



Miranda Birch

*Slutty
Sandra*

*Mistress Sharon's Blonde
Bimbo*

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By Miranda Birch

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Brad Rogers is the slave of a very strict and demanding Mistress. He is kept naked, locked in chastity, and put to work for his owner. A hard enough fate. But that is nothing to what is in store for him when Mistress decides to spend some 'quality time' with his female alter-ego: Slutty Sandra! A blonde bimbo in pretty lingerie and high heels!

Brad Rogers was stood at the kitchen sink, half-way through hand-washing a large pile of lingerie. The lingerie belonged to his Mistress. She liked wearing sexy undies, and hated wearing anything more than once, so there was always plenty to be washed.

Brad himself was stark naked. He generally was. Nudity had been one of the 'non-negotiables' for becoming Mistress Sharon's slave. Chastity had been another: which explained the transparent pink plastic tube which imprisoned his flaccid penis. There was a padlock at the base, securing it. Also pink was the collar padlocked about his neck, with a tag on it bearing the legend 'Property of Mistress Sandra'. He was closely-shaven all over. There was a ring through his nose. And through his nipples. His Mistress had really gone to town on him.

Suddenly the bell rang. At once Brad dropped what he was doing and rushed at the double to the sitting room. No-one there. Frantically, he scurried to the bedroom, the next most likely place. It did not do to keep Mistress waiting.

Sure enough, there he found his Mistress, reclining at her ease on a chaise-longue. She glanced at him as he entered, then looked away. He hurried up, kow-towed before her, then remained kneeling, head bowed, silently waiting to serve.

Mistress Sandra was young and beautiful. Tall, full-figured, with pale white skin and long blonde hair. This afternoon, she was

wearing little other a black camisole. Her white high-heeled shoes she had kicked off; they lay discarded on the floor.

After keeping her slave waiting for a while, she sniffed haughtily and drawled, "Now, slave, I rather fancy some fun with Slutty Sandra..."

The name 'Sandra' came from a girl Sharon had bullied at school. It was fun to have a 'Sandra' to abuse again!

Brad made no outward response. But inside, he shrivelled. This kind of degradation was the worst one of all for him. Normally he had no name. He was addressed simply as 'slave' or 'boy' or 'you'. Degrading enough. But better that than this humiliating sissy name. 'Slutty Sandra' was what he was called when his Mistress dressed him up as a woman — when she used him as a woman. Sexually used him.

He had not agreed to this sissy stuff. This had not been mentioned as one of the 'non-negotiables'. It had simply been introduced, without discussion or debate, when he was fully under her control. He had resisted; he had been severely punished.

It had all been a trap. He could see that, too late, now. He had dreamed of being a beautiful woman's slave. What he had meant by that was being a sex slave, basically. But he did not get any sex, not any more. Not with that thing locked on his cock. The chastity device! How he damned the day he had first heard the term! It had sounded so exciting. Just imagine! Having your sexuality under a sexy woman's control! But the reality... The reality was being locked 24/7. Except for once a month when Mistress Sharon unlocked it, took it off, ordered him to kneel before her, and ordered him to masturbate. She mocked him as he manipulated himself. He was strictly not allowed to climax until receiving the explicit order to do so. She enjoyed having him edge himself, keeping him right on the brink. He could never be quite sure if he would get the order at all. It was almost worse this way than not being allowed nay relief at all. How had he got himself into this? what had he been thinking?

In desperation he started to plead. He knew it would not do any good. But he tried anyway. Maybe just this once..?

“Oh please, Mistress... please no. Let me off this time... please... please...”

Sharon smiled wickedly.

“Dear me, Slutty Sandra, anyone would think you didn't like being a sweet sissy girlie!”

Sharon laughed. Then she stood up, picked up the riding whip which as usual lay on her bedside table, swished it menacingly through the air and smiled to see Brad flinch at the sight and sound. Then she went over to one of the wardrobes which lined the full length of one wall. Brad followed, now mute, hopeless. Mistress Sharon rummaged in the wardrobe, produced a wig, threw it towards him.

“Put that on for a start.”

Brad swallowed as he picked up the wig and pulled it onto his shaven head. It was the usual one. Blonde, with pigtails. He tried one last time.

“Must I... must I?” he whined.

