't know what the **HELL** you crazy bitches are playing at, but you won't be getting away with this! Don't you know who it is I am? I am... uh... a millionaire! I have the... uh... the civil right! And I am gonna —”

Mike's incoherent rant was cut off abruptly by a high-pitched squeal, followed by more incoherent sounds. His face was bright red. That had been caused by a another steady dose of ‘level nine’.

Then Mistress Nina put down the black box and pressed the ball-gag firmly back in her captive's mouth, and quickly fastened the retaining straps behind his head once again. The huge ball-gag made his cheeks bulge out like those of some giant, demented squirrel preparing for winter. His eyes bulged out too, full of fury. His face was bright red now.

“Thank you, Mistress Nina. I could barely hear myself think! Mr. Mike still has that unfortunate tendency to rant and rave, I see — or rather, hear!”

“Oh, we are working on that...”

“I should hope so too! Anyway, I think, ah...”

Mistress Nina took the hint, and left as agreed beforehand.

Alone at last with her friend's Nemesis, ‘Catwoman’ smiled coldly as she looked at him. In addition to maintaining her own personal slave at home, she enjoyed visiting here and playing with Mistress Nina's ‘toys’ from time to time. But this was personal. This man now bound and helpless and at her mercy had caused her friend Marjorie a lot of worry and strain over these past weeks and months. Now it was pay-back time!

She picked up the box Mistress Nina had laid on the table along with an assortment of other ‘toys’. Now, this box — she had seen that in action just now. So why not play with it some to begin with?

The long lead of insulated electrical wire lead over to where Mike was securely bound, stretched out like an Andrew's Cross. The lead turned into many leads, and those many leads were attached to various parts of Mike's body: nose, ears, nipples, testicles, penis. Ah yes, Mike's ‘pork sword’ in particular looked as though it had really been in the wars.

With a distracted air she turned the dial some and pressed a button. The result was startling: Mike began to buck and twist, making a curious gargling sound in his throat, mouth working frantically but fruitlessly at the big gag that filled it.

“Whoops!” exclaimed ‘Catwoman’. She laughed. “That must have been a real whopper!”

She released the button. Mike continued to buck and twist for a few moments, then subsided. He was covered in sweat. His bald head shone with it. She giggled.

“I shouldn't play so rough — someone might get hurt!”

She experimented with various settings on the box, from one (“just a tingle, huh?”) all the way up to nine (“oh boy you really felt that one!”). She would never have thought a human body could twist and writhe so!

Finally, she tired of that game, and placed the box back on the table, She moved in closer to her victim, stood right up close in front of him and grabbed him roughly by the crotch. She noted with smug satisfaction the pain she caused written on his face.

“Oh! Your little soldier is all red and sore, huh? I suppose I shouldn't grab you there — but I know like it really!”

She gave a firm squeeze to the testicles, then released her grip. Mike rolled his eyes.

“So! Let's get on with things. So much to do, so little time.”

She swaggered back over to the ‘toy table’....

“Let's see know, which one to try next. Decisions, decisions. Hell, I am pretty into this stuff, but even I don't know what some of these things are *for*. I guess you do though, huh, you kinky old goat? Who woulda thunk it?”

She giggled at her own wit.

“OK... let's start with something straightforward.”

She picked up an eight-thonged martinet.

“This baby looks like the business!”

She swished it experimentally to and fro.

Then she walked slowly back over to where Mike hung, her costume's six-inch heels making her swagger

sensuously, and took up position behind the trussed figure. She brought her arm back, then forward and with a flick of the wrist brought all eight tails in a splayed pattern right across her helpless victim's rump.

WHAP!

Desperate whining sounds were all she heard.

"That was number one. How many would you like?"

She walked round to look at him in the face.

"No opinion? OK, I'll settle for a round dozen."

She walked back to her place behind him, and a second whip-lashing stroke sent him into convulsions once more, and evoked weird, muffled squealing noises from the gagged mouth. She took her time laying on the promised twelve, all over his body. And added one for good luck at the end.

"Well, that was fun! Now, what else have we got? Oh, a good old-fashioned cane! They used to use these in schools back in the last century. Terribly barbaric! I don't suppose it can hurt all that much though if they used them on school children. Let's find out, shall we?"

She walked around to take up position behind him.

"Another dozen, I think. twelve is a nice number!"

THWACK!

