



UNDER THE FEMALE YOKE

Signed into Slavery

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By [Miranda Birch](#)

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Roger Hargreaves has signed a contract to become a woman's 'slave'. The alternative was prison — for a long time. He thought it was a no-brainer; now, he's not so sure. But, blackmailed into slavery, he has no choice but to continue to comply with his Mistress's exacting demands.

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Under the Female Yoke

A Tale of Female Domination

Part 1 of Under the Female Yoke

The bonnet of the BMW felt warm under Roger Hargreaves's belly, in contrast to the coldness of the night air upon his bare flesh. His hands searched for something to grasp, but there was nothing save the polished, streamlined surface of the car's bodywork. Under his bare feet he could feel the rough sand and gravel on the surface of the lane in which the car had stopped. Then, suddenly, there was a rustle in the hedgerow. His senses were on the alert, alarmed at being found like this. He calmed down as he realised it must have been some night animal which had been disturbed. He resumed waiting.

How absurd it was, he thought, to be in such a situation. Down a lane, in the late evening, bent naked over the bonnet of a car! Absurd, ridiculous; yes; but true, for all that. He heard in the distance the hum of traffic on the main road about half a mile away. There, on that road, were people travelling freely. Men free to go where they wished. Men in charge of their destiny. Men, in particular, in charge of their womenfolk. What a contrast he presented! And how many of those men in their cars that hurried by could ever have believed that any man could be forced to behave as he was doing? They would have laughed, and dismissed it as absurd, ridiculous. Yet for him it was no joke, no joke at all. It could not be dismissed. It was a fact. His situation was simple. He was a slave. A woman's slave!

Roger Hargreaves's nerves flared and he tensed himself as he heard the sound of shoes crunching lightly on the surface of the lane. Annabelle Bentley was returning. Annabelle was not a name he ever used, though. To him, she was always and only 'Mistress'. His Mistress. His Mistress was returning! He gritted his teeth and pressed one cheek to the warm metal of the bonnet. There was no escaping her; no escaping what was to come.

“Right, you stupid bastard,” came her voice, cold and arrogant, from above. “You are going to get just what you deserve. And hold your position or you will get double!”

Roger heard the tinkling sound of the ornamented bracelet on Annabelle Bentley's wrist as her arm moved. As it swung up. As it swung up wielding — what? He was about to find out. There was a short, harsh whistling sound, followed a split-second later by a streak like fire burning across his buttocks. He gasped and stifled a cry as he absorbed the searing pain. Miss Bentley's brief search in the hedgerow for a switch of adequate thickness and suppleness had obviously been well rewarded. From the switch-wielder's point of view, that is; hardly from that of the recipient!

“What are you?” came that stern, demanding voice.

“A stupid bastard, Mistress,” he answered promptly, without hesitation.

“Correct,” said Annabelle Bentley coldly.

Then the switch whistled and bit agonisingly again. Roger Hargreaves writhed over the bonnet of the car, fighting for control. Though he was used to and hardened by punishment and pain, it was still always hard indeed to hold position and take it. He groaned again, more loudly this time, as he absorbed the torment of the second searing streak of fire across his bared rump.

“And why is this stupid bastard being punished?” asked that oh-so-cultured, oh-so-commanding voice.

“Please, Mistress, this stupid bastard is being punished because he used the wrong form of address in public.”

“Correct again!”

Swish... crack! The flexible willow switch, green and freshly-cut from some nearby tree, whistled and bit for the third time. It forced more than a gasp from Roger this time. He yelped like a dog. That one had been quite murderously painful!

“Mistress... I beg... I beg... p-pardon...,” he said with a half-sob in his voice. It wouldn't do any good, he knew; but she expected it. And what Mistress expected, Mistress got!

“I should bloody well think so!” retorted Annabelle Bentley callously. “I am getting fed up with constantly having to remind you about your behaviour both in public and in private.”

Swish... crack!

“Yeeooooowwww!”

Roger Hargreaves slithered sideways on the bonnet of the BMW as he writhed under the searing pain. He got himself straightened up bloody fast, though; he didn't want all this all over again! He realised with dismay that he didn't even know how many she was intending to give him. And for nothing! Just nothing! A bloody word! As quickly as he could he scrabbled back into position and was just in time to receive the fifth full-blooded cut across his exposed buttocks. Again he yelped and squirmed unrestrainedly. He just couldn't help it. It just wasn't possible not to, however tough you had become.

The sixth stroke came, the worst of course, it always got worse as it went on. Then... a pause. Oh, please, let it be the end! Let her stop!

To his infinite relief, he heard Annabelle toss the switch away. The bloody thing would lie there on the side of the lane to rot — or so Roger fervently hoped!

“Get up, get dressed, and get back into the car,” came Annabelle Bentley's stern voice.

Stiffly, wincing with pain, Roger Hargreaves rose from the bonnet. He scrabbled around for his clothes in the dim light. Luckily, they still lay where they had been hastily discarded when he had been ordered to strip for punishment. He wouldn't have put it past his Mistress to kick them all over the place, and make him hunt for them! he now dressed with equal haste.

The six thick weals across his rump throbbed excruciatingly as he moved round the car to open the door for his Mistress. She slid into the driver's seat of her car, displaying long, shapely thighs. Annabelle Bentley was not one of those women who favoured tights; she preferred a suspender belt with sheer nylon stockings, thus revealing a generous area of white thigh on frequent occasions.

Roger closed the door, hurried around to the other side of the car and got into the other seat. Ouch! It hurt, even though the seat was soft. For an improvised instrument of correction, that switch really had been surprisingly effective. He supposed he was just lucky she hadn't given him more. She could easily have made it twelve. And what would he — could he — have done? Nothing. The engine roared into life, two strong headlights came on, blazing into the darkness of the narrow lane, then they were away, heading back towards the main road with Annabelle Bentley in cool, skillful control of the wheel. She was always in control. She was that sort of woman.

“Cigarette,” she snapped. Roger opened the locker before him, took out her packet, opened it, extracted a cigarette and handed it to his Mistress. Then he clicked on her little gold lighter and gave her a light. Momentarily her fine-chiselled features and dark flashing eyes were illuminated, as were the swelling mounds of her high breasts beneath the tight pink and black blouse she wore. Then the lighter snapped out and they swung on to the main road. Roger Hargreaves would dearly have loved to have had a smoke himself at that moment. But smoking was forbidden him. Many, many things were forbidden him!

They drove in silence. Roger thought back over that evening. As she sometimes did, Annabelle had taken him on one of her business trips. She was an expert in antique jewellery and travelled quite a lot about the country buying and selling. As usual on these occasions, Roger Hargreaves travelled as her 'secretary'. To business acquaintances she referred to him either as this or as her 'personal assistant'. Roger acted the role in public with the necessary deferential respect, addressing her as Miss Bentley.

However, it was easy enough in Annabelle's domineering presence to forget that one was not in private. For in private there was no more 'Miss Bentley'.

Then there was only one form of address: 'Mistress', and that pronounced in a tone of humility and with a look of humility. He had made a verbal slip that evening in the restaurant of the hotel at which they had stopped.

The meal in the restaurant had been typical. While she toyed with mouth-watering rare steak and a salad, he, as ever, had to be content with just a salad and a roll (he didn't always get the roll, either). explaining, as he had to, that he was on a diet. Still, even that meal was better than his customary daily fare at Annabelle's London home. That was a dog bowl filled with cold porridge or some other equally unappetising mush. He had to eat it, too. All of it.

So, at some point in the course of that evening's meal, he had addressed her as 'Mistress' by mistake. And in front of the waiter at that. The man had looked mildly surprised, nothing more. But Annabelle had at once looked daggers at Roger. "I'll deal with that indiscretion as soon as we leave here," she had hissed as soon as the waiter had left their table, her eyes flashing. And so she had!

She had done so with a vengeance: turning down the lane once they were out of the town, stopping the car, cutting the switch, then thrashing him with it. It was, thought Roger, with that resigned despair which was now a familiar feeling to him, so typical of her. Annabelle Bentley seemed to take particular delight, in inflicting painful punishment for even — or especially? — the most trifling of offences.

In fact, he had to do precisely as Annabelle Bentley wished. He was completely in her power. For one year (at least, that was the time of the agreement he had signed), he was her slave. Her absolute slave, in every sense. He had no option to be so, unless he wished to endure a worse fate. A fate of life imprisonment — for a crime he had not committed.

That was his alleged crime concerning drugs. For though he was not aware of it, this had been 'planted' on him by an agent of Annabelle Bentley's. He had, admittedly, fallen for the bait... and the rest of the story was a fix-up which delivered him into Annabelle's hands. Put him right under the thumb. At the time of their so-called 'contract', it had seemed far preferable to being handed over to the authorities for trial and certain condemnation. And

Annabelle Bentley had every scrap of evidence required to get him convicted. What could one year as the 'servant' of a beautiful young woman mean compared to years and years rotting in gaol? Was it any wonder he had signed the agreement, stating that he wished to be such a 'servant'? That he would permit her to treat him in any way she wished? No, it was certainly not surprising at the time, even though he noted a clause in the agreement that he was doing what he was *voluntarily* because he *liked* such a thing. Because he was a *masochist*. That would certainly absolve Annabelle from any consequences if he changed his mind later. That he now realised — realised all too well. And to top it all, if he did change his mind, he would still have to face the charges. In short, he was well and truly fixed. Just as Annabelle Bentley intended he should be.

By now, he had served Annabelle for four months. Four long months. Still eight to go. Could he hold out? Sometimes it seemed impossible; but then, at the last moment, it always seemed better to struggle on. Particularly since he had already endured so much. Eight months more, he thought. I can get through them. And then I shall be free.

However, as his time wore slowly on, he was troubled more and more by one nagging little doubt. Was there any reason *why* Annabelle should keep her side of the bargain? Could she not torment him for as long as she wanted?

Of course, Annabelle Bentley could! Roger should have realised the fact. She had done so with previous male slaves she had acquired for her pleasure. She enforced any contract just as long as it suited her, regardless of the initial terms. That might be for a shorter period, or for a longer one. Once a man was in her power, whether by evidence true or false, she was unrelenting. She kept control. Complete control.

“Get stripped, run me a bath, then unpack.” Annabelle's orders were as curt and direct as ever.