Mistress Sharon at once slapped his face hard. Left, right... left, right. Brad's head jerked violently under the blows and he gasped with shock. It was amazing that a young woman could smack so hard. Yet she always did. She smacked as she punished — without restraint.

“Don't query my orders!” Sharon snarled at him crossly. “Any more lip out of you and it's the whip!”

She glared at him, and was gratified to see him hang his head submissively, and keep his peace. Then she was rummaging again.

“Now put this on!”

Brad was tossed a delicate lace bustier of pale pink, trimmed with white lace. He struggled into it. It was a tight fit on his muscular frame. But he managed. The switch kept swishing — and he had no wish to feel it!

“Very sweet!” his Mistress simpered. “You see how the colour matches your chastity helper?”

She always called the cruel cock restrainer his ‘chastity helper’. Some help! Brad hung his head and did not reply.

"I said," Mistress Sharon went on, an edge to her voice, "do you see how the colour matches your chastity helper?"

"Yes, Mistress," Brad whispered. Then added a "thank you, Mistress" for good measure.

Mistress Sharon smirked.

"Good! I am so glad you can see that! Your skill at coordinating girly colours is really coming along!"

She laughed, then handed him a suspender belt and a pair of nylon stockings. Both were pink.

Oh how he hated this transformation. Once he had been a virile, randy bloke with a thing for submitting sexually to lovely women. Well, he was submitting to this lovely woman alright — but how! By being turned into a woman himself for her sadistic entertainment!

Brad fastened the suspender belt about his slim waist, just below the bustier; then slid the stockings up each shaven leg, first one, then the other; then clipped them to the suspender belt.

"And off course some nice 'fuck-me' heels," Mistress Sharon said, handing him a pair of white stilettos.

He sat down to put them on. They were tight, he had to cram his feet into them.

"Stand up, let's have a look at you."

Mistress Sharon eyed the ridiculous figure of 'Slutty Sandra'. Her sissy creation. The sissy she could force her naked, chaste male slave to become just whenever she had a mind to.

"Oh, yes, very sexy! Not much in the tit department, but a lovely arse!"

She moved close, gave that 'lovely arse' a firm smack, then fondled it, grinning. Then she stood back again and looked her sissy creation over once more. She tilted her head to one side, considered.

"Still, your outfit lacks a certain..."

Her face brightened.

"Ah! I know!"

She turned to the wardrobe once more, and from it produced a pair of long, shoulder-length gloves of filmy, semi-transparent white lace.

“Just the thing!”

She handed them to Brad, who put them on.

He stood before her now complete. The complete ‘Slutty Sandra’. Blonde pigtails, limbs encased in long white gloves and pale pink stockings, delicate pink basque tight against his well-formed torso, the dainty suspender belt framing his narrow waist, feet cramped by those white stiletto heels.

And then Mistress Sharon picked up her phone and took some pictures. She had told him that she posted the pictures she took of him on her Facebook. And he had believed her. Pictures of him nude: kneeling, standing rigidly at attention, bending for the cane; and, more and more of late, pictures of him done up as a sissy in pretty undies, that blonde wig, those high heels... He had begged and pleaded with her not to make his plight public, but she had just laughed. “I am not ashamed of my lifestyle, slave!” she had said, “why should you be?”

And so it was that today she added more pictures of her slave's humiliation to her extensive collection.

“Now, walk up and down, Slutty Sandra darling. Just like you were on the catwalk!”

Slutty Sandra dutifully stumbled to and fro on his high heels. He still found great difficulty in managing them.

“Nice neat steps,” Mistress Sharon encouraged. “Don't trip over your high heels!”

He stumbled back and forth, back and forth, doing his best not to trip.

“Swing that arse girl! Make yourself seductive!”

Utterly humiliated, Slutty Sandra swung his bare bottom and tried to walk in a sexy way. He could barely walk at all in those blasted heels, but he tried. He had to try. That switch swung menacingly to and fro, to and fro as he pranced up and down, up and down, a ridiculous caricature of ‘sexy’ femininity.

Mistress Sharon had soon had enough of his feeble efforts.

“No, no, no! You are just not making the effort girlie!” she exclaimed with mock exasperation. “Right, come with me!”

