

Miranda Birch

*Sissy
Sex
Slave*

Feminized and Abused



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By [Miranda Birch](#)

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Blackmailed into submission, the petty criminal Rod, now a feminised sissy slave called 'Dolly', toils from early till late for his demanding Mistress, tarted up in a skimpy frilly pink maid's uniform. Even Mistress Melissa's slave girl is superior to him in the pecking order. And he must submit to all kinds of use and abuse in this Femdom household.

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Melissa awoke from a light slumber, and groaned. She was never at her best in the morning. This particular morning she had a hangover to boot, the result of late-night over-indulgence with her best friend Carrie. Carrie was a woman of means and, like herself, a slave owner. And yesterday had been her birthday. What fun they had had! The champagne had flowed freely until well into the small hours. But oh! How her head was paying for it this morning!

Just then there was a deferential knock on her bedroom door. Must have been that knocking that woke her, she thought groggily. But it felt far too early!

“Come!” she called in a curt tone. God, her head ached!

The door opened and a person bearing a tray entered. I say person, because... well in physiognomy and physique, it — he — was a man. But this ‘man’ was dressed in a skimpy French maid's outfit that made him look quite ridiculous. He did not really ‘pass’ at all; he was simply a bloke in a frock. But what a frock! Short, scanty, with a dainty little white apron over the ultra-short pink satin skirt. The skirt just barely covered the tops of a pair of white seamed stockings. The stockings covered the rather girlish legs from thighs right down to the little pink shoes with a two-inch heel. A dainty little maid's cap of white lace was perched on his head. The hair under the cap was longish, but more unisex than distinctly feminine. Who was this effeminate creature? Why, this was Melissa's personal maid. Her personal *male* maid. Once he had been called Rod. But now his name was Dolly. So that is what we shall call him!

“Your morning tea, Mistress,” Dolly said, in a voice pitched artificially high. The voice was as deferential as his knock had been. Dolly had learnt the hard way to make his voice sound as feminine as possible. He had learnt the hard way to be humble and deferential at all times. He had learnt the hard way to keep the seams of his stockings straight. He had learnt the hard way to execute a perfect curtsy.... These and a hundred other things he did automatically now. And with not the slightest show of resentment. He was not a natural submissive, let alone a cross-dresser. He had been forced into servitude by Melissa, who had quite simply blackmailed him. He had once dealt in hard drugs and she had sufficient evidence to send him to gaol for many years. He mostly preferred his present wretched existence to being behind bars. Mostly.

“I don't want it. Take it away,” said Melissa languidly.

“Very well, Mistress.”

Dolly executed a neat little curtsy and turned to go.

“And tell Susie to attend me,” said Melissa.

“Yes, Mistress,”

Dolly acknowledged the order, turned, and curtsied again. It was one of Mistress Melissa's little rules — one of her *many* little rules — that each and every instruction had to be acknowledged with a curtsy.

Dolly minced out of the room quietly. He sensed his Mistress was in a bad mood. He very much did not want to upset her further!

Shortly, there came another knock on the door.

“Enter...” drawled Melissa lazily, with a loud yawn.

A pretty young blonde-haired girl responded to the summons. She too was dressed in a French maid's uniform, although in her case the uniform flattered rather than degraded. It was a revealing, tight-fitting outfit that showed her firm, pert breasts and long slender legs to best advantage. Susie was Mistress Melissa's other slave. She was both a natural-born submissive and a natural-born female, with one of the most expert and exciting tongues Melissa had ever come across. She adored her Mistress and loved pleasing her in every possible way. Her Mistress was very rarely cruel or unkind to her. About the most she would get was a smacked bottom, if she had been naughty or careless.

She too curtsied, fluttering her eyelids and looking adoringly at her Mistress as she did so.

“Good morning, Mistress,” she said softly, blue eyes bright.

Melissa did not acknowledge this greeting but merely said: “Get your clothes off and get into bed, girl.”

“Yes, Mistress.”

Susie stripped quickly and Melissa studied her nubile curves possessively. All mine, she said to herself. Just as Dolly is all mine — though she used him for rather different purposes! Breasts bouncing, Susie ran towards the bed. She was always happy to please her Mistress. She was just starting to slide in beside her Mistress when she was pushed peremptorily to the floor.

“Get your head between my thighs, girl!” said Melissa sharply.

Of course there were many other ways in which Susie pleased her but the push to the floor and the sharp tone were signs of Melissa's hangover. Hurriedly, Susie dived down to the end of the bed and came up between Melissa's parted thighs. In moments her mouth and tongue were eagerly at work and soon she felt her Mistress shuddering slightly with pleasure. Soon I'll bring her to her first orgasm, she thought and began to concentrate on the firm nub of the clitoris.