“Yes, Mistress...” Roger meekly uttered the very words that earlier, under different circumstances, had earned him half a dozen painful cuts from a

switch of willow. He hurried to obey, stripping quickly naked then scurrying to the bathroom.

Ten minutes before, they had arrived at Winchester. Here Annabelle Bentley had business to attend on to the following day. They had checked in at the best hotel, which Roger had previously booked. Annabelle had a suite, Roger a small room adjoining, with a connecting door. This was the customary procedure when they travelled as 'boss' and 'personal assistant'.

Having run the bath, Roger returned to the bedroom and started unpacking. Miss Bentley was sitting before her dressing table mirror, removing her make-up. She was naked but for her suspender belt, sheer nylon stockings and high-heels. As ever, Roger was excitingly conscious of her superb dark-haired beauty. The beauty that was constantly before him, yet which he was constantly denied. At least, in the way that a free man might enjoy it.

Day in, day out, Annabelle Bentley displayed herself to him in the most intimate ways, with complete unconcern. She acted in his presence as if there were only a pet animal in the room. Such an attitude was galling to Roger almost beyond endurance. Yet, of course, it had had to be endured, and would have to be endured.

Despite this, and despite his natural dread of the power Annabelle Bentley now had over him, Roger had to admit to himself that he viewed her with a certain respect. More than respect, indeed; almost adoration, despite everything. At the back of his mind always lurked the hope that, by some miracle, one day he would be vouchsafed the most supreme privilege that he could imagine: full physical access to that magnificent body. He knew this was ridiculous, for there was never the slightest sign or hint of any such thing. But, to preserve what vestiges of manhood he still possessed, it was still necessary to hope.

Annabelle Bentley, of course, gained great pleasure from flaunting her body at her slave in this way. For her to deny was a far greater delight than for her to grant. It proved her power. And the exercise of power was the supreme pleasure in her life. The more Roger Hargreaves lusted after her, the more she liked it. Which did not prevent her from punishing him for such lusting...

She rose from the dressing table stool and Roger saw her full, firm breasts bounce and swing. His eyes wandered over her creamy-white back down to her luscious buttocks, which quivered softly as she moved, in unison with the rhythmic stride of her long thighs. She walked across the room and entered the bathroom.

He wondered, as he completed the unpacking and putting-away of the copious wardrobe which she brought on even the briefest of trips, including many exciting intimate garments, whether he would be summoned to the bathroom to attend to his Mistress. That happened quite frequently. He was then literally a body slave. He had to attend to that magnificent body: to soap it and sponge it, to dry it and powder it. That was an ordeal in which heaven and hell seemed to be equally mixed. He would tremble and ache with frustrated lust, as he submitting to her vicious cuffs and disdainful vituperation. It was a service which filled him equally with intense desire and intolerable frustration.

As it turned out, on this occasion he was not summoned to attend at his Mistress's toilette. Instead, having completed his duties, he stood rigidly at attention in the bedroom, a posture he was required to adopt whenever he was not busy carrying out his owner's orders, awaiting any new order he might receive. In due course, Annabelle emerged from the bathroom, fresh and scented and of course still utterly naked. Infinitely desirable, and infinitely contemptuous of Roger's presence.

“A nightgown,” she said shortly.

Roger fetched one such flimsy, lacey garment and, knowing from the fact that he did *not* get his face slapped that said garment was an acceptable one, carefully slipped it on to her. He trembled, careful not to touch a single square millimetre of her flesh. Her eyes were diamond-hard upon him. She knew how he felt and she knew how he dare not reveal his true feelings!

He finished covering her nudity putting the skimpy nightgown — and then a hand smashed across his face.

“What's on your mind, you bastard?” blazed Annabelle.

“Er,... N-nothing ... nothing at all, Mistress,” stammered Roger.

“*Nothing!*” Two more ear-tingling slaps fell. “Don't lie to me, slave! I know you!”

How could one answer such a woman? To say one was aroused by her, that one wanted her — out of the question. There were worse things than a slap in the face, and Annabelle Bentley was only too ready to dish them out. What then? There was nothing but to submit to her ever-changing whims, to grovel and cringe and try to avoid punishment.

“Are you not supremely conscious of the honour I am granting you? That of attending upon your Mistress. Of waiting on her hand and foot. Is *that* not on your mind?”

“Oh, er, yes... yes, Mistress.”

“Then why do you say *nothing*?”

Slap after slap across his face sent Roger reeling. He absorbed and endured them all, as he always did. He had no choice.

“I beg pardon, Mistress,” Roger gasped out as the rain of blows finally ceased, striving to make his voice as humble and obsequious as possible. To such a state had this virago reduced him! “I did not understand.”

“It's about time you did understand,” Annabelle rapped out.

“Now let's have you... and have you where you belong.”

She went to the chest of drawers where Roger had previously put away not only her personal items but various other things which, also her property, were only ever worn by him. A leather collar went about his neck, to which was fastened a chain dog-leash. “Down...” ordered Annabelle as she tugged Roger to the end of the broad double bed. He went to his knees and was leashed to the bed-post.

Roger, half-kneeling, half-lying in a position in which it was impossible to be comfortable, heard Annabelle Bentley sigh contentedly as she sank into

the softness of the bed. His imagination followed her there, to her luscious, warm, scented womanly softness, and the twin torments of frustration and constriction intensified. Only by the greatest effort was he able to force his mind away and even then, ever and anon, it would return. After perhaps half an hour, Annabelle tossed aside the magazine she had been reading and turned out the light. Roger strove to ignore his various discomforts. Eventually, sheer exhaustion won out and he drifted into uneasy slumber.

The following morning, unleashed, Roger assisted with his Mistress's toilette and then dressed her. Every item had to be put on with the utmost care, from the frilly little suspender belt and stockings, the lacey, powder-blue briefs and bra, the gold-link chain about her slim waist, the figure-hugging dress of scarlet and gold. Careful as he was, before he had finished Roger had received several ear-tingling cuffs and some painful kicks.

Finally, before his Mistress descended to breakfast, she roughly seized and unlocked his penis restraint. Roger was permitted to remove the device for some five minutes, for the purposes of nature and to take the hastiest of cold showers. previously used. Then he put the device on again, and Annabelle Bentley locked it again, checking to make sure it was nide and tight. She gave him his orders — to finish dressing, pack the bags and so on — and went down for breakfast.

Roger's breakfast was served by Annabelle Bentley. She placed it in a dog-bowl in one corner of the room. As ever, it was cold porridge. A supply of this unappetising fare was brought with them in a special container for such trips. Starving, he lowered his mouth and nose to the sticky mush. It was impossible for him not to snort as he licked it up and gulped it down. He went on until he had licked the bowl spotlessly clean. He even licked up a few lumps which had fallen onto the carpet. Just once, in the earliest days, he had left some food. But he had never done so again. Because Annabelle's remedy for such disobedience was to fill a bowl with twice the amount of mush and then lay a strap across him while he struggled to get the whole lot down. "Just as I will not tolerate disobedience, I will not tolerate waste!" Annabelle Bentley had emphasised afterwards, as, with eyes, nose and

mouth smeared and filled with mush he had lain twisted up in the corner, throbbing with pain, sobbing and choking.

That day, Roger accompanied Miss Bentley to her various business appointments, taking notes, carrying things hither and thither and so on and so forth. Whenever the clients were men, he could see their eyes roving rapaciously over her body, outlined in that figure-fitting dress. He knew how they were lusting after her. He knew also that most of them regarded him with envy. What luck to be 'personal assistant' to such a beauty! Their eyes said that, too, and many of them, if they got him alone, would actually say something like: "You're a lucky devil!" and give him a broad lecherous wink. Roger would respond with a faint smile or pretend to be rather indignant that they should imagine he was on such terms with Miss Bentley. If only those envious men had known the truth!

Later that afternoon they were speeding back to London when, with the usual snap of her fingers, Annabelle Bentley demanded a cigarette. Roger opened the locker and took out the package of her favourite brand, only to find that it was empty. A stinging back-hander fell across his mouth as he announced the fact.

"You neglectful bastard!" barked his Mistress.

At the next convenient place they pulled up and Roger was sent off to buy cigarettes. He found a little shop just down the road. As he entered the place, Roger was surprised by the sight of a young woman standing on a step-ladder, with her back towards him, and reaching up to a shelf. Since she had on a rather short skirt and no stockings, he was favoured with the view of a shapely pair of thighs and a fraction of pretty pink panties covering plump buttocks. His heart missed a beat. Being denied for so long, and at the same time constantly tormented by his beautiful Mistress's flaunting of her body at him, his sexual urges were on a hair trigger. He feasted his eyes. Perhaps sensing his presence and his gaze, the girl turned, and, as she did so, over-balanced. She cried out as she fell; Roger only just managed to catch her. And then there she was, soft, cuddly and warm, in his arms. A woman in his arms again, after so long! Roger just could not

help the surge of desire that went through him. His hand was under one bare thigh, high up.

“Oh...” gasped the girl, eyes fluttering. “y-you startled me... but thanks for saving me...”

“That's alright,” said Roger, reluctantly putting her down, feet to the floor. But as he did so, the girl swayed, her hand went to her brow, and she fell again, having fainted away. As she fell, Roger caught her again, his hand once more under those soft thighs. God, she's got lovely breasts, he thought, looking down. They were like big apples under the thin jumper she wore. His heart hammered. What the hell am I going to do now, he asked himself, looking round for somewhere to put her. His heart began to hammer more as he realised Annabelle Bentley would be getting impatient. Still, it wasn't his fault. No sooner had he thought of his Mistress when he heard her voice, bringing his with a crash back to reality — HER reality.

She stood at the door, eyes blazing. “What the Devil...?” Her eyebrows went up as she regarded the scene. “My God!” she cried. “I let you out of my sight for five minutes, and you're assaulting a young girl!”

Roger opened his mouth to explain, but he found no words. He hastily lowered the girl to a chair. “Yes,” continued Annabelle Bentley furiously, “you were assaulting her. I saw where your hand was. No wonder the girl fainted.” She looked at the still senseless figure. “Yes, just your type, nice and plump — just like that other poor kid you raped!”

“No... Mistress... no... I swear...” Roger began. He broke into a cold sweat. She couldn't possibly really think that... could she?