The first cane stroke hit him on the backs of his thighs. After a short interval, it was followed by another. The strokes came irregularly after that, falling on rump and thighs, some just a couple of seconds apart, some several. Mistress Nina had told her that not knowing when exactly the next blow would fall added to the torment.

The martinet and the cane had been fun. Now, what next? Her eyes alighted on the *pièce de résistance*, the one she had discussed with Mistress Nina and agreed should be left until last. It was a double-ended dildo, with attached harness so that it could be worn. She picked it up, and made sure that Mike could see what she had in her hands.

"Just need to get this babe all lubed up — wouldn't want to cause internal injury now, would I?"

She picked up a tube of lubricant and coated both dildos, the outside one more liberally.

Mike stared incredulously at her as she strapped the device about her hips. It jutted out absurdly, obscenely.

He tried to shake his head, but the leather collar held it almost immovable. He tried to cry out in protest, but the hard rubber ball filling his mouth rendered speech impossible. He could make only twitching movements with his head, incoherent sounds in his throat.

He waited helplessly as she walked round to his rear, Her heels clacking on the stone floor.

He felt a rubber-clad hand slap his flank, then two rubber-clad hands grabbed him and pulled him back. Slowly but inexorably the shaft penetrated, deeper and deeper. Then it withdrew, also slowly; and then it thrust in again, with speed and vigour.

"Yeee-hah! Ride 'em, cowgirl!"

The gross, humiliating intrusion continued, her hips slapping against his sore, welted rump with every thrust.

She leaned forward and whispered into his ear:

"How does it feel, huh? You like being pounded in the ass by Catwoman?"

More gurgling noises. She continued thrusting vigorously.

“Oh yeah! Take it bitch-boy, take it all!”

Her thrusts increased in vigour as her climax approached.

She writhed on the dildo deep inside her as she came, running her hands over her nipples which stood erect under the rubber suit.

“Phew! I needed that!”

She mopped her brow with one hand.

“Was it as good for you as it was for me?”

Nothing but inarticulate grunts and squeaks.

“Too moved to speak properly still, huh?”

She un-strapped the harness from her hips, eased herself of the dildo on her side, then stepped out of the harness, leaving the other end still plugged deep inside the man who had stood in the way of further progress in her career.

She strode round to face her captive.

‘Catwoman’ looked directly at the video camera mounted on a tripod at the other end of the room, recording everything. That was the agreed signal. The red light on the camera went off. Now she and Mike were alone with each other.

Her heart was beating fast with anticipation. What she intended to do next had not been part of the plan. The whole point of the catwoman costume was so that he would never know for sure who it had been. But she *wanted* him to know who had done this to him! That would be the icing on the cake, the final victory.

‘Catwoman’ pulled her hood off.

Mike's eyes widened in recognition. First rage, then fear filled them. It... it was that *bitch* from the office, the one he had met during that conference... before he had... they had...

She guessed his thoughts.

“Well now, what do we do with you now that you've seen my face? Hmmm?”

She shrugged.

“I guess people ... ah... disappear every day, huh?”

She looked in his eyes, savouring his helplessness, the mingled anger and fear that she saw there.

“Or maybe not. Our little playtime together was video-taped, all of it, right up to just a minute ago. So all the world will see if that tape is ever released is Mike getting up to some naughty kinky fun with — who? Catwoman?”

She laughed.

“I think that this is one tape you definitely don't want released, huh? This went a little beyond locker-room talk, didn't it?”

He wasn't going public. She could tell from his expression that having it common knowledge what had happened these last few days, and especially this last hour, was more than he would be able to bear. And if he did try? Some middle manager with a wild tale of being kidnapped and pegged by — who? Yeah, right. They'd lock him in the looney-bin and throw away the key. And that was without the video tape evidence and the accompanying sworn

testimony from several people connected with Mistress Nina's operation that Mike was a dyed-in-the-wool masochist who regularly paid a tidy sum to be treated in exactly the way he had been.

"Well, I guess that's about it," she said. She paused. Smirked. "What was that movie? Oh, yeah: 'Pulp Fiction'. They had a pet didn't they, those red-neck guys? What was this they called? Ah! 'The Gimp'. I guess you are going to be Mistress Nina's Gimp. Kinky, huh?"

She laughed again.

"I hope you enjoy your new, ah, alternative lifestyle."

She looked at the expression at his face and laughed even more.

"Oh, look at that pout! Nah, I guess maybe I can put in a good word for you, and maybe Mistress Nina will let you go?"

