



PUNISHED FOR PEEPING

Lesbians Take Revenge

MIRANDA BIRCH

Punished for Peeping

Lesbians Take Revenge

By [Miranda Birch](#)

Copyright ©2019 Miranda Birch. All Rights Reserved.

A sneaking little ‘peeping Tom’ and knicker-stealer gets on the wrong side of two dominant young lesbians when they catch him peeping through *THEIR* windows and stealing *THEIR* knickers! Soon he is stripped and kneeling, kissing boots and pleaded for mercy as they put him through an in-depth course of attitude correction. Beating and bondage show him the error of his ways!

[Sign up for the Miranda Birch Newsletter now and get a FREE BOOK!](#)

It all happened by chance, really. These two hot girls moved into a house nearby. I went for a stroll by one late afternoon after work, as you do... especially when, like me, you have — or had — a little... well, let's say a little hobby. I like women's underwear. No! Not to wear, I'm not a tranny. But I like to see hot girls in their underwear, and... I like to take their underwear. You know — take it home.

And did these girls have some hot things on display on their washing line! Oh yes, they had some really great stuff. So I suppose when I say 'went for a stroll', what I was really doing, if I am honest, was 'casing the joint'. Later, that night, I went back. The washing was still out, as I had hoped it would be. No-one about. Silk knickers, nylon briefs, net panties; plain and frilly; all colours. It was a great thrill for me to snatch a few off the line and hurry home with them.

After that first time, well, I made a habit of it. Naturally, I couldn't go raiding too often — otherwise the girls might report it to the police, who would keep an eye out, and that would be that.

Then, one night when I went there, something happened that changed everything. I was round the back of the house, where there was a tall, wood-framed window. This evening, the light shone through the middle of the heavy curtains, which had not quite been pulled together. The girls were still up! My heart leapt with excitement. Because, though I enjoy knicker-stealing, peeping at knicker-wearers is my first love. I crept carefully to the window and looked in.

My heart gave another bound of excitement. There they were, both of them, as hot as ever. No, hotter. Because, to my amazement, the two of them were dressed up in some deliciously kinky leather and PVC gear: stockings, boots, the lot. Very skimpy, very revealing.

One was a statuesque brunette clad all in black leather. A black leather hood, a low-cut black leather corset exposing plenty of cleavage (and she had plenty to expose!), a black leather jacket, black leather gloves, and a skimpy pair of black leather panties. Rounding her outfit off were stockings and high heeled shoes of patent leather. In one hand, she held a cruel-looking multi-thonged whip.

The other was of slighter build. Her outfit was also very skimpy. She wore nothing but a bright red PVC leotard and red thigh boots with very high heels. her blonde hair was drawn back tight from her face, giving her a most severe expression.

I gazed in fascination, hardly daring to blink. Then one of them went over and kissed the other. The penny dropped. Of course — lesbians! That was really something for a peeper to stumble upon, I can tell you!

However, after that kiss, nothing much happened. It looked like they had been making a video — hence the bright lighting, I guess — but now they had stopped for a break. They just sat there smoking and chatting.

All the time I was mentally urging them on to get on with it: take off some of that gear and get down to real business! They didn't though. After about twenty minutes, with me bubbling away inside with mounting impatience and excitement, one of them yawned... and the other one

nodded. They both got up, moved to the door, and off went the light. Obviously they were going to bed. Balls! No more fun for me.

Desperately, I hurried around to the side of the house. No luck there. They had shutters over the bedroom window.

So off home I went, feeling rather frustrated. All the same, I told myself: you can't really complain. A lesbian love-nest just up the road, and a pair of right little goers by the looks of it. Yes, all in all I had had an exciting evening, and plenty more lay ahead. Because I decided to pay these love-birds a weekly visit. I varied the day, and didn't always pinch any knickers, so as not to make it obvious what was going on. Safety first, right?

I made three more visits. On two of them, stole some more pairs of knickers. However, that was all I got. For on each occasion, the curtains were closely drawn. Obviously they were not as careless usually as they had been that first time. Blast!

Then came the night of my fourth visit. It was then that, to my great excitement, I saw the curtains were right open, and light was streaming through the window. Cautiously, I crept up and, concealing myself behind a bush, peeped in.

Well, I could see in just fine, but — the room was empty. Well-lit, but empty. There was nothing for me to do but wait. Surely they must come into it before long; and this time I might see something even better. I settled down and tried to contain my impatience.

And then it happened. Suddenly all light was blotted out. I was in pitch darkness. I realised quickly that a bag or a sack had gone over my head — and then I felt it being fastened at the mouth, about my neck! Without thinking, I raised my hands to try and pull it off. Then I felt my wrists seized! They were roughly hauled behind my back — and secured there by the chill steel of handcuffs!

“Got you, you filthy bastard!” said a girl's voice.

Bewildered and panic-stricken, I found myself firmly gripped by the arms frog-marched away. But by who? And to where? I was caught, that much was clear. I thought about struggling but — even if I broke free, what could I do? And how far would I get with a bag over my head and in handcuffs?

We went inside, down some stairs. I realised I had been taken to the cellar of the cottage. It felt dank and damp.

High heels clicked on boards.

“Lock him up in the small cellar first, Jane,” that voice again, the same one.

“OK, Sally,” answered the other.

I heard a door open, then felt a foot planted in my rear. I was sent stumbling forward. There was a chair in my path and I fell over it, bruising myself painfully. Then I heard the door slam and

lock.

I panicked. There I was, alone in the pitch blackness, a bag over my head, my wrists handcuffed. Supposing I suffocated? Or they did away with me? wouldn't do that to me, surely! Trembling with fear, I managed to calm my thoughts a little. Such things didn't happen. No, they simply didn't happen. It was the two lezzies, obviously. And just as obviously, they had over-reacted — probably afraid of having to deal with a man — and had done this to keep me under control while they sent for the police. The police! That was bad enough. They would put me under the grill for sure. And the awful public humiliation to follow! Oh, no! It did not bear thinking about!