“Silence! I suppose I shall have to get you out of this mess somehow. I don't want *my* reputation tarnished on account of you.”

She opened her handbag, rummaged about, took out several bank notes, and then scribbled a brief message on a piece of paper. It was to the effect that she hoped the girl would overlook the affair, and accept the money as some compensation for the incident. She wrapped the money in the note and

thrust the lot into the still-comatose girl's hand. She picked up a packet of cigarettes and turned to the door.

“Right,” she said, “let's go. And just you wait until I get you home, you filthy swine!”

Roger felt sick to the stomach as he followed Annabelle Bentley from the shop. He retained enough presence of mind to hurry before her and open the car door for her. No point in making things even worse than they already were.

“Yes... just you wait!” she repeated as he got in beside her.

With trembling fingers Roger lit her cigarette. Annabelle Bentley pulled up her already short skirt so that several inches of her magnificent white thighs were revealed. Those long limbs moved with practised efficiency as the car roared off again. Roger averted his gaze. What was the good of trying to explain, thought Roger wretchedly. He would not be believed in any case. Miss Bentley just didn't *want* to believe him. Or did she *really* think he had assaulted that girl? With a little pang of guilt he recalled that momentary surge of desire at the sight and feel of that unknown girl. She who would soon recover and no doubt be most puzzled — unless... What exactly had Annabelle Bentley written? Had she implied...? Oh God! He realised with a shock that his Mistress could well have made out that the girl had been assaulted. She would read those lying words, and think that she remembered... It was one more hold his Mistress now had on him.

“Right!” commanded Annabelle. “Get stripped off... right off!” All too soon the journey to her mews town house had been completed. Annabelle was striding up the stairs to her boudoir, with Roger struggling after her with the cases. “And I want you back here in one minute flat!” she said, kicking open the door of the large, luxuriously furnished room. She threw a key at him — the key to his cock restrainer.

Roger raced to his own small bare cell — that's what it was, a cell, not a room — and stripped completely, the fear mounting fast within him. Oh my God, what is she going to do to me? what is she going to do to me?

Returning stark naked to his Mistress's boudoir, he saw that Annabelle had removed her dress. She was now clad only in the powder-blue bra and pantie set he had carefully dressed her in that morning. The expensive lingerie hugged her superb figure. In one hand she held a black, sinuous, single-thonged whip. He had more or less expected that... but had hoped against hope that he would not see what he did see in her other hand. It was something she had once used in the early days and Roger's memories were still agonisingly vivid.

He fell to his knees in desperation.

“No Mistress! Please... please Mistress... have mercy... have mercy! Not that!”

He heard the words come tumbling out, as though spoken by another. For, in Annabelle's other hand was a steel cock restrainer similar to the one he had just removed. Except that on the inner surface of this one was a mass of short but sharp bristles.

“Come here, you disgusting animal!” ordered Annabelle. “Perhaps this will help me to keep you under control!”

Roger found he hadn't the will to rise. He crawled over to her. He heard her the command to stand erect with legs wide, and obeyed it dully, like an automaton. Then, despairingly, he tried one last time to plead his way out of his fate.

“Mercy... Mistress... w-whip me... whip me... d-double... yes... double... if you th-think I deserve it... but ... please n-not ... that...”

“I am going to see, once and for all, that you don't get up to your tricks again, you lecher,” said Annabelle. “You're just a bloody nuisance to anything in a skirt!”

It was so unjust! So untrue! But what could he do? Nothing. There was nothing for it but to endure. For the umpteenth time since he had been in servitude, Roger braced himself to withstand torment. The cruel cylinder was clamped on his cock, the spikes causing only mild discomfort to his

flaccid member. But oh! How that would change when he got the slightest bit excited! And he *would* get excited! His Mistress would see to that! The padlock clicked shut.

Annabelle's teeth bared in sadistic delight as she straightened up after securing the device on him .

“After you've had that on for a few days,” she said, “you'll *really* begin to wish you could keep control of yourself.”

Shuddering, Roger fell to his knees. How could he endure it! He groaned, falling grovelling at her feet, pressing slavish lips to the gleaming patent leather of his Mistress's shoes. “Mercy... mercy... n-not for so l-long... M-mistress... I beg you,” he half-sobbed. The tigerish smile came to Annabelle's face again. Here was power and pleasure in full measure.

“Get up, you snivelling wretch! I haven't even started on you yet. You are going to get a whipping now that you will *not* forget in a hurry.”

Such was his dread of the torment to come which the spiked restrainer guaranteed that Roger had quite forgotten what was still to come, what he had known was to come when he had seen her as he entered the room. The whip. Yes. That whip was reserved for special occasions. Like this. There it was, now lying coiled on the massive four-poster bed. Roger was half-blubbering with dread. What vestiges of manhood he had left seemed to be fast disappearing.

His Mistress manhandled him roughly into position. His arms were stretched high, spread-eagled, so that the muscles of his back and buttocks were stretched and strained to the utmost and he stood there on tiptoe. She bound him fast.

Roger groaned in despair. Helplessly he watched Annabelle pick up the black snake of a whip from off the bed and run her fingers along it.

“I don't think you'll get up to any of your filthy tricks with young girls again when I have finished with you,” she said, with menace in her voice. Then, with a graceful long-limbed stride, she moved back to take up her stance.

With a crack like a pistol shot the whip lashed and fell across Roger's naked back. A howl of agony erupted from him.

It was a merciless flogging, the worse Roger had yet received. Methodically Annabelle worked down his back. Each stroke brought a bellowing, animal-like howl from him. It was fortunate that Annabelle Bentley had had the foresight to have the whole place sound-proofed, or his cries would have been heard a hundred yards down the mews, though perhaps not the pitiful pleas for mercy with which they were interspersed.

When Annabelle Bentley's slow, relentless progress down reached his buttocks, her venom seemed to intensify. And so, naturally, did Roger's bellowing cries. Her eyes were alight with sadistic joy, her high, lush breasts bounced and heaved with her movements. She was an expert with a whip. For her this was the peak of pleasure, just as for Roger it was the pit of pain.

“Darling... are you free to come over? I'm back in town...”

It was perhaps an hour later and Annabelle, now completely nude, lay relaxed upon her four-poster bed, sipping a brandy and smoking a cigarette.

Roger hung where he had been left, feeling sick and dizzy with pain. she must be talking to one of her girl-friends he thought vaguely. Not only his whole body seemed to be throbbing with pain, but his brain too.

“You can? Oh that's wonderful, my sweet. I'm absolutely in the mood for you... but absolutely...”

Roger he saw a lustful smile come to Annabelle's face, saw her arch her beautiful body and stretch her limbs voluptuously.

“Oh Lucy! You say the sweetest things. We are going to be so happy tonight.”

Lucy. Roger remembered Lucy. Young, pert, pretty, no more than 18 or 19. And yet, though scarcely more than a girl, a woman who would be every bit

as vicious as Annabelle Bentley if she had the opportunity. And she had had the opportunity — with him. More than once. Roger could recall several occasions when, for some alleged fault, Lucy had been invited to give him a taste of the strap or the rod. She had one so with relish.

“Yes...” Annabelle was saying. “I'm afraid I've had to give that bastard I keep here a proper flogging this time. I'll tell you all about it when you get here.”

Roger could only hang there, limbs aching, back on fire, and listen.

“Then can watch!” Annabelle giggled. “Bye then darling. See you in about half an hour.”

The phone was carelessly tossed onto a pillow, and Annabelle Bentley lay back on a heap of soft cushions. She did not even deign to look at Roger. She closed her eyes with a faint smile upon her lips.

Despite all his torments, and despite the extra pain he knew it would cause, Roger found it well-nigh impossible to keep his eyes off her splendid nakedness. It made it worse to be well aware, as he was, that soon there would be not one naked woman on that bed, but two. Then his torment of frustration and pain would climb to new heights.

“My God!” Lucy said in her cultured voice, “you certainly *have* given him a good going-over, Annabelle.” She had just released herself from Annabelle's loving clasp and was surveying Roger's weal-striped back and buttocks. “There's no-one like you with a whip! He must be tougher than he looks, I guess. What was the reason?”

Annabelle Bentley explained the reason for the treatment she had meted out, embroidering the circumstances even further in the process. Lucy was quick to agree that such punishment was thoroughly deserved in such circumstances.

“But that's only the half of it,” said Annabelle. She indicated the penis restrainer and described its 'finer points'. Lucy was once again quick to

agree as to the excellence of such an arrangement for such a creature as Roger.

“Sometimes I wish *I* had a male slave,” she said.

“Perhaps one day you will,” smiled Annabelle, slowly beginning to unbutton the girl's pink blouse. “But for the moment...”

“Yes,” smiled Lucy, “this is no time for talk.” Within a few moments she was as nude as Annabelle.

Then, as the two figures, one dark, one fair, moved on to the bed, Roger's anticipated torment began. Try as he might, he could not but respond. Even averting his gaze didn't help, the sounds the scents continued to tease him. They made love for an hour. It was a long, long hour for Roger Hargreaves.

In the end the two women were satiated, and fell asleep in each other's arms, their limbs entwined. Only then, although still racked by pain of mind and body beyond what he could have conceived a scant few months ago, did Roger too fall into a deep sleep.

Even after such severe punishment, Annabelle Bentley insisted that Roger Hargreaves perform his full range of normal duties. She ensured that he quickly buckled down to things right away, using the strap and the cane, which, though by no means as awe-inspiring as the whip, were sufficient to force him to ignore his aches and pains and stagger somehow about his duties.

Over the next couple of weeks, Annabelle made two more forty-eight hour business trips. On these, Roger did not accompany her. Instead, he was kept locked in his cell, large bowls of cold porridge and water being provided to keep him going. As Annabelle remarked, she did not even wish to risk a recurrence of what had happened on that trip to Winchester! “I think,” she said, “that a randy bastard such as you might well take a chance on getting another flogging such as I gave you to have the opportunity of getting his hand up some teenager's skirt!”

Nothing, of course, could have been further from Roger's mind; nothing was worth what he had endured. But true or not, it made no difference. Annabelle Bentley's word was law. Absolute, final, not to be questioned.

