



PERFECTLY LEGAL

How to Own Your Very Own Male Slave And Get Away With It

MIRANDA BIRCH

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By [Miranda Birch](#)

The confessions of a mature BBW dominatrix. She tells how she enslaved a younger man — and got away with it! Read how she ruthlessly uses and exploits her naked captive! Lurid details of their life together as Mistress and slave!

Gosh! That's a bit "News of the World-y", isn't it! Sorry, I couldn't resist! Anyway, here is my guide to, as the subtitle says, owning your very own male slave — and getting away with it!

In this day and age, as you are no doubt aware, slavery is highly illegal, so any lady so inclined cannot just go out and buy herself a slave! But — and this is a big but! — there are ways and means, even in our modern world. To illustrate what I mean, let's take the case of my own slave, whom I have owned for just over two years now. Note, I say "slave" and "owned", and I mean precisely what I say. How can this be? you are no doubt wondering. Did I not just say that slavery is illegal? Am I admitting to breaking the law? No, not all. Let me explain. And to do that, we must begin at the beginning.

My name is Maeve (pronounced 'Mayv'; my Mum was nuts about all things Irish) and I am 55 years old. I trained as a nurse, and now lecture in nursing for a well-known university. I won't say which one, for reasons which should already be obvious! I am quite tall for a woman, 5'8", and I am a very big lady. I ignore my doctor's nagging to diet, and don't even know how much I weigh; but it must be well over 20 stone. I am top **and** bottom heavy, big belly,... hell, big everything! I am no oil painting, but I have grown to accept, even love, my body, and I think, though not conventionally pretty, I am quite good-looking in my own way.

I am divorced, and had not much luck with men after my husband and I split up. Why? Well, here we come to the heart of the matter. You see, I have always been a very domineering sort of person. Most people would call me bossy. This has played havoc with my love-life, as men just couldn't deal with it. The sort of men I like, anyway. The quiet mousey ones would, but I can't stand them!

Anyway, alone in my big old house in the evening, I got into looking in to what men want and like. And, in the process, I discovered the big bad world of on-line porn, and one area in particular, that of 'femdom'. Of course, I had know about female domination in general terms, but had always thought it a thing for the "dirty mac brigade", or for kinky judges and ministers who would pay some "Ms Whiplash" absurd sums of money to tie them up and whip them or pee on them or God knows what.

But my on-line explorations revealed there was much more to it than that. In particular, Reading about all the male fantasies in femdom was eye-opening. A lot of it simply wasn't for me — bizarre costumes, urinating on men, you name it, no matter how weird, there are men into it! Also, I realised that this wasn't what I wanted either: this was all about fulfilling male fantasies when it came down to it. I wasn't about to change myself for anybody. What I wanted to find was a man I could change into just **exactly** what I wanted. But, there were something in this worlds I liked very much. I had never really thought about them. But as I read more, I realised that yes, I probably was what they call a dominant women, or "domme". Realising this, allowed me to accept that I wanted certain things that most women don't want — or as I had done in the past, don't admit even to themselves that they want..

The upshot was, I realised that if I wanted to get and keep a man, I would have to take **total** control.

When I thought I was quite ready, I made an account on a website called Dating BBW — the name explains itself, I think — and started contacting likely prospects. It was a job of work, weeding through the chaff, and I was becoming quite discouraged. And then Mark popped up on a search — 'male, 25-40, single, 6' or over' were the criteria, if I remember rightly. I liked the look of his profile, despite the lack of photo: it was well-written, and witty. I dropped him a line, and he wrote me a lovely letter back. I gave him my phone number, and we talked. during the course of our phone chat, we were getting on so well that I proposed a date.

That first date went marvellously. Mark was tall, quite slim but well-built with it, clever, bespectacled, younger than me, and just a little bit shy and nervous — oh, my! He just pushed all the right buttons! And he clearly fancied me — at least, he couldn't stop looking down the front of my dress! — which did wonders for my self-confidence, battered as it was after the divorce and the "gamers" who infested the dating scene. I hadn't meant to leave my dress unbuttoned **that** much, and did it up when I caught his eye and realised where he

was staring. We laughed together at his wandering eye. Neither of us wanted the date — a lunch date — to end, so we wandered off, found somewhere secluded, and enjoyed a long kiss.

I think I already knew after that first date. But I didn't decide for definite until we had slept together, which was after only the second date. Yes, fast, but, you know, fate... The way he made love to me was just marvellous, kissing my body all over, especially my big belly and even my fat bottom. My breasts got lots of attention too, needless to say. He came far too quickly, but I didn't mind. He was eager to use his tongue, and although he wasn't much cop at that either, he responded eagerly to instruction. I guided his hands and mouth and tongue to just where I wanted them to be. In short, I enjoyed a long evening of unadulterated pleasure!

That morning, over breakfast, as we chatted I looked at him and thought, oh Mark! If only you knew! It won't be long before you **belong** to me! There he sat, in a very nice suit, full of life, chatting away, and I must say, being very charming — and in my mind's eye, in a flash, I saw him as he would be in some months time: kneeling stark bollock naked in front of me, the heavy padlock of a secure steel chastity device dangling between his legs, hands clasped in supplication, eyes wide with pleading, begging to be excused a caning! A shiver went through me. I could hardly wait!

And so I began to lure him into my web. I went slowly at first, so as not to frighten him off. If he had even suspected only half the things I had planned for him, he would have run a mile! It helped a great deal when he confided in me that, when younger, he had often fantasised about being the 'sex slave' of a large, mature lady — a lady rather like myself, in fact, or so it seemed to me. He laughed it off, and clearly for him it had just been a masturbatory fantasy of his youth, long left behind. However, I encouraged him to be candid about these old fantasies, patiently brushing aside his bashfulness, and I had managed to pierce together quite a complete picture. This confirmed me in my confidence that I had made the right decision. So I cherry-picked those parts of his fantasies that appealed to me,

discarded those that didn't, and set about turning **my** fantasies into reality!

The first thing was chastity. Since we were only seeing one another at weekends in those days, I played the jealous older woman card for all it was worth, and persuaded him that, during the week, while he was not with me, it would be better if he, or rather, his male member, were safely locked up — locked up, that is to say, in a secure chastity device. That way, I would **know**, for certain, that he was not — could not be — cheating on me. He refused at first, as I expected he would, and rather took offence at my lack of trust in him. I explained patiently that it was not a lack of trust in him, but an all-too-familiar knowledge of other women and their wiles and ways, that led me to worry about him. He took some persuading, but after a few week-ends with the PMT-bitch-from-hell (which I could switch on and off at the drop of a hat, but that's another story), we sat down and had another long talk; the upshot of which was, that he finally agreed to let me lock him in chastity just before he left for the week — and unlock him on Friday evening, of course. Yes! The first brick in the wall!

I still remember that evening as though it were yesterday. I exclaimed "Oh, thank you so much darling!", kissed him passionately, then I went at once to fetch the device, which was lying in my drawer waiting for him, I having had it made-to-measure by a specialist firm weeks ago. I got him to fetch some ice from the fridge, then led him into the bathroom and had him wash his penis. Then, I made his penis shrivel with the ice, dried it briskly, slipped the ring behind his testicles, and eased the narrow iron tube on. It covered the organ from base to head, and was a **very** snug fit. "Oh, darling, it fits so well it could have been made for you!" i said, kissing him on the cheek. I didn't tell him that it was! He was bashful and embarrassed but I showered him with love and attention, and continued to do so all evening. It was important to let him know that doing what he was told got rewards. It was mostly 'carrot' in the beginning; there would be plenty of time for 'stick' later...

The next thing was nudity. It doesn't sound such a big thing, does it? After all, when making love to me, he was as nude as I was. But, you see, it's one thing to be nude in the dark in bed at night making love, and another thing to be nude all the time, and another thing again to be nude in the presence of a fully-clothed woman (me, for instance!), and another thing again in the presence of fully-clothed **women** — ah, but there I am anticipating myself. Anyway, with him in chastity during the week, the next step was to have him be nude while in my home. It was quite easy, actually. I presented it as a game, a sex game, and he took it as such. Well, men stop thinking when sex is introduced into the equation, don't they? In fact, he was quite flattered that I wanted to see his body all the time. Not without cause, be it said: he was — is — rather well-built, and jolly easy on the eye!

So, having established chastity when not with me, and nudity when with me, the next step was — you guessed it! To make chastity his normal state **with** me, as well! Not that we stopped having sex. Far from it. However, the point was now established that he got unlocked when I said, and only when I said. I held the only key, which I now began to wear on a thin chain around my neck. I enjoyed the feel of that little key nestling between my breasts. And I enjoyed even more, that every time he peeped into my cleavage — and he was forever doing so, the naughty boy — he saw the key that held his cock imprisoned too.

As I drew him further into my web, I was able to up the pace a little. He was confused about what was going on, but I guided him gently but strictly along, allowing not the slightest deviation from the direction I wanted things to do. He responded to this, perhaps unconsciously. He still had no idea what was going on, I am sure. Men are so easy to manipulate!

Moving in with me permanently was probably the hardest thing to accomplish. Mark was quite a strong-willed, independent-minded chap — one of the things that made me pick him, actually: no point in enslaving a doormat, is there?! — and so it followed that he was not at all keen to give up his independence. It was all plain sailing after

that, comparatively. So how did I do it? I must confess, chance came to my aid here.

He lost his job suddenly, and was having difficulty finding another. Money worries appeared. I didn't make it too abrupt, but suggested he move in with me for a while, to tide him over. He turned this down at first, but later we had another chat and he reconsidered and accepted. I was already exerting more influence and control over him than he realised. He was convinced it was all his own decision!

With him at home all day — the job hunt had still borne no fruit — and me continuing with my busy life on campus — it was only natural to suggest that he help with the housework. Eventually he would be doing everything, but as ever the watchword was, **festine lente** — "make haste slowly."

So, by now I had a live-in boy-friend, locked in chastity, taking care of the house while I was at work, more often than not delighting me with a well-cooked meal in the evening, and then spending the evening serving me naked before taking me to bed and making wonderful love to me. Now came the hardest part. The irrevocable transformation of this boyfriend into a permanently naked, permanently chaste slave.

I started by being feigning annoyance, being much more cross and grumpy than usual. There were evenings when I hardly said hello to him, and even denied myself the pleasure of sex. He even ended up sleeping on the couch once or twice. All this had the effect of making him very anxious to please me, and therefore more likely to go along with my next suggestion, which was simple: that he not wears clothes while in my house at all any more. that wasn't too hard. It was summer, anyway. At this point, I took the precaution of moving his clothes to another wardrobe, and locking it. Best to be on the safe side!

I decided to have a small walk-in wardrobe converted into a "training room". It is totally unfurnished, of course, and lit by a bare bulb hanging from the ceiling. The door is lockable from the outside, and

the light switch is outside too. Not a very nice place to spend much time in, but I am afraid it was necessary for Mark to spend many hours in this stark little room. Let me tell you a bit more.

Although his tongue-work was already very good, I felt there was room for improvement, and so I introduced an hour a day in the training room into his already quite full schedule. Here he would spend the time, on his knees, hands on his head, legs wide, working non-stop on his tongue technique according to an elaborate series of exercises of my own devising. The light was left on for this, because the opposite wall was covered with nude photos of me in all my glory, particularly of my big bum, since bottom worship, as I may have said, is a particular favourite of mine. I wanted the link burned deep into his brain between those tongue movements and a certain very big bare bum, with its pale white cheeks and long dark cleft between them... well, I won't go into details; use your imagination! I was able to keep an eye on him by installing a CCTV camera. If in glancing at the display in my office, which of course I did from time to time, I noticed, any slouching or change of position or any slackening in the movements of his tongue, and he simply got another hour. He soon learned that the best course was to be a good boy and get through the hour properly — or he might end up spending the night in there! This has resulted in a very strong and agile tongue with great powers of endurance

This training room also doubled as a punishment room, in which he could be left for varying periods of time. Far more effective than corporal punishment, especially since training was ongoing during the whole time of confinement.

Another excellent means of training which I used often was confinement plus sensory deprivation plus audio indoctrination. Think of it: kneeling there naked in the dark, trussed up like a turkey, weeks without a cum; and, through the headphones strapped to his head, a very loud voice in his ears droning on and on and on, non-stop, hour after hour, repeating over and over and over the basic facts of his new life in a few set phrases:

You are a slave
You are Maeve's slave
Maeve is your owner
You belong to Maeve
You love Maeve very much
Maeve loves you very much
You live to worship Maeve's body
You are a slave
... etc. etc.

Simple stuff, but surprisingly effective when repeated enough times.

He was always just about done-in when I released him from one of these sessions — which took place every day, without fail, by the way, as did tongue training. I continued to expect all his chores — which meant of course, **all the chores**, period! — to be done during this period; as well as more personal attentions for me, usually twice a day, sometimes more... He was a very lucky boy if he got four whole hours sleep in this period. All part of the training, of course; sleep deprivation is known to make a subject far more suggestible.

Once I was absolutely certain he was completely in my power, I introduced him to two new aspects of his life that I had long had planned: the cane, and complete sexual denial. Let me explain in more detail what each of these entail.

First, the cane. The authorities I consulted were unanimous that, while training him up, I should **not** use corporal punishment, as this would have the paradoxical effect of strengthening his will and thus his ability to resist me. Now that he is fully trained, though, I feel I can indulge myself. I am afraid I have become a bit of an old fuss-pot as I get older, and I do find rather a lot that isn't up to my standards, even now. The upshot of which is, that Mark gets a damned sound thrashing if I find so much as a speck of dust. It made me feel vaguely guilty for a while; but then, why **shouldn't** I expect perfection? And, if I'm honest, I do like laying it on. Mark trembles

when he hears my quiet but firm order to "fetch the cane" —I never raise my voice, by the way — but of course by now it would never even enter his head to disobey, or even hesitate. Returning with the rod, he kneels before me and presents it on outstretched arms, palms up. Then, he assumes the position: nose to the ground, bum up as high as he can get it. He kneels there trembling for a few minutes, and then I start to lay on. I have no fixed number of strokes; I just give him what I think he deserves for whatever fault is being punished. I rarely go over two dozen, though: that would be excessive, it seems to me. After it is all over, I have him kneel up and thank me before returning the cane to its place and getting on with his chores. I expect gratitude— after all, I am helping him to be a better slave-boy, aren't I? — and he has learned that any hint of insincerity in his thanks will earn him another half-dozen or so. Needless to say, his thanks are always profuse, indeed eloquent! It is so sweet, to see his tear-stained face looking up at me, eyes wide and full of pleading, and hear his trembling voice thank me oh-so-politely for thrashing him! I am a trained nurse, and am always careful to ensure that I don't cause permanent injury. After all, Mark is my property, and I am hardly likely to want to damage my own property, am I? Sometimes, therefore, it is necessary to delay a thrashing for a day or two, to give his bum time to heal. I have him pencil in the number I have decided on upon my wall calendar in my kitchen, and require him to remind me on the appointed date. If I am too busy to take care of him straight away, he must remind me at regular intervals until I do find the time. It's a bit cruel, isn't it? But oh so much fun! And I am sure Mark enjoys our little games just as much as I do, deep down... So much for the cane.

The other novel aspect, complete sexual denial, is something I think at least as important as the cane — come to think of it, probably more so. Of course I had Mark locked in chastity already, but I was giving him release once a month — sometimes even more, if I felt he **really** deserved a nice treat. We would have a nice kiss and cuddle first, then I would take him in my hand, and... well, you know. Then, a quick application of the ice bucket, a brisk rub-down with a towel, squish his little willy back into that narrow iron tube, and snap! goes

the padlock. While this was a great deal of fun for us both, I did notice that such relief, seldom as it was, had a bad effect on his attitude for a day or two. You might not have noticed anything, but I did. I therefore decided on total orgasm denial. Now, don't get me wrong: I don't simply leave the chastity tube permanently locked on. That would be un-hygienic, for a start. In fact, he gets the tube unlocked and taken off more often now than before. It's just that, tube off or on, he doesn't get to cum. I take his penis in hand, and get to work on it, and it is soon big and stiff and hard. Then I continue stroking it and fondling it, and even kissing it, just until the point where... — and then I stop. And I wait. And then, when he starts to droop, my hand goes to work again. I have lately taken to sitting on his face for these teasing sessions, as that way I get some pleasure as well— that's only fair, isn't it? If he should start to weep with frustration, as he sometimes does, then the feel of his tears on my bum-cheeks is quite exquisite — but that is perhaps an acquired taste... He probably thinks that his performance with his tongue bears some relation to whether or not I will finally masturbate him to completion, and who am I to shatter his dreams? He has to have something to look forward to, no? Anyway, when I have had my fun, it's the good old ice bucket treatment again, and there he is, all locked away nice and safe, until the next time. I know it must make me sound perfectly horrid, denying him any release at all. I must stress that it **isn't** that I want to deny him pleasure as such. I know he takes great pleasure in worshipping my body, for instance, even if for him it's all foreplay and no climax. **But** — I found during the course of his training that an extended period of denial made him much more docile and obedient and eager to please. And so I decided to impose a regime of **total** denial: simple as that!

Now, by this point some of you may be thinking that this is all rather extreme, and surely he can't like any of this? Well, my response to that is simple: he can leave at any time! I have **no** legal hold on him — after all, as we established at the beginning, slavery is not recognised in law, is it? Now, I grant you, he has no money, no clothes, no place to go, no ID, etc., etc. Nevertheless, if life with me

were really so bad, he **could** just up and leave, couldn't he?
Hmmm? The fact that he **doesn't** speaks volumes! He **must** like it, deep down. I think most if not all men **need** to be under the strict control of a woman. all things considered, I think that Mark is really jolly lucky that he found me!

So, having established how we got here, let's take a closer look at "here". Here is "a day in the life", so to speak.

Mark shares my bed, as I do like a good cuddle before I go to sleep. At first sleeping together was a tad inconvenient, as I would be woken early in the morning by him getting up — I like him to be started on his chores by six, as he does have a lot to do. This was alright on work-days, but a bit of a pain on the weekend. But I have got used to it now, and usually just sleep right through. He serves me breakfast in bed at half-six during the week, mid-morning on the weekends, then bathes and dresses me.

On weekdays I am off to campus of course, and in my absence the house is cleaned from top to bottom. It is important to keep a slave busy I feel, so the house gets a thorough clean every single week-day. To help with 'keeping busy', I have dispensed with most of the 'mod cons' a modern house has: I no longer have a dishwasher, or a washing machine, for instance. All washing is now done by hand, using no power other than elbow grease. You could say I'm a green slave-owner!

I like to be greeted by my slave waiting in the hallway on his knees. He hears my car in the drive, so this isn't difficult for him. We have a quick kiss and cuddle, then sometimes he may attend me as I take a relaxing bath, or curl up at my feet while I catch up on some paperwork.

Dinner is at seven in my house. It is cooked and then served by my slave. I usually have Mark wait on me while I eat, unless it's a very special occasion, when he may be privileged to join me at table. But usually he must stand motionless in a posture of rigid attention

several feet from the table, and respond instantly to my needs — pouring more wine, picking up a dropped fork, serving the next course, and so on. I have him very well trained at table service, and rarely have cause for complaint. When I am finished, he is allowed to eat his own dinner before clearing up. I let him have the same food as me, usually, though when I was training him we did have a "cold porridge and tap-water" period.

Normally we go to bed not long after dinner and spend the evening making leisurely but passionate love. It is simply marvellous to have a man who is not in a rush — not that he has a choice, bless him! But anyway... I am kissed and stroked from head to toe, and then his mouth goes to work on my most intimate areas. We often fall asleep in each others arms, something I love to do. It might seem a bit strange to treat a slave so tenderly, but I am a loving and caring owner, far from being a sadist, and my darling is a sex and love slave as well as everything else. My strictness with him, and in particular my use of the cane, is really only being cruel to be kind...

An aspect of my life which I haven't mentioned is the social. Of course, having no clothes means Mark can't leave the house. But then I find as I get older that I don't care much for socialising as much as I used to, and the odd girl's night out, where the presence of a male companion is not expected, indeed would be unwelcome, is sufficient for me. But what about visitors? Well, those are rare, and by appointment only. At such times, I simply lock Mark into the training room until my guest leaves. Better safe than sorry. I mean, what if I left him doing chores in the kitchen, went to the loo, and came back to find my innocent visitor staring incredulously at my naked slave! This has the beneficial side-effect that Mark sees very little of the outside world, increasing his dependence on me.

My extensive, secluded garden was a bonus here. After all, he would be out there quite a bit — hanging washing, serving afternoon tea, and so on — and it would be a bit of a nuisance to have nosey-parker neighbours complaining. But I am in the happy position of having no-one in a position to peep in on my property. My garden is

old and ringed with trees, and the nearest neighbour is fifty yards away. So what goes on in my grounds is strictly my concern.

This is just as well as, given the current state of the law, the sight of a naked male slave, bottom well-marked from the cane, bringing me my afternoon tea might well give rise to more than just ribald comments! I have good reason to be discrete.

That said, I have shared my life-style with two close friends, Carole and Jill. They both come round regularly for coffee, and once we had a little garden party. Mark waits on us of course. This was quite shattering for him the first time — it was the closest he came to rebelling, and I had to use all my will and wiles to get him back in line. This was before I had introduced the cane, too, which made it all the harder. Nowadays he would get the thrashing of his life for a fraction of the insolence he displayed then! But we overcame this obstacle, as we overcame all the others. Now my docile slave-boy carries out this duty as he does any other, silently and without hesitation.

Jill loves to tease Mark, which I encourage. It does him no real harm, and is a useful additional reminder of his servile status; though I don't suppose he really needs reminding! Just the other day the three of us were enjoying a glass of champagne out in the garden under a sun-shade on a glorious Summer afternoon. Not a cloud in the sky, and a gentle breeze alleviating the heat. Noticing the glasses were getting low, I summoned Mark with a click of my fingers. He hurried over at once. Oh! I should explain that, on such occasions, I like my slave to stand at attention on the patio, several feet from the garden table, far enough away not to be a nuisance, but close enough to provide almost instant service at my signal. He must remain very alert, as I don't like to make a big song and dance about things, and usually beckon him over with simply a wave of my empty glass or, as on this occasion, a single click of my fingers. Anyway: as he bent to refresh our glasses, Jill suddenly reached out and grabbed his balls firmly. She gave them a non-too-gentle squeeze and said "Ooooh! These feel very full and heavy! Not much

wanking going on around here, eh?" Carole gave Jill her prim and proper look, but I found it funny, and laughed out loud. Poor Mark, bless him, just continued to pour, then, finished, replaced the bottle in the ice bucket and waited for her to release him. I was jolly proud of him for not making a fuss, and there and then decided to reward him with a special treat that night: an extra-long cock-tease.

Carole, on the other hand, I think feels just a little bit sorry for him, though she has swallowed my line about him being a natural-born masochist who is continually pestering me with requests to treat him far more severely! Of course, I am discrete in what I tell even these, my closest friends — they really don't know the half of it.

Well, there you have it. I am absolutely delighted with what I have accomplished with Mark, and look forward to many, many more years of our special life together. And I am sure he does too, really, in his heart of hearts... or maybe he doesn't. Whatever!

This book's code is: H6uicqniaggeHdHAyvNE

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