How I regretted my night-time escapades now! Had they been worth this? Surely not.

I sat up after a bit. I did not dare stand and move about for fear of falling.

They kept me there for about an hour, those two girls. I was at a loss why it was all taking so long. Later, I figured it out. They had been 'softening me up', They knew what they were doing, I know that now.

My nerves jumped as i heard the door being unlocked. They were coming. They and the police. It was all up with me!

Again the click-clack of high heels.

Then the handcuffs came off.

Before I could react, I heard the door locked again. Cautiously but quickly, I unfastened the bag over my head and, with infinite relief, pulled it off. It was pleasant even to breath the foul air of the cellar. Better than inside the bag.

The cellar was in darkness, but I could make out the outlines of a chair and table. What the hell was going on? Why had they released me, yet still left me here?

And where were the police?

"What's your name, peeper?" a voice asked through the closed door. It was the one called Sally, I thought.

"Ross," I replied. It was my real name. What was the point of giving a false one? They'd find out soon enough.

"First name?"

"Frank," I answered.

"It should be Tom, shouldn't it?"

Oh, I was going to taunted a bit before arrest, was I?

“I suppose so,” I said weakly.

“Well, that's what we're going to call you anyway,” went on Sally. “Now, Tom, you'll find a torch on the table and, alongside, some most interesting photographs. They were taken with a special infra-red night camera. Take a look.”

I went to the table and turned on the torch. The brightness of it hurt my eyes at first. There was the pile of photographs. I riffled quickly through. They were all of me, of course. Caught in the act again and again. Stealing knickers, trying to peep through the windows, and — oh no! Even having a quick, furtive wank! A complete pictorial dossier of my activities, in short.

With a sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach, I realised that those two girls had been wise to me for a while now; maybe even from the very beginning. No doubt they had seen me stealing knickers and lured me on further by leaving the curtains apart on that evening. So all this had been planned!

“Like them, Tom?” Sally asked.

What could I say? They had me. Then I had a sudden thought.

“Suppose I tear them up?” I said.

“Don't be childish,” sneered Sally. “Plenty more where those come from. Anyway, haven't you ever heard of negatives?”

That took the wind out of my sails. Yes, if they had planned it they would not be so stupid as to place the *only* evidence in my hands. I didn't doubt them. Yes, they had me alright.

“Now, Tom,” went on Sally, “you're going to pay the penalty for your little fun and games. It can go two ways. Either we call the police right away, and hand you and the evidence over to them; or, you agree to let Jane and myself have *our* fun and games.”

Hope sprang within me. So there was an alternative? So the police might still be kept out of it? But... what ‘fun and games’?

“What do you mean by that?” I asked, dubiously.

“Wouldn't you like to know, Tom!” laughed Sally. “But I'm not going into details. You'll find out soon enough. For now, you'll have to take us on trust. All I am going to tell you is that you're going to have to submit to the will of two women. You're going to be made to crawl. To suffer. And you know you deserve it, you filthy wanker!”

Submit... crawl... suffer? That put my nerves on edge. Could she be serious? And what did she really mean, anyway? Perhaps it was a sort of bluff to frighten me? No... hardly that... with the hold they had over me. And the way they were dressed. It was only then that it hit me. They were not only lesbians, but a dominatrices as well! I'd heard of women like that, of course but I'd never encountered any before. Not my cup of tea at all.

“Well,” demanded Sally in a hard voice. “Is it the police, or us?”

“I... I feel... I should know more,” I stalled. “More about what you mean.”

“No deal,” replied Sally. “Make up your mind, and make it up now!”

“Please, be fair...” I began.

“OK, you've had your chance. I'll ring the boys in blue now.”

“NO!” I yelled. Panic gripped me. Anything was better than public disgrace. Anyway, these two young slips of girls couldn't do anything really serious. “I agree,” I yelled, even louder.

“Right then. It's your decision. If you back out on it, we can still always call the police,” said Sally.

“I've agreed,” I said. “What do you want me to do?”

I was trying to think how I could play this. I couldn't very well trick them, because they had all the cards. So it might be best to go along with them and make it as easy as possible for myself. After all, a couple of nutters *might* be very unpleasant. You never knew with women: especially when they'd got their claws into a man. Yes, I'd have to play it carefully. Even if it was shaming; or humiliating; or painful.

“Strip completely off and leave your clothes on the table,” said Sally. “And we don't want any funny business. If you try any strong-arm stuff, we've got all that covered by the evidence and another document in our safe. You'll only make things worse for yourself if you don't play it our way. And right now, Jane and I are going to play it for our own kicks. You've had yours. Now it's our turn.”

I felt a slight shiver of apprehension at the keen edge to her voice. What, exactly, where these two young girls intending? Slowly I took off my garments. You're in a right mess, Frank, I told myself. But you can't blame anyone but yourself for getting you here.

Suddenly I heard the door unlocked and opened. I turned towards it. There was Sally in her sexy leather and vinyl gear.

“Now, you sneaky bastard,” she said, “it's time for us to get our own back.”

At that moment I saw the whip in her hand. It was a vicious-looking, long, black instrument of plaited leather. A shudder ran through me; it was as though my blood had frozen in my veins. Surely they didn't intend to use that on me! Instinctively I backed away, hands cupped over my genitals. Sally clasped me by the wrist, pulled my arm up and hauled me through the door. I stumbled forward into the brightness of the main cellar.

“Get on your hands and knees, scum!” ordered Sally. Anger rose in me. How dare this little minx talk to a grown man like that? But I knew I had to go along with it. After all, they had me where they wanted. Gritting my teeth, I got down on to my hands and knees.

At once Sally lifted her right leg and jabbed the toe and heel of her boot into my back.

“Kiss the other boot,” she ordered.

I forced myself to do it. Hating her; and hating myself for my weakness. I hated being made to do it. I was naked, grovelling on my hands and knees, kissing her boot. But, what the hell? I supposed I could kiss the other one's boots too. Would that be it? It was better than the police and what would follow the police.

“Did I tell you to stop kissing my boot?” she suddenly snapped at me.