One evening, having returned from one of these trips, Annabelle summoned Roger to attend her during her bath. Luckily for Roger, the spiked restrainer had by then been replaced with the normal one. Then, afterwards, with her beautiful naked body powdered and scented, she reclined on a couch while he painstakingly performed a manicure and pedicure. A few months ago, Roger Hargreaves had known nothing of such things. Now, he was almost an expert. The lacquer was bright scarlet. For the slightest error of judgement — if so much as a pinprick of lacquer went on to Annabelle Bentley's skin rather than her nails, for instance — he felt the stinging cut of a slim whale bone rod which dangled from a loop on her right wrist. It was a treatment that had effectively instilled in Roger a high sense of care and devotion to duty.

His task completed, and Annabelle Bentley, most fortunate for him, finding his work adequate, he was ordered to bring her telephone to her. He did so, and he stood subservient to one side while she dialled a number. For he had not been dismissed. His eyes did not leave her. Could not, in fact. Not only did he have to be alert for her slightest wish, but it was impossible for him, despite all her cruelty, it was impossible for him not to be fascinatingly enthralled by the beauty of that luscious body. The body that, in one sense, was so near him, yet, in another, was so far away.

“Lucy, darling... it's Annabelle...”

Roger's nerves tingled. The memory of that last evening when Lucy had been concerned was still hot upon him.

“Yes... I'm back again...and I've got news for you. I've got to go to the States for a fortnight...”

“Yes, it's a really big deal. But that's not why I'm ringing sweet. Something occurred to me on the way back home. I remembered what you said once about having a male slave...”

“Well... I could give you Roger for a fortnight. It would fit in perfectly with my plans. Yes... yes... I mean it sweet. In fact, you could come here. As you know, I'm very well equipped.”

Annabelle laughed at the reply Lucy made. Roger felt a sick feeling in his guts. It was not pleasant to be handed from one vixen to another! Also what little experience he had of Lucy told him that, though considerably younger, Lucy would not be an easier Mistress to serve than Annabelle. He ground his teeth. In fact, he reflected, he would be the slave of a girl some fifteen years his junior!

“You agree then?” asked Annabelle. “Good... good... that's splendid then. Move in as soon as you like. Tonight, if possible. I want to get the first available plane. O.K.? Tonight then... see you soon, my darling... bye...”

Annabelle laid down the phone. She laid her hard gaze on her slave. “As you heard,” she said, “I am making you the slave of Miss Lucy for the next fortnight. You will serve her as you serve me... in fact, with even more attentiveness and exactness, since she is my guest. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Mistress,” answered Roger humbly, filled with a customary resigned despair.

“She will be empowered to punish you as she thinks fit,” continued Annabelle, moving her superb body languorously and rising from the couch.

“In addition I shall ask for a report on your behaviour when I return. If I am not satisfied you have me to account to as well. Is that quite clear?”

“Yes, Mistress,” repeated Roger, a tremor of dread going through him. He understood only all too well!

“Right, let's get this thing off,” said Lucy brightly, removing the key from around her neck where it hung on a chain, and grasping Roger's imprisoned cock. A mischievous little smile came to her pretty face. “I understand it is customary for a Mistress to a new slave a thorough examination.” Roger

stood dully as the restrainer was removed. He dreaded to think what she had in mind.

She stepped back and regarded the stark naked male slave with equanimity. Roger stood servilely under the gaze of the girl. Despite the fulsomeness of her apple-round breasts, indeed the whole curvaceousness of her trim figure, she looked even younger than Roger remembered. It was, he suddenly realised, the way she was dressed and made-up. For Lucy wore a simple white blouse, a short pleated white skirt, a pair of white calf-length socks and red shoes with buckles. There was a red bow holding her straw-coloured pony-tailed hair. She was done up like a bloody school-girl! But no one could have denied that she looked most attractive. Not even Roger — despite the fact that from her right wrist, dangling from a loop of leather, was Annabelle Bentley's whalebone rod, a rod with which he was altogether too familiar.

Moving around him with easy arrogance, Lucy studied him at her leisure. “Mmmmmmm...” she said at length, “well... for a man, I suppose you get by. You're not a queer or anything, I suppose?”

“No, Miss,” he answered respectfully. He deemed it essential to be very respectful to the young minx, right from the start. It might make things a teeny bit easier. After all, she was young, she would — might — show more mercy...

She moved closer. Her breasts were oh-so-tempting, peeping out from the tight, half-unbuttoned blouse. The unfamiliar scent of her filled his head. Desperately Roger fought to keep his mind from all erotic thoughts. But, oh God, how difficult that was!

“I hear you like them young,” said Lucy with that same mischievous little grin on her face. “well, I'm young... not much older than a schoolgirl in fact. How about that?”

A schoolgirl, thought Roger. Oh God, it could almost be true, even if the maturity of her young body denied it. Yes, and he was almost old enough to be her father. It was impossible for him to check the hot pulsing of both his

mind and his loins as Lucy taunted him so provocatively. And, despite all his efforts at self-control, there was an inevitable physical reaction.

Lucy noticed at once. She took his hardening penis in her hand.

“Oh, definitely *not* a queer then! Got a thing for school-girls, have you, hmm?”

Roger could find no reply. He closed his eyes momentarily. But he was still in the same situation when he opened them again. To his amazement, he felt her hand gently pumping, up and down, up and down...

“Let's see what it's like when it's all the way up!” Lucy giggled.

Her hand continued its irresistible motion, and very soon he was rock-hard. A look of disdain amounting to contempt came into Lucy's eyes. Also a flash of cruelty.

“You disgusting animal!” she said suddenly — and, raising her knee, drove it hard into Roger's groin.

Roger shrieked, clutched himself, fell to the floor and writhing there in agony. All his desire was instantly extinguished, his erection was rapidly diminishing, and now there was pain... pain... pain! Oh the bitch, the cruel little bitch! How could she do that to any man?

Lying on the floor, Roger saw those white 'schoolgirl' socks and red shoes. Then the voice from above came.

“Pick yourself up, boy!” came the order in a very different tone. No coquettish flirting now. Just cold command.

He stood with difficulty still clutching himself..

“Put that thing back on,” ordered Lucy.

He did so easily, his member being once again quite, quite flaccid. Its normal state, these days. Briskly she locked the cold steel device, and hung the key about her slender neck.

“That *won't* be coming off again,” she said firmly, more like a prim and proper school-mistress than a flirting, teasing school-girl now.

“Now, I think it best to begin by impressing on you that I truly am your new Mistress, and that I shall expect the same respect and obedience that you give Miss Bentley.”

“Yes, Miss, yes.” answered Roger with abasing servility. “I understand that I am your slave. I'll do whatever you want. I will obey. I swear it.”

Oh my God, he thought: I'm absolutely in this little bitch's power for fourteen whole days... and it is quite evident already that she is eager and willing to take full advantage of that power!

Lucy was positively grinning with pleasure now. She flexed the rod, then pointed with it down to the floor.

“Kneel here,” she said.

Roger knelt. Helpless, hopeless.

“Put your nose to the floor, just in front of my feet,” came the next order. “That's it. Now get your arse right up!”

Roger obeyed. Helpless. Hopeless.

“Go on, higher than that! Right up. That's better.”

Roger obeyed. Helpless. Hopeless.

She tapped his rump lightly with the rod.

Roger waited. Helpless, hopeless.

Then the thin whalebone whistled down. He braced himself and tensed as he heard that familiar whistling sound. There came the streak of pain, biting downwards over one buttock cheek. He grunted and braced himself again. There was a short pause and the rod descended downwards over the second buttock cheek.

“I'm giving you twenty,” he heard Lucy say. “And if you do not hold your position to the very end, I'll start all over again.”

Roger gritted his teeth despairingly. That was going to be difficult, if not almost impossible. But he would have to make it possible. Somehow.

Already he was vividly aware that Miss Lucy would be playing the role of Mistress to the full during Annabelle Bentley's absence!

Under Lucy's Lash

Further Under the Female Yoke

Part 2 of Under the Female Yoke

“Good morning, slave.”

The loud voice roused Roger abruptly from a troubled sleep. Where was he? Who was this? Ah yes... the familiar bleak room, his familiar bleak existence as a slave. But now with an unfamiliar Mistress in charge of him: young Miss Lucy who, deliberately and provokingly, made herself appear even younger. Just the type which fascinated him sexually, worse luck — or rather, not luck at all, but deliberately set up that way by Annabelle bloody Bentley, his “owner”. So she styled herself. But then, she was, wasn't she? Roger looked blearily at the strict young Miss. She was wearing a red baby-doll nightie and scarcely looked old enough to be out of school; in fact, she didn't look even barely legal! Roger was well aware that she was nineteen, but still it made it doubly worse: so sexually tempting as she was, it was the peak of humiliation to be under the absolute control of this mere slip of a girl.

Suddenly a cane sliced stingingly across Roger's thigh and brutally interrupted his sleepy reverie.

“You rise when I enter, then you kneel,” said Lucy crisply.

“Yes, Miss,” replied Roger humbly.

Accordingly he got at once to his feet, then knelt. He was naked apart from a belt about his waist to which his wrists were fastened. This was a device Mistress Annabelle regularly used. Its purpose, rather obviously, was to prevent him touching his genitals, let alone actually masturbating. That was an activity most strictly forbidden. His Mistress regarded him as a sexual pervert. Well, she seemed to regard all men as perverts, but him in particular.

He had been Miss Bentley's slave for over four months now. She had handed him over to Miss Lucy for a fortnight, while she went on a business trip to the United States.

“Fourteen days,” said Lucy then, as though she had read his thoughts, smirking triumphantly as she did so. She put her hands on her hips so that her short nightie rode up a little. Roger caught a glimpse of blonde down; the base of a neat triangle. His nerves twitched.

“And you're all mine for all that time...”

The look on her face was intimidating. It was plain she was a sadist and was looking forward very much to tormenting Roger over the coming fortnight. Out of the frying pan, into the fire!

“Yes, Miss.”

Best to be most humble, thought Roger.

“I hope I don't have to give a bad report about you to Miss Annabelle,” said Lucy. “I hardly like to think what she would do to you.”

Nor did Roger. He could imagine all too well the punishments to which he would be subjected. He quaked inwardly, and tried not to gaze at the seductive young figure before him. There were already stirrings. Dangerous, unwanted stirrings. He couldn't help them. Totally deprived sexually, it was impossible not to be roused in the presence of such a

delicious female creature. Yes, impossible. But no account was ever taken of that.