She led the way over to the entrance to an annex while lay off the bedroom proper. She called this the 'playroom'.

Going into the 'playroom' always gave Sissy Sandra the shivers. It contained a vast array of instruments of correction and restraint: straps, thongs, canes, whips, ropes, collars, hoods. Against one wall was set a wooden St. Andrew's Cross, with leather restraints attached. He had been secured to that far too often for his liking. But now he well knew the penalty for disobeying his Mistress's orders, and obeyed her in everything.

"Now," barked Sharon, "kneel down in that corner. Get your nose to the floor. Come on — right down! Show us your pretty bottom. Come along, stick it out, make it provocative."

Slutty Sandra did as he was told, hating every second of it, forcing himself to control his natural instincts. He was near to tears. Near to sobbing. Like a real girl.

"Now girl, stay down there until I give you permission to move," ordered Sharon.

Sharon took a seat and looked for a while at her victim. It was great fun to own a male sex slave. But it was even greater fun to break any 'limits' or 'boundaries' he might once have imagined there were. Like this one with his ridiculous 'no cross-dressing'!

Hah! She had soon fixed that! Sharon had always found it rather annoying that a submissive should enjoy cross-dressing. Where was the pleasure in that for her? No, far better to take a young hunk like this and force him to be a sissy!

She looked at her victim's kneeling form and glowed with pleasure. This was true power! To have a man so much at one's mercy. To have him trembling with dread, striving to please you, scared half to death that he might not. Oh how Sharon loved it!

"Turn around, kneel erect," ordered Sharon then.

Slutty Sandra did so without delay. Sharon saw his lustful eyes on her. Hah! Despite his degraded condition, he was clearly lusting madly after her. But then he hadn't had a wank for nearly two months now. Last month's 'special treat' had been edging without relief. How lovely it was to be able to deprive such a virile brute!

“Are you beginning to feel more girlish, Slutty Sandra?” asked Sharon. “With that pretty suspender belt and those lovely stockings on?”

Slutty Sandra gulped.

“Y-yes, Mistress”, he answered. In this kind of game he had to make sure he gave the right answers.

“And what happens to pretty girls, Slutty Sandra?”

“I... I don't know, Mistress...”

“Oh yes you do, Slutty Sandra, you know very well. They get fucked, don't they?”

Slutty Sandra gulped again. The ultimate horror was steadily approaching.

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Say it, Slutty Sandra.”

Again that hint of menace in the voice. That suggestion of what would come if he didn't play Mistress Sharon's game.

“Pretty girls get fucked, Mistress,” Slutty Sandra said quietly, his voice quivering. He felt himself trembling.

“And if they don't get fucked they get the next best thing, don't they, Slutty Sandra?”

“Y-yes, Mistress.”

“And what is that, may I ask?”

“They... they get a dildo stuck up them,” said Slutty Sandra. It was a kind of whimper.

“That's right. One like this.”

Sharon took one of the numerous dildos off the shelf nearby. Slutty Sandra recoiled.

“Oh no... no...” he protested, despite his efforts to play along. All the hideous memories were coming flooding back.

“What's the matter, Slutty Sandra?” said Sharon in a sneering voice. “I should have thought a pretty girl like you would love to have the nearest thing to a real prick stuck up her.”

“No... oh no, Mistress... oh spare me, Mistress...”

Slutty Sandra raised his hands imploringly.

Sharon's expression changed and her eyes flashed angrily.

“Enough of this nonsense girl!” she snapped. “I’ve had enough of your false modesty. Turn back round and get your arse up!”

Slutty Sandra well knew that disobedience would only make things worse, with a groan he turned and thrust up his bottom. He saw Sharon swishing her riding crop to and fro, the way she liked to do. He knew the feel of the switch all too well. It hurt like hell.

“Mercy, Mistress,” he groaned again hopelessly.

Mistress Sharon straddled her victim as he knelt on all fours, trembling with dread, his bottom thrust up as high as he could get it.

She stood so that she could grip Slutty Sandra's neck with her ankles. Then the whip lashed down fiercely, falling vertically over the buttocks, the tip biting into the top of his thighs.

Swish... Crack!

Swish... Crack!

Slutty Sandra squealed loudly, squirming and kicking. Sharon was grinning with sadistic glee. Oh how she loved whipping a man! But she loved whipping a sissified male even more! And whipping just as hard as she liked!