After a few desultory pecks, I had decided I had done what she said. So I had stopped.

“Er, no...” I stammered.

“No, *miss*,” she corrected. “That's what you call me and Jane. Miss. Got it?”

The whip flicked lightly across my bare back. It didn't really hurt but it made me flinch. And it was clearly meant as a warning.

“Yes, Miss,” I said hurriedly. I could see already that these two youngsters were out to humiliate me to the limit. Even though I was twice their age. Old enough to be the father of either, in fact. That made no difference. In fact, I reckoned they enjoyed it all the more on that account.

Still, anything — well, virtually anything; anything they were likely to do, anyway — was better than being handed over to the police and having my nocturnal activities brought to light. The thought of that made me prickly all over with shame.

“Well... keep kissing,” said Sally. Again the whip flicked lightly. Again, just a warning.

I pressed my mouth to the leather of her boot. To think some men enjoyed being made to do what I was doing. Indeed, there must be some who would have enjoyed being in my place. Amazing!

Suddenly I heard a door open.

“Ah,” said a voice, “so the bastard's come out into the open, has he?”

It was the other girl — Jane.

“Yes,” replied Sally. “And he's agreed to take his medicine. Not much option really.”

“Oh I don't know,” said Jane. “He could have chosen a little chat with the police. I wouldn't mind if he opted for the law, personally. I'd definitely like to see him squirming in court under questioning from our solicitor!”

Waves of hot shame went through me again. These two both knew what I wanted least of all was public shame and humiliation. It would destroy my business.

“Hmm, point.” said Sally. “That *would* be great fun...”

I received a painful kick in my rump from Jane.

“Are you *sure* you want to submit to us, rather than have us call the cops?”

“Y-yes,” I gasped, flinching.

I got another and harder kick.

“Yes, what?” snapped Jane.

“Yes... M-miss...” I answered, fighting down the anger that welled up inside me. It's no joke to be kicked like that by a youngster, however stupidly you have behaved. But you've *got* to put up with it, I kept telling myself. They've completely got the upper hand at the moment. Try and forget the humiliation of it. Ignore it if you can. Just go through with it... and get it all over with. If you make a fuss, it's bound to be worse.

A sudden thought struck me at that moment. Suppose they put me through it for their own amusement and still handed over the evidence?

“How... how... do I know you'll keep your word?” I blurted out.

Simultaneously I got a flick from the whip — and that one *was* painful — and a kick from Jane.

“Ah... ow... Miss...” I gasped.

“You *don't* know,” said Jane easily.

“Keep kissing my boot, scum,” ordered Sally. “You weren't told to stop!”

I could do nothing but obey. Hating them, hating myself. Oh what a bloody fool I'd been! Especially to get caught.

“Make him crawl,” said Jane then.

“Crawl, filthy pig,” rapped Sally.

I began to crawl across the cellar floor. I felt positively sick with frustration and fury. My knees were beginning to hurt now as well.

“Not like that,” said Sally. “Get close to the wall, close as you can. Now, crawl round and round the cellar.”

There was nothing for it but to do as she said. So I crawled and crawled. What, I suddenly thought, would my friends have said if they could have seen me at that moment! Stark bollock naked, crawling to the order of some girl! Still, it was all my own doing...

I heard the sounds of a lighter flicking. The smell of tobacco smoke came to me. I risked a

glance, and sure enough there they both sat, puffing away and smirking.

“Doesn't he look ridiculous,” said Jane, noticing my glance.

“Perfectly absurd,” laughed Sally.

It was all I could do to stop myself leaping up and going for them. But I had to restrain myself. That would only make things far, far worse.

“Stop,” ordered Sally at last.

Thankfully I did so. I heard the click-clack of their heels as they came towards me. Then I saw Sally's black boots, and Jane's black stockings and high heels, alongside me. My nerves were right on edge. What now?

“He's crawling like a pig,” Jane remarked suddenly. “Make him oink!”

“Hear that? You're not ‘Peeping Tom’ any more, you're ‘Peeping Piggy’. So oink like a pig, Piggy!”

I looked up resentfully to see Sally take a long draw on her cigarette.

“Get oinking, piggy!” she said again. I made a grunt or two.

“Not very convincing. They say a pig will eat anything, though, so let's see. Kneel up, piggy.”

I knelt up.

She smirked and blew a stream of smoke into my face.

“Tongue!”, she ordered then.

I did nothing at first. This was too much. But the whip flicked to and fro, to and fro. She didn't even touch me with it. Just the threat was enough. With great reluctant, I opened my mouth and stuck out my tongue. She tapped some fag ash onto it.

“Eat up, piggy!”

With great reluctance, I swallowed.

“Down!”

I got back down on all fours.

“Let's hear some proper oinking now!”

I did my best, much as I hate to say it. I was half-afraid they were going to burn me with their cigarettes.

A cigarette butt was dropped to the floor right by me. A black shoe ground to and fro on it.

“Pick that up,” said Jane.

Automatically I lifted a hand to do so.

“No! In your mouth!” she snapped.

“What? I... don't... don't ask me... to-to...”

This time Jane kicked me really hard in the rump, hard enough to rob me momentarily of breath.

“Just do as I say,” she said with a snarl. “Listen, you pig, we're not here to mess about. This is for real.”

I felt a brief stab of fear. Then I bent and picked up the still-warm butt in my mouth. It stank of stale smoke, and tasted acrid.

“Swallow it,” said Jane.

I revolted against the idea... but was in dread of another and more painful kick. Or something worse. Perhaps the whip!

I champed on the horrible stub and forced it down my throat as best I could. It half choked me but I managed to make it. Oh the little bitches! Oh if only the situation were reversed!

I saw Sally's boot grind a second stub into the floor.

“And that one,” she said.

For a moment, I almost rebelled. Wasn't one dirty trick like that enough? Must I... must I... go on? But in my heart, I knew I had no option. Grinding my teeth in silent rage I bent down and picked up the second butt. Then I managed to chew it, swallow it, like the first. It made me feel sick.

“A pig will eat anything, everyone knows that. So *you* will eat anything we give you, Piggy. and you will be grateful,” said Sally.

“Are you beginning to get the idea?” enquired Jane. Her hands gripped my neck as I knelt.

“I... I don't... know...” I faltered.

The heel of Sally's boot jabbed painfully into my back.

“Don't know?” she sneered. “Then let me enlighten you, you pervert. The idea is you're going to do exactly what we want, whenever we want.”

My blood froze. ‘Whenever’? How long was this going on? How long were they going to use their power over me?

“Well?” Jane's heel stabbed harder.

“Yes... y-yes... Miss... I'm getting the idea,” I forced myself to say.

This was getting too much for me. My mind began to race. Perhaps I could overpower them? Then steal the negatives? No... no way.

These two were not idiots by any means. They'd had it all planned out while, in my folly and innocence I'd been having my little bit of fun. Harmless fun, surely! I was finding *their* fun far from harmless.

“Good,” said Jane. “I'm glad you are. Now, we'll have a little confessional, I think.”

“Yes...” chimed in Sally. “Let's start with your knicker collection, Piggy. How many pairs have you got?”

“I... I don't quite know Miss,” I answered. “Forty or fifty pairs... maybe...”

“How pathetic,” said Jane. “What do you do with them?”

“Wear them, I expect,” Sally interjected.

“No... no... I don't do that... Miss,” I said hurriedly.

“Play with them.. stick your nose in them then?” asked Jane.

I hung me head. “Yes... yes, Miss... sometimes I do,” I murmured. My whole body was prickling with the sweat of embarrassment. How long were they going on taunting me? Damn it, I may be something of a pervert, but weren't they perverts themselves? Still, it wouldn't get me anywhere thinking on those lines.

“Say after me,” said Sally, jabbing her heel into me again. “I am a filthy-minded, middle-aged pig who wanks over girls' knickers. Go on... say it.”

I forced myself to repeat the odious confession. It was an emotional agony to do so. I literally trembled with the effort. Yet... yet... how could I deny the truth of what I was being forced to say? The fact was, I simply could not.

Jane joined in. “Now say... I am a Peeping Tom...” she said.

I did so.

“...because I am sexually inadequate,” she continued.

That went against the grain. It wasn't exactly true, anyway. I'd had my share of birds. True, these last few years... but... However, Sally's boot made me forget such minor niceties. I repeated the phrase.

“Confession is good for the soul,” laughed Sally.

I ground my teeth in fury. Was there nothing I could do to get myself out of this predicament?

“Get up,” ordered Jane suddenly.

I stood up, feeling the aches in my back and my limbs. It was a relief to be off my hands and knees at least. I saw the grins on their cheeky features and the glint of female triumph in their eyes. Oh yes, they were having a wonderful time!

“Oh look he's up on his hind-limbs! isn't he a clever piggy!” said Jane.

“Raise your arms... face to the wall... nose to the wall,” Sally rapped out her orders like one to the manor born.

It was the position American cops put suspects in; and I adopted it at once. They've got me conditioned already, I thought with bitter anger.

“What happens to naughty knicker stealers, Jane?” she asked.

“They get their bottoms smacked,” answered Jane with a laugh.

“Go and get the paddles then!” said Sally with an answering giggle.

I heard Jane click-clack off. Moments later, she was back — and an almighty WHACK hit my left bum-cheek, followed shortly after by another hefty WHACK on my right.

I was being spanked, like a naughty boy. I could take the pain, but it was simply both infuriating and humiliating to have to submit to such treatment from girls half one's age.

On top of all this, I had to keep repeating the phrases they'd made me say earlier.

“What are you?”

“A... filthy-minded knicker-stealer...”

Whack! Whack! Whack! Whack!

“And what else?”

“A Peeping Piggy?”

“Didn't I tell you to address me as ‘Miss’?”

Whack! Whack! Whack! Whack!

“Sorry... Miss...”

“Do it then!”

Whack! Whack! Whack! Whack!

“A Peeping Piggy, M-miss...”

Whack! Whack! Whack! Whack!

“Why are you a Peeping Piggy?”

Whack! Whack! Whack! Whack!

“Because I'm sexually inadequate, Miss.”

That's how it went on. And on and on. Until their arms got tired, I guess. I can tell you, I felt about two feet tall having to say those things in front of them while they whacked me like a little boy. But all the time I realised that they hadn't really hurt me physically up till that moment... and after all a spanking from a wooden paddle isn't so bad. In my mind's eye I could still see that vicious-looking whip which Sally had been carrying when I first saw her, and which now hung on the cellar wall. Now that, I feared more than ever.

Were they ever going to use that fearsome thing? And if so, when? It made my blood run cold to think about it. I could only try and gain comfort by telling myself they wouldn't dare do anything which amounted to a serious assault. They could get into trouble for that, whatever I had done. Still, you never knew with a couple of lesbians. Sadistic lesbians at that.

At the same time, I was aware that my own crimes would have to be revealed if ever I revealed what the two had done to me. In short, I was in a Devil of a fix. They knew it and took full advantage of it.

“Down on your knees again,” ordered Jane when they tired of spanking me.

Down I went without delay. Hating to have to do it; hating myself. Surely I could overpower them. Then I remembered the locked cellar door. Where was the key? I would have to overpower and strip both of them to find it. No chance of that with these two young Amazons who, I suspected, both knew a thing or two about Judo. Sally had hinted that earlier and also said that if I even tried anything on, I'd get no further options: one of them would make a call to the police right away. And that would be that.

So yet again I bit the bullet of bitter submission as Jane gripped me by the hair and forced my head further down towards the floor.

“Kiss my feet and say thank you,” she ordered.

I was a bit slow in doing so, and got a painful jab in my back from Sally's high-heeled boot.

“Get on with it, pig,” she snapped.

I bent down and kissed the patent leather shoes, just imagining the two girls grinning delightedly at each other above me.

“I haven't heard you say ‘thank you’, yet,” said Jane.

“Th-thank... you...” I said between kisses.

A cruel kick in the backside from Sally made me gasp out with pain.

“Oww... aaggh.... oowwww... oh that hurt...”

“How many more times do we have to tell you that you address both of us as ‘Miss’?” demanded Sally.

“I’m... I’m sorry... Miss...” I gasped.

God, that kick had been really vicious. I didn’t want another one... and equally painful.

“Say ‘Miss’ ten times,” ordered Sally, “and in between each one, kiss the floor in front of Jane.”

I could imagined her pointed boot drawn back ready, so didn’t delay to do as I was told. I kissed the filthy floor as demanded and blurted out the required form of address. Ten bloody times!

“Now in front of me,” said Sally when I had finished.

I swivelled round and repeated the degrading performance. They’d really got me where they wanted me, these two — and they were taking full advantage of it!

My neck and back were beginning to ache abominably. My knees hurt like Hell too. When were they going to let up on me? I was getting both tired and hungry. Were they going to release me soon... or keep me there for the night? I wouldn’t have put it past them to lock me up again in the adjoining cellar and leave me there — naked, no bed or blankets...

“Stand up,” ordered Sally when I had finished kissing the floor and reciting the ladies’ new titles. It was fast becoming evident that she was the more dominating of the two girls. The leader, if you like. Perhaps it was she who had arranged the whole thing, the vicious little bitch. As I looked at her in sexy leather and vinyl gear, I would dearly love to have sprung on her, put her over my knees and given her the hiding of her young life.

No chance of that, though. She simply regarded me with smiling, sneering disdain. Her eyes said that she was aware of what was going through my mind.

“That’s just about all you’re fit for,” said Sally. “Kissing the floor, I mean.”

“Perhaps we should make him lick it all over,” chimed in Jane. “Clean it properly. It could do with it.”

“Not a bad idea,” agreed Sally. “We’ll consider it later.”

I didn’t like the trend of this. It implied they had even more degrading tasks in mind for me and that I was going to be in their clutches for some time. A mild kind of panic gripped me.

“How... how long do you think... you’re going to keep me here?” I asked involuntarily.

A smashing blow across the face from Sally made me see stars. While my head was still ringing and I was instinctively turning away, I got an equally stunning blow from Jane. It was a kind of Karate chop on the neck which seemed to half paralyse me. Yes... these girls knew their Judo... no doubt about that!

“Are you just thick... or trying to be insolent?” I heard Sally snarling as I forced myself up off my right knee where I was crouching. “Or perhaps you would *enjoy* having your arse kicked all round this cellar.”

I groaned inwardly. That damned form of address, it was so easy to forget.

“No... Miss... please... Miss... I'm sorry... Miss...”

I almost whimpered the reply. Oh how degrading it was! Those two blows seemed to have taken all the manliness out of me. Indeed, I almost got down and kissed both pairs of feet again, just to show how sincere I was.

“Well, let me tell you, pig,” said Sally, “that if you forget just *once* more, you *will* be kicked round this cellar. And not just once either!”

I was beginning to feel a creeping dread inside me. They were young, and fit, and clearly trained in a fighting art. They could do it if they wanted to!

Things had been bad enough to start with; but now they were getting steadily worse. Both of them seemed to be working themselves up. Feeding on their power, if you like. Yes... the more enjoyment they got out of ordering me around and humiliating me... the bolder and more arrogant they became. It was really quite frightening.

“Isn't it about time we stopped playing games?” asked Jane.

I felt the hair on the nape of my neck rise. And I had just classed her as the less vicious one! What did she mean, ‘stop playing games’? What had they in mind now?

“You mean — use the whip?” replied Sally.

There was a callous unconcern in her voice that made my blood run cold. My God, they really *did* intend to do that!

“I have always wanted to see what it would do to naked flesh, if used for real, not just as a video prop,” reposted Jane with a shrug.

“You... you can't... you wouldn't... do... that.. Miss.. please... Miss... not that,” I pleaded.

I was getting most pitifully abject, but I didn't really care about that. Manly pride no longer seemed to matter.

Sally looked at me with the contempt I no doubt deserved. I felt a proper worm as her lips curled.

“Can't we? Wouldn't we?” she queried, her eyebrows raising. “Whatever makes you think that,

piggy?”

I could find no answer to that. Indeed, I flinched under the direct hardness of the girl's gaze. It was obvious she was quite prepared to use the whip. It was also obvious what a coward she considered me.

“Don't start anything,” she said menacingly. “Just do as you're told. Or I'll give you another chop which will take all the steam out of you.”

I could see she meant it too. Also, I knew she had the skill to do just as she said.

“Move! Over there,” snapped Sally, pointing imperiously.

“Crawl there!” added Jane as I started to walk.

I dropped to all fours, and I moved where I was told. It was like a nightmare. Could it possibly be true that I was going to be whipped? Trembling inwardly, I found myself facing a door.

“Raise your arms,” ordered Jane.

I did so, and found my hands touching two iron brackets which projected from the wall. Bloody hell! What was this? A cellar? Or — a dungeon?

“Just right,” said Sally.

The taut flesh of my back seemed to crawl. For hanging on the wall beside was the whip — . and Sally was taking it down!

“Fetch the cords, Jane,” she said.

“Please... p-please... Miss... you can't really mean to do this,” I said. I had to say something. I was getting desperate. Panicking again.

“Shut up,” said Sally curtly.

The next moment, Jane was standing on a chair beside me... and, to my horror, she began to cord my wrist to the right-hand bracket.

“No... p-please... no...” I began.

Another paralysing blow descended on my neck. If my wrist had not been secured I would have fallen to the floor.

It must have made me pass out temporarily. It was the second I had received from her and even worse than the first. It was terrible that a young girl could, at a single blow, reduce a full-grown man like myself to a whimpering impotence. But it was a fact. Sally had proved it to me twice! When I came round, my brain was cloudy. But I was aware enough to realise that my wrists had been corded to the iron wall bracket, my arms being stretched above my head, the flesh of my back taut. That flesh seemed so vulnerable.

Oh no — they were now going to punish me! With that terrible whip!

Their voices came to me: pert, crisp, in command, talking about me as if I were an object not a human being. Admittedly, a human being who had erred, but surely not all that terribly!

“Well?”

They were talking about me, of course. About what to do to me.

“Let him hang about here for a bit —” Sally paused and Jane laughed “— we can have a snack and a drink upstairs. Must keep up our strength, eh! Lots to do later on!”

“Too true,” agreed Sally. “And it won't do this bastard any harm to stay roped up here for a while. give him time to think over what's coming to him.”

The taunting little vixens. I was thirsty and hungry... but it did not have to be spelt out to me that I would get no refreshment.

Their high heels clattered on the stone floor of the cellar. There was the sound of a key in a lock... a door opening and closing... and being re-locked. They were gone.

And there was I, arms and back straining, held by the ropes, helpless do anything but what for whatever was coming to me. Quite at the mercy of two power-crazed lesbians. There was no telling what they might not do to me! No lengths really.

My scalp prickled with dread. Sally had been right. I had plenty of time to think over and plenty of time in which to do it. At that moment I sword to myself that, if only I could somehow escape, I would never steal another pair of woman's knickers nor peep through the chink of a window again. I wonder, though, whether I would have been able to keep to that resolution!

It was a good hour before one of them came back. It was Jane. By then my arms and back ached abominably.

“Please, Miss... please!” I said, all pride gone, “please untie me. I can't take much more of this.”

Jane laughed. “Don't be such a baby,” she snorted. “A grown man like you making a fuss about being tied up for a little while. Haven't you any guts at all?”

It was wounding. Had I any guts? It was beginning to look as though I had precious few. The matter had not really been tested before.

Jane's foot came swinging viciously between the cleft of my nates. The pain robbed me of breath — of what little will I had.

“Answer me when I ask a question, pig!”

“I... I... don't know... Miss...” I managed to say. “I'm sorry...”

“You're going to be sorrier still,” she went on, “and it's a pity you're so gutless. Much more fun to tame and subdue a tough brute.”

I felt anger as well as dread at her words. Right, I said, gritting my teeth, I'll show these young bitches I'm not quite as weak as all that. I'll show them I'm quite a man. Frankly, I was getting fed up at being treated like a piece of dirt. A doormat. A nothing. OK, so my arms and back did ache a bit, but what of it. Men and women, in various parts of the world, were — probably at that very moment — undergoing torments ten times or even a hundred times worse.

“As for not being able to take much more,” Jane carried on, “I think you're going to be surprised to learn just how much you can take.”

Cold comfort!

Jane stood close in front of me then and gave me a hard look. Then, suddenly, she grabbed between my legs and took hold of my cock. I flinched. Her hand began to work. Despite the situation, the manual stimulation and the proximity of this very attractive, scantily-clad young woman had their effect. I began to stiffen and inflate... I couldn't help myself. Once she had me up, she continued to stroke. I jerked my hips. Then her hand was withdrawn. She sneered at me.

“Hoping for a hand-job, were we?” she jeered. “No chance!” She gave my cock and final, contemptuous flick with her hand.

Jane surveyed me with a contemptuous sort of curiosity. Not being particularly well-hung, I felt more of a worm than ever.

“My God,” she said, “to think any woman could go for that!”

I bit my lips, hating her. But, in a way, that hate was good. It bolstered up my new-found resolution. I made no reply.

“I suppose a type like you plays a lot with himself?”

It was true. I did. I was a bit of a ‘loner’ and most ‘loners’ have that very personal outlet. I felt myself beginning to flush. The truth was bitter.

“Well?” she snapped, eyes suddenly glinting.

“Yes,.. yes... Miss,” I mumbled hastily. I hung my head and couldn't help but close my eyes. My recent lust was gone, replaced with utter humiliation. Jane's lips curled.

“Yes... you filthy-minded animal... I might have guessed it.”

The humiliation was gone as suddenly as it came, replaced by seething discontent and anger. What right had this little cow to talk to me in that way? But I managed to keep my mouth shut. When you're bollock naked with your wrists roped aloft, you don't want to run too many risks with someone like Jane!

She walked behind me.

“Miss... please... where are you going?”

In that moment, I think I wanted them to start the whipping right away, rather than keep me literally in suspense.

“Wouldn't you like to know!” sneered Jane. “You think me and Sally have nothing better to do than baby-sit a wimp like you?”

Then the cellar door was slammed and was locked. My minded reeled. What was the time then? Really I had lost all track of it. But, in any event, I was here for as long as these two vicious lesbian dominas wanted me to be!

After Jane had gone, leaving me hanging helplessly, roped with my arms aloft to the wall stanchions, I confess that, yes, yet again, I panicked a bit. The strain on my arms was pretty nasty, even at the outset, and I knew it would get worse. Yet there was nothing at all I could do about it. There I was, locked in that cellar, absolutely at the mercy of these two young vixens. I was beginning to think I'd rather be handed over to the police, whatever the humiliating consequence, but I'd already formed the impression that the girls would no longer agree to that. They had got me and they were going to keep me. They were enjoying themselves too much to do anything else.

What worried me most of all was I did not know how long all this was going on. It could be days; even weeks! The thought was really frightening. Kinky women, I was aware, are capable of behaving in very strange ways. *Anything* could happen to me. Yet there seemed no way of escaping from them. They were now too clever.

Not only were they both my superiors in fighting skills — they had demonstrated that very painfully early on — but they now not only had me stark, but kept me constantly under some form of restraint. Early on I might have made a run for it but now it was impossible to escape.

Oh how my back and arms were aching! Jane had only been gone about a quarter of an hour, I reckoned. She could be gone for several hours. Also, all the time, hanging over me, was their threat to use the whip on me.

Would they dare? After all, the weals they would leave behind me would be condemning evidence in themselves. Unless, of course, they kept me in the cellar until they had disappeared. That could take ages! Or unless... but no, I could not go there even in thought.

Believe me, I had begun to sweat. Again and again I cursed my nocturnal activities... my love for knickers and peeping. If I can get out of this, I said again and again, I'll give it all up. Would I though?

Time dragged cruelly. I was fatigued, but could not relax or doze in the position in which I had been tied. There was nothing to do but grit my teeth and stick it out as best I could. Struggling would have been useless; Shouting for help would only have made things worse.

Actually I think I must have half-dozed for a while. I remember jerking suddenly in my bonds and realising how excruciating the pain in my back was becoming. How could people endure under torture far worse than this, I asked myself?

Well... after what seemed an eternity, I heard the tell-tale click-clack of heels: Sally and Jane were coming back. Relief flooded me, yet at the same time I knew dread. For they had threatened to whip me.

“Well, knicker-lover, how are you feeling?” asked Sally.

I would have told her bloody exactly how I was feeling. But I didn't have the strength. She didn't seem to be bothered about getting an answer, anyway. Just taunting, she was.

“What shall we do with him?” asked Jane. “Leave him there all night?”

The sweat broke out all over me.

“For pity's sake...” I began.

Then I was robbed of breath by another agonising kick. Sally seemed particularly skilled at landing the point of her boot right on my anus. And, believe me, that hurts.

“Shut up you,” I heard her say as I hung there groaning, absorbing the pain which seemed to go through my vitals like a knife.

“Please... please... Miss...” I heard myself saying. “I... I've had enough. Please let me go. Hand me over to the p-police. I just can't stand any more.” I was whimpering like a young boy, rather than a man, but just couldn't help myself. I don't think I even felt ashamed. Yes, I must be a weakling.

Both of them just laughed.

“I should say so...”

“You must be joking!”

I realised it was useless to appeal to them. They'd got me where they wanted and they were going to keep me there.

“I thought we were going to whip him.” That was Sally.

My blood seemed to freeze.

“Well we may do,” said Jane in a matter-of-fact voice. “But we'll save that up... in case he gets stroppy. Are you going to get stroppy you pitiful peeper?”

“No... no... Miss...” I answered urgently.

“Well... one bad move from you... and you *will* get the whip,” said Jane. “So you'll just do

exactly what we say,” chimed in Sally.

“Yes... yes... Miss...” I agreed fervently. I really mean it at that minute.

Then, to my intense relief, I felt one of them un-fastening my wrists. I actually cried out in gratitude as my arms came down. I massaged them ruefully as I turned to see them standing there, grinning their amusement.

“P-please... haven't you done enough...?” I began.

This time Sally kicked me in the balls. The leather briefs saved me a bit, but not much. I doubled up to the floor, claspng myself, groaning loudly. It was real agony.

“I told you to shut up, didn't I?” rasped Sally. “Stop snivelling you filthy-minded bastard.”

Can you imagine what it was like, with that pain in my groin... and having a youngster less than half one's age speaking to you like that?

It took me several minutes to recover... then they had me on my feet again. You can guess how nervous I was. They just didn't give a damn what they did to me.

“You like knickers, don't you?” asked Sally with a mischievous grin.

What could I say?

“Yes, Miss...” was the only appropriate answer. Unless I wanted another kick in the balls. Which I certainly did not.

“Open your mouth, knicker-lover,” ordered Sally.

I did so.

“Wider than that!” she snapped. Then, from behind her back, she produced a little rolled up ball of nylon net. “Then have mine.”

And with that, Sally popped the ball into my mouth. I champed on the material, feeling my saliva moistening it. In a way, I confess, I felt a thrill that these were actually Sally's own knickers... on the other hand, they weren't exactly comfortable in my mouth.

“You're going to keep them there. All night,” said Sally.

I wanted to say I might choke but, of course, could no longer speak. Not that it would have made any difference.

Meanwhile, Jane had been busying herself with something on the floor. I could hear the clinking of metal... and my nerves were beginning to get even more frayed. What were they up to now?

“Let's make him comfortable for the night then,” said Jane.

“Yes... let's do just that,” laughed Sally.

I do not know which of them I hated — or feared — the more.

On the floor I saw a steel bar. At each end of it were two steel cross members — and at the ends of each cross member were steel cuffs.

For a few moments I gazed at this contrivance, not being able to grasp its purpose. But the look of it frightened me.

“Get down on your hands and knees,” ordered Jane.

I did as I was told — quickly. I knew what they could do if I protested or delayed.

“No, you idiot — not there. Here, astride the bar,” said Sally.

I got into position and, as I did so, the purpose of the contrivance became very apparent. For my wrists were fastened into the steel cuffs of the front member and my lower thighs — straddled wide — were fastened into the cuffs of the back cross-member. Thus I was rigidly held in a kneeling position. The only possible way I could move would have been to slide along the floor, or jerk myself along. But that would have been exceedingly difficult, apart from being very painful on the knees. To add to all this, I felt my balls grasped firmly. Oh no, oh no, don't squeeze, don't squeeze — the thought raced through my head and I began to tremble in fear. Mercifully, she didn't. But I felt a nose tighten around them, and then they were pulled upwards. The strain was unpleasant, but not actually painful. No, not now. But I realised with horror that they would be tied like that until... when? Oh, God — surely they didn't intend to keep me like that all night? They must be joking... just trying to frighten me!

“Mmmmm... yes...” said Sally, “that looks nice and comfy.”

“Doesn't it just,” agreed Jane.

I wanted to protest... to plead... but the knickers stuffed in my mouth prevented me. I turned my head, letting my eyes do the pleading. All I saw were two contemptuous young faces, wreathed in smiles.

“Put the helmet on him, Jane,” said Sally. “Then he can go bye-byes.”

A leather helmet was fastened over my head. It just left my mouth free and there were openings for my eyes.

“Comfy?” asked Jane sarcastically. “Nod your head if you are.”

I remained motionless. The sadistic bitches! They knew I was exceedingly uncomfortable and that things would get worse as time passed. Why should I be made to say I was comfortable?

“Answer! Or do you want another kick in the balls?” asked Sally, with an edge to her voice.

Imagine it! With my legs straddled like that! What would you have done?

I nodded my head.

“Good,” said Jane complacently.

“And you will keep my knickers in your mouth. All night,” said Sally.

“Either of us can look in at any time... to see if you've disobeyed that,” said Jane.

“And if you have,” added Sally, “you'll get a whipping. Right where you are now.”

I knew they meant every word they said. Already my knees were beginning to hurt... and the ache continued in my back. I was beginning to think it had been better when I had been roped up. And I was going to be left like this all night!

“And,” went on Jane, “you do *not* try and roll over on to your side. You remain kneeling.”

“If not,” elaborated her partner, “that will also earn you a whipping.”

“Understood?” enquired Jane. “Nod your head if you do.”

I nodded. I understood very well. And there was absolutely nothing I could do about it. Without doubt, I was in for the worst night of my life.

“Sweet dreams,” said Sally mockingly. Then the door slammed and the light went out.

I was alone with hours of agony ahead.

The iron framework into which Sally and Jane had locked me kept me in a permanent kneeling position. That was uncomfortable enough but I also had the added discomforts of tight genital bondage and a head-mask.

How could I endure a whole night like that?

Even after no more than half an hour, my muscles everywhere seemed to be aching abominably and my knee caps felt very sore.

Surely they would come back soon and release me! It was inhuman not to do anything else. It was frightening. Did they know exactly what they were doing with me? Held rigidly immobile, quite helpless, I tried not to panic. But it wasn't easy. Suppose I passed out? Suppose the building caught on fire?

Those two wouldn't care, I was sure. Those two were man-haters to their finger tips. And now they'd got me exactly where they wanted him.

Suddenly I was startled by a faint crackling sound in my ears. Then I heard Jane's voice. I realised the helmet I was wearing contained some kind of head set.

“How's it feeling, peeper?” she asked. Her voice was quite clear. “Beginning to ache a bit, eh?”

There's nothing you can do about it though." There was a pause. "Do you know you've only been there an hour. That makes another seven to go..."

"Do you know what Sally and I are doing?" Jane's voice went on. "We're lying naked in a warm and comfortable bed. Both of us get a big kick out of thinking about you down there in that cold cellar. And Sally and I have been playing lots of lovely games. Lovely *sexy* games. I bet you'd have liked to peep at that, you filthy bastard!"

I groaned aloud. OK, so I was a bit kinky... a Peeping Tom... but surely I didn't deserve what I was getting. They were kinky, too. Lesbians *and* sadists.

"Now, before I sign off, I've got some news for you," Jane was saying. "By the morning, you'll be mighty stiff, we reckon, but Sally and I have worked out a little plan. Among our video props, we have a couple of good stout leather straps. So, first thing, when you're off the frame, we're going to lay them across your backside. That'll soon stir some life into you! That is something for you to look forward to, isn't it?"

A harsh laugh, and the earphones went dead again.

I groaned again in wretched misery. Actually though the threat didn't worry me half as much as the night ahead. It would be a joy to be released, even if I was going to get a belting!

Maybe I slept from time to time. Maybe I passed out, rather than slept. Every time I came around, the pain was even more atrocious. When I was out, one nightmare after another chased me.

Cold though it was, my body was bathed in sweat. I groaned repeatedly. Several times, I literally wept.

Oh the utter helplessness! Oh the unrelenting torment of it! Really it is quite beyond description. I felt I could not survive the night.

Yet, of course, survive I did.

After a night that seemed to last a week, I heard the cellar door opening... the cheerful chatter of Sally and Jane... and the click of their high heels on the stone floor.

"Wakey-wakey, Piggy!" shouted Sally.

"Rise and shine," cried Jane.

Then, scarcely believing it, I felt my shackles being released. Then the framework was removed. I fell to my knees, rolled on the floor, I was so stiff I could not support myself. I was one whole ache. It was simply not possible for me to move, let alone stand up.

The next instant two leather straps began to crack across my exposed rump.

"On your feet... up... up!" Jane was bellowing.

“Move it... move it!” Sally kept yelling.

The pain was fearful, and frenziedly I twisted and turned in a vain attempt to escape the flailing straps. But, because of the helmet... and muscles that seemed to have cramped permanently... I could not escape them. They caught me full out, again again, across buttocks or thighs.

Soon they had me howling for mercy. No longer a man... but a sobbing, pleading wreck.

Then the straps stopped falling. I was moaning, curled up on the floor.

“I really do believe he can't get up,” I heard Sally say.

“Could be,” agreed Jane. “Let's *get* him up then.”

I was so weak they could handle me like a child. They got me up and I stood on legs that felt like rubber. If they hadn't been gripping me by the arms, I would have fallen. They seemed exceedingly pleased with themselves and my condition.

Gradually, sensation and some strength began to come back to my body. I seemed to have pins and needles everywhere.

They kicked and punched me down the hall and out the open door. It was bright outside. I stumbled and fell to the ground. Somehow, I got to my feet. My clothes were thrown at me.

“Get yourself dressed before you get arrested for exposure!” said Jane.

“And then get lost!” added Sally.

I hastily dressed and, buttocks still throbbing from the strapping, every muscle aching from prolonged bondage, I hurried away as fast as I could. I did not look back.

THE END

[Sign up for the Miranda Birch Newsletter now and get a FREE BOOK!](#)

This book's code is: aDRsDiw44q

Thank you for buying and reading this story by me, [Miranda Birch](#). If you liked it, please consider writing a review. If you found fault, please let me know. I welcome constructive criticism. To leave a comment, or simply to find out more about my work, go to my homepage: <https://mirandabirch.wordpress.com/>.

There is also a mailing list, <https://mirandabirch.wordpress.com/mailling-list/>, which will keep you informed of new publications, special offers, and what have you. **FREE BOOK** when you sign up!

Finally, if you enjoyed this story, you might like to try some of my others: my Amazon Author page <http://www.amazon.com/Miranda-Birch/e/B01E0YCDUG> lists them all.