“Do you know how we start each day, slave?” enquired Lucy.

“N-no, Miss,” answered Roger apprehensively.

“We start it by you getting your bottom high in the air and me laying six strokes of the cane across it. Got it?”

“Y-yes... yes... Miss...”

It was not a pleasant prospect. After all, there were certain to be other punishments to follow during the day. To start off with this additional one was very cruel — the more so, as it was for nothing at all. But this innocent looking girl obviously was cruel. As cruel as his Mistress, if not crueller. She would thrash him just because she could.

“So then, my slave, let's have that bottom up. Well up.”

“Yes, Miss.”

Roger knelt hopelessly, gritting his teeth. He thrust up as high as he could. That was obligatory. His Mistress always knew if he was not making the absolute maximum effort, and no doubt this girl would insist on his giving his all too.

“Good... good...” murmured Lucy.

She tapped Roger's bottom with the cane as she spoke.

“That looks rather tender already,” she continued with mock concern. “Is it?”

“Yes, Miss,” answered Roger.

Good God, of course it was tender! Hadn't she given him twenty strokes of the cane the previous evening?

“I believe your Mistress keeps some very excellent healing ointment. Yes?”

“Yes, Miss.”

“That's fine. I'm sure it's going to be needed. I shall attend to your backside at the end of every day.”

“Thank you, Miss.”

Oh, yes, it was best to be most grateful, and most respectful, even for this mixed blessing of soothing ointment. For it *was* a mixed blessing. The only reason the healing ointment was applied was to allow him to be thrashed more often. It hadn't taken him long to figure that out.

Roger tensed, awaiting the first stroke. To some extent, he had become acclimatised to punishment and pain, but that did not make it much easier to endure. Well, perhaps it did. He could well recall the horror of those first few weeks under Miss Annabelle's control. There were times when he thought a life sentence would have been preferable. But he had survived. Always he had fixed in his mind that she had stipulated one year of servitude. Eight months more... then he would be free. That was what he clung to. Ultimate freedom. One year of this hideous torment and humiliation was surely better than twenty years inside. Wasn't it?

The cane bit, and Roger gasped. Certainly when one was actually enduring pain one often thought a lifetime in prison might be preferable. On later reflection, not so...

Again!

This girl did not cane quite so hard as his Mistress, but she was quite adequate enough in her deliveries. He heard her give a little gasp of effort at each stroke. Certainly she was not holding back.

Again!

Roger counted the strokes in his mind, longing for them to be over. Miss Lucy took her time. Did she know that increased the mental torment for

him? Probably.

Three more to come. The bitterness of it was, there was no reason for this. He had committed no fault; failed in no duty. It was a purely arbitrary punishment, simply for this young woman's amusement. That made anger burn in his heart; anger, and resentment, and hate. Yet Roger knew that these emotions were dangerous luxuries. Indulging them had led him into terrible suffering in his early days with Miss Annabelle.

Again!

Oh God it hurt! Roger tried to adjust his mind. To accept. To concede absolute defeat. It was the only way... that he had learnt.

Again!

Biting... burning... making his hindquarters jerk uncontrollably. Oh, she would enjoy that! Now only one to go.

It came!

A gasping sigh erupted from him. It was over, for the moment anyway.

“The same every morning. Right, slave?”

“Yes, Miss.”

“Follow me. On your knees.”

Roger crawled after the young woman, half wishing it was Mistress Annabelle he was having to serve. At least she was a known quantity. He realised they were heading for the bathroom. Lucy pointed to the door.

“Pour me a bath, and call when it is ready.”

She flounced off. Roger did as he was told. He took the same care about temperature and bath salts as he did for Mistress Annabelle. He hoped that would suffice. When the bath was ready, he called out:

“Your bath is ready, Miss Lucy.”

In a few moments, she sashayed in and nonchalantly peeled off and tossed away her tiny nightgown. She had an exquisite young body: so rounded, so firm — so infinitely desirable! Try as he might, Roger could not check the stirrings in his loins. Lucy, he realised, had noticed that. Her lips curled contemptuously.

“Animal,” she said lightly.

Roger gulped. He could not hold back the swelling and stiffening. he was thinking what it would be like to fondle this newly-ripe body. To actually fuck this delicious morsel!

Lucy slipped into the bath and wallowed happily in the foamy water. It seemed to be to her satisfaction. After a while of soaking, she stood up and ordered simply, “Soap me, slave.”

This was a duty Roger had had to perform often for his Mistress. How he dreaded it! The awakening lust would go unslaked, and although since he was out of the restrainer, it would not bring pain, the frustration would be all the greater. He picked up the soap and began to attend his young Mistress.

By the time he had soaped her smooth belly and apple-round breasts (so silky-soft, so pneumatic!), Roger was in full, rampant erection. There was nothing at all he could do about that. No matter what she did to him. He was out of control. Lucy giggled.

“You are a horny sod, aren't you, slave?”

“Mfff... yes... yes... I suppose so, Miss...”

“Suppose?”

Lucy raised her eyebrow, and a hint of a frown crossed his face. Roger hastened to correct his 'error' — the merest hint of contradiction was never allowed!.

“Well I mean, yes; yes, you are right, I am, Miss.”

Lucy sniffed.

“How long since you had a woman, slave?”

“Something like... like six months, Miss.”

“That would be the kid you raped, I suppose?”

She was nineteen, and it hadn't been rape! He was no more a rapist than he was a drug dealer. But Annabelle Bentley had framed him up good and proper, on both counts. And he knew he had to agreed to his 'crimes'.

“Er... well... yes... yes... Miss...”

“Fancy her, did you? Like you fancy me? Nice and young, eh?”

“Yes, Miss.”

“Your Mistress let you have a wank since then?”

“N-no... no... M-miss...”

“Mmmmm... no wonder you're quick on the draw.”

Lucy stood up in the bath, succulent, naked body glistening. A hip jutted provocatively. Roger thought he must burst with lustful desire. Oh this was too, too cruel!

“Not a bad cock, actually,” continued Lucy. “If you like that sort of thing. You would like to have a wank now, I suppose?”

Desperate hope flared within Roger. Oh God, was he going to get just some little relief from this frenzied, perpetual sexual frustration?

“Yes... ooohhh... yes... Miss...” he almost groaned. There was no point in lying. He did so want to!

Lucy smiled as she stepped out of the bath.

“What a pity you are not going to be allowed to.”

She flipped Roger's rigid prick with a disdainful hand.

“Dry me,” she ordered.

An involuntary moan burst from Roger as he picked up a big, fluffy bath-towel and enveloped Lucy's nubile body. She was smiling at him lazily. Then he found his erection gripped. He gasped in shock.

“M-miss... oh... Miss...” burst forth from his lips.

“Mmmm... it isn't a bad cock. Really quite a pity you can't use it.”

There came another disdainful flip.

“I shall deal with this thing when you have dressed me.”

'Dealing with this thing', Roger shortly discovered, was most unpleasant.

First, Miss Lucy produced a little, six-thonged whip. It didn't look much, but as she applied it to his erection, Roger discovered that it could certainly inflict pain. In no time, he was flaccid, and moaning with pain. Then she produced the cruelest restrainer which Mistress Annabelle possessed: the one with the bristles inside. Roger had experienced this one before, and never wanted to again.

“Mercy, Miss! Mercy! I beseech you!”

It was almost a scream. Roger was nearly at the end of his tether already. Mistress Annabelle was usually too busy to subject him to such concentrated torment. Miss Lucy on the other hand clearly had little else to do!

Lucy continued to smile.

“You simply have to learn to control yourself slave,” she said, as though lecturing a slow child.

“Miss... I can't... ooohh... I can't!”

Again it was almost a scream. He received a breath-robbing thump in his belly.

“Don't argue with me, slave!” Lucy shouted.

“Mercy... oooh... mercy... mercy...”

But the restrainer was already going on. Under and between the thighs went the thong. Through the back ring it went. Then it was pulled tight. The bristles bit in at once, even in his limp state. What would it be like if he — if he got excited! Oh, that he could still remember vividly! Roger cried out in awful torment.

“Mercy... mercy... mercy...”

He was on his knees now, and slobbering over Lucy's high-heeled shoes.

“F-for pity's sake... oooh.... have mercy!”

But all that Roger got was a kick up the backside.

“Get down to the kitchen, double-quick,” ordered Lucy, “and prepare my breakfast.”

Roger stumbled to the kitchen with tears in his eyes. The world was a terrible place. One composed of pain and humiliation. His genitals were burning and throbbing with incessant pain; the weals across his rump stabbed and stabbed remorselessly. It was all so unfair. Yet months and months of this awful torment still loomed ahead.

Roger sobbed as he made breakfast for his new Mistress. Orange juice, coffee, toast, bacon and eggs. It was the kind of thing he made for Miss Annabelle, so he hoped it was liked. How could he tell? He dare not ask, he could only assume. Such was the life of a slave.

He had not heard Miss Lucy descend, so he took the breakfast tray up to the bedroom. There she was, in that short, provocative dress, lounging in a chair painting her nails.

“I don't want it up here, slave. Take it downstairs to the dining room,” came a sharp order.

“Yes, Miss.”

Roger turned and left. You couldn't win. He went back downstairs and placed the tray on the dinning room table. There he waited. If Miss Lucy did not arrive soon, everything would be cold. For that *he* would get the blame, of course. Roger stood nervously and, after a couple of minutes, Miss Lucy came strolling in. She surveyed the food. Then picked up the plate of bacon and eggs.

“I don't like fried food,” she stated.

Then she pressed the plate and its contents right into Roger's face. Hot foot and fat spewed over him. With a cry he staggered back. He was blinded, the plate crashed to the floor.

“Fresh fruit and rye bread in future,” said Miss Lucy, seating herself.

“Y-yes... yes... M-miss...”

“Clean up that mess and get out.”

“Y-yes... yes... Miss...”

Roger scrabbled about, picking up the greasy food and bits of china. As he left, Miss Lucy was calmly sipping at her orange juice and nibbling a slice of toast.

“Bring me the newspaper, it should be here by now.”

“Y-yes, Miss...”

Into the kitchen. Then to the front door. 'The Times' lay on the mat. He picked it up and returned to the dining room. "I want the newspaper on my breakfast table in future. Don't forget."

"I... I won't, Miss."

Roger knelt and cleaned up the carpet with a cloth. Miss Lucy simply ignored him. A short while later, like a whipped cur, he crept from the room.

"You may have dry bread and water for breakfast," said Miss Lucy as he reached the door.

"Thank you, Miss," he said.

"Be my guest," said Miss Lucy. There was a little laugh in her voice.

Miss Lucy strode into the kitchen wearing a red raincoat and a jaunty little cape to match. Roger was clearing up. He fell to his knees as his new Mistress entered. "I am going out shopping," she announced. "You will clean up the apartment from top to bottom."

"Yes, Miss."

"I shall want lunch. Soup, cold meat and salad. All in the fridge."

"Very good, Miss."

The smart young figure turned on its heel and swaggered out. Roger went back to his work. Nagging, niggling work — woman's work — with any faults there could possibly be found to be severely punished. He got down to it. The kitchen, the dining room, the living room, Miss Lucy's bedroom... all were thoroughly cleaned. Even so, Roger was aware, there could always be some fault found. No one was perfect. Certainly not in the eyes of a Mistress.

Roger was quite knackered by the time Miss Lucy returned. He fell to his knees as she passed him in the hall. she was carrying several large Harrods bags and had, presumably had just the sort of morning women love.

“Bring in a bottle of white wine,” he heard her call from the living room. He hurried to obey. Crystal glass, the wine in an ice bucket, as he had been trained by Mistress Annabelle. Everything must be perfectly served. When he came in, he saw clothes and underclothes scattered all over the place. He poured a glass of wine, then waited. Miss Lucy stood up.

“What do you think of this, slave?” she asked. Roger saw her standing there, holding up a gym slip in front of herself. “It's one of the latest fashions”, she said with a laugh.

“It... it's very n-nice, Miss.” he said.

“Yes... isn't it? You can dress me up in it later.”

“Yes, Miss.”

Roger felt despair. He knew what would happen when he did. More frustration, more pain.

“I'm thinking of wearing it to a fancy dress party next week-end. Good idea, eh?”

“A very good idea, Miss,” replied Roger miserably.

He watched Miss Lucy empty her glass then re-filled it.

“I'll have lunch in ten minutes,” said Lucy. “Get out.”

“Very good, Miss.”

Roger bowed and left. What a wicked little bitch this young woman was! She knew exactly how to get under his skin; how to goad him to the utmost. In many ways she was worse than his genuine Mistress.

A little later, he served lunch and there was no complaint. He was thankful for that. At one point, Lucy tossed a piece of fatty ham to the floor.

“Eat that up,” she ordered.

Obediently, Roger got down on hands and knees and did so.

At the end of the meal, Lucy got up.

“Follow me.”

Roger made to walk after her.

“Crawl, slave Roger, crawl,” came the insistent voice at once.

Obediently he dropped to his knees and crawled after her to the kitchen. He heard the sound of a tin being opened; the food being clunked into a bowl.

“A nice tin of Pedigree Chum,” said that cool, young voice. “Eat it all up, slave. Every last little bit.”

Roger knelt over the bowl. The smell of the dog food filled him with nausea. yet, he knew he had to consume it. Forcing himself, somehow, not to retch, he managed to get it all down. It felt cold on his stomach. Any moment, he thought he might throw up. He knelt there, on hands and knees, feeling even lower than any dog. Miss Lucy watched him, grinning, then trotted out of the kitchen.

“Get on with your work. I'll call you when I want you,” was her parting shaft.

She had got him absolutely... but absolutely... where she wanted!

It was about three o'clock when Roger was summoned to Miss Lucy's bedroom. He still felt nauseous from the dog-food he had been ordered to eat. He entered and bowed. Still, better a queasy tummy than the excruciating pain of another whipping or caning. Lucy was lying negligently on the double bed, smoking.

“Finished all your chores, slave?”

“Yes, Miss.”

“I'm glad to hear it. I shall make an inspection later.”

“Yes, Miss.”

Roger watched as Lucy slid off the satin cover of the bed.

“You will undress me, slave. I wish to try on my new fancy-dress outfit.”

“Yes, Miss.”

The agitation began to rise within Roger. In the normal run of things, there was nothing he would have wanted more than to undress this delightful young creature; but as it was, he knew what an effect it would have upon him, and what that would result in. Oh, those cruel bristles! Hands trembling, trying to keep his mind on other things, Roger unbuttoned the simple white dress. She wore no bra: her young, rounded breasts were nakedly exposed, the nipples pink and firm. He shuddered. Oh dear God... what temptation was there! Yet there was nothing... nothing... he dare do! He took hold of the hem of the dress and pulled it up over Lucy's head. She stood there in nothing but tiny white panties and a pair of white, high-heeled shoes.

“You may take my knickers off, slave,” said Lucy.

“Yes, Miss...”

Already the pressure was building up in Roger's restrainer. The bristles were beginning to prick more fiercely. Oh God... oh God... he must somehow check himself! But how? The briefs came down to reveal a most neatly trimmed bush of light blonde down, with the pink sex lips peeping out. Roger gasped with pain at his natural reaction.

“Is there something the matter, slave?” enquired Lucy solicitously.

“N-no... mmmfff... no... M-miss...”

He saw her lips smirk in satisfaction.

“Oh, I see. I thought your cock might be getting agitated.”

Lucy sat down on the bed.

“Take off my shoes,” she ordered.

Roger did so, kneeling between her parted thighs. He was favoured with an uninhibited view of all Lucy's feminine secrets. The pain in his restrainer intensified. Another sob burst from him. This was hideously cruel! Where there no limits? She was like a cat with a mouse. Cool, cold and calculating. Knowing she was sure to win in an unequal contest.

“Getting hard, are we?”

“Mmmmmfff... yes... yes... Miss...”

“Dear oh dear. How silly of you! No point in it, really.”

“N-no... M-miss... aaagh...”

“Now you can dress me up in my school uniform. You'll find everything on that chair. Oh what fun this is! I love fancy-dress outfits.”

“Y-yes, Miss.” Roger went to the chair and picked up the items. There didn't seem to be a lot to them. He placed them carefully on the bed beside the now naked Lucy.

“Knickers first, slave.”

Roger found them. They weren't exactly knickers, only tiny black briefs.

“Some girls have to wear black, or blue, serge knickers. Did you know that, slave?”

“Yes, Miss.”

What an absurd game this was.

“But I'm *very* friendly with my form master. He lets me wear these lovely things. Lucky me, eh?”

“Yes... yes... Miss...”

“well, put then on, slave. I think you've been allowed to see enough of my *cunt* for the time being.”

Carefully, Roger slipped on the briefs. First over one ankle, then the other. Sliding them up the calves, then the thighs. He dare not think what might happen if he ripped them. The soft, down triangle disappeared; the briefs fitted snugly in place.

“I don't need a bra,” said Lucy. “Pity, I expect you'd like a feel of my tits.”

“N-no... no... Miss...”

Roger got his face slapped hard.

“Oww!”

“What do you mean... no!” rasped Lucy. “Don't lie to me. You'd *love* a feel of them. Right?”

“Er... yes... oh... Miss... I don't know, Miss... it is not for me to presume...”

Lucy was smirking happily. Already the prickling pain in the restrainer was quite abominable. Oh the taunting, little she-devil! How well she knew his desires: for ripe, young flesh. She is capable of driving me mad, Roger thought suddenly. Lucy had come close to him. Her scent was in his head.

“You will feel my breasts, slave,” she said in a sultry voice, knowing full well what a reaction that would bring.

“M-miss...” It was a whine.

“*Do it!*”

Near to tears, Roger placed his hands over her firm white nipples; felt the strong nipples. Just what he wanted to feel, in the fevered lust of his brain. Yet the awful pain it produced in his restrainer had him whimpering.

Lucy continued to smirk.

“Nice, eh?” she whispered.

“Y-yes... er... y-yes... Miss...” answered Roger. There was a sob in his voice.

The nipples were hard, the feel of the soft girl-flesh divine, the pain in Roger's restrainer appalling.

“M-merceee...” he whimpered.

“Mercy?” Lucy's eyebrows arched. “What do you mean by asking for mercy when you've been given the privilege of feeling my tits, slave?”

“I... I... I'm... sorry, M-miss... it... it's the p-pain...”

“It's your fault you're feeling pain,” smirked Lucy.

Oh what a lovely time she was having with her plaything!

“Kiss my nipples... lick them,” she ordered suddenly.

Still whimpering, Roger obeyed the order. If the circumstances had been different, if he had been a free man, there was nothing he would have liked more. As it was, the incessant agony in his cock made him wish that none of this was happening. But it was.

“That will do,” said Lucy sharply, after several minutes.

She was beginning to feel rather too randy for her own good.

“Now you will put on the rest of my uniform.”

“Y-yes... M-miss...”

This uniform consisted of a white blouse (very thin), a navy blue gym-slip (very short), white ankle socks and black buckle-shoes. A vision of delight for Roger in his fantasy world. But not now. Now it was simply a vision inducing only frustration and pain.

“I'm just what you always dreamed about, aren't I?”

“Y-yes... yes... Miss...”

“Lusted after? Would have gone to any lengths to get?”

“Yes... mmmfff... mmmfff... yes, Miss...”

“well, now you've got me. And aren't you lucky?”

“Yes... yes... M-miss...”

Roger sobbed unashamedly. The pain in his crotch was almost beyond all bearing. Did she remotely realise what she was doing to him?

“If I am a school-girl, you must be a teacher, no?”

Roger was dumbfounded. But he knew it was best to agree.

“I... I... suppose... Y-yes, yes Miss.”

“I had better call you Sir, then”

“I.. yes, Miss.”

She took a lollypop from her handbag and began to suck on it.

“Would you like me to suck on *your* lolly-pop, Sir? You would, wouldn't you?” she asked coyly, fluttering her eye-lashes and looking at him alluringly. She ran her tongue slowly over the lolly.

“Hmmm?”

“I... I...”

Roger was terrified of saying the wrong thing. This little bitch had already proved she could cane and whip and flog just as hard as her mentor.

“Oh, dear! I am being a naughty girl, teasing Sir!” she exclaimed.

Lucy came close — very close, right up next to him.

“Do you know what happens to naughty schoolgirls?” she asked, simpering.

“No... n-no... Miss...”

“They get spanked,” said Lucy. “Spanked on the bare bottom.”

She came even closer, eyes gleaming.

“And I've been naughty. So what's going to happen... do you know?”

Roger was bewildered, realising it was some kind of cruel game and trying to follow the rules.

“N-no... Miss...”

“I've just told you. Naughty girls get spanked. So you're going to spank me.”

“No!”

It was a cry of desperation from Roger. How often had he fantasised about spanking a girl like this? Oh dear God... this was the ultimate cruelty.

“Please, Miss... p-please...” he whined.

“Sit on that chair,” ordered Lucy. Roger obeyed. The next moment he found her soft young body pressing to his thighs. The short gym slip was pulled up, near naked bottom exposed. Roger cried out in awful torment.

“Take down my knickers.”

“Merceee... merceee... Miss...”

“Take them down.” Lucy repeated firmly, with just a hint of menace.

Sobbing, Roger tugged down the tiny briefs. There it was: Miss Lucy's luscious bare bottom: so white, so soft, quivering delicately.

Oh the pain... the pain!

“Merceeee... merceeee...”

“Wouldn't you like to spank that good and hard?”

There could be only one answer.

“Yes... yes, Miss... yes...”

Lucy twisted around, smiling exultantly up at him.

“I bet you would! What a pity you're not going to be allowed to...”

“You may however kiss it,” she added nonchalantly.

Roger gulped. Then bent and pressed his lips to the soft white flesh. She kept him doing that for a while. Then she twisted away and off him.

“Oh, Sir! Is that the bell? It's time for my next class! Oh, Sir, I have enjoyed our little adventure! We shall have to do it again soon!”

She laughed gaily, and skipped away.

Roger was left sobbing uncontrollably in pain.

“That looks a nasty sight,” Lucy tutted.

She had finished tormenting Roger for the day and, having taken him to his room, had removed the spiked restrainer. The penis and the scrotum looked as if they had had a violent attack of German Measles. Just one mass of red spots, where the sharp bristles had impinged again and again. Roger was shivering. Annabelle treated him badly enough, but this Lucy was

something else. He cried out as the girl gripped him tightly around the prick.

“Aaaaghhhh!”

“I think a little antiseptic ointment wouldn't come amiss,” said Lucy. “Dear me, first I have to play the schoolgirl for you, now the nurse! You do keep me busy!”

She laughed at her witticism.

Then she produced a white jar and began to daub the ointment liberally over Roger's genitalia. He gasped and groaned but revelled in the coolness of the ointment. In no more than moments, it seemed, he was brought to erection.

“My God, what an animal you are!”

“S-sorry... sorry... Miss...” How could he help it? Lucy was still wearing her sexy school uniform.

“I'm glad to hear it!”

Lucy put down the jar and fastened on Roger's leather waist belt. His normal night 'attire'.

He saw her smiling at him triumphantly. So utterly in control!

“Sweet dreams, slave,” she smirked. “Perhaps you can dream about what it would have been like to have smacked my bottom!”

Roger could only groan as he watched the gym-slipped figure leave the room. A key turned. He slumped down on the bed. Sobbing and sobbing. He had known many bad days but this, he thought, was just about one of the worst.

His erection jerked and throbbed but he could do nothing at all about it.

That of course was not exactly true. He could have rubbed himself against the top of the mattress. But if he did, the tell-tale stain would show in the

morning... and , if any such stain were visible, Lucy had promised him the biggest hiding he had ever had in his life.

The bitch! He wished Annabelle Bentley were back. At least with Ms Bentley, his cock was simply kept locked up pretty much round the clock, and that was that. But this torment of being able to, in theory, but not daring to... oh!

Roger lay there groaning, rampantly rearing, racked by the most bitter frustration imaginable.

Two floors down, Lucy was watching a sexy video, as she liked to to wile away the evenings when she didn't go out. The film featured heterosexual fun of every kind. Between Lucy's legs, a plastic dildo buzzed merrily, and the room was filled with Lucy's gasping moans of sexual pleasure.

Enslaved for Life

Forever Under the Female Yoke

Part 3 of Under the Female Yoke

By Tuesday, Roger had more or less healed from the horrible tease and denial session with the spiked cock restrainer. Healed physically, that is. Mentally he was still very distraught. But there was nothing he could do about that. Except suffer through it.

Anyway, much to his relief, the metal restrainer was now locked tight about his cock, and not the 'bristle' one. That was Miss Lucy's decision, of course — his wishes had nothing to do with it. As ever *she* was absolutely in command. And she found the metal restrainer amusing, jutting out as it did. The simulacrum of an erection — and held tight within it, a flaccid little prick completely unable to inflate!

In the cruel and fertile mind of that strict young Miss, a little plan had formed. It would make a fitting climax to the fortnight she had had Roger in

her possession. And, she hoped, ensure a behaviour account of the worst possible kind when his owner, Miss Annabelle Bentley, returned!

First she made a few phone calls, then she summoned Roger in.

He knelt before her as humbly and as nervous as ever. Never knowing quite what was to happen next was a hideous thing.

“Slave,” announced Lucy, “I have to go on a short business trip. I can't leave you here so I shall have to take you with me, as your Mistress quite often does.”

“Very good, Miss,” he answered humbly.

In a way, Roger felt it would be quite a relief to get out of that apartment.

“Pack a case for me. Naturally you will not need much yourself.”

“No, Miss.”

Roger had a suit for travelling in which he carried a toothbrush and razor. That was all. One might say he travelled light!

“We leave tomorrow morning at ten A.M.”

“Very good, Miss.”

“Get out.”

Roger stood, bowed meekly and left the room. Ahead of him lay a day of tedious chores. But nothing worse, he hoped.

On the following morning, Roger had everything ready long before they were due to leave. He then stood in the hall at attention, waiting to serve. In due course, he was summoned to Miss Lucy's bedroom.

She was just finishing dressing and looked very smart in a figure-hugging suit of some lightweight material, pale pink in colour.

“Why aren't you yet dressed?” demanded Lucy.

“I... I couldn't, Miss,” replied Roger. He indicated the metal tube protruding before him.

“Oh no, I hadn't thought of that,” said Lucy airily.

She went to the dressing table and returned with the key and the more normal, leather triangular restrainer. Roger felt a sense of the utmost relief when he saw it was not bristled. Off came the tube, on went the triangle. To Roger's surprise, this wasn't locked, as it usually was. Perhaps Miss Lucy hadn't considered that necessary for the journey.

“I trust you will be on your very best behaviour, slave,” Miss Lucy lectured him in her haughtiest tones, as though he were the teenager and she the mature person. “Your official position is that you are my ‘Personal Assistant’. In public you will address me as ‘Miss Lucy’. Otherwise, everything will be as normal. Understood?”

“Yes, Miss.”

“Any mistakes, any bad behaviour, and I *will* take the skin off your backside when we return!”

Her eyes flared as she stared at him hard.

“Yes, Miss,” acknowledged Roger, quailing under her hard gaze. He knew she would, too. And she would love doing it!

“Now, go get dressed and be quick about it.”

“Yes, Miss.”

Roger hurried off.

He soon had his suit on — the only clothes he now possessed. How strange it was to be clothed again! Almost as strange as when he had started to be naked all day and all night. It was a relief, all the same, to be doing something different. Even though he was still a slave.

Roger escorted Lucy from the apartment carrying her bags.

Within five minutes, with Lucy at the wheel of her BMW, they were heading out of London. She drove as she lived: easily, confidently, commandingly. Roger sat as meek and silent by her side. They made three business calls at antique shops. For these, Roger remained in the car. It irked him to see how Miss Lucy took for granted that he would not try to escape. But where was there to go to? And what would become of him then? The water-tight ring of blackmail with which Annabelle Bentley had encircled him was foolproof (see “Under the Female Yoke”).

Roger's first real surprise of the trip was to find they were booked into a two-room suite. That made him nervous. As a slave, he knew that a novelty never boded any good for him. When he was with Annabelle, she booked him the smallest, cheapest room available. But that was merely for appearance's sake; since she required 24/7 service, it was usual for him to sleep on the floor in the bathroom of her suite.

“Keep your clothes on; ring for room service,” Miss Lucy snapped out as soon as they were through the door of the room.

“Yes, Miss Lucy.”

Within a few moments, a maid knocked and entered. She was dressed in a rather old-fashioned uniform: black dress, white apron, the lot. She was very young and very pretty. Roger strove to keep his eyes off her.

“A bottle of your best champagne,” ordered Lucy. “Just one glass will do.”

Lucy favoured Roger with a sweet smile.

“Pity you're still on the wagon, Roger.”

“Oh! Er, yes... yes, it is rather...”

“How long do you have to keep that up?” she continued, just a little teasingly.

“Er, um, I don't quite know...”

“Will that be all, Miss?” asked the maid.

Roger saw despite himself that her skirt was very short, and the legs were out of this world. And those tits! Outlined in that tight uniform... oooh! Stop! oh, stop! he urged himself then. It did not do to think like that, even the regular restrainer could be uncomfortable enough if he should get aroused. And he could already feel it beginning to press. Thankfully, the maid then left and Roger was sent back to his room.

“Don't you dare get up to anything!” warned Lucy before he departed. “I can easily find out...”

“Oh no! Oh certainly not, Miss Lucy.”

Roger suddenly realised it just about have been possible to ‘get up to something’, since his restrainer was not locked on. But he was too terrified of this young minx to attempt anything. He went into his half of the luxurious suite and sat idly, thinking of Miss Lucy drinking her champagne next door. At least, he thought, she can't thrash me while we're in the hotel. Other guests might easily hear his bellows.

Then he thought of the maid again. Then he tried not to think of the maid, because it put dangerous pressure on his restrainer. He supposed Miss Lucy was taking a bath and dressing for dinner. Would he be invited? Rather unlikely, unless she wished to taunt him as Mistress Annabelle sometimes did. Whatever she ate, he was permitted only the most meagre of vegetarian meals.

“Roger!”

He was being called. He knocked on the door then hurried in, bowing. Lucy looked quite ravishing in a low cut, saffron-coloured evening gown. He bowed again, most deferentially.

“Yes, Miss?”

“I shall be dining with a client,” the strict young beauty drawled. “I shall arrange to have a sandwich sent up to you.”

“Thank you, Miss.”

“Yes, it is rather generous of me, isn't it?” smirked Lucy. Then she turned and left the room, her hips swivelling most enticingly in the tight dress.

Roger went back to his own room and sat down miserably again.

After a little while, there was a discreet knock on the door.

“Come in...” Roger called. Who on earth could that be? Oh, the maid — with his meagre sandwich.

And so it was. The young woman entered deferentially, then smiled at him.

“May I turn down the bed, Sir?”

Sir! How long since he had been addressed in that fashion? Or treated politely by a woman?

“Oh! Er, yes... yes... of course...” stammered Roger.

The maid bent over the bed. As she did so, her short skirt rode up, up, up, uncovering her slender, shapely thighs. They were clad in thin black stockings. The skirt rose, and rose, and rose — almost to her bottom. Roger was entranced. He could not take his eyes away: those stockinged legs, the pale white flesh of upper thigh, just a hint of knicker... he was breathing hard, fists clenched.

The girl stood up again, then turned and faced him.

“I understand, Sir, you only require a sandwich.” She said, rather saucily. Or was that Roger's imagination?

“Yes, yes, old tummy not too good,” Roger improvised and gave her a weak smile.

“Anything particular, Sir?”

Roger would have liked to order something really lavish, but decided on the un wisdom of that.

“Oh, just a salad sandwich,” he said. “And a glass of milk.”

“Whatever you say, Sir.”

The girl was polite enough still, but there was something in her eyes... Oh, she was probably just puzzled. As well she might be, Roger thought. A sandwich and a glass of milk! A man like him, in a place like this!

It was nearly an hour before the girl returned. This time she carried a tray. She set it down and then came close to Roger, who rose from his chair, startled by her proximity. Oh, all that pneumatic young flesh!

“Excuse me, Sir, but is there anything wrong?”

Anything wrong? Bloody right there was! *Everything* was wrong! But Roger knew he could say nothing.

“N-No... oh... no... nothing,” he stammered. “Why should there be?”

“You seem, well, under the weather, Sir. Not drinking, not eating.”

“It happens sometimes.”

The girl came right up close to him then. He could see the twin mounds of her pert young breasts under their thin covering, see the nipples stiff against the thin fabric. He began to breath faster, head swimming a little.

“That young lady,” enquired the young woman, “do you work for her?”

“Something like that,” he murmured.

“Excuse me, Sir... but... but does she have some kind of... some sort of hold over you?”

Roger was startled by this. Awkward questions were the last thing a man in his position needed.

“I mean... the way she treats you?”

She looked at him in a concerned way, like a nurse with a patient.

Roger felt a prickle of tears behind his eyes. Fancy having a young woman sympathise with him! It had all been so long.

“Something like that,” he repeated.

“It makes me feel sorry for you,” said the girl. She touched Roger's cheek.
“You look so unhappy.”

“Oh, I *am* unhappy!” It burst out of Roger. He covered his face in his hands.
“Oh! If I could only tell you all about it!”

“But you can,” said the maid softly. “I can be discreet...”

But Roger realised he could *not* tell her all about it. How could he tell the real truth? No, he'd have to make something up.

“It's all got to do with some international espionage I got involved in,” he said rather lamely. “A long story. Unbelievable really.”

“I told you, I can be discreet.”

The girl's soft warm body was now pressing gently against his. Her lips remained slightly parted after she spoke.

“Can't give the details,” said Roger. “But the fact is, that young woman controls my life. *Every* aspect of it!”

“Ooohhh! I can hardly believe that!”

“It's t-true. I have no life of my own. I... I'm a kind of prisoner.”

“It sounds impossible. I mean, a big strong man like you...” She gave him a coy look.

“But, all the same, it's true.”

“Can't you go to the police?”

“No... oh NO... that would only make things worse! I don't expect you to understand. It's just so kind of you to take any trouble at all.”

“It's the least I can do.”

Roger suddenly found the girl's arms around his neck. He half struggled, then gave way. He actually ran his hands over the girl's bottom, feeling a fierce intensity of desire. The scent, the softness, the girlish body... oh... oh... heaven! There came a whisper in his ear.

“Has she controlled your sex life?”

Roger made an involuntary whining sound before he replied.

“Oh, You would not believe what she has done to me in that way! I... I've been utterly deprived! So... so cruel...”

“Poor dear.”

The girl stroked his head. Roger's restrainer was filled to the limit.

“How could you bear it?”

“I... I've had to...” Roger sobbed out as a wave of self-pity swept over him. “I cannot describe to you how awful it's all been.”

“I think I can understand.”

There was a pause.

“I want to help you. Make you happy. Relieve you, if you like.”

Roger could scarcely believe he was hearing right. Could all this be true. All this soft, young body being freely offered to him? It was like a miracle!

“I... I wouldn't dare...”

“Don't be silly!”

“She might come back in here.”

“Oh no... she's still on aperitifs. She and her client haven't even started dinner.” The body pressed more urgently to Roger. “Perhaps you don't want me?”

Roger clasped the girl frantically. “I want you more than anything else in the world!” he said, with a kind of exultation.

His whole being was on fire with lust. After all these months... and months... he was going to have a woman again! It hardly seemed possible. Yet it was true... true... true!

“Just relax,” said the maid. “There's nothing to worry about. How lucky our paths crossed. She must be a very evil woman.”

“Oh she is, she *is*!” Roger agreed fervently. “I could tell you things which she has done to me which would make your hair stand on end.”

“How awful... you poor dear.” The girl's hand was gently fondling Roger's swelling. “Shouldn't you take some clothes off?”

Terror momentarily gripped Roger. “Are you sure she won't come back up?”

“Why on earth should she? She's heavily engaged. Quite a nice looking client.”

“Oh my God! Can it be true?”

“Relax... relax. It's what you need. What you deserve.”

“Oh God, yes. How I need it!”

“Take some clothes off. I need you too.”

These were words Roger had never expected to hear again. His heart was pounding, blood coursing through his veins. The whole thing was incredible; he could scarcely believe it was actually happening.

But it was!

It was!

His trousers came down. His restrainer was hauled off. A solid erection came thrusting out. One so long deprived; one so much in need of attention. The girl pulled up her short skirt, twisted round.

“Rip off my knickers,” she gasped. “I... don't mind...”

Roger, eyes bulging — Roger panting — Roger massively hard — manfully ripped off those little briefs. Then the two of them swung round and fell on to the bed. The girl's thighs parted. Oh the delight of it!

He was positioned, he was ready!

Now only to thrust and enter!

Enter the portals of delight! Moaning, Roger thrust... then he was in... in... in! Savouring sweet succulent delights! Quite, quite wonderful! Now, he said to himself, I'm going to have the best fuck of my life!

At that very moment, Roger received a violent kick between the cleft of his nates. The pain was awful but the shock possibly even more awful. A very familiar voice came rasping out.

“My God! Oh, you filthy pig! You can't be left for a moment, can you?”

Roger rapidly withdrew and fell sobbing to the floor. His erection was as hard as ever.

“Ohhh... oooh... thank goodness you arrived in time, Miss,” he heard the girl saying. “He was trying to rape me! Look! He ripped off my knickers and tore my dress!”

Miss Lucy sighed loudly, theatrically.

“I hope you are not going to bring any charges? Perhaps we can come to an... arrangement?” Her tone of voice was very different from that she habitually used with Roger.

“Oh, well...” the girl said doubtfully.

The clasp of Miss Lucy's handbag snapped. What was going on? Roger dare not look up.

“Oh! Well, in that case,...tell you what Miss, best to forget it, eh? I don't want the shame. And... and... actually... he didn't get very far.”

“I'm so glad to hear it.”

Roger, trousers down, was kneeling... quietly weeping in utter despair and humiliation. For a few moments he had been back in his old world... now he had dived right back down into the horrid reality of his slave existence. The deepest pit of desperate despair in which he had ever found himself.

“I'm really sorry you were attacked by such a disgusting animal. I'll see he pays for it.”

“I'm glad of that.”

Roger wanted to protest. To say that he had been led on. But what would have been the good of that? It would only make matters worse. If they could be worse!

“What will you do to him?”

“I haven't decided yet. Suffice to say, I think he'll wish he'd never been born.”

Roger shuddered uncontrollably, deep down inside. It was impossible to imagine what awful torments he was going to have to endure.

“I'm sorry to say, this isn't the first time.”

“Oh really?”

“No, he's actually raped a young woman before. And attempted to rape another. Frankly, I think he ought to be institutionalised. As it is, a friend and I are working on a cure.”

“I hope you succeed!”

“Oh, I'm sure we will,” smiled Lucy

“This is a little something,” she said. “I hope it will go some way to compensate for being penetrated by this vile beast.”

“Thank you, Miss. I'll say no more about it then.”

The girl stood up, ready to go.

“Goodnight then.”

Lucy turned to the kneeling Roger and kicked him cruelly in the stomach.

“Have you nothing to say, animal?”

Roger, groaning, was rendered incapable of speaking for quite some time. Then he managed it.

“U-Ugh... uuurfff... uuugh... I'm... I'm sorry, M-Miss,” he groaned.

“I should hope so, too,” said the Maid, tripping from the room. But not before she and Lucy had exchanged understanding winks and smiles.

Lucy's little plan had worked out exactly as she had hoped! But she still had the piece de la resistance to come!

“You! Get the rest of those clothes off — NOW!”

Miserably, Roger stepped out of his trousers, and got his shirt off, then his underwear. He was a naked slave one more.

“Kneel!”

Roger knelt. His hands went automatically up behind his head, he legs automatically spread wide. Lucy smirked before her face resumed as severe a look as she could muster.

“I cannot imagine what your Mistress is going to say about this. Or do about this,” said Lucy.

Roger just knelt, tears running down his cheeks. It must have been a set-up, he was telling himself. It must have been! But what was the use of knowing that? He had been fixed, completely and utterly, and not for the first time. Bitterness was like a brand within him.

At that point, Roger made his one and only protest. First and last.

“She... she provoked me into it... really, Miss... asked me...”

There was a kind of roar from Lucy, then her sharp-pointed high-heeled shoes were flying every where... impinging into Roger's most sensitive regions. He was kicked everywhere... reduced to a sobbing wreck.

“How dