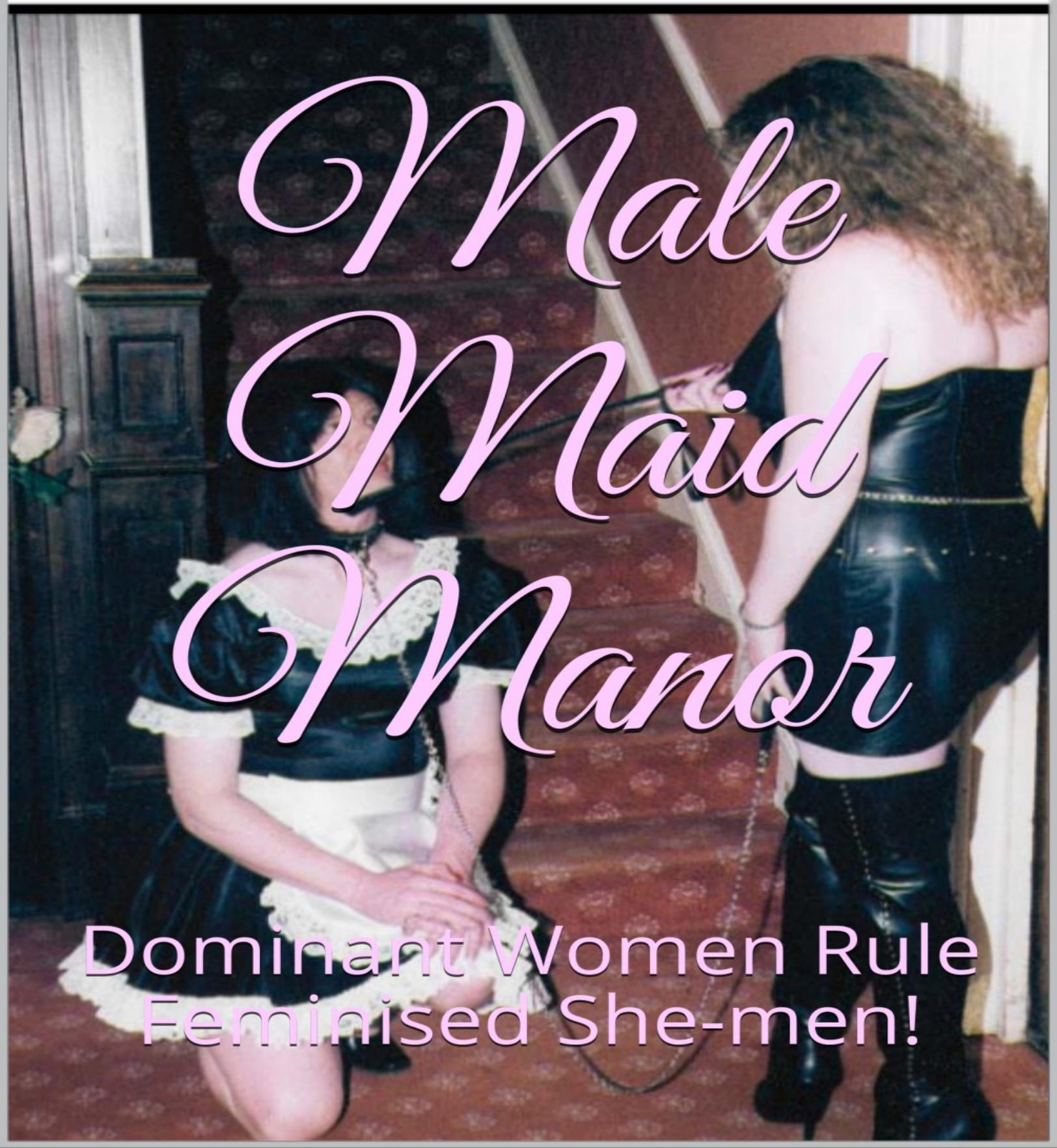


Miranda Birch



*Male  
Maid  
Manor*

Dominant Women Rule  
Feminised She-men!

## **Male Maid Manor**

Dominant Women Rule Feminised She-men!

by Miranda Birch

FRIDAY

It was a hot day at the height of Summer. Two youngish women were lounging in their sitting room, idly playing with their phones. Suddenly one of them, a well-built blonde clad in a flowing white summer dress, looked up and glanced over at her friend.

“Oh, Kathy, did I tell you? Penny's coming down for the bank-holiday weekend. She rang this morning.”

“Oh!” said Kathy, looking pleased. She was a buxom brunette who was even taller and more powerful-looking than the blonde. She too wore a light summer dress, of pale yellow, which showed off to advantage her very long legs and heavy breasts. “That will be nice. Does she know about our little set-up down here then, Fee?”

“Yes, I told her a bit about it. She didn't believe me at first.”

“Perhaps she's coming to find out if you was telling the truth.”

“Quite likely.”

“You were great friends once, weren't you?”

“Still are,” said the blonde Fiona. “Though I haven't seen her in yonks. She really is a little darling. So petite.”

Kathy smiled, then yawned and stretched.

“Oh, dear, this heat! It has me quite fagged out already. I think I'll go and take a bath,” she said.

“Mmmm,” agreed Fiona. “It really is quite sticky this afternoon.”

“Where's Daisy?” Kathy asked then, picking up a handbell at her side and ringing it.

“I gave him something to do in the garden,” said the blonde. She giggled.

“By now he'll be a lot stickier than you, my dear!”

Just at that moment, the door opened and in scurried a maid, clad in the classic black and white French outfit, who curtseyed low and then stood respectfully at attention, waiting to serve. 'A maid', yes, in so far as it was wearing a maid's uniform, a very elaborate one full of lace and frills — but no ordinary maid. This maid was — a man!

"You took your time Suzette, you slatternly slut," Kathy snapped. "Run me a bath."

"Yes, Miss; at once, Miss."

The feminised male bobbed another curtsey and scuttled from the room.

"Well, Fiona, I think we can say that we've got them nicely trained now," said Kathy smugly.

"You can say that again, Kathy my dear," said Fiona with a broad grin. "I should think Penny will be most impressed. After she has got over her surprise anyway!"

She stretched lazily, and grinned even more broadly. It was always nice to introduce new girls to the lifestyle. And who knew? Perhaps Penny could ensnare another male for sissification? They could always use an extra pair of hands about the place...

"After you've bathed, perhaps we might have a bottle of wine out on the patio. It should be cooling off soon. What do you think?"

"Mmm, like the sound of that."

Kathy stood up and strolled from the room, big hips swinging seductively. Fiona also stood up, moved over to the wide picture window and and looked out.

The grounds of 'Marthingham House' were large but had always been very well-kept. The many trees formed a complete screen to the outside world and in addition, there was a high brick wall topped with barb wire completely encircling the three acres. If you were going to have male maids, there was no doubt this was an ideal place to keep them, she reflected.

In the distance, she could see Daisy. He was on his knees, bent over a flower bed. his uniform was carefully hitched up about his waist, and he was wearing a floral pinny. A dirty uniform was a punishable offence. Although with some of the tasks the maids were

set, it was well-nigh impossible to avoid dirtying the uniform. Too bad! Might as well keep him at it for another half an hour or so, she thought. Then he could come in, get cleaned up, and start preparing their evening meal. Both Suzette and Daisy had now become quite efficient in the catering line. They had had to!

Meanwhile, upstairs, Kathy was naked in her bathroom, testing the water of the bath which Suzette had run for her with one toe. Suzette stood nervously by, fingers fretting at the edges of his apron. These, he knew, were the most dangerous moments.

Beyond that, he was striving to keep his eyes off the magnificent body so close to him. A practically impossible task! Suzette was thankful to see Kathy was satisfied with the temperature of the water; that is, she sank down into it, sighing contentedly; rather than slapping his face and sending him to fetch the cane! Her large breasts floated up.

Kathy lounged languidly in the water for a while, enjoying a good soak. Her sissy in attendance stood silently at attention, waiting to serve.

“You can soap me, sissy,” she said after a while.

Suzette's nervousness increased markedly with those words, so simple and yet so ominous. Although that would certainly not be an unpleasant task — far from it! — it would have inevitable results. Results at which, sometimes, a lady would take offence.

Sometimes Suzette thought that it would almost have been preferable to have a tight penis restrainer locked on all the time. It would certainly be safer. But that was something that was at the whim of his two strict female owners, not him.

He took up the soap and began to lather that big, lush body. Breasts... belly... between the thighs... then the strong thighs themselves... By the time he had arrived at the calves, Suzette was in full erection. He and Daisy were allowed 'relief' once every two weeks, under supervision of course, and it was now nearly a fortnight since the last time. Fortunately, Kathy's eyes were closed. But — the soaping finished, she opened them. And at once glared at the 'tent' raised in the front of the sissy's tight uniform.

“You randy tart,” she said. “Can't you even do a simple job like that without lusting?”

“I... I very much beg pardon, Miss,” he stuttered. It was always best to be utterly servile, no matter what the circumstances. For, of course, it was ridiculous that he should be blamed for such a natural reaction. But blamed he was.

Thoroughly refreshed by her leisurely bath, Kathy gave only a toss of her head in reply, then got up and stepped out of the bath. Her fulsome flesh glistened with water. Suzette was ready with a huge bath towel and wrapped it around her, very conscious of the way his prick still stuck out rigid before him. He dried her carefully, assiduously, taking great care not to do anything that could remotely be described as ‘coping a feel’. That had earned him a caning more than once, in the early days. Oh, perhaps she would notice how utterly servile he was being? Perhaps he would not be punished for ‘lusting’?

When she felt dry enough, Kathy shrugged the towel away. And then came the dread words.

“Go and get the martinet”, Kathy said curtly.

Suzette shrivelled inside, knowing instantly what she intended. The martinet was a kind of small whip composed of six ‘boot-lace’ leather thongs. At ‘Marthingham House’, it was an instrument most commonly used on an involuntary erection. Very effective in rapidly deflating a horny male, as Suzette knew only too well from past experience.

With resignation, he went and fetched it from the cupboard where it was kept, along with a great variety of other corrective instruments. Returning to the bathroom, he knelt and proffered the martinet to Kathy on his upturned palms. It was the obligatory way of making such a presentation. Kathy regarded him coldly. She stood, nude and statuesque: so desirable, yet so unattainable!

The usual commands came, one after the other:

“Knickers down!”

“Skirts up!”

“Kneel erect!”

Suzette complied instantly with each in turn, assuming the all-too-familiar position. He could feel a quivering in his stomach. The martinet hurt, but it hurt especially when it was laid on in that area. He bit his lip as up swung the six 'boot-laces'; and then down they hissed.

“Yeeeeooooowwww!”

The howl was torn from him. Oh the awful pain!

“Lusting pig,” said Kathy callously. The martinet swung and lashed again. Suzette could not help but bend forward, howling again, then forced himself straight again. Oh how he wanted to clutch himself, to protect himself! But he dare not. Not unless he wanted a caning to follow this whipping.

“Keep straight!”

Oh could he? Yet he did. He realised that, under such pain, he was already deflating. That was something of a mercy.

Again the cruel thongs lashed down! Again a loud howl rose to heaven. He almost went down on his hands and knees before forcing himself up again. His cock was completely flaccid when Kathy lashed down a fourth time.

“Animal!” she spat.

Then she tossed down the martinet, much to Suzette's relief. Four — only four! Suzette had learned to be grateful for such small mercies. It could so easily have been six — or twelve — or more!

“Clean up this bathroom, then bring me a restrainer,” she ordered, striding out.

“Yes, Miss,” said Suzette meekly, still on his knees, watching the swinging bounce of her bare bottom as his cruel owner stalked out. Did these women know what bitter, bitter frustrations a man experienced in such a situation? Perhaps they did. Oh for sure they did. And they enjoyed the knowledge! Despairingly, Suzette began the task of cleaning. It would have to be done to perfection. Any slackness in that direction would earn him a thrashing.

In the middle of tidying the bathroom, Suzette was summoned into Kathy's bedroom to help her dress. When he had first had to do this, he had been rather clumsy, sometimes even tearing a flimsy item. However, repeated face-slappings had taught him to be more

careful. Kathy slapped hard, and thought nothing of giving half a dozen such resounding slaps, until Suzette's head was ringing. This time, as was now usual, he managed without a single slip.

Kathy had chosen a brief, white bra and pantie set, and a lightweight white dress, very short. Suzette had to ease on and carefully zip up her gleaming leather boots. When Kathy stood up in these, with their five inch heels, she really towered over him.

When she was dressed, she fitted the restrainer he had been told to bring, padlocked it, and hung the key with a smirk around her neck.

“You can stay in that for the rest of the month, you randy slut!”

“Yes, Miss”, the chaste sissy answered meekly.

The maids were not always kept so confined, as it amused Kathy in particular to see their oh-so-natural reactions to their owners' frequent nudity. Masturbation in the unrestrained state was of course strictly forbidden. Kathy enjoyed the thought that she might catch one of them ‘at it’. They had no privacy. She had not yet, but one day she would, oh yes she would, and then there would be hell to pay!

Kathy kicked Suzette sharply up the backside in token of dismissal. Curtseying respectfully, he scurried from the room to join his fellow-sissy Daisy and help him with the evening preparations.

Down in the kitchens they worked side by side. They were not supposed to speak unless it concerned their duties, but they quite whispered often did when they knew the women were well out of ear shot. It was a last token of defiance, perhaps; though in truth it made them resemble a couple of old fish-wives, gossiping together.

“The bitch whipped my prick,” whispered Suzette. “A she-devil, that one!”

“They both are,” replied Daisy, nodding sympathetically. “Had it from each of them some time or another. How can you stop getting an erection on occasions?”

“You can't,” said Suzette almost savagely. “They know it, too.” He paused. “I heard them talking, there's another one coming this weekend.”

“Oh my God!”

“A young one. New to it, it seems.”

“They're often the worst,” groaned Daisy. “Bringing another of... another of us, by any chance,” he asked then, hopefully.

Another maid for the she-devils to tease and torment would mean a little less pressure on the two of them.

“No idea. Don't think so.”

Then came the distant sound of a bell being rung.

“I'll go,” said Suzette, dropping what he was doing. “They'll want more wine, I expect.”

He hurried to the patio. The women were reclining in soft easy chairs, one on each side of a table. Suzette minced forward and curtseyed to both ladies.

“What are you doing, Suzette?” Fiona asked casually, not turning her gaze from her phone, in which she had taken a sudden interest.

“Helping Daisy in the kitchen, Ma'am.”

“Uniform inspection in five minutes, Suzette,” she said, and nodded in dismissal.

“Yes, Ma'am,” said Suzette without a trace of resentment, curtseyed once more, and minced off out again.

Fiona and Kathy had an arrangement. Whenever either felt like doing a ‘uniform spot-check’, they would summon a maid and tell him to come back in a few minutes for it. That meant he would have to stop whatever he was doing, come to wherever she was, receive that piece of information, go back to where he was, get on with what he was doing, trying to keep track of time until it was time to go back again and do what could easily have been done when he had first been summoned! What an easy way to have him running back and forth just a little bit more!

In just under seven minutes, Suzette was back. Quite good timing, under the circumstances, since neither sissy maid was allowed such a luxury as a watch. He curtseyed and stood waiting. Fiona kept him there for a good long minute, then glanced at her watch.

“I said five minutes, Suzette, not six and a half.”

For the first time, she looked at him.

“Oh! I'm so— I mean, yes, Ma'am.”

Both Suzette and Daisy had been forbidden to apologise, on the grounds that they ought not to be getting things wrong in the first place. Sometimes they forgot, but usually managed to catch themselves in time. Just as well — saying ‘sorry’ got six strokes of the cane, minimum.

Fiona regarded with mocking curiosity the figure before her. The work uniform was quite practical really, but still quite frilly enough! And the make-up job was an integral part of the uniform too: lavishly-applied eyebrow pencil, rouge and lipstick. The uniform proper was a standard maid's ‘black and white’, generously trimmed with white lace, its skirt only just long enough to cover the bare essentials, its low neckline ending with a pretty edging of white lace just above the nipples, and the edges of which Suzette now held out at an angle — the ‘curtsey-ready’ angle as Fiona liked to call it; The outsize high-heeled shoes were white to match the frock. Only a two-inch heel; high enough to make give his walk a feminine wriggle, not high enough so that he towered over them.

“Let's have a look at this uniform then,” Fiona said lazily. “Hmm, acceptable, I suppose. Oh but wait! Those eyebrows! they don't look properly plucked to me. I'll let it go, just this once. But make sure you pluck them properly tomorrow morning.”

“Yes, Ma'am.”

“Hmmm, rouge is just about OK, but the lippy...” she shook her head, “... you have not done very well at all: nothing like that luscious, exaggerated cupid's bow look I want. You need concentrate on getting that right in future, don't you?”

“Yes, Ma'am.”

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

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

“Good, fully shaven down there, I see.”

She tugged at the thick, narrow tube of polished alloy in which Suzette's flaccid penis was locked, and asked playfully, “I hope you haven't been trying to get out of this, Suzette?”

“No, Ma'am.”

“HMMMM...”

She cupped his balls in one hand and gave a very gentle squeeze.

“Yes, these do feel full to the brim. So if you have been trying, you can't have been very successful!”

She laughed.

“Now, what about this girdle?”

She tugged on its hem, tried to push a finger between the tight garment and its wearer's skin. She nodded approvingly.

“Yes, quite a snug fit. Still XL is it?”

“Yes, Ma'am.”

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

“Yes, Ma'am.”

“Well?”

“I... oh... I... yes, Ma'am.”

Fiona nodded. The restrictive diet they kept their sissy slaves on was doing wonders at reducing their waist-lines; but still, a nice tight girdle helped a good deal in imparting an nice feminine outline to the uniform frock.

“Start wearing the L from tomorrow on.”

“Yes, Ma'am.”

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

“Yes, Ma'am, thank you Ma'am.”

Suzette bobbed a respectful curtesy and minced out...

...and less than two minutes later was rang for again. Daisy being busy in the kitchen, there was nothing for it but for Suzette to mince right back.

“Pour,” ordered Kathy.

If she had but reached out an arm should could do so herself without any effort. Suzette experienced a little spurt of anger, then quickly suppressed it. Such an emotion was very dangerous. A sissy must never show resentment or anger. It had been impossible not to do so in the early days and he had suffered dearly for it. He took the bottle from the ice-bucket and filled both glasses. The bottle was nearly empty.

“Another bottle, Miss?” he enquired of Kathy.

It was well to notice such things, least one be punished for negligence.

Kathy tutted.

“If I want it, I'll ring for it, dimwit!” came the scornful reply. She did not even look at him.

“Very good, Miss.”

Suzette curtsied and left. He knew exactly what was going to happen. Immediately he got back to the kitchen, one of them would ring again. They loved teasing and tormenting in that way, driving a man half-crazy with their ridiculous and unnecessary orders.

He was scarcely through the door of the kitchen, when... yes... there it went. After little more than two minutes this time. Once more Suzette hurried back to the patio, where, curtsying, he awaited his instructions.

“Bring another bottle,” ordered Kathy. “And be quick about it.”

“Yes, Miss...” said Suzette with the utmost servility, though he seethed inside.

“And we'll eat out here, sissy. In half an hour,” said Fiona. “Set a table.”

Damn, more work! How could they get it all done in time?

“Yes, Miss,” said Suzette again, curtseying once more.

He hurried off to give Daisy the bad news. Fortunately, the meal ordered was a fairly simple one and Daisy was able to complete it while Suzette set out the table on the patio. As he flitted to and fro (being oh so careful not to knock anything over, or drop glasses or plates), the women chatted and laughed in the background. He might as well not have been there. He was simply an object for their use. But, if that ignored object failed them in any way, punishment would come swiftly.

The meal lasted a little over two hours, with Daisy and Suzette constantly hovering in attendance. They had already had a long day, but they were by no means finished yet. They would have to clear everything away, then prepare for the morning. Though they had been up since six AM, as usual, there always seemed so little time, also as usual — and one had always to be prepared for some

sudden, unexpected demand. Those little extra tasks could be quite, quite maddening when one was striving with might and main merely to get one's regular chores completed on time.

Both she-men were exceedingly relieved when Kathy and Fiona retired early. Since they seemed to have decided to occupy the same bedroom, it seemed unlikely the services of maids would be further required. So it proved. When Suzette and Daisy had stripped the women naked, and removed the clothing for cleaning or laundering, they were peremptorily dismissed. It would be several hours before they could retire to their narrow cots to snatch a few hours of sleep before the early start of yet another day of sissified domestic drudgery.

## SATURDAY

The young guest, Penny, arrived in a white Porsche the following morning, around eleven. Suzette, who had been summoned to take in her luggage, was struck by how young and pretty she was, with long hair of the lightest blonde shade. He saw her regarding him with amazement as he took the bags from her car. He was done up in a special 'display uniform', as always when they had guests. It was skimpy and scanty and left no room for doubt that there was a male under all that frilly finery.

Penny just stared — and stared, and stared. Fiona grinned. Then Penny found her voice at last.

"My word! How extraordinary!" she exclaimed. "So this is one of your... your — what did you call them? 'Sissy maids'?"

"Yes indeed!"

Penny continued to stare at the caricature of femininity before her.

None of Suzette's or Daisy's uniforms were very substantial, but this one, the 'display uniform', specially for when the Mistresses had guests, really pushed the limits. It was scarcely there at all, more like

a skimpy nightie than a proper dress. His face was heavily made-up in a garish, over-the-top style,, and there were ribbons and bows everywhere — in his hair, on his wrists, on his thighs, round his ankles — which rather drew attention to the skimpiness of the pink frock than concealed it. His feet were crammed into a pair of pink shoes with a two-inch heel. His lips were painted in a shocking pink cupid's bow, and his cheeks bore bold circles of the same colour. His plucked eyebrows had been covered over with elaborate curlicues in purple. His long blonde hair was in pig-tails.

“Gosh!”, tittered Penny, “it doesn't cover much, does it?”

“Not half,” laughed Fiona, “all ‘tits, bits and bum’ isn't he? Such a saucy show-off!”

“So he's... well... completely feminised?”

“He still has a cock, if that's what you mean,” retorted Fiona bluntly. “But he doesn't get to use it.”

“Show the young lady, Suzette, there's a good little sissy!” she said to Suzette. He lowered his head in utter shame, but duly lifted his skirts to show the skimpy transparent panties stretched tight over his ‘package’, the cruel metal cylinder which now imprisoned his flaccid cock clearly visible.

“Ooooh!” exclaimed Penny, “how clever! That's locked on, is it?”

In answer, Kathy brandished the key which hung between her tits.

“It is,” laughed Fiona kissing the girl fondly. “This particular pansy is called Suzette, by the way. Anyway, you'll soon get used to having them around.”

“I'll have to take your word for it, darling.”

She turned to kiss Kathy in turn.

“How do you... well... how do you keep them... so under control?”

“Very easily,” said Fiona. “But that you will see for yourself in due course. For now, you must come in and freshen up. And then join us for a drink. We've opened a bottle champagne to celebrate your arrival.”

“Sounds lovely!”

Penny skipped across the driveway into the house.

“Follow the sissy up the stairs,” called Fiona after her, “he'll lead you to your bedroom.”

Feeling it all a little strange, but certainly most exciting, Penny followed the elaborately-uniformed male maid along a corridor. He opened a door and bobbed a low curtsy.

The room was as comfortably luxurious as all those at ‘Marthingham House’. Except those of the maids, of course!

Penny almost thanked him as he put down her bags, but just stopped herself in time. One obviously didn't thank maids.

“Shall I unpack for you, Miss?”

“No, don't bother,” answered Penny.

“Very good, Miss.”

The male maid stood waiting, head bowed, hands holding the sides of the apron out in ‘ready to curtsy’ position. Penny giggled. It was most amusing to see a full-grown man in such a position — in such a costume!

She wanted to strip off and take a shower, but thought she had better wait till little Miss Whatever — Suzette, was it? — was out of the way. Understandably, she not yet aware that Kathy and Fiona would have done that in front of a sissy without turning a hair. The fact that a sissy saw one naked was of no concern whatsoever. A sissy didn't count.

“Dismissed,” said Penny curtly, with a brisk nod. She was just beginning to realise how pleasing it was to have a grown man at one's beck and call in this fashion. The men in her life were inclined to be arrogant and bossy. Here was a complete change! She watched Daisy curtsy obsequiously once again, then leave.

Quickly she stripped out of her clothes and stepped under the shower.

Thoroughly refreshed, Penny rejoined her friends downstairs. Soon they had finished the bottle and sent for a second.

“I suggest we go out for lunch,” said Kathy. “There's a super new place on the river.”

“What? Not the ‘Lamb and Flag’?”

“No, silly! Or, rather, yes; but it is under new management, and has been totally refurbished. It's called ‘The Willows’ now. I am told

they have a superb kitchen.”

“Oh, alright then, let's give it a try,” agreed Fiona.

“What about the maids?” asked Penny naïvely. Fiona smiled at her.

“Oh, those two can work in the grounds while we're out,” she said.

“They've already started, I should hope!” commented Kathy.

“Oh yes, rather” nodded Fiona. “I've got them weeding the small lawn. In the usual fashion.”

Penny looked intrigued. “What's ‘the usual fashion’?” she inquired.

Fiona smiled.

“We don't give them any tools,” she said.

“How on earth do they do it then?” she asked, and giggled at the absurdity of it.

“With their teeth,” answered Kathy casually.

“Really?”

Penny looked astounded. Then giggled again.

“It's hard to believe.”

“But it's harder to do!” replied Fiona with a cackle, then sipped the ice-cold wine bubbling in her glass.

“Hard or not, they do it, and they make a bloody good job of it too,” said Kathy. “Or else...”

She pointed to a cane which lay on a table nearby. Penny had not noticed it before and gave a little nervous gasp.

“You... you mean... you beat them?”

Kathy and Fiona burst into gales of laughter.

“Beat them?” Kathy managed to say. “You bet we do. We beat them, we cane them, we whip them — we thrash the living daylights out of them!”

“It's the only way to keep the lower orders in line,” Fiona added with a haughty sniff.

“How else do you think they can be made to buckle under?” Kathy asked Penny, who had no alternative to offer.

Penny shook her head. She looked a little bewildered. This was indeed a strange new world she found herself in. On the other hand,

she had to admit to herself that it was not repellent to her. On the contrary, so far it seemed a most enjoyable one. The idea of having a man beaten for some misdemeanour suddenly had a remarkable appeal to her. Perhaps it would happen while she was there, she thought. Perhaps, even, she could beat him herself?

“And when they've finished with the lawn, I've told them to go into the nursery garden. There's a lot to be sorted out there.”

“That will be hot work,” remarked Penny. “Not so much now — but by afternoon...”

“Very hot,” nodded Kathy, sipping her wine, quite unconcerned.

Half an hour later, Kathy got out her BMW, and drove her two friends down the driveway. Through the iron grille gate they went; then Kathy stopped the car, Fiona got out and locked it the gate with a large key from her handbag.

“Symbolic more than anything,” she explained to Penny when she was back into the car.

“I was thinking about that,” said Penny. “I mean, why don't they try and escape? Over the wall or whatever?”

Kathy and Fiona looked at each other.

“For reasons we needn't go into,” answered Kathy, “they're both too scared to. If the police get them, they'll both do an exceedingly long stretch, 14 years minimum. But, more likely, they'll end up in the Thames wearing concrete boots.” She shrugged. “Gang warfare, you understand, dear?”

“I don't like to think about it,” replied the young blonde, giving a little shiver. However, things were beginning to make more sense. Kathy and Fiona's control was both immediate and far-reaching.

At ‘the Willows’, lunch was leisurely and lingered over under a vine-covered balcony. They dined on expertly poached fish, served with a salad and an excellent white wine. It was just as Kathy had said: the kitchen was superb. Despite the heat, it was really a glorious day, and the light breeze blowing in from the river kept the air under the awning quite fresh. The plight of the toiling maids was quite forgotten. Except, just occasionally, by Penny, who could see the heat shimmer in the fields on the other side of the river.

On their return to the house, they took a post-prandial stroll in the garden.

“You look awfully hot, darling. Why don't you take some clothes off?” Fiona said, winking at Penny. “Why not take all of them off, in fact?”

Penny looked a shade surprised.

“You mean... go about naked?”

“Why not?”

“Well, you know... in front of the... in front of the staff...”

“We do it all the time,” said Kathy easily. “Drives them mad. But they can do nothing about it. Daren't touch us.”

Penny thought of being naked, out in that heat, and decided she rather liked the idea. Why the hell not? And the wicked thought that her nudity would torment the she-males had a sudden appeal for her. Truth be told, she had consumed rather too much wine since mid-morning, more than she was used to, and it had rather gone to her head.

“I'll do it,” she said, feeling rather daring.

So she peeled off her thin dress and removed her bra and panties, only keeping on her high-heeled shoes. Both women looked at her longingly. How they envied that trim, young figure, with its small, firm breasts, and small, tight rounded bottom.

Sometimes each felt they were rather too well endowed!

“Why don't you do the same?” she asked.

“What do you think?” said Fiona to Kathy.

“Sure, why not? Give the staff a right old eyeful!”

Fiona laughed, and pulled her head over her dress. In a jiffy, both of the older women were starkers too.

Kathy then handed a thin rattan cane to Fiona, and one to Penny.

“We don't want any of these randy buggers trying to rape us, do we?” she said laughing. Penny giggled.

Both of them, Penny saw, were carrying a cane. There was a third, lying idle on the table.

Penny flexed hers with both hands. She was surprised what a thrill it gave her to have it in her hands. Perhaps I'm a born slave-

driver, she thought. Or 'sissy-driver', rather! She giggled tipsily.

"Right, let's have a look at what our two lazy pansies have been up to," said Kathy loudly. "You have to push them, or they will just sit about preening themselves in front of mirrors all day," she added loudly for Penny's benefit, and winked at her.

Penny giggled again, then looked on as the two nude friends inspected the small lawn. Neither looked too pleased, although Penny could see nothing much amiss. Suddenly, Kathy blew hard on a whistle. Just half a minute or so later, and there they came, two sweating sissies staggering in their high heels along a grass pathway.

"Just look at them," said Kathy, sneering at her sissified captives as they scurried up to hear her bidding.

Meanwhile, the two wretches in question had drawn up with them, curtsied, and now stood at attention, panting. They looked very hot and bothered. And of course they were both very conscious of the young guest now quite naked. It was comical to seem each of them striving to make it very obvious that they were not staring at her.

"Do you call this lawn weeded?" demanded Kathy. "I can see them all over the place. Dandelion roots, for one — oh, look, there's even some daisy tops left."

She pointed angrily with her cane.

"S-some... are impossible... to g-get out... with teeth only, M-Miss..." Suzette stammered. He was a bit newer than Daisy, and still sometimes tried to reason with his relentless captors. Daisy had learned that it was best to take what was coming — because you were going to get it anyway, and answering back only meant you got more.

Fiona smashed the back of her hand across his face.

"Don't answer Miss Kathy back," she snarled. "You know neither of us accept excuses!"

"I b-beg pardon, Miss..." said Suzette.

Penny was staggered by the man's meekness, after all he had obviously gone through that morning and early afternoon. It was in fact an impossible task they had been set, she realised.

“Get down and get to work again, you lazy swine!” rasped Kathy.

Like Penny, she and Fiona had had rather too much wine so were in a highly dangerous state — as far as the maids were concerned. Kathy at once put her high-heel on Suzette's back and lashed his buttocks with her cane as he knelt there in all his frilly finery, ‘weeding’ with his mouth. He literally began to gnaw into the earth.

“Chew up the long bits of grass as well,” she ordered. “It's beginning to look untidy.”

Another cut from her cane. Suzette chewed.

Meanwhile, Daisy was getting similar treatment from Fiona, who seemed even more free with her swinging cane. It was at this point that Penny decided to join in. Why not? It would be fun to make a man yelp with pain as he sweated his guts out at her feet. She approached one of the crouching figures and gave the presented rump a good, hard cut. The sissy's head jerked up in pain.

“That's the way, Penny! Give it to him. These bastards deserve all they're getting. Did you know, they were drug traffickers?”

“What scum,” said Penny. She suddenly felt she was performing a public duty!

And so the afternoon wore on. From time to time, one of the three ladies, who had retired to the comfort of a long bench sheltered by a sun-shade, would rise, advance and administer an encouraging cut across an pink-pantied rump, in order to induce continuing effort. The power of it added to Penny's feelings of intoxication. She couldn't remember when she had enjoyed herself quite so much. I must come to ‘Marthingham House’ more often at weekends, she told herself.

The male maids were kept at it for rather more than an hour, by which time they were scarcely capable of crawling and their hind-quarters were becoming nastily weal-striped. And, even then, a halt was called only because the women were getting just a shade bored and tired of sitting about watching their captives work. As for the weeds, well... there had not really been that many to start with...

“Alright... that will do!” called out Kathy at long last.

Those few words must have been about the sweetest those two sissy maids had heard all day! They had as usual been working unceasingly since early morning and it was now well into the afternoon. Each staggered awkwardly up and stood, dirty and dishevelled, their uniforms wet with sweat. Suzette gave a low moan; he seemed about to collapse.

“Get yourselves showered and cleaned up,” said Fiona. “I want those uniforms washed and pressed, too. Then you may have one hour's rest. That's one hour, not a second over. We'll dine out again on the patio tonight, but not until eight o'clock.”

Suzette and Daisy dragged themselves up, made a tottering obeisance to the three women, then crouching made their way, staggering, towards the servants' quarters at the east end of the house.

Kathy smiled at Penny and put her arm around the fragile, naked girl.

“You did well, darling,” she smiled. “Enjoy yourself?”

“Very much,” smiled Penny back.

“She doesn't look very strong, does she?” said Fiona as all three strolled around the well-tended grounds. “But here, at ‘Marthingham House’, she is a very powerful young lady indeed.”

Penny, swishing her cane as she walked, could scarcely have felt happier.

Despite the rigours of their day, both Suzette and Daisy prepared and served the evening meal to the satisfaction of three women. Even if both of them did feel fit to drop.

...

Perhaps however the judgement of their three tormentresses was slightly clouded. The wine had been flowed freely again. All of them, the male maids realised, were positively drunk by the end of the meal. This, of course, could have been exceedingly dangerous. It could have been a time for ‘fun and games’. Those would not have been much fun for the hapless sissy maids. Fortunately, all three girls were too far gone. Giggling and laughing, the three of them made their way upstairs, and into the same bedroom.

It was, to say the least, a blessed relief for Suzette and Daisy. They had a mountain of chores still to attend to. That was all. And that was about as good as it got.

## SUNDAY

Next morning, Penny awoke to bright sunlight streaming through the window. What an extraordinary dream, she thought. Then, as she slowly became fully awake, Penny slowly realised it hadn't been a dream. She was at 'Marthingham House', with her two dear friends Fiona and Kathy, and she had been waited on hand and foot by two sissified male maids, who had been worked hard and soundly thrashed! And it had been absolutely fabulous! Oh yes, most enjoyable and certainly most real!

There came a knock on her door. Perhaps there had been a previous one — it might have been that which had awoken her. Whatever...

"Come in..." she called drowsily.

The door opened and in came none other than one of her 'playmates' of the previous evening: Suzette, wasn't it? He was in full uniform, just as she remembered. Well, naturally, she reflected: Fiona had insisted that they were always fully uniformed. Penny pulled herself up in bed, careless of the fact that she was quite nude. Already she was accustomed to the idea that it was a matter of supreme indifference whether a sissy saw one in that state or not. For a sissy did not count. He was not a man any longer.

Not in the strict sense of the word. Suzette bore a tray upon which morning tea had been placed. He curtsied, advanced to the bedside and put down the tray on a table, then curtsied again. Penny fixed him with a steely look.

"What time is it?" she asked.

"Nine-thirty, Miss," came the answer.

Penny frowned.

“I like to be woken at nine o'clock sharp,” she said petulantly.

This, in point of fact, was absolute nonsense but, although new to the idea of being in command over this male, being a ‘Mistress’ so to speak, she was already sure of the need to assert her authority at whim.

“Oh I do beg pardon, Miss,” said Suzette in a most obsequious tone.

Naturally he had had no idea what time this young miss wished to be awakened. He might just as well have been too early as too late. A sissy maid could never win.

Penny threw back the duvet and stepped out of bed, revealing a body slim, trim and exceedingly seductive.

“Fetch me a cane, sissy,” she ordered lazily.

Oh! How delightful it was to be able to give such a command. Even only twenty four hours before she could never have imagined herself doing it, let alone trying it on. She watched as Suzette went meekly out into the corridor. Within moments he was back, kneeling before her, the cane presented on upraised palms. Penny took it and flexed it. Yes, very nice. Very whippy.

“Knickers down, bend over, and touch your toes, sissy,” she commanded haughtily. “I'm giving you half a dozen. Maybe you won't forget my waking time in future.”

Suzette complied at once.

Penny gazed upon the lean rump. It was already striped with vivid red weals from the treatment it had received the previous evening. What must it be like, she wondered, to bend there in submission, skirts up high and knickers down about your ankles, waiting helplessly to be caned — caned again, on flesh already so tender? It quite fascinated her and thrilled her that she was about to inflict more pain so arbitrarily. After all, Kathy and Fiona certainly did! Yes, she thought, she could do as she pleased to this sissified plaything.

The cane swung up and whistled down, cracking across the hapless male maid's bare bum. Penny was not as tall and strong as either Kathy or Fiona but, even so, she made Suzette jerk up with a loud gasp. But instantly he was back in position again. Penny found

that most gratifying. The girls did have him well trained! She laid on a second stroke, with similar result. If I liked, she thought, I could give him a dozen — or two. It really was a most delightful thought.

Unhurriedly, Penny laid on four more strokes, just about as hard as she could. She was amazed at Suzette's stoicism. He only jerked up, gasping — it seemed that was unavoidable — then went straight down again. How could he endure it? She was not aware that experience counts for a lot when it comes to withstanding pain. The thought came that it might be fun to tie him down to something; then he couldn't even jerk up.

Finished with her assertion of power and control, she stood for a moment, savouring her triumph. The wretch remained in position, perhaps expecting more, despite her promise of half-a-dozen?

“Get your knickers up and get out!” she ordered, tossing down the cane.

Suzette straightened, pulled his frilly pink knickers back up, curtsyed most respectfully, showing not the slightest sign of resentment, then left the room with the cruel rod.

Penny nodded to herself happily. This was the life! Uniformed male maids running around at one's beck and call, getting thrashed for the slightest error — and having simply to accept whatever came their way without complaint.

After bathing and dressing (she dressed herself, not knowing that a member of ‘staff’ could of course have been summoned to dress her), Penny made her way down the stairs to join her two friends at the breakfast table.

“Anything particular you'd like to do, Penny?” asked Kathy.

Penny shrugged. “Not really.” Then she smiled. “Wouldn't mind watching them sweat again, I suppose.” The day was obviously going to be another very warm one.

“That can easily be arranged,” smiled Fiona. Daisy, who was engaged on clearing away the breakfast things, could not have been said to look entirely happy!

A half an hour later, the thoroughly dominated pair of sissies had been despatched to the vegetable garden, with instructions to weed it until it was immaculate.

Meanwhile, Kathy, Fiona and Penny spread themselves contentedly on loungers which one of the maids had placed for them on the lawn under the shade of a large parasol. There they lay at their ease, reading the Sunday newspapers. It really was a lovely Summer's day. That is, if you had nothing to do, and were not in the direct heat of the sun.

"My word, it is hot," Kathy remarked. She followed up on these words with action, pulling her thin summer dress over her head. She had no underwear on.

Fiona and Penny were not slow to follow her example and soon all three of them lay there naked and relaxed. Life was very good. Penny's thoughts, she being new to such experiences, kept turning to the two unfortunates toiling in the dusty heat of the vegetable garden. Not daring to take it easy for a moment: knowing that when a Mistress said immaculate, she meant it. And that was something it was virtually impossible to achieve. She felt no pity for them; only a mild dissatisfaction that she wasn't there to witness it, standing over them, berating them. But not so that she felt any real urge to stir from her present comfortable spot.

"I'm feeling randy," announced Kathy.

Fiona smiled. "What? After last night?"

"That's probably why," Kathy smiled back. "You two did terrific things to me."

"What do you want, darling?" said Fiona. "My tongue? Or a dildo?"

"What I really want is that little darling Penny's tongue," sighed Kathy. "After that, you might give me a good thumping, my sweet."

"Always a pleasure," said Fiona. "How does that suit you, Penny?"

"I'd love to go down to her," said the blonde youngster. "And you too, if you like."

"Oh... I like alright..."

"But I'll go to Kathy first."

"Just as you wish."

Fiona watched the slim figure rise from her lounge. Then she was sliding between a pair of parted thighs. Soon Kathy's breasts

were heaving with excitement. Then she began to gasp. Finally she began to squeal, her thighs clamping, her whole body shuddering.

Oh bliss!

Then, a little while later, it was Fiona's turn to enjoy the exquisite work of young Penny's lips and tongue. This girl was new to her and she found her most expert and very satisfying. "I hope you come here often, pretty one," she said when she had recovered from her powerful orgasm.

"So do I," said Penny. "And not only because I love you both." Fiona patted the girl's head, understanding what she was getting at.

"Ah, you like that scene, eh?"

"Very much," answered Penny. She was thought again of how exciting it had been to cane Suzette earlier that morning, just because... well, why had she caned him, come to that? She couldn't quite remember.

Another restful half hour passed. Then Fiona went into the house. She returned with an exceedingly large dildo strapped around herself. Kathy cried out in mock horror but, as Fiona was sone pounding and pounding into her vigorously, she was crying out in genuine delight. It was short, violent and most, most enjoyable for them both.

Penny, who was offered the same treatment, politely declined. She explained that she was not at all keen on actual penetration.

"I tried it once," she said, "but once was enough."

"We're all different," sighed Kathy, who was dozing half exhausted.

It must have been around midday. And elsewhere, Suzette and Daisy were not dozing, even if they might have been more than half exhausted.

"Shall we go and see how your sissy-maids are getting on?" suggested Penny.

"Might as well, I suppose," answered Kathy.

"Anyway, one of them will have to be put on getting lunch," Fiona chimed in. "I'm quite hungry."

"Yes, let's go then", said Kathy, getting up. Tall and voluptuous, she looked really superb. So did the other two, each in her different

way. The three naked women strolled in leisurely fashion through the grounds. Conscious of the heat, conscious of what it must be doing to their unfortunate pansified playthings.

A wall with a wrought-iron decorative frame marked the entrance to the vegetable garden. Two frocked figures could be seen crouching amongst the bean-poles, scrabbling away in the dirt with their fingers.

The three girls seated themselves on the low wall of the well and watched the two maids toiling away. Nude and beautiful — They made an enchanting spectacle, nude, shapely, the bright light showing off every aspect of their figures to full advantage . Not that either Suzette or Daisy had time to enjoy the view! They simply concentrated on their backbreaking task, Not daring to so much as raise their heads.

After a while, Fiona got up and, taking a cane with her, strolled casually across to the two kneeling figures. A few cuts were administered, whether or not for any fault or not it was difficult to say. Then Fiona strolled back again.

“How are they doing?” asked Kathy.

“Frankly, not too bad. Though I didn't tell them that,” came the answer.

“Naturally not,” laughed Kathy. Penny giggled. What fun it all was! Never before had she realised what great joy there was in having power.

“Suzette!” called Kathy, “come over here.”

One of the figures leapt up and hurried across. He bowed. “Yes, Miss?”

“Are you enjoying your work, sissy?”

Now there was a difficult question to answer for a male maid! Should he tell the truth or not? Both could be equally dangerous. Say you were, get a double dose of it. Say you weren't, get a dose of the cane!

“Y-yes, Miss,” he ventured.

Kathy smiled up at the sweating, heaving chest.

“Then thank me for giving it to you, pansy,” she said.

“Th-thank... thank you... Miss”, panted Suzette.

“Kiss my boots to show you mean it.”

He went down on his knees and began to kiss Kathy's dusty boots, first one, then the other, over and over. Waiting for the command to stop. No such luck!

“Shine them up while you're down there”, came the next relentless order.

And dutifully his tongue set to work.

“Pitiful, isn't he?” said Kathy.

“Most...” grinned Penny, looking happily down. “Funny to think he was once a man.”

Kathy regarded the youngster approvingly.

“I am glad you appreciate the difference between a man and a sissy,” she said. “Not that any man is fit to be much else”, she added, looking contemptuously down at the feminised former man tonguing her boots.

Suzette went on licking, his mouth, already dry, filling with dust. His very soul ached for a glass of cold water but not for a single instant did he dare remove his mouth. At last he was kicked off.

“Get up to the house, sissy, and start preparing lunch.”

And up leapt Suzette, bowing again, with a suitably deferent “Yes, Miss”, then running off towards the house. There was never any let up in this place!

“Daisy!”

Another call from Kathy. Over he came, in a similar state, close to exhaustion. But somehow he, like Suzette, would keep going. They had to.

“You see that scarecrow on the other side of the patch?”

Daisy turned.

“Yes, Miss,” he answered, looking at the straw-filled figure with arms outstretched.

“We need another one on this side of the patch. It can be you!”

A burst of laughter came from Penny. But Daisy didn't hesitate. Off he went, shuffling into the patch, there to stand, arms outstretched, until told to do otherwise. Not exactly pleasant to do after a hard morning's toil!

“Stay there until you hear my whistle,” ordered Kathy.

“Yes, Miss.”

Then the three women made their leisurely way back to the house. Back to their loungers. Back to chilled champagne, served by Suzette. Yes, life was indeed pleasant.

It was about an hour after lunch before Kathy remembered she hadn't blown her whistle to summon Daisy back to the house. This caused considerable hilarity.

“Penny, be a dear and go into the tower room, would you? The staircase is just at the end of corridor from your room. You're a young thing, a few flights of stairs are no bother to you. Take a look and see if our ‘sissy scarecrow’ is still on duty. You can see the ground quite clearly from up there.”

Penny gleefully took off at once. She was soon back down, giggling.

“Yes, he's still there. Must be doing a good job — not a crow in sight!”

Kathy snorted with laughter.

“If he thinks he's getting off easy this afternoon with a soft job like that, he's got another think coming!”

With that, she gave a full-breathed blast on her whistle.

Penny thought to herself that standing straight with arms outstretched for hours on end didn't sound so soft. But, whatever — a mental shrug. Who ever said maids should have it easy?

When Daisy arrived, at the double of course, he and Suzette were set to work in the house. The three young women left for an afternoon's swim in the local pool.

The ladies returned in the cool of the late evening, having dined in town. Needless to say, neither of the two women had had any difficulty in finding fault with the household chores which had been carried out that afternoon. Not that Penny could see anything wrong. Still, what did that matter.

They stood in a clearing in the woods where there was a huge tree with low-spreading boughs. Kathy and Fiona were now clothed again (albeit scantily) but Penny, now that she'd got used to it, preferred to remain completely naked. She was conscious of how Suzette and Daisy gazed surreptitiously, and with evident longing,

upon her. It flattered her. It also amused her no end to imagine how frustrated they must be. The two male maids stood before them, heads lowered. They had already been soundly scolded for their faults, and now they were waiting for what they knew was coming — correction!

“Why have we come out here?” Penny asked.

“We quite often do this of an evening,” replied Kathy.

She patted one of lower branches of the tree.

“Quite useful, this.”

Penny looked puzzled.

“We make them select their own instruments of correction,” explained Fiona, pointing to some low-hanging branches. “Then over that branch they go, for a good thrashing!”

Turning to the two sissified wretches, she barked:

“Go on! Get with it, you slovenly sluts! You need to be taught the virtues of hard work and absolute obedience!”

The dread was clear on their comically made-up faces, but they did not hesitate for a second.

Suzette and Daisy moved across and each selected a whippy branch, snapped it off and began removing the leaves. Finished, they handed them to their cruel Mistresses. These switches were examined by the two women to ensure they were of adequate thickness. Both seemed satisfied.

“Up with you,” came the next command. And Suzette and Daisy duly hoisted themselves up over the thick bough, so that they were suspended, hind-quarters high, with arms and legs dangling down each side. Now Penny could see just how convenient this tree was!

“How many?” enquired Fiona.

“Oh, I should say a dozen,” answered Kathy.

She considered this relatively light punishment adequate in view of the condition of the buttocks before her, already generously-striped with red weals. For their part, Suzette and Daisy were a little relieved, even if not exactly happy. They knew well just how painful those green, supple switches were. But at least it was not the cane again...

Now the two women took up station, and the simultaneous floggings began. Both switches swung together and gasping howls rang out at the same time. Penny looked on, quite fascinated. Only wishing she was doing the punishing. Perhaps I'll have more opportunity next time I come down, she thought. I suppose they think I'm too inexperienced at the moment. But I'll show them!

SWISH... THWACK!

“Aaggghhhh!”

Oh, how those biting switches made those brutes writhe, which only increased their torments owing to the roughness of the bark.

Again, together.

SWISH... THWACK!

“Oouuuhhhh!”

Penny marvelled at the scene. Underneath their frilly uniforms, these were men — rough, tough men at that, according to her friends. Even so, the thrashing seemed something out of a history book, from the days of Romans or the American South. And to think it was taking place here and now, in England, in the 21st Century! She found herself breaking into a smile. She liked it, she realised. She didn't care how hard they were thrashed, how much pain they had to endure — in fact, the more, the better!

Again, together.

SWISH... THWACK!

“Eeiuhhhh!”

Steadily, remorselessly, mercilessly, the thrashing continued, on and on and on. And the cries of pain from both sissified victims continued, growing louder and more frantic.

By the time the final strokes had fallen, both Suzette and Daisy were quite broken. In fact they were sobbing in a most un-macho fashion! The tears streamed down their faces, streaking their silly clown-like make-up. The derision on the women's features was plain to see. Clearly they delighted in emasculating their forcibly-feminised victims even further.

Both male maids were then given permission to go back to the house and retire for the night. They did so, mincing slowly and painfully on their high heels, their tight uniforms rubbing against their

seared and welted buttocks. Their night would be most uncomfortable! The three tormentresses, Kathy, Fiona and Penny, sauntered after them at their leisure. They were looking forward to enjoying another excitingly salacious night together!

THE END