

Miranda Birch



Mistress Nina's Party

Petticoated
Playthings On Display

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Book III of Mistress Nina's Petticoated Playthings

By [Miranda Birch](#)

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Having acquired Petunia, her full-time, live-in lady's maid, and helped Miranda Roberts (née Grant) reduce her husband to the status of a sissified plaything in full-time service to Miranda's mother, Mistress Nina decides to throw a party for friends old and new. Ladies are free to bring a male 'friend' — just so long as the 'friend' is their slave!

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PREPARATIONS

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JULIE AND PAUL

MRS GRANT AND TIMMYKINS

JUNE AND TOM

PREPARATIONS

Mistress Nina stepped out of the shower. She stood there, regally nude, her big, pale body dripping water, and at once her lady's maid, who had been standing quietly, hands neatly joined over her apron, humbly waiting to serve while Madame enjoyed her refreshing shower, hurried forward with a big fluffy towel and began to dry her gently. This maid was rather special. This 'maid' was no woman, but a feminised man! A *forcibly* feminised man. Broken by the cruel harshness of Mistress Nina's training methods — she is a woman with decades of experience in feminising the male, one who has had success with even the most recalcitrant of the inferior sex — he is now resigned to his new life as a sissified maid-servant. His name was Mike; he was a manager. Now, his name is Petunia; he is a lady's maid. It's that simple.

Having successfully dried Madame without mishap, he next powdered and perfumed her, then trotted after her to the bedroom to dress her. Although Petunia was quite well-trained by now, his hands still trembled slightly as he helped his strict, mature owner into her girdle. He knew he could well be caned for the slightest little thing. In the event, he managed to get Madame fully-dressed without receiving so much as a slap in the face. These days, that was something to be content about. If you have told 'Mike' that this would one day be about as good as it got, he would have laughed in your face. 'Petunia' however knows that this *is* as good as it gets.

Once fully attired, Mistress Nina admired herself in the mirror for a while. The dress was of purple velvet, with a very low cut neckline. It was rather tight, showing off all of Mistress Nina's womanly curves which were still shapely enough when, as now, they were assisted by a good girdle.

Petunia was not yet dressed for the occasion, although in truth his outfit was elaborate enough. Today he was wearing a short uniform of black, elaborately trimmed with white lace, and a darling little matching maid's cap perched on his mass of blonde curls — a wig, needless to say: Petunia was kept *fully* depilated, from the top of his head to his pencilled-on eyebrows and, last *and* least, his locked-up 'sissy clit'.

"Alright, girl," she said shortly when she had done admiring herself, "go and change into your party frock, then wait to be called for."

Petunia bobbed a quite perfect curtsy (a skill that had been literally caned into him), then teetered off, hips swinging in regulation fashion as he walked away on his high heels (walking so well and so womanly in heels was another skill learned through the cane).

Mistress Nina in turn made her way sedately downstairs.

IN THE GARDEN

Mistress Nina was very excited at the prospect of entertaining guests at this evening's party, her first for a while. It would give her the chance to catch up with several ladies she had helped with their recalcitrant male partners. In particular she was looking forward to meeting Miranda Grant's mother. Miranda Grant — Miranda Roberts as she then was — had received copious help and encouragement over the phone and in person in dealing with her useless, waste-of-space husband. Said husband, formerly 'Tom', was now 'Prissy Polly Pansy', and the full-time uniformed maid-servant of his own mother-in-law! Of course, she wasn't really his mother-in-law any more, since Miranda had divorced the pathetic sissy. But still...

First to arrive were Fiona and June, two old friends of Nina's who had expressed a keen interest in learning more about the world of female domination. Though neither had as yet acquired a slave of their own, Nina was sure that her influence would tell in the end, and they would 'take the plunge'. She hoped this this evening's party would be a major step in the right direction.

Nina brought them both outside, where they could sit and enjoy the late afternoon sun. They sat out on garden chairs on her large front lawn, which would allow them to see the guests as they arrived. Once Nina was settled down with her friends, she rang for her 'staff'. That, she knew, would give the girls something to think about!

First to arrive was Tom, her house-boy as Mistress Nina styled him. He was completely nude, as always. He came to a halt a few feet away, bowed low, then stood rigidly at attention. Both guests were a little shocked, but eyed him avidly.