Again!

Again!

“Mercy! Mercy!” howled Slutty Sandra. He just couldn't bear it!

Again!

Again!

In a frenzy of pain, Slutty Sandra's head jerked up between Sharon's legs and thighs. He twisted away, claspings himself in torment.

“You stupid slut!” snarled Sharon. “I’ve a good mind to give you a proper caning. I told you to get your backside up didn't I?”

“Yes... Mistress... yes,” wailed Slutty Sandra.

“So this is disobedience?”

“I tried... I really tried, Mistress... oh... it hurts so much...”

“I'm glad to hear it. It's meant to! Now Slutty Sandra, for the rest of this little piece of corrective treatment, we'll have you in a different position. Lie flat on your back. Head in the corner.”

Sobbing, Slutty Sandra struggled into position.

“No more... no more...” he kept on begging.

“Now lift up your legs! Your lovely girlish legs, Slutty Sandra, and place your feet into the corner of the wall.”

Slutty Sandra did so, with the result that his bottom was uplifted in a taut curve. Sharon looked down at him with considerable satisfaction. In that skin-stretching position, the whip would hurt even more.

“Now, Slutty Sandra,” said Sharon, “this is going to be a test of your willpower. If you don't hold that position, or if you interfere in any way, I shall secure you to that whipping cross and flog you senseless. Like I've done before now. I mean it, girl, I really do.”

Slutty Sandra froze with terror. He knew she did mean it. She never threatened for effect. She threatened because she meant it. Somehow, he was going to have to make himself take the caning that was coming. He was going to have to keep his bottom up, ready for the rod, no matter what.

He made one final plea.

“Oh Mistress, please! Haven't you done enough? Please give me a break!”

“Done enough?” grated Sharon harshly. “I've only just started on you, Slutty Sandra. Your girlish bottom simply couldn't look more inviting. Keep it well up, Slutty Sandra. And don't forget my warning.”

Clenching his teeth, Slutty Sandra summoned all his will. He knew if he did not take what was to come, he would suffer all the more. A loud, sobbing groan came from him. He glimpsed Sharon moving into position.

“Now I'm really going to give it to you, you naughty girl,” she said. Slutty Sandra cried out and flinched as the whip was laid lightly across his bare nates in preparation.

The whip left his bottom as it was raised high. Then it came hurtling down.

Swish... Crack!

Slutty Sandra almost lost control at that very first stroke. He shrieked, writhing and twisting, but somehow keeping his bottom uplifted. He just stopped himself from throwing out a hand as the second stroke whistled down, biting deep into his tender flesh.

“Yee — ahh — ehh!” he bellowed incoherently.

How could he endure it? But he had to... he had to! By a mad effort of will, Slutty Sandra forced himself to keep his bottom uplifted. *He had to*!

Swish... Crack!

Swish... Crack!

Sharon was making little grunting sounds with her efforts. As weal after weal leapt up, she become more and more amazed at her victim's will power. Experience must be making him tougher, she thought. She had reckoned she would already be securing him on the whipping cross by now. Oh, well. Some other time perhaps!

"Yee... merceeee!" screeched Slutty Sandra. He was fast approaching the end of his tether. He too was amazed that he had managed to take so much already.

Swish... Crack!

Swish... Crack!

Slutty Sandra's bottom was threshing and jerking madly. He couldn't stand any more. He just couldn't!

Then it stopped. But the agony continued. Long, encircling weals, throbbed and stabbed excruciatingly.

Unbelievably, Slutty Sandra groaned and moaned, and sobbed like a child.

Sharon, breathing perhaps a little faster, put the riding whip down for the time being. I enjoyed that, she thought. That was a real good hiding. Those weals must be very painful. Her slave was certainly getting a good deal tougher.

"Kneel erect, Slutty Sandra," she ordered.

Groaning and wincing with pain, Slutty Sandra struggled into position. Oh the awful, awful pain!

"That hurt, I imagine," said Sharon casually. "Right?"

"Mmmmfff... yes, Mistress," Slutty Sandra got out through his sobs.

He saw Sharon move round behind him, then felt a cool hand laid on his lacerated rump.

"My... my..." she said, "that is hot! Burning hot!"

Slutty Sandra sobbed helplessly. Once again he had been thrashed without mercy. For nothing! For nothing! He went on

sobbing in utter despair. And he well knew that this was only the beginning of his ordeal for that afternoon.

"Stop that snivelling, Slutty Sandra. Look on the bright side. Think what's coming to you shortly,"

She knew just how much her slave hated what she had in store for him.

"Mercy... mercy..." sobbed Slutty Sandra, "not that Mistress, I beg you..."

"I should watch your step, if I were you," said Sharon with sudden sharpness. "You've just had a good hiding for pretending you don't like having a dildo up."

"Mmmmmfff... ugggh..."

"There's no need to be shy and modest about it, you silly girl. Don't be so old-fashioned! Just wipe away those tears and prepare to enjoy it like the slut you are!"

Slutty Sandra, shuddering violently, strove to check his tears. The horror was going to come whatever he said or did. He thought of the terrible whipping he'd just had. He had made himself endure that. Now he would have to make himself endure the pain and degradation to come.

Slutty Sandra realised there was no point in further pleading. His Mistress was always quite merciless. In any event it might be dangerous. The thought of a resumption of the beating did not bear thinking about. He was going to have to pretend he wanted the dildo up him, that he wanted to be 'fucked' by it. His Mistress always insisted on that. She knew well that it added to his shame and torment. She was a she-devil. She even insisted he uttered little cries of joy in between his gasps of pain. A she-devil indeed!

He saw Sharon rummaging about on the shelf, sorting out the dildos.

"Now, which one shall I use?" she was musing. "Something slightly bigger than last time, I think."

Slutty Sandra shuddered despairingly. The last one had seemed to be splitting him apart.

"We want to give Slutty Sandra a real treat this afternoon, don't we? We want to make that shapely arse squirm with delight. After all,

it's had all pain so far, hasn't it?"

She selected one of the dildos. Slutty Sandra dare not look at it.

"Now kneel up for your treat!"

Slutty Sandra knelt up in front of her in the way he had been trained to do. Hands behind his head, 'titties' thrust out, mouth open.

Grinning sadistically, Mistress Sharon fed the dildo into Slutty Sandra's mouth. He sucked on it obediently. It was for his own good.

"Get it nice and lubricated, sweetie," said Sharon teasingly. "It will increase your pleasure!"

She laughed as her sissy slave sucked on the implement that would soon be violating him.

"It is a shame you can't have a real cock," she said musingly. "You would give one hell of a blow job, I think!"

Slutty Sandra continued to suck, his Mistress continued to move the dildo gently back and forth.

"Hmm, I suppose I could arrange a real cock for you," Sharon continued. "You are clearly enjoying sucking this fake one so much!"

She cackled with glee at the look of horror that spread over her sissy slave's face as he heard these words. Then she pulled the dildo abruptly from her sissy's still-sucking mouth. He gaped like a fish. She smiled wickedly.

"Assume the position, you sexy slut!"

With a muffled sob, Slutty Sandra got down on all fours and thrust his reddened buttocks up high. And then he knelt there, waiting. Waiting to be fucked by his owner with a dildo! Oh the utter shame of it!

"Perhaps just a little extra lubrication to ease the way. After all, Slutty Sandra is still almost like a virgin."

Smiling she smeared the dildo with white ointment.

"Get over my lap, you lucky girl."

A series of dry sobs shook Slutty Sandra as he crawled forward, then raised himself up and lay across her lovely slender thighs. Sharon patted his bottom in a motherly fashion.

"You'll soon forget all about those weals," she said patronisingly. "Now my girl, you know the drill, don't you?"

"Yes, Mistress," said Slutty Sandra. Indeed he did!

"Well, let's get on with it then. Do you want to be fucked, Slutty Sandra?"

"Yes, Mistress."

"Ask me nicely then."

"Please fuck me, Mistress," he said, with a sob.

Suddenly the hard, cold dildo was pressing to his anus. Instinctively he contracted, although he knew that would only make matters worse. He tried to relax.

"There, doesn't that feel nice, Slutty Sandra?" said Sharon silkily.

"Yes... oh yes, Mistress," moaned Slutty Sandra.

"Because I know you're aching for it," said Sharon, "I'm going to be kind and generous. I'm going to stick it up your arse all in one go. No messing about with inch by inch. Just one straight thrust. Aren't you a lucky girl?"

Before Slutty Sandra could answer, the large dildo was inside his anus. Right in! His mouth gasped. A shriek of pain was torn from him.

"There... there... doesn't that feel good," said Sharon. "A real whopper that is. You'll love it when I start fucking you with it."

Slutty Sandra just went on moaning and gasping. He felt as if he was being really split.

"Like it don't you Slutty Sandra? No point in pretending anymore, eh?"

Slutty Sandra knew he had to answer. And in the right way. "Y-yes, Mistress," he whimpered. "It feels lovely."

"Have you nothing else to say to me?"

"Th-thank you, Mistress," sobbed Slutty Sandra.

The pain was agonising, his degradation complete. Then Slutty Sandra burst out in a kind of howl... right at the end of his tether.

"Ooooh... Mistress... Mistress... don't fuck me with it... this time... I beg you... don't... don't it hurts too much..."

"What on earth are you talking about, you stupid girl?" asked Sharon angrily. "You're just pretending again. Secretly, you know you want to be fucked. Admit it."

Off the floor, she picked up a thick rubber paddle. It whacked down across Slutty Sandra's tormented bottom. He yelped in agony.

"Admit it..." repeated Sharon. And she kept on repeating it as the heavy paddle whacked down again and again. Slutty Sandra became almost crazy with pain. It had to stop. It had to. And Slutty Sandra knew there was only one way.

"I admit it, Mistress," he almost screamed.

Sharon smiled sadistically. "I knew I was right," she said. "Now beg me for it!"

"I beg you to fuck me, Mistress."

"Oh, yes, I can hear you're aching to get a nice big cock up you, Slutty Sandra! Sorry! This dildo will have to do for now!"

Slutty Sandra was shaken by a series of sobs.

"You don't sound very happy," said Sharon with mock sympathy, her face seeming worried. Then her expression brightened. "But that's just your way, I know" she continued mockingly. "I know those are really tears of joy!"

Sharon gripped the end of the dildo more firmly and began to thrust it in and out vigorously.

Slutty Sandra just howled and shrieked throughout his hideous ordeal. There was no question of squeals of simulated delight he was supposed to make. The pain took charge and was quite overwhelming. It seemed never-ending.

Sharon, grinning sadistically, worked vigorously for at least ten minutes, until Slutty Sandra was on the verge of insensibility. This is real punishment for such a macho-man, she thought ecstatically.

When she finally stopped, she callously thrust Slutty Sandra down on to the floor, with the dildo still buried within him.

Then she stripped her camisole off, and stretched out on her bed, stark naked, her lush young body fully displayed.

"Come over here, Slutty Sandra!" she ordered gaily. "Our girlie dressing-up fun has made me all hot and bothered to start with. Then giving you a good seeing-to was just too much! You had better calm me down."

Miserably, Slutty Sandra crawled on hands and knees over to the bed. He knelt at the foot of the bed, leaned forward, and pressed his painted mouth to Mistress Sandra's mound. He had been well-trained at this. It was the nearest thing to intercourse that his

Mistress allowed him. His skilful tongue went to work on a pussy already wet and waiting. Soon Mistress Sandra shuddered in orgasm, then writhed and bucked as wave after wave of pleasure swept over her.

The ecstasy slowly subsided. She sighed, and kicked Slutty Sandra away.

“Strip off, put away your sexy gear, and get back to your chores,” she drawled lazily.

Her slave did so. He was Brad again. Until the next time.

In the kitchen, he resumed the washing of his owner's lingerie.

Mistress Sharon stretched out languorously on her bed. It had, she thought, been a most satisfactory afternoon. And, for her slave, a most humiliating one! But that was what he was for, wasn't it?

She sighed happily and stretched. A nice nap was what she needed now, after all that excitement. As she drifted off into a doze, she pondered whether it would not be fun to have Brad dress up as ‘Slutty Sandra’ all the time... A nice frilly maid's uniform perhaps... and it was high time she threw a party to show him off to her dominant friends... and what better for that than full maid's uniform...

Poor Brad! I think he will be spending a lot more time as ‘Slutty Sandra’ in future!

THE END