She paused.

"Mistress Nina will have some non-disclosure documents for you to sign," she continued briskly. "You will sign them, of that I am sure. And then, maybe, if you're a good boy..."

She left him hanging on that uncertainty. Why not?

She waved, turned to the door, and opened it. She paused in the doorway, and turned for one last look. With an ironic smile she bade a last farewell to her former colleague:

"See ya!"

Later, Nina returned to gloat. Mike summoned up what resistance he had left. He just could not take it any more. This latest degradation had been just too much.

"You crazy BITCH!" he screamed at her in fury. "You have GOT to let me go! This is illegal! You can't just kidnap people!"

He went on and on, turning the air blue and showering insults of the most personal nature on his captress. Nina, unusually, let him rant. Sometimes, this was the end of a 'short sharp shock' treatment; but for Mike, it was only the beginning. She had something special in mind for him.

"I... I won't talk," he said lamely, as he rant out of energy to rant. "You can let me go, it's safe... I won't go to the police... I just want to go home..."

Nina still said nothing. She just unshackled him and pushed him to the floor. Then, with him still hobbled at wrists and ankles, she clipped a leash to his collar, and, with kicks and whip-strokes, hustled him along a hallway into another part of the extensive cellars under the big house.

TAMED

Idly, Nina surveyed the weals across the buttocks of her victim as he knelt, head bowed, out of steam, waiting. They were in neat, almost parallel lines. Expertly laid on, she reflected with a smug little feeling of satisfaction. But then, she had become a real expert in laying on the cane across many a muscular, well-defined male rump. Just as, she pondered, many a man had become an expert in taking it. Even this one. Did that make it a any easier for any of her wretched captives? She certainly hoped not! This one was due another good thrashing for his latest outburst, of course; but that could wait. She had something special planned to begin the next stage.

From a cabinet, Nina produced an iron lattice mask. Indeed, it was a kind of cage which would fit completely over a man's head. Mike's head, for example...

“This will teach you to hold your tongue, I think.”

It was the first thing she had said since his outburst. An outburst he was now beginning to regret.

Mike's eyes widened in puzzlement when he saw the contrivance, then opened wider in terror as he guessed its purpose.

“Oh, no... noooo!” he cried, struggling helplessly against the bonds which held him like a trussed chicken. Already, he was regretting his act of defiance, his futile attempt to salvage something of his manhood.

Unconcernedly, Nina placed the cage over Mike's head. Its bottom rim rested on his shoulders and it was held securely in place by an iron ring which could be screwed tight until it was firm about the neck. And this Nina now did, screwing it tighter and tighter until Mike's eyes and frantic noises revealed that it was making it difficult for him to breathe.

All the time, Mike hardly stopped was begging and pleading, even when he had to pant for breath between times, and was still futilely trying to struggle free.

“Now! Snug as a bug in a rug!” Nina exclaimed with a wicked grin, when she considered the collar tight enough. Mike was now in a real panic. But the worse was yet to come.

In the front of the cage, before the mouth, was a hole. Through this, Nina now screwed a pear-shaped object made of iron. The knob pressed to Mike's lips. He kept them firmly closed. However, the solution to that was quite simple. Nina simply thumped him hard in the midriff. Mike's mouth gaped as he gasped for breath. Quickly then, the iron phallus was screwed further, through the lips, into the mouth — *deep* into the mouth. Nina went on screwing it in until the big knob was right at the back of Mike's throat and he was half choking. Through the lattice, his eyes could be seen wild and wide with panic-stricken horror.

“There,” said Nina, “after twenty-four hours like that, I think you will be regretting your words ...”

Pleading, whinnying sounds were jetting down Mike's nostrils. Despite the heaviness of the cage, he kept shaking his head from side to side.

“What is more,” continued Nina, “I think you will watch your tongue in future, my boy. Nobody —but *nobody*! — speaks to me like that and gets away with it!”

More whinnying; and snorting; and some choking sounds too. It would seem that Mike was trying to say he was sorry. That he had not really meant it. And he would do anything if only they would take that awful thing out of his mouth, the iron thing that filled it and stretched it jaw-achingly wide.

“One final thing,” said Nina, smiling again through the iron grille, “when I do take that off tomorrow, I am going to take you straight to the punishment room. There, I am going to put you over the Punishment Block...” — she paused dramatically — and *then* I am going to give you the same sort of thrashing you had last time. If anything, you deserve it even more than you did before! “So, that's something for you to think about, no?”

She pushed Mike away, who collapsed onto the bare planks of the bed. She turned on her heel and stalked out. The heavy door clanged shut, the light blinked out. Mike was left to suffer in silent darkness.

The next morning, Nina was up bright and early. She hurried down to Mike's cell. *This* was the part she loved the most. She flicked the light switch mounted outside the cell, unlocked and dragged open the heavy door, and stepped into the doorway.

Immediately she did so, she heard loud, whimpering-snorting noises. Mike had knelt up on the plank-bunk, hands holding the heavy iron cage over his head, shaking it from side to side. The urgent whimpering went on and, through the grille, she could see his blue eyes, staring wildly out.

Not *quite* so cocky now! Nina thought triumphantly.

“You don't appear to like the head-cage?” she remarked nonchalantly.

The cage shook slowly, awkwardly, from side to side.

“Tut-tut! What a shame. I picked it out just *especially* for you. But you don't like it?”

The cage shook slowly from side to side again. Inarticulate grunting noises came through the grill.

“What's that? Are you asking me to take it off?”

This time there was a violent nodding of the cage.

“Really?”

Nod ... nod ... nod ... Oh those beseeching eyes!

“Pity. It certainly has a good effect on your attitude. So good in fact that it's not coming off until *tomorrow* morning. And after that, you have a good thrashing still to look forward. One that you will remember for a long time, I promise.”

Poor Mike slumped down on the hard bunk, the iron cage clanging. Nina smiled her cruel smile, flipped off the light switch and slammed the iron door shut, leaving the tiny cell once more in total darkness. Another twenty-four hours in that head-cage should be enough to break what was left of his resistance!

It was. Mike put up no more resistance, and certainly gave no more back-talk! Nina was pleased, breaking a man was always fun; but now stage two would begin, stage two of her special project. This was something she had not even told Karen about. She had decided not to sell Mike after all, but to transform him into — but we are getting ahead of our story...

TRANSFORMED

Marjorie had to get a cab to the rather remote house, after travelling to the nearest village by train. She did wish Karen was with her, Nina sounded rather formidable; but she had not been able to get away. She had assured her, however, that Nina was a lovely, friendly lady. She rang the bell, and the door opened almost at once.

“Hello Darling, you must be Marjorie!”

Nina was a big middle-aged woman, with blonde hair obviously regularly refreshed from a bottle. She greeted Marjorie effusively, as though she were a long-lost friend. She was obviously genuinely pleased to see her. That made Marjorie feel a little more at ease.

“Come on in, let me take that, go straight through. Have I got a surprise for you!”

Marjorie, pleased at such a welcome, went through and took a seat. A few moments later, she was joined by Nina, who before sitting down pressed a button on a hand-set she had picked up from an occasional table. From somewhere in the large house, a bell could be faintly heard.

Marjorie looked quizzical and opened her mouth to enquire — she had a million questions, come to that.

But Nina raised her hand for silence.

“Uh-uh!” she chiding with mock-seriousness. “Don't spoil the moment! In just a very little while, all will be revealed!”

At that very moment, the door opened and a — someone — appeared in the doorway. A maid, on first appearance. But what a maid! The uniform was quite *ridiculously* elaborate. The main colour was pale pink, with lots of white lace. A cap of the same pattern was perched on a mass of bleached-blond curls. The face was heavily made-up. The

waist was narrow, even for a woman. Heavy black stockings sheathed slender legs revealed by a dress so short it barely covered the upper half of the thighs. The feet were clad in matching pink shoes with at least a six-inch heel.

'It' entered the room and came slowly over to where they were sitting, teetering on the outrageously-high heels, taking tiny mincing steps, but managing to stay upright, somehow. The very short skirt of the dress swished with each little movement, sending masses of lace swaying too and fro. Reaching the table, the bizarre figure executed an elaborate curtsy quite flawlessly, then opened its painted lips to speak.

"You wang, Mithreth?" she (he? it?) enquired in an artificially high-pitch lisp.

"This is Petunia, my personal maid," said Nina matter-of-factly.

Marjorie was puzzled.

"I don't get it. You.. Karen said Mike would be...?" her voice trailed off uncertainly.

Nina smirked and simply tilted her head at the bizarre caricature of femininity who stood waiting silently before them.

Marjorie's mouth opened and closed silently, once, then again. At last, the penny dropped. And then she found her voice.

"I DON'T BELIEVE IT!"

"Well, maybe you don't, but it is," Nina said, and laughed out loud at her new friend's expression.

"Impressed with my work, then?" she went on.

"I'll say! Bloody hell!" Marjorie was still not quite articulate.

"But why..."

Nina raised an enquiring eyebrow.

"Why does he... she..."

"...it!" Nina completed with a laugh.

"Well, then why does... it — talk so funny?"

Nina nodded and explained.

"Well, for one thing, I wanted it to sound as artificially girly as possible, so anything other than a high-pitched lisp was severely punished during training. Still is, for that matter. And second..."

Her voice hardened and grew louder, a sudden transformation that as always gave Marjorie the shivers

"Show Miss Marjorie your pussy-pleaser, Petunia".

The wretched creature at once opened wide its shining lips and protruded its tongue. A tongue, Marjorie saw, pierced and studding in several places at the tip. It was clear now why the maid's articulation was somewhat unusual! Marjorie stared open-mouthed. Nina chuckled at her new friend's astonishment.

"I think this special occasion calls for a special drink!"

"Champagne," she said shortly then, in a quite different tone, and without looking at the sissified servant who stood in attendance before them still, teetering slightly on its high heels.

"Very good, Mithreth," it lisped in its absurd false falsetto, and minced off, petticoats swishing.

“My God!” exclaimed Marjorie. “You really went to town on him, didn't you?”

“Well, I thought it was worth an extra effort. I had a vacancy you see, after my last had its unfortunate accident...”

“Oh, so... but... Karen said something about a short, sharp shock, or...?”

Marjorie's voice trailed off uncertainly.

“Yes, sometimes it is. And we did plan it that way initially. But, as it turns out, Petunia's position with me is a permanent one!”

Marjorie nodded, somewhat stunned.

“Don't worry, no extra charge. This is just for me!”

“Right, so...”

“...so hence among other things the pierced pussy-pleaser!”

Nina completed the thought, and both girls dissolved in giggles.

By then, ‘Petunia’ was back with the coffee, which the feminised servant served expertly, silently, eyes downcast. Already Marjorie had got used to the sissified servant being there, so she made bold to continue discussing it.

“So, yeah, the uh... thingumajig.. you called... um... so you have, like... sex?”

“Mincing Miss Petunia here regularly attends to my needs in that area, yes.”

“But...?” again, Marjorie's voice trailed off.

Nina laughed at her new friend's bashfulness. Then she flicked her eyes briefly towards her sissified slave, and barked:

“Skirt up, knickers down, you!”

At once the ridiculous caricature of femininity before them hitched up its skirts and petticoats, and holding them about its waist with one hand, with the other pulled the pink directoire knickers down, to expose a completely-shaven pubic area and — a narrow steel tube completely enclosing a flaccid penis to just below the head. There, a bright pink ribbon was tied in a bow. From the base, behind the balls, was a ring to which the tube was attached. From this dangled a sturdy-looking, heavy-looking padlock.

“That answer your question?” giggled Nina. The champagne had gone just a little to her head.

Marjorie was gaping open-mouthed again. She had had no idea that such things went on — this was way beyond ‘Ms whiplash & Co.’!

“So you don't...”

“Dear no! Certainly not!” Nina faked horror. “That little device stays locked on 24/7 — except when prissy Missy here has been very naughty. Then it comes off for a dose of my eight-thonged martinet. A good hard whipping on a limp little cockette works wonders in getting an errant sissy back on the straight and narrow!”

The look on ‘Petunia’s’ face, still standing there with skirt and petticoats raised and knickers about knees, was a sight to behold. Humiliation and misery, tinged with fear.

“How did you get him that figure?” Marjorie mused as though speaking out loud. “I mean, most girls...”

Nina grinned.

“... would kill for it, he?” she completed. Marjorie was plump, though not as big as Nina. “Oh that was easy,” she continued proudly. “A restrictive diet, and some heavy corsetting.”

“Must be some diet...” Marjorie remarked dubiously.

Nina grinned. This was her favourite topic.

“A teensy bowl of cold porridge in the morning, and another in the evening. With a multi-vitamin and some leaves and what-not from the garden, more than sufficient for a working girl. I did think of allowing it my left-overs now and again — as a special treat, you know? — but, dear me,” she patted her large belly complacently, “there never seem to be any!”

Marjorie had to laugh, and Nina smiled.

“I wouldn't fancy doing the housework in that get-up... and then in a corset...”

Nina shrugged.

“Well, I mean to say, it's not like Petunia has anything else to do, is it? And there are twenty-four hours in a day, after all. Plenty of time to get everything done! And if a certain sissy should be *naughty* and *lazy*, then a trip to the punishment room soon puts things right!”

“The... the punishment room?”

“Yes. Would you like to see my punishment room?”

“Well, um, sure...”

They rose and Nina led the way from the room, down a long hallway, and stopped at a door. It was painted bright pink, and had ‘Petunia’s Playroom’ written on it in an elaborate italic font.

They went in. The room was big, and festooned with various things, most prominent of which was a large — well, it looked like a gym horse, but Marjorie guessed it must be a whipping block.

“As you can see, Petunia is very uncomfortable even being in here.”

She stalked on her high heels right up close to her sissified plaything, who sure enough was fidgeting with nerves, and looked into its eyes.

“This is not a nice place for naughty sissies! Is it, my prissy little Miss Petunia?”

“N-no, Mistwess,” came the ludicrous, lisping response.

“Nevertheless,” Nina continued on relentless, a bright shine of sadistic joy lighting up her face, “you *are* very grateful to me for the time I spent in here helping you to be a better sissy, aren't you?”

“Y-yeth... yeth thank you, Mistwess,” came the pathetic high-pitched reply. The sissy was trembling now, and looked as though about to cry. The eyes blinked rapidly, staring straight ahead in regulation fashion — though *not* directly at the Mistress.

“I think, Marjorie, we had better give you a little demo, hadn't we? Actions speak louder than words.”

She did not wait for Marjorie's reply.

“Fetch me a cane!” she barked at her uniformed maidservant.

The unhappy creature curtsied, tottered over to a jar filled with wicked-looking bamboo canes, and returned with one which, after another humble curtsy, was presented to the Mistress on upturned palms.

Nina took it, and swished it through the air.

“Assume the position then, you silly slut!”

The sissy at once got knickers down, skirts and petticoats up, and sprawled over the whipping block that took pride of place in this scary and forbidding-looking room. Marjorie noted that that pale bare bum had already taken plenty of stick, by the looks of it: the flesh was fairly covered in thin red welts, some fading away, others quite, quite fresh.

Nina smirked at Marjorie's open-mouthed gaze, and took up position behind the trembling sissified creation which had once been a man.

THWACK!

“One! Thank you, Mistwess!”

The wretched sissified creature's artificial falsetto rang out loud and clear.

THWACK!

“Two! Thank you, Mistwess!”

THWACK!

“Three! Thank you, Mistwess!”

THWACK!

“Oooowwwwfff-four! Thank you, Mistwess!”

The squeal of pain, the count and the thanks were succeeded by a heart-rending sob. Nina made her sissy wait a little for the next stroke. And when it came, it was the hardest yet.

THWACK!

“Arrgghhh! F-five! Thank you, Mistwess!”

THWACK!

“Hnnnnnnn!! Si... Six! T-thank.. thank you, Mistwess!”

By now it was hard for sissy to get the words out over her sobs.

“Pull your knickers up, you snivelling sissy!”

Nina said contemptuously, and slotted the cane back in its jar with the others. She winked at Marjorie and stood arms akimbo, obviously waiting for something. Sure enough, as soon as her sissy had got its uniform properly adjusted, it teetered over to her, curtsied, then fell to its knees, clasped its hands in supplication, and, through heaving sobs, bleated out a little speech of thanks. It appeared to be something learned by rote (as indeed it was).

Marjorie was quite simply gob-smacked. Never in a thousand years had she imagined Mike like this. This was revenge indeed — and then some!

“Right, now fuck off back to your chores, you pathetic pansy!” barked Nina when the little speech was finished and the sissy knelt there in silence, waiting to be dismissed. “And if you think you can slack off because I have a guest, have another think! Or you'll find yourself back in here for a *proper* caning before you can say ‘prissy pansy’!”

“Yeth Mistwess,” the woebegone sissy-maid said, performed yet another of those deep, elaborate curtsies, and scurried off just as quick as those stockings and high-heeled feet could go.

“Come on, darling, ” said Nina to Marjorie. “let's finish off that champagne!”

Arm in arm, the two new friends sauntered back to the living room.

TO BE CONTINUED?

This book's code is: DjwMZZmLBG

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