Moaning softly, Melissa climaxed, with her thighs quivering uncontrollably. This is as a good a way as any to cure a hangover, she said to herself. I think I'll make her go down on me for at least half an hour. She kicked off the blankets so that she could see Susie's blonde head at work. At the moment, she was quiescent, allowing Melissa to recover. Susie knew just when to start and stop. That was all part of her expertise.

Perhaps a ‘hair of the dog’ would help me, she thought. What had they been drinking last night? Champagne with brandy. She would just have champagne. A hand went out and lifted the telephone by the bedside. It was about fifteen seconds before it was answered.

“You took your time, slave,” snapped Melissa. “What were you doing? Oh, yes, cleaning the lavatory, eh? Well move your sissy arse faster next time!”

She felt Susie's tongue begin to work again. Very gently. Lovely...

“Bring me a bottle of champagne, sissy,” she said, “and two glasses.”

Down went the receiver.

One minute later, Dolly arrived with a tray on which were an ice bucket and two glasses. He set it down on a table by the bedside, averting his eyes from the two naked figures on the sheets. He had learnt that that was the safest thing to do if he wanted to avoid being involuntarily roused. He was frequently punished for simply getting an erection.

“Pour...” said Melissa, her voice a little unsteady. Susie was stimulating her deliciously. “Just one glass.”

Trying to keep a steady hand, Dolly poured. Mustn't spill a drop. Even such a slight fault as that was punishable. But it was so disconcerting to have these two lovely naked creatures so nearby — with Susie's head bobbing and his Mistress's thighs trembling.

Dolly often wished he was permitted to please his Mistress in that way. But he never was. Sometimes his Mistress made him please Susie in that way but he was aware the girl did not enjoy his attentions. His Mistress made him do it just to show what power she had over both her slaves.

“You can get back to cleaning the lavatory,” said Melissa lazily.

“Thank you, Mistress,” said Dolly. Then he curtsied, turned and left the room. Good God, he thought as the door closed, fancy thanking a woman for being allowed to clean a lavatory. What a pit he had descended into! He was

really at rock bottom.

Reaching the bathroom, he sank to his knees onto the cloth he had spread out on the tiles to protect his stockings, and resumed scrubbing the porcelain. It had to be pristine, or his white bottom would be turned a vivid red by Mistress and her cane.

Meanwhile, Melissa sipped her champagne. She did so calmly; but she was fast losing control down below. How heavenly it was! The girl knew exactly where she was most sensitive, and where she wanted the tongue next. She put down her glass shakily, then patted Susie's blonde head.

"Good girl," she sighed.

Melissa juddered and gasped to a second climax. Then she lay back and closed her eyes. She was beginning to feel a *lot* better! Susie continued to nestle between her thighs, ready to renew her attentions. But Melissa patted her head.

"Come and have a drink, my pretty slave," she said.

Susie rose and nestled alongside Melissa.

"I adore you, Mistress," she sighed.

"I know," responded Melissa smugly.

She poured Susie a glass of champagne then touched glasses and drank rather greedily. Susie was a slave but a very different kind of one to Dolly.

"Mistress. may I kiss your nipples?" enquired Susie softly.

"You may... you may, slave," sighed Melissa. Susie's head came down and soon she was sucking almost greedily on the nipples. Oh how she loved being the slave of Melissa!

Dolly, meanwhile, was continuing with his chores. That was his main task in the morning, whilst Susie usually prepared lunch for his Mistress. Sometimes she even shared lunch with her. Her rank was lady's maid, after all, and that came with certain privileges. Dolly on the other hand always ate frugally in the kitchen, as befitted the lowly scullery maid he was.

By now he was accustomed to the daily routine, irksome and degrading as it was. The intercom phone rang yet again and set his nerves on edge. One never knew what was coming; just another chore, or a summons to punishment, or to some degrading 'game'? He hurried to answer.

"Yes, Mistress?"

"I want you here, on the double."

"Yes, Mistress."

Dolly put down the phone and scurried upstairs. What now? Had he done something wrong? He couldn't think what. He knocked and was told to enter. He saw that Susie and his Mistress were locked together. His Mistress was smirking contentedly.

"Kiss my pretty slave's arse," ordered Melissa. "Get your nose into her cleft and stick your tongue up her anus. Just as far as you can. She deserves it after what she's done for me."

Dolly saw Susie shudder lightly — she disliked men in general, but despised Dolly in particular — but he was not slow to obey the order. He knelt and got his nose into the deep cleft, then he probed the tight ring which awaited him. He had done it all before and it was not entirely unpleasant.

"And you can tongue me again, girl!" he heard Melissa say.

“Yes, Mistress.”

Susie manoeuvred herself around, whilst Dolly kept his tongue implanted. He guessed she was hating it, but she had to put up with it just as he had to do it. They were both Mistress Melissa's slaves, even if her rank was far above his. Then he heard the loud slurping as Susie's tongue went enthusiastically to work once more.

Soon Melissa was sighing contentedly. She had drunk almost half a bottle of champagne and was feeling great. Soon she would climax again. The world was a wonderful place.

Susie couldn't help squirming under the thrusting of the intruding male tongue. She could well have done without it but it did not prevent her from giving Melissa the full treatment.

Melissa achieved a third and most prolonged orgasm and lay back with eyes closed, most content. Dolly continued to tongue Susie's arsehole, since he had been given no order to stop. His jaw was beginning to ache.

Then, at long last, Melissa spoke again.

“Let's go and take a shower together, my pretty slave,” she said. “And you, wanker, will attend us.”

Susie giggled, and dared to correct her Mistress.

“Ex-wanker, Mistress,” she simpered.

Melissa looked at her sternly for a moment, then smiled.

“Quite right, sexy Susie — and *ex-wanker!*”

This was quite true. On the very same day that Rod the gangster had become Dolly the sissy slave, property of Mistress Melissa, his cock had been locked away securely in a high-end chastity device.

Dolly's nerves were set on edge again. Not by the taunting insult. He was so used to that sort of language being applied to him that it hardly registered any more. No, not that; but by the fact that he knew all too well that he was going into dangerous territory now. Attending on his Mistress and her maid in the shower generally had the inevitable effect on this wretched sissified male long denied any form of sexual release... Susie's bottom left him and the two women made their way into the adjoining bathroom, followed by their humble male maid.

Dolly hurriedly stripped off his uniform. He was now clad only in a very tight tube, an ingenious idea of Mistress Melissa's that hindered masturbation most effectively.

“Take that ditzzy Dolly's restrainer off,” ordered Melissa. Susie grinned and took the key which her Mistress handed to her. Kneeling, she lifted Dolly's skirts, pulled his frilly knickers down, and released his trapped cock.

Dolly was relieved — the retrainer was very tight. But he was also apprehensive. A cock free of restraint meant a cock that could become erect. Erections, however, were punishable!

“Turn the shower on, Dolly,” ordered Mistress. “And make sure the temperature is just right, unless you want a thrashing.”

The shower hissed and Dolly turned the knobs carefully, testing the water with his hand. Then he stepped back and stood humbly waiting. Both girls both got under the shower.

“Soap us, slave,” ordered Melissa.

Dolly moved into the shower cubicle. He was dreading this. He was almost certain to get an erection. How could he possibly avoid it? And that way, he knew, danger lay. Still, he would have the pleasure of soaping soft female flesh. He started on his Mistress's back and then moved down to her curvaceous buttocks. They felt very good under his moving hand. Then he moved across to Susie; and she felt equally delightful.

“Attend to our tits,” ordered Melissa suddenly.

Dolly was fighting for self-control, but the breasts were his undoing. He had always been a ‘tit man’ — a fact of which Mistress Melissa was well aware, and one she delighted in exploiting. As now. He felt himself thickening and stiffening. No help for it. No hiding it either. Soon his erection was clearly visible, thrusting up rudely.

Washed by their maid, the two young ladies stepped from under the water.

“He’s lusting after us!” said Susie suddenly then. The little bitch, thought Dolly: she enjoyed getting him into trouble!

“So he is... how disgusting,” cried Melissa. It was always Susie’s little job to point this out, and Melissa’s to punish! What fun!

The erection thrust up and out most prominently.

“What an animal you are!” said Melissa haughtily. They were both looking at him derisively. Being lesbians, this kind of exhibition had no appeal for them.

“I’m... I’m s-sorry, Mistress,” quavered Dolly. “It... it’s just a natural reaction...”

“Natural nonsense! It’s sheer lack of self-control,” Melissa snarled. “And total lack of respect for your superiors! Go and get the cane!”

The cane was kept in the bedroom and Dolly, still stark naked and dripping from the shower, hurried there. It was so unfair. He simply couldn’t help himself. So rarely did he get any relief. What else could be expected? He came back with the slim, whippy cane and presented it to Mistress Melissa in the obligatory way: he knelt and raised it up on his palms. Mistress Melissa ignored him at first, as was her wont; then haughtily deigned to pick up the humbly proffered instrument of correction. Numbly, Dolly watched his owner swish the dreaded cane through the air.

“Bend over and grip your ankles!” came the usual curt order.

“P-please,” Dolly whined. “I couldn’t help it.” He feared the cane so much!

“Bend over, slave!” reiterated Mistress Melissa, “or I’ll *double* it!”

She would, too, as Dolly knew from harsh experience. So Dolly bent and clenched his teeth. To some extent he had become acclimatised to pain but it still hurt. Especially the cane.

Swish... crack!

The willow bit agonisingly into Dolly’s bare flesh. He let out a howl and jerked erect.

“Five more to come,” said Melissa, “and if you don’t stay bending over, I’ll give you extra.”

With an involuntary shudder, Dolly bent back over. Desperately, he clasped his ankles, gritting his teeth.

Swish... crack!

“Yeeoo!” with an agonising howl, Dolly jerked erect again, hands clasping at the streak of liquid fire which had erupted across his bottom. Oh God! Why was she caning so hard?

“This is useless,” said Melissa. “Susie, you’ll have to help me. Get hold of him and get his head between your thighs. Grip tight.”

Dolly was taken by surprise. Viciously, Susie twisted up his arms behind his back and bent him forward. The next moment he found his head and neck pinioned remorselessly between Susie’s bare thighs. It was amazing how strong those slender young thighs felt!

"That's better," he heard Melissa say triumphantly. "Now, you lusting bastard, I'm starting all over again. Six still to come!"

"N... noooo!"

Dolly's plea was partly muffled. Panic gripped him and he struggled wildly. Susie raised his arms painfully, higher up his back and her thighs gripped even tighter.

"Count the strokes, slave," said Melissa. An extra torment!

Swish... crack!

Dolly writhed convulsively and when he caught his breath again, howled in torment. Such was the pain, he almost forgot to count.

"One, Mistress..." he choked.

"How many still to come?"

"F-five... M-mistress..."

Oh God, five more like that. How was he going to be able to stand it?

Swishe... crack!

"Aagghh... agggghhhh!"

Again Dolly almost forgot to count.

"T-t-two... Mistress..." he whimpered.

Four wires of torment were encircling his flinching, twisting rump.

"How many to come?" Dolly's owner queried relentlessly.

"F-four.... ogghh... four, Mistress..."

"Don't make me ask every time, slave, just tell me!"

Mistress Melissa kept him waiting a little for the next strokes. It amused her to see the muscular nates clenching uncontrollably with dread. How she loved caning a man! Hearing him bellow with pain. Hearing him beg for mercy. Pain reduced them to the right grovelling level.

Swish... crack!

"Yeooo...eeeh...agggghhhh!" screeched Dolly. Still three like that to come. He remembered to count just in time.

"Three, Mistress. A-and... Th-three... eee.. to come, Mistress," he whimpered pitifully. And all this through no fault of his own. He hadn't been able to help himself. Oh God! The injustice of it!

Susie's thighs seemed to be gripping tighter and tighter. He could smell the warm female scent of them. His arms were forced even higher and he yelped with pain.

"Good girl, Susie," he heard Melissa say, "hang on to the pig."

The final three strokes, well spaced out, were delivered with unabated viciousness. Dolly bellowed like a wounded animal at each one of them. His mouth gaped, he was blind with tears, saliva dribbled from his chin.

Then it was over. At last it was over. Dolly was sobbing unashamedly. The relief that it was over flooded through

him. But Susie's thighs maintained their grip. Why?

Unfortunately for Dolly, he had forgotten to count the last stroke! Mistress Melissa informed him of the fact, and gave it to him again with uninhibited relish. Only then did Susie's thighs release him. He slumped moaning to the floor, pressing his hands to his tormented bottom. How hot the new weals felt!

"Hands away," ordered Mistress Melissa.

Reluctantly, Dolly removed them. Through a mist of tears, he could see two pairs of bare feet and the calves above them.

"Kneel up!"

Dolly knelt erect, horrified to realise he was still in erection. It thrust before him like something with a mind of its own.

"He's *still* lusting!" he heard Susie say maliciously.

"What an animal," said Melissa with a tut. "Never mind, we'll soon take care of that. Fetch the ice-bag from the freezer, Susie."

The girl hurried to obey and, on Melissa's instructions was soon applying it to Dolly's erection. He began rapidly to subside.

"That's better," said Melissa complacently. "Now get his metal restrainer, Susie."

Dolly flinched, dread filling him. How he hated that awful thing!

"M-mercy... mercy... not that... Mistress... I beg you!" sobbed Dolly.

"Shut up, lusting pig, you deserve it!"

"Oh... no... oooo!"

Susie returned, carrying a metal object shaped like a cricketer's box, to which straps were attached. On the inside of the curving box were a series of short spikes.

"Put it on him, Susie," said Melissa.

The girl clamped the box over Dolly's now flaccid penis and he screamed as the spikes jabbed into his most sensitive flesh. They would do so every time he started to come to erection. The straps were fastened tight.

"On your feet, slave."

Wincing with pain, Dolly staggered up. Fury filled him as he saw Susie smiling with amusement. Oh the wicked bitch!

"Now we'll have no more lusting," said Melissa. She too was smiling.

Then Dolly was dismissed to go and put his uniform back on. "I've got some shopping for you to do, slave," said Melissa. Dolly heard the words with dread. He hated being sent outside the way he was, a feminised male in a ridiculous old-fashioned maid's outfit, clearly a bloke in a frock.

When he was dressed, Dolly was handed a shopping list. He cursed under his breath when he saw he would have to visit the green-grocers. One of the assistants there had the most magnificent breasts and usually wore low cut blouses. She seemed to fancy Dolly and was always teasing him. It was flattering in a way — but also terrifying if one was wearing a spiked restrainer! And Dolly *always* wore the spiked metal restrainer when he went out shopping. did not make it any easier to bear. Mistress Melissa held that to be absolutely necessary, in case he got excited by the sight of short-skirted, tight-topped shop assistants.

Dolly scuttled along on his heels. It was not a busy time of day, but as luck would have it a shaven-headed geezer was walking the other way. He stared, gave a wolf-whistle, and leered. As he passed he said:

“Alright mate! Halloween come early this year, did it?”

Dolly flushed crimson, kept his head down, made no reply, and scuttled as fast as he could towards the shop. He could see heads turning to gaze after this curious figure, neither man nor woman, clad in a short-skirted pink maid's outfit. Only those in the know would see him for what he was: a sissy maid doing errands for his Mistress.

At last he reached the shop. Although there a further ordeal awaited him, it was one he had grown more used to. Julie smirked as she saw him enter, and her eyes lit with sadistic glee. She came up to him immediately, ogling him, big breasts wobbling. Oh how low cut that blouse was! He could see the nipples prominent. That was the worst thing about it: he really fancied her. She was just his type. Big tits, generous hips, long blonde hair. But she knew all about him. She despised him for allowing himself to be treated the way he was. And got great delight from teasing him unmercifully. Dolly could do nothing, terrified of word getting back to his Mistress that he had shown anything other than the utmost respect to a member of the female sex. So now he submitted compliantly to the undignified groping to which Julie generally subjected him. Having had a good feel, she released him at last and said leeringly:

“Now what can I do for you, pretty young maid?”

Dolly stammered out his request for strawberries.

“All alone today then?” Dolly sometimes went into the shop with Susie. “Where's your girl-friend then?”

“She's not my girl-friend, Miss,” protested Dolly. As Julie knew full well. For Mistress Melissa had told Julie all about her little sissy slave-maid Dolly.

“Fibber,” she said.

Dolly could not help himself, and looked right down the cleavage. He felt a stirring and fought it down. He must not erect!

“Perhaps we should take advantage then,” continued Julie with a grin. “You seem to like the look of my tits. Perhaps we should go out the back and you could have a closer look. And a feel.”

Of course it was just what Dolly would have liked to do, other things being equal. But as things were... and anyway, the wicked little minx was only prick-teasing. She just loved to do that to him. Dolly gasped as he felt the first prickle of the needles in his restrainer.

“No, no, no!” he said desperately. “I just want a pound of strawberries, please Miss.”

“Suit yourself,” said Julie acidly. “There's no accounting for taste.”

Dolly was pale and had begun to sweat. The pain was getting worse. He almost snatched the punnet and then paid.

“Th-thanks... thank you, Miss,” he stammered.

“Are you alright?” asked Julie mischievously.

“Yes... yes... I'm fine, thank you Miss.”

But Dolly was half doubled-up as he hurried away.

“Still thinking about my tits, I suppose,” he heard Julie say with a laugh.

Dolly cursed his fate. What would this young girl have done if she knew he was Mistress Melissa's slave, cruelly restricted by metal and needles! Would she have felt sorry for him, or simply laughed her head off. Dolly expected it would be the latter.

The pain had begun to subside as he made his way back to his owner's home. He was gaining self-control. It was just as his Mistress wanted it. Helpless aage filled him. Mistress could control him even at a distance. There was simply nothing he could do.

"See your girl-friend then?" enquired Susie as he went into the kitchen.

"What do you mean, Miss?" Dolly asked hesitantly.

"You know. Big tits in the green-grocers. You fancy her no end!"

"Who does he fancy then?" interrupted Melissa as she came unexpectedly into the kitchen.

"Julie at the green-grocers," said Susie flatly. "Fancies her no end, I reckon, Mistress. At least he is forever staring at her tits, the randy sod!"

"Indeed?" said Melissa coolly, and turned her gaze on Dolly. "So! It's lusting wherever we go, is it? Indoors and out."

"No, Mistress!" cried Dolly in alarm. His heart sank. Trust Susie to put him in it again. The mood Melissa was in today, she would jump at any excuse to thrash him. And now that bitch Susie had given her one!

"Get out of that uniform," ordered Melissa, taking down her riding crop which was kept hanging on the wall.

"Has he ever touched her Susie?"

"I'm not sure," said Susie.

"I swear I haven't Mistress," protested Dolly, as he rapidly stripped off. "How could I with this... this awful thing on?"

"You'd try anything to get your hands on some female flesh, I reckon," said Melissa, flexing the crop. "Get on your knees and get your arse up, slave."

"Mercy, Mistress! Please, have mercy — haven't I had enough already today?"

"No. Evidently not. The way you behave!"

"I swear I've never laid a hand on her Mistress," whined Dolly. Terror was gripping him at the thought of getting another thrashing.

"But you'd like to, eh?" smiled Melissa. He could see Susie grinning happily too.

"Well..." began Dolly. How could he deny it?

"That's just as bad," snapped Melissa. "I do not permit any slave of mine to lust after other women. A slave of mine has to be pure in thought and deed. Devoted to me alone. I should have thought you understood by now."

"Yes, Mistress," whimpered Dolly. He was now naked save for the cruel restrainer, on his knees, backside up.

"Grip his ankles, Susie!"

"Yes, Mistress," said Susie with alacrity. The girl went down and gripped fiercely.

"You're getting six," said Melissa, "and you can thank your lucky stars it isn't more. If you don't keep your arse in position, you'll get extra."

A sob burst from Dolly.

"P-please not too hard, Mistress," he beseeched.

Swish... crack!

The first stroke cracked across both buttock cheeks with the leather tab of the crop biting into the right flank. Dolly yelped loudly, throwing back his head. He squirmed down but, almost immediately, thrust his bottom up again. He must avoid extras!

Swish... crack!

From her position, Susie was getting a close-up of the leather biting into flesh. God how it must hurt! And how glad she was. She hated all men; but particularly this one. She resented him getting even the slightest attention from her beloved Mistress, even though those attentions were invariably sadistically cruel.

Another agonising yelp, another convulsive squirm, and then Dolly's clenching buttocks came back into position.

In view of the good thrashing she had already given her slave, Melissa was not laying it on with maximum force. But still, they were good, wristy strokes. And they certainly hurt enough!

Swish... crack!

“Yee-ahhh!”

Dolly almost flung his hands back to check a further onslaught. But he knew what would happen if he did. He sobbed helplessly and pushed his burning bottom up again. It was so unfair. This was the second time he had been unjustly punished that day. Did they not realise it was natural for a man to react as he had done under the circumstances? It seemed not. There were no excuses; no mercy.

Melissa laid on the last three strokes in leisurely fashion. It amused her to make Dolly wait for each stroke, seeing him constantly flinching and twisting with dread.

How satisfying it was to own a slave and have him at your mercy!

Only when the thrashing was over was the metal restrainer removed. Casually, Melissa took hold of Dolly's penis and examined it, noting the marks left by the impinging needles.

“That proved he was lusting for sure,” she said with satisfaction. “But I reckon he got more pain than pleasure. Right slave?”

“Y-yes, Mistress,” answered Dolly wretchedly.

“Follow us into the bedroom,” commanded Melissa. “On your hands and knees.”

Racked with the pain from yet another set of weals, Dolly obeyed.

Melissa stripped off and stretched out naked on the bed.

“Susie,” she said, “I want you to decorate my body with those strawberries this creature bought. I'm going to give him a little treat. He's going to eat them off my lush body.”

Susie went and fetched the punnet and placed the strawberries strategically on her Mistress's body — on her breasts, her belly and round her pussy.

“Sorry there's no sugar or cream, slave,” smiled Melissa. “Get stuck in, slave, but don't you dare touch my flesh.”

Feeling keenly the utter humiliation of it, Dolly began to gobble up the strawberries, being careful not to touch the flesh underneath him. He began to get excited by the warm and scent of his Mistress's body and the very nearness of her. All her forbidden charms were revealed to him.

“Nice?” enquired Melissa.

“Yes, Mistress,” replied Dolly. “Thank you, Mistress.”

He slipped the last piece of fruit into his mouth just as he started coming to erection again. Surely he would not be blamed for that!

“Did he remember the Mars bars?” asked Melissa.

“Yes, Mistress,” said Susie. “I’ll fetch them.”

When she returned, Melissa took one and unwrapped it.

“Another treat for you, slave,” she sneered.

She thrust the bar into her pussy until only a fraction was protruding, then she turned over, knelt and thrust up her hindquarters.

“Eat that out of me slave,” she ordered.

With Susie watching with close attention, Dolly went down and moved his mouth towards his Mistress’s sex. Normally he was never allowed near it. He was very excited to be permitted such intimacy and he quickly became solidly hard. What a relief that he was, for once, out of that blasted metal restrainer!

He had to press his mouth to the pussy lips in order to get a grip on the chocolate bar with his teeth. His eyes were right on his Mistress’s pussy. Oh what a privilege. Fraction by fraction he worked the bar out, and nibbled as he did so. It was slippery with sex juices.

“Enjoying it?” enquired Melissa in an amused tone.

“Mmmmm... oh... yes... mmmmm... Mistress...” mumbled Dolly.

Finally he reached the end of the bar and swallowed it. His Mistress’s pussy was right before him, her coral pink lips provocatively inviting.

“Get your mouth away from my sex, slave!” snapped Melissa.

As Dolly quickly recoiled, she thrust in another Mars bar.

“Eat, Piggy, eat,” she commanded.

Dolly ate, acutely conscious of how close he was to his Mistress’s sex. He had a hard-on seemingly even stronger than the one he had achieved in the bathroom earlier. Oh, if only he could do something about it!

At last another bar was consumed. Melissa turned over. It seemed to her that Susie had been too long neglected.

“Please me, slaves,” she said. “Both of you. Start by kissing my nipples.”

Her two slaves, male and female, moved willingly to her breasts and began to tongue and suck her nipples. Soon Melissa was sighing happily. What a thing it was to have devoted slaves!

“Susie, get down to my pussy,” she ordered suddenly. “You, slave”, addressing Dolly, “will continue pleasing my breasts.”

“It is an honour, Mistress,” replied Dolly. He was feeling incredibly randy at all the intimacies he was being allowed.

Susie slid between Melissa’s parted thighs and put her tongue expertly to work. She was thrilled to be able to please her Mistress again. She just resented the fact that Dolly was doing the same thing. However, it was good to know that it would be she who would bring her to orgasm.

In fact, Susie brought Melissa to a climax three times in the space of about twenty minutes. She was patted lovingly on the head.

“Good girl... good girl...” Melissa said, now totally relaxed.

She pushed Dolly off her breasts.

“Kneel erect,” she ordered.

At once Dolly did so, terribly conscious of his massive erection. Would he be punished for it this time?

But Melissa was looking at him with careless complacency. Her bad mood of the morning was gone.

“You seem to have enjoyed yourself, slave,” she said. “What a lucky day you have had! Washing your Mistress's beautiful body under the shower, having a good look at that green-grocer's big tits, and now this. Are you not grateful to your Mistress?”

“I am devoted to you, Mistress,” said Dolly, despite the pain of the weals she had recently raised over his bottom.

“You seem to need some relief, slave,” smirked Melissa. “I am considering whether or not I shall give it to you.”

A spark of hope shone in Dolly's eyes.

“Thank you, Mistress,” he said humbly.

“In fact, I think Susie can give it to you.”

The girl gasped and a look of disgust spread over her face. She had had to do this before... and hated it!

“Oh no, Mistress... please no...” pleaded Susie.

A spark of anger showed in Melissa's eyes.

“Don't forget, girl,” she said, “you may be superior to this creature, but you are *also* my slave. You will do as I say. Now, get hold of that cock.”

With a low moan, Susie got down on her knees and gripped Dolly's solid erection. There was a look of disgust on her face as she began to move her hand. Melissa smiled down at the scene. It was lovely to have two people under such control.

Lust surged within Dolly but he tried to control it. He didn't want to shoot off too soon. He must try and control himself. That way he would enjoy it more. After all, he did not know when the next one would be. In fact, he could not even be sure that he would be allowed to shoot this time. They did that, sometimes: brought him to the edge and then just left him there. Oh, let it be a come this time! he wished fervently.

But Susie's gently moving hand felt very good and soon his thoughts were racing. He recalled being under the shower with them both... and the greengrocer's girl's lovely big tits... just fancy having his hands on them... and then there were the intimacies of his Mistress's naked body. It was all too much.

“Wank him faster, girl,” said Melissa.

Susie's hand moved faster. And rougher. It was pleasure mixed with pain. Oh...oh... if only he could take himself in hand! But that was *never* allowed! Oh, but still... perhaps time... she would wank him to completion! He had almost forgotten what it was like. He closed his eyes and tried to imagine himself somewhere else, on top of some young blonde, thrusting vigorously into her...

“Stop!” came Melissa's order suddenly. Susie's pumping hand ceased to pump.

“that's enough fun for your Dolly,” said Melissa callously. “Susie, fetch some ice water from the kitchen and deflate

that silly little toy of his.”

“Yes, Mistress,” said Susie coquettishly, and shot a glance of sadistic triumph at Dolly as she hurried to obey her Mistress.

Dolly hung his head, utterly humiliated, terribly aroused — and now, about to be terribly frustrated — yet again!

Susie came back with the ice water and lost no time in applying it to Dolly's throbbing cock. It wilted rapidly. Dolly choked back a sob. A rough rub with a towel got it dry — and then it was crammed once again in the tight tube. Click went the lock. And there was the key, on a chain around Mistress Melissa's neck, nestling between the breasts of Dolly's owner!

A short time later, after Dolly had cleaned up and was once again in full uniform, he knelt before Melissa to lace up a calf-length black leather boots. He had to do it very carefully: every lace had to match perfectly. It was a struggle. Melissa had not been satisfied with his efforts so far and he had received several cuts from her riding crop and was told to undo everything and start again. How very tedious that was. But he dare not allow his face to betray even the slightest hint of resentment. It was essential to maintain the usual rather blank expression of compliant willingness.

“I've thought up a new game to play,” announced Melissa when at last she was satisfied with Dolly's lacing. “For all three of us.”

Both Susie and Dolly looked apprehensive. Their Mistress's games could be both tiring and painful. Before now they had been made to run around the place like dogs, sniffing at each other playfully, pretending to piddle, barking and begging. All most humiliating.

“I shall need the dog collars and leads,” said Melissa. “Fetch them, slave.”

Dolly hurried off to the kitchen where they were kept. What was she up to now? Was it doggy play again?

Melissa fastened the dog collars on both her slaves and then clipped a lead on each. All this was familiar stuff. Susie was crying softly. She hated being a dog — or rather, a bitch. But she was Melissa's slave. She did as she was bid. She had no more choice than Dolly had.

“On your hands and knees, side by side, both of you.”

Looking a little bewildered, Susie and Dolly went down.

“Closer together,” ordered Melissa. “You're going to take me for a ride. That's be nice for you, won't it?”

Dolly moved closer to Susie, pressing his flank to hers.

“You're both going to give me a ride,” repeated Melissa sweetly. “That will make a change won't it? Hold steady now.”

Melissa took hold of the leads and placed a foot on the small of Dolly's back, just above his hindquarters. She pushed herself up and wobbled about a lot as she sought to gain her balance. Dolly gasped and cried out at the most painful jabbing of her high heel into his flesh.

“Oh... owwww... oh Mistress... please no!” he cried out.

“Shut up,” snapped Melissa. “Ponies don't speak! They neigh. Neigh, slave!”

The riding crop cracked into his flank... and Dolly neighed loudly.

Next Melissa placed her other foot on Susie's back, treating her far more gently by not jabbing in her heel. All the same, the girl whimpered and whined.

“Right! Off you go! Round and round the room. Take it steady. I don't want to take a fall. You'll both pay for it if I

do.”

Susie and Dolly moved off carefully, struggling to carry their heavy burden. Melissa swayed about, striving to maintain her balance. It gave her a marvellous feeling of power to have her two slaves carrying her in this fashion. Slowly but surely, they made a circuit of the room.

“Round again,” she ordered, “and faster!”

The two slaves strove to increase the pace, but it proved too difficult. Susie proved to be the weaker link. Halfway round the room she lurched to one side abruptly and Melissa was thrown to the floor.

“You stupid, clumsy dolts!” she cried as she leapt back to her feet, “now you'll pay for that!”

Susie was punished first. She got an eighteen stroke spanking with the back of a hairbrush. The hairbrush was just about the most painful implement ever used on her. Dolly watched with trepidation. What was *he* going to get? It hadn't been his fault but that made no difference. His Mistress was arbitrary in her decisions. Oh, but surely not the cane or the crop *again*?

To his surprise, when Susie had been pushed off Melissa's lap, Dolly was ordered to take her place. He did so with some relief and not a little pleasure. The naked contact was arousing. But the pleasure was mixed with unbearable frustration. Oh God, I wish I could get another erection, he thought. It would be worth any punishment if I could even just rub myself off on her thighs...

But the tight tube padlocked on his cock prevented the slightest stiffening.

His Mistress gave him twenty-four strokes of the hairbrush, which was more painful than he had thought it was. Still, he had to be thankful. He was her sissy sex slave, there to submit to whatever she wished to dish out. And it could easily have been the cane — the far more painful cane.

And then once more Dolly struggled into his uniform — his *maid's uniform*, that tight, skimpy, humiliating costume — and returned to the unending chores that were his lot in life.

Later, Mistress Melissa, feeling sorry for spanking her sweet little slave Susie, took her out to dinner as a special treat. Left alone, Maid Dolly toiled away, apprehensive of what would happen if everything was not done to perfection by the time the couple, by then doubtless somewhat the worse for drink, returned home. His rump throbbed painful. Oh, he could not take another caning today, he just couldn't! Mournfully, he got started on his ironing...

THE END

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