"What's that thing on his... on him?" asked June, as coy as ever. Fiona sniggered.

"That," proclaimed Mistress Nina with delight (she loved answering *this* question above all others), "is his chastity device, or cock restrainer if you will. It is to stop him playing with himself."

June just sat and stared then, first at Nina, then back at Tom.

And at that moment who should arrive but Petunia! If Tom was a surprise and a half, then Petunia was an out and out shock! It was obviously no slave-girl who minced into the room on ridiculously high heels, came to a petticoat-swaying halt, and bobbed an elaborate curtsy. Under the blonde curls, the face was heavily made-up — too heavily made-up, into a caricature of the 'painted tart'. And the uniform. Well, the uniform was something else. It was shocking pink in colour, and really so short it could barely even be called a mini-dress. A mass of frilly lace adorned it, and frilly lace petticoats swished and swayed under the skirt of the dress with the slightest movement. Seamed black lace stockings adored the rather hefty legs, and the matching pink heels were fully seven inches high.

Both girls stared. And the same thought went through both heads: this was clearly a man — of sorts. Yes, despite externals, he was very obviously a man rather than a woman, in fact he whole get-up seemed designed to emphasise rather than disguise that fact — as was indeed the case. But what sort of man would do this, or allow this?

Nina laughed at the expression on June's face, and on Fiona's — this particular plaything was new to *her* as well.

"This is Pentunia, my new lady's maid," she announced, and waited for the barrage of questions.

But neither June nor Fiona had anything to say. This whole world was new to June; and while Fiona had known about Tom, she still thought of him more as a compliant, obedient boy-friend — the ideal boy-friend! — rather than as Nina's *slave*.

Nina waved a hand towards a corner of the room, and at once Petunia bobbed another curtsy and minced over there, to stand, hands folded neatly in front, waiting to serve.

Nina turned her attention to Tom.

"Come here boy," she ordered curtly.

Tom moved closer. Nina reached between her ample cleavage and extracted a key which hung from a simple gold chain. This she used to unlock the heavy iron cylinder about his cock. It swung open, and came free; and Nina placed it casually on the table before them. Then she took Tom's cock in her hand.

“He's not badly built, as it happens,” she remarked.

June and Fiona just gawped.

“Let's get you all the way up for the girls, shall we, Tom-tom?” Nina said, and her hand continued its stimulating motion. In no time at all, it seemed, Tom's cock was long and stiff and hard as a rock.

Fiona gave a low whistle.

“I'll bet that whopper sees some use?”

“Oh, well, I don't know about that,” said Nina coyly. “In fact he hasn't had any since I gave him Petunia last month,” she added casually, cupping Tom's balls in her hand as she spoke.

“Since you...” June echoed. “But... he's... not gay, surely?”

“Oh heavens no!” cackled Nina. “Nor is Petunia for that matter. But, it is that or nothing, and he has learned to take every opportunity that offers. They so rarely do...”

Nina sniggered, and gave Tom's balls a squeeze.

“I like to keep these nice and full!”

June nodded slowly.

“Oh I see. And what about Petunia?”

“What, you mean does Tom give him a reach-around or something?!” Nina laughed. “Oh, no!” she continued decisively. “Petunia's little cockette stays locked, period!”

All the women ran her eyes over Tom's well-muscled form as he stood there, erect cock quivering slightly, eyes staring into the middle distance.

“As will Tom-tom's one day, perhaps, if he isn't a very good boy...” Nina simpered, then giggled. Fiona couldn't help joining in.

“So what... I mean with Petunia..?” June flushed. She had always found talking about sex explicitly a bit embarrassing.

“Oh, buggery generally,” replied Nina breezily, in the same tone as though she were answering a question about her prize marigolds, “also gives a blow-job now and again, but generally takes it good and hard up the arse! Which I'm sure Petunia loves really, the dirty little slut, though it does make such a fuss about it. But that's all an act, I'm sure.”

“You watch?”

June's eyes were wide.

“Well of course I do! Wouldn't miss it for the world! Anyway, that explains the state of this thing” — she released Tom's balls and gave his stiff, rigid cock a playful, but quite hard, slap with her hand. “Hasn't come for weeks and weeks, see?”

June nodded. Well, that made sense, she thought. Poor sod!

“Of course I give Petunia a good seeing-to myself, now and again,” she continued.

“Oh? How... I mean, you said he — it, sorry! — it was never unlocked...”

“I said *I* give *it* a seeing-to, not the other way round!”

Nina saw the confusion on her friend's face. Honestly, June was a darling, but she could be so naïve sometimes!

“I wear a strap-on dildo, darling,” she elaborated. “First Petunia sucks it off, and then up the bum it goes! It's double-ended, so I get full satisfaction...” Her face took on a dreamy expression. “Petunia likes it good and hard.”

June looked over at Petunia, who was still stood over by the drinks tray, humbly waiting to serve. The face was quite unreadable, partly due to the heavy make-up with which it was caked, but also due to the fact that Petunia took good care *not* to let such an emotion as discontent show on his face. That was always severely punished. He was well within earshot, so he would have heard every word. Nina, as usual, didn't seem to care. June guessed that in fact she *preferred* to talk about her playthings in their presence.

“I use Tom here as a sex slave and houseboy, but he knows that if he doesn't keep up to scratch, he too can become a frilly little faggot in no time!”

She positively cackled this time. Tom just stood silently at attention. Doubtless this wasn't the first time he had heard that threat! His cock was still stiffly erect.

“So, anyway, how's *your* sex life?” enquired Nina of June then, with a wink and a smile.

“Oh, don't ask,” replied June with a sigh.

“Tell you what? Why don't I give you Tom for tonight, after the party I mean?”

“Oh, I couldn't...”

“Of course you could! Can't take your eyes of him, and that's a fact!”

“Oh, well, yes, but...”

“No buts darling! I insist! You are my guest! And you are my best friend! And my bestie deserves better than she's been getting — much better!”

Then she turned her attention to Tom again.

“Better get this thing down, so you are in tip-top condition should my friend decide to use it!”

So saying, she squeezed the head of Tom's cock viciously between two long, painted nails. He gave an involuntary cry.

“Oh don't be such a big sissy!” said Nina dismissively, “or you'll get turned into one!”

June had to laugh at that. the thought of this big Chesterfields-style hunk turned into — well, turned into a *thing* like Petunia!

Tom's cock was soon quite shrivelled, and Nina briskly reapplied the chastity device, making sure it was good and tight before snapping the padlock shut.

“Of you go!” she said then with a hefty slap on his well-muscled rump. “Yes, Ma'am,” the naked slave said respectfully, and was gone. Fiona and June both watched his powerful, well-built form as he hurried away. Fiona licked her lips and stage-whispered “lucky bitch!” at her friend. And they both dissolved in giggles, while Nina beamed with pride.

THE GUESTS ARRIVE

Then, the first car came up the drive and parked. A slim, petite blonde got out and walked towards them. She had a face that was unmistakably that of a 100% dominant woman. The blue eyes were cold and piercing. She was accompanied by what the friends presumed to her slave, crawling after her on all fours, led by a chain leash. It was difficult for any of them to tell much more about him (her? it?) than that, as he was completely encased in shining

black latex.

She and Nina hugged and kissed, and Fiona and June were introduced to Mistress Kirsty.

“My latest project,” she said with a wave of the hand at the bizarre figure on all fours in front of them, “a sort of essay in *total* dehumanisation.”

Both Fiona and June were nothing less than stunned. Even Mistress Nina seemed just a little taken aback.

The next to arrive was Mistress Angela, a large, tall, imposing, mature black woman, clad in black and red leather. Minced along beside her was a feminised white male, almost as ridiculous a sight as Petunia. But almost conventional compared to Mistress Melanie's ‘latest project’. She greeted every one in a deep Jamaican accent. and her accompanying sissy curtsied humbly to each lady in turn.

Next to come was a big brash blonde in a very tight short white dress, with matching white high heels. It just had to be an Essex girl. And it was! Beside her on all fours was a — well, one supposed it was a man, though the full latex body-suit it wore was black pattered with white dots, and had a dog's muzzle and tail.

“Awright Nina?”

“Debbie! How are you! Lovely to see you again!”

They hugged and kissed.

“And how is spotty-wotty, hmm?” And Nina knelt and fondled the ‘dog’ playfully.

It was then she noticed the unrestrained cock. An imp of wickedness whispered into her ear. She grasped the limp member and began to manipulate it skillfully. In no time at all, it was hard.

“Dear me, Debbie!” Nina exclaimed theatrically, rising to her feet again, “just as well we haven't any bitches here this evening, or Spot would be rutting away like billy-o!”

“Oh, tell me about it,” sighed Debbie, “Can't seem to find a restrainer that just stays on, you know? ”Always chaffing or something... I don't know... I'm thinking of getting him fixed, actually!”

Nina nodded in sympathy.

”Yes, that might be for the best.“

”Yeah, you know, always trying to rub themselves up against somefink, ain't they? I took care of his paws, otherwise he'd probably be playing with himself right now.“

And indeed the wretched male's hands were encased in latex mittens so made that he could not form a fist.

At this moment, 'Spot' began to whimper. A loud ”Oi!“ from Debbie was accompanied by a hard kick from her pointed black leather boot into Spot's side. He gave one final pathetic whimper, and was silent. Debbie tutted. ”You fink you've got 'em all trained up, and they still bloody make a fuss!“ She raised her eyes to heaven dramatically, and Nina nodded sympathetically.

”Come and sit down, darling. And I will send Petunia for a bowl of water for ‘Spot’!“

June stared at ‘Spot’, then at Fiona. Now this was a couple Fiona knew about.

”He's an ex-investment banker.“

”Ex? Oh, retired?“

”Enslaved!”

June giggled.

”I think she was a secretary or something...” Fiona went on.

”No doubt at all who the senior partner is now, eh?!”

”Come along, Timmykins!” a loud, clear voice sang out then.

Mrs Farthingdale had arrived. Her 'Timmykins' was a shy young lad with a slim frame and long hair. He wore no elaborate fetish outfit. In fact, he was simply completely nude. Well, apart from the cruel cylinder of stainless steel which tightly imprisoned his shrunken little willy! A large padlock dangled from it.

”Miranda, lovely to see you!” Nina gushed. They embraced and kissed like the old, old friends they were.

”And this darling little pet is behaving himself, I hope?” she said, patting Timmykins on the cheek.

”Oh, we had a little fuss about the party, but I can be very persuasive,” said Mrs Farthingdale.

Timmy said nothing, but blushed even redder and hung his head.

The next lady to arrive was Julie — Jumbo Julie, as she was known in her modelling days. As her professional name would imply, she was a big lady. Mature in years now, her blonde hair regularly renewed from a bottle, but still attractive for those who like the big blonde blowsy type. Despite her age and size, her outfit was — well, ‘scanty’ to say the least. In fact, to be blunt about it, she was in her underwear!

In detail, Julie was wearing a sturdy bra of black lace which struggled to contain her large, heavy breasts; a tightly-laced black leather waist cincher which likewise struggled to hold in her big belly; a pair of lacey black panties which concealed very little of her big bottom; and a black lace suspender belt with stockings. Black pumps with a 4” heel completed her ensemble.

Her left hand kept a firm grip on a dog-leash. Her slave, Paul, walked behind her, led by that leash, which was fastened to the ring of the padlocked penis restrainer he was wearing. And that is absolutely all Paul was wearing! He was young, tall and slim. His face was red, and he kept his eyes lowered. Clearly, he was very new to all this.

As they walked slowly up the drive towards the assembled guests, June could not take her eyes off the somewhat ill-matched couple.

”Bloody hell, she must be twice his age!” whispered June to Fiona.

”Yeah, and twice his weight!”

”Ssshhh!!”

”She keeps him completely naked, you know.”

”Well, I can see that!”

”No, I mean, all the time, not just for this.”

”What did she do with his clothes then?” puzzled June, ever the practical one.

”I think she gave them to the British Heart Foundation,” replied Fiona breezily.

”Ohhh...”

June's voice trailed off. She couldn't take her eyes off the big, mature blonde leading her naked toy boy by a leash attached to his cock — a cock that was *literally* under her lock and key. Talk about a female-led relationship!

Nina looked over, laughing.

"I can see you are impressed!"

"Well..." June grinned.

"If she can do it, you can!"

"Well, I dunno about that... what's the story with them, then?"

"I think he was a fan, you know? Collected all the photos series, and a few videos she did. Eventually he got kind of 'stalky', tracked her down, and ... well... got a little more than he bargained for, I guess!"

Nina laughed heartlessly.

"Yeah, but..."

"‘Yeah but’ nothing, girl! You've got eyes in your head, you can see. Tall, slim, but quite well-built with it, and still pretty young — and he is the *property* of that big old bird! Her *naked slave*! So: if she can do it, so can you. Later on I'll introduce you and maybe you can pick up some tips! And you too, Fee!"

Last to arrive was Mrs Grant. She was a well-built mature lady. She had made a special effort for this evening and was done up to the nines. And so indeed was her companion. Prissy Polly Pansy was wearing his 'show uniform', a skimpy, ridiculously impractical affair of lace and frills, shocking pink in colour, with copious although very short petticoats. He had been severely corseted as well, so that his already much-reduced waistline was now something most girls would kill for.

Nina was all over her at once.

"Ooooh, you must be Mrs Grant?" she greeted her with enthusiasm, and gave her a hug.

"The one and only," replied Belinda Grant, very pleased with all the attention.

"And this splendid creature is Prissy Polly Pansy, unless I am very much mistaken?" Nina went on, eying the sissy up and down.

"That's right. Works for me full-time now. Getting to be quite useful around the place, although he still needs plenty of stick."

"Oh, I am sure he does!" enthused Nina. "Spare the rod and spoil the sissy!"

Mrs Grant giggled like a schoolgirl.

"Oh, and how is Miranda doing with that new lover of hers?" Miranda went on in a gay voice, still speaking to Mrs Grant but looking right at Prissy Polly Pansy.

"Marvellous! They moved in together last month, going from strength to strength. It is lovely to see my girl settling down at last with a real man!"

Mrs Grant too looked right in Prissy Polly Pansy's face as she said this. Then she caught Nina's eye and winked. Nina gave a satisfied cackle.

"Good. So everyone ended up getting just what they wanted!"

And the two of them laughed out loud together.

Prissy Polly Pansy stood, arrayed in all his finery (his ‘party frock’ his owner had called it), listening helplessly to the heartless taunting. Low as he had sunk, his utter humiliation had previously only been witnessed by his ex-wife and her mother. Now, for the first time, he was to be exposed in front of strangers. Mrs Grant had already gloatingly described to him in detail how this ‘Mistress Nina’ had advised and helped Miranda every step of the way in his feminisation and enslavement.

THE EVENING'S ENTERTAINMENT

With the guests, and their slaves, all assembled in the big room given over to the party, Nina clapped her hands for silence and addressed the company.

“Now girls,” Nina continued, “you all know who I am and why you are here. But just in case, because I see a few new faces, I will give you a brief outline of what it is I do. I might start by saying what it is that I do *not* do. I do not just dress men up as French maids and the like. That might be their fantasy, but it is not what they get. No, I turn those whom I chose into simpering, mincing caricatures of femininity: extreme, outrageous. They don't prance about in front of a mirror now and again — this is 24/7! They have no other clothes, only a wardrobe full of elaborate uniforms. And they spend eighteen hours a day seven days a week at non-stop mind-numbing domestic drudgery. And there is no way out! They are not men any more, but they are just as certainly not real women. They are sissy slaves — for life!”

Nina's little speech was greeted with enthusiastic applause.

“Now girls! Quiet please. We have a new member,... yes, thank you... we have a new member... and I want you now to give a very warm welcome to ... Belinda Grant!”

There was a round of applause.

Belinda Grant beamed.

“Thank you all so much!”

Then she dug her elbow violently into Prissy Polly Pansy's side, who recollected what he must do, and bobbed an elaborate curtsy. *That* fairly brought the house down.

“I am sure Belinda will not mind me saying that is is definitely the Senior Mistress at this evening's entertainment...”

Belinda nodded and smiled.

“I wish her every happiness, and many, many more years of supremacy!”

There was a round of a applause.

“And for her precious little Pansy beside her, many, many more years of sissified servitude!”

More applause, mingled with cat-calls.

Belinda gave Prissy Polly Pansy's rump a good hard pinch through his the short skirt of his skimpy uniform.

“Thank your hostess for such kindness,” she hissed in a loud whisper.

Prissy Polly Pansy at once executed another elaborate curtsy, and lisped out a very subdued “thank you, Mistress Nina”.

After Nina's speech, drinks were served by Petunia. Prissy Polly Pansy was pressed into service too. Tom had been told to kneel by June's chair, and to wait on her personally hand and foot. He did so, most respectfully, though it was

all June could do not to drag him off to a guest room there and then. But of course that would have been just too rude. She fingered the key to his cock restrainer, which Nina had given her. Like her, she wore the chain around her neck, the key down in her cleavage. Ooooh, she couldn't wait!

As Petunia passed by bearing yet another tray full of drinks, wobbling just a little on his pink high heels, Julie leaned close to her slave, who was kneeling beside her chair, and whispered, "you should think your self lucky. Or would you *like* to be turned into another little Miss Thing like that pathetic sissy there? Or how about Prissy Polly Pansy?" Paul shook his head frantically, cheeks crimson, unable to speak. Julie smiled with glee. That would be another thing she could keep hanging over his head!

Mrs Farthingdale had also drawn her slave's attention to the sissies.

"Now Timmykins," she drawling patronisingly, patting his long, silken hair as she spoke, "you see what a lucky boy you are, don't you?"

"Yes, Ma'am," he said quietly. Comparatively speaking, he supposed he was.

"Now girls!" Nina had to shout to make herself heard. "Now girls, may I have your attention please?" Heads turned in her direction, conversations became muted. "We have a floor show for your delectation." She paused for effect, then went on: "My very own sissy maid is going to do a sexy strip-tease for us all!" There were hoots and cat-calls. "So, ladies, please, a big round of a applause for — Provocative Petunia!"

And Petunia came mincing up in its elaborate yet skimpy outfit.

The room feel suddenly silent.

First the cap came off. Then a big show was made of removing each stocking in turn. The dress was lifted and lowered several times, then off it came too. Pentunia stood revealed in just bra and panties. The bulge in its panties was the only unmistakable sign of its former sex.

A big show was made of removing the bra, though there was not much to be coy about — Mistress Nina was not a believer in hormone treatments. It was far from her intentions that her sissies should give up one sex for another. No! They must remain sissified male playthings, stripped of every last shred of masculinity, but still obviously of the male sex.

Finally, after much to and fro-ing with the skimpy panties, Petunia was nude. Well, apart from the cock restrainer. The mass of bottle-blond curls and the heavily made-up face formed a curious contrast to the scrawny, middle-aged, masculine body. The pink ribbon tied in a bow around the head of the shrunken penis added an extra incongruity.

The sissy then made a move to remove the pink ribbon from around his neck. Up the hand went, then away. And again. And then slowly it was untied and thrown into the midst of the watching women. Then, the sissy moved to the other item of his 'uniform' — the pink ribbon tied in a bow about the head of his penis. Again, he made a big show of slowly removing it. He threw the ribbon toward Mrs Grant, and simpered coquettishly. There were whoops and cat-calls. Utterly naked now save for the ever-present iron cock restrainer, he got his legs even wider, put his hands behind his head, and wiggled his out-stuck tongue, moving his head in simulation of ecstasy.

Hoots and cat-calls and even a wolf-whistle or two filled the air. Nina insisted that Petunia take a bow, and then another, before the wretched ex-man was allowed to leave the stage and get dressed again.

Nina took the stage again.

"Pentunia's arse and mouth are *fully* available this evening!" she proclaimed emphatically. "So, any of you ladies who fancy allowing your slave relief in the most humiliating way possible for him — not to mention Petunia! — do feel free to make use of it. That's in addition to any fun you want to have with it yourselves, of course. And do let me know if it fails to please in *any* way, and we can have an impromptu session of public punishment for the useless scrubber!"

Next, Tom was summoned up.

“Not much point in ‘Big Bollocks’ here doing a strip-tease, is there?” Nina said playfully, giving Tom's balls a firm squeeze.

Again the restrainer was removed. Twice in one day. Unheard of! Nina's skilled hand soon had him erect. Proudly she displayed her naked slave to the assembled company, and a dozen pairs of female eyes drank in the spectacle. His erect cock quivered as Nina stroked it.

“Poor darling! how frustrating it must be, locked up in this nasty old thing all the time!”

She patted his cheek with a patronising air.

Her eyes shone with sadistic delight; without a trace of pity. He nodded his head dumbly, unable to speak.

“She we let him have a wank, girls?” she called out then.

This was met by a mixed chorus of “yes”s and “no”s.

She put her head on one side, as though considering.

“Hmm, I think the ‘noes’ have it,” she announced.

“Oh dear! Never mind! Perhaps you can wank for us at the next party — now let me think, when is that? Hmmm, yes, now I remember. I was planning one for September. No point sooner, so many away on holiday for the summer. You see, my boy? That's only three months away! And it gives you something to look forward to, doesn't it?” she simpered at him, her eyes alight with sadistic amusement.

And so the evening progressed.

Each sissy maid found himself over a female lap more than once, knickers down, getting a sound spanking with one of the hair-brushes which Mistress Nina had thoughtfully had left on most available surfaces.

The guests who were sober got tipsy, and those already tipsy got tipsier. In particular Mrs Grant.

Although Mrs Grant got a lot of fun out of using and abusing Prissy Polly Pansy, she missed having a real man. Truth to tell, she had become rather jealous of Julie and Mrs Farthingdale in particular, each with their naked male slave in tow. Oh, imagine! A naked Chippendale on a leash, with his cock under her lock and key! So when Nina announced that those guests who wished to remain were free to use the guest rooms for some fun, Mrs Grant, not quite as steady on her feet as usual, teetered over in her high heels and asked Nina about the possibility of Tom.

“No, I am afraid not,” Nina said kindly but firmly. “Tom is spoken for by another lady guest. But some other time, I'm sure.”

Mrs Grant looked disappointed but was soon cheered up by Mrs Farthingdale's intervention, who informed her that her Timmy had a very well-trained tongue which was at her complete disposal for an hour or two. She, after all, could make use of him any time she wanted. Mrs Grant looked the nude toy boy over, and licked her lips.

“If you are sure you don't mind?”

“No, no, not at all! I am having great fun. Just hand him back before ten, as I really must be off by then.”

Gradually, the guests paired off, so to speak, some ladies with their own slaves, some ladies swapping.

June, as promised, found herself with Tom, who on Nina's earlier instructions, carried her out the door, and act which met with loud cheers and applause.

At that, Mrs Grant gave Timmy's bum a tight squeeze and whispered into his ear, “feeling sleepy, dearie?” “If it

pleases you, Ma'am," the hapless naked youth replied in a low voice. "Oh it does darlin', it does!" she continued lasciviously, openly groping him now. She stood, and tipsily lead him from the room. Her hand never left his bum.

Soon, Julie too wobbled off, also rather unsteadily. Showing off, she made Paul crawl on his hands and knees behind her, tugging impatiently on the cock leash if he lagged behind. They left the room to scattered applause.

The party broke up soon afterwards. Fiona and Nina sat up for a while to chat, while the remaining guests enjoyed themselves in various ways upstairs.

JULIE AND PAUL

Julie started by having her slave undress her. Then she stretched out on the bed and thrust up her ample rump, and ordered lazily, "lick my arse, slave."

Her slave had been expecting this. It was a ritual his big, strict owner had introduced some time ago, as a way of 'showing respect', as she had put it. It was the beginning of a body worship session that would last the whole evening.

She kicked him and he moved away. Julie turned around and sprawled, legs wide. Paul at once without being told buried his face in her pubis.

Finally Julie pushed his head away.

"Get inside me!" she panted.

Paul was only too happy to comply. Such occasions were not as common as they once were, and he would try his utmost to perform to her expectations when he was granted the privilege. For that is what it was now: a privilege. He paced himself very carefully as he thrust, he dare not come before told to. At last he heard the words:

"Come for me!"

Paul let go and spurted almost at once. Julie too quivered in orgasm, and dug her nails into his back.

"You have the life of Reilly as my slave, compared to those others, don't you, slave Paul?" Julie murmured as she lay there afterwards, her slave still on top of her.

"Oh yes, Mistress, yes. Thank you."

Paul was effusive in his agreement and his gratitude. He felt he had to be, if he was not going to end up like Prissy Polly Pansy!

MRS GRANT AND TIMMYKINS

Once in the bedroom, Mrs Grant noticed that a riding crop had been laid on the bed, just in case. She didn't feel she had to use it, though she was sure to draw Timmy's attention to it.

But she *did* have Timmy lie across her lap for a little warm-up. She hadn't been able to take her eyes of his pert firm young bottom earlier. She took a hair-brush from the dressing table, grasped it firmly, and brought it down hard on Timmy's cute little bum. He gasped.

"Get over my lap, sweetie!" she said as she seated herself.

Meekly, the lad complied. She proceeded to spank his bare bottom as hard as she could, making the poor lad squeal out loud.

Once she had had her fill of that, and with her captive lad in tears, she tossed the hair-brush aside, pulled her knickers hurriedly down, pushed Timmy onto the bed, and unceremoniously straddled his head.

“Lick my pussy, toy-boy!” she exclaimed hoarsely.

Yes, that's right, that's what she needed... She could get herself a toy boy, for sure, she thought, why not? She stroked her heavy breasts through her dress, feeling the mounting waves of pleasure from little Timmy's hard-working tongue. She certainly could... and she could then make Prissy Polly Pansy watch them together. Oh, that would be delicious! Make the pathetic pansy watch while she was entertained for hours on end by some well-built, well-hung hunk a third of her age! Ooooooh! And Belinda Grant simply exploded in orgasm. Shortly afterwards, she fell into a drunken slumber, lying on top of the timid slender youth she had used for her pleasure.

TOM AND JUNE

As June was staying the night, she took her time about leading Tom upstairs. But eventually she did so. She ascended the stairs tipsily, one stair at a time. Nina had thoughtfully fitted a leash to Tom's cock restrainer, by which June now literally led him!

“Get me undressed, you big hunk!” she slurred.

Tom, with expertise born of long practice, quickly undressed his superior. His skill did not prevent his getting his face slapped for 'copping a feel'.

“No touching up until I say so!” scolded June, then belched drunkenly.

Once nude, June flopped down on the bed. The room spun a little. She spread her legs and pointed imperiously between them. It took a while, but Tom had a skilled tongue in his head, and so June was brought to noisy orgasm. She spent a few minutes letting that old feeling wash over her, then turned and lay prone.

“Let's see how you are on the other end...”

Tom knew what he had to do now. Obediently he pressed his face between her ample bum cheeks and put his tired tongue to work again.

After a while savouring the exquisite sensations aroused in her nether regions by the slave's skillful oral attentions, she kicked him away.

“Lie flat,” she ordered. “I'm gonna sit on your face.”

The slave did as he was told. June grabbed the riding crop from the bedside table, and planted her fat arse right on his face. Again, his tongue went to work, without needing to be told. Soon June was rocking back and forth, riding him, and as her pleasure mounted she grew louder and more abandoned.

“Oh fuck yeah! Ooooohh! Aaahhh... oh yeah... does... does Ni— does YOUR OWNER make you do this? Does she make you lick her big fat arse?”

A muffled sound accompanied by what felt like a nod of assent.

“I'll bet she does!”

June reached back again and lashed the riding crop down as hard she could. There was another muffled sound, a grunt of pain.

“Work that tongue, boy!” June said stridently. And surrendered herself once more to the exquisite sensations.

“Oh yeah, yeah, lick, arse-licker, lick... Fuckin' hell! I think I'll keep you there all night...”

And she very nearly did. As it happened, June never did use the key. It lay un-used and un-noticed on the bedside table. So Tom's teased cock remained locked up, and his pent-up sexual frustration was given no release.

It may safely be said that if Mistress Nina could have seen what was going on in *this* guest room, she would have

had no doubt at all that she had made another convert!

THE END

A Special Note From Miranda Birch.

The story of Mike's transformation into Petunia was told in [Kidnapped: From Manager to Maid](#);
how Prissy Polly Pansy become his Mother-in-law's sissified plaything is recounted in [Prissy Polly Pansy](#);
you can read more about Mrs Farthingdale and Timmykins in [Trapped Toy Boys](#);
and the full story of Julie and Paul is coming soon.

Thank you for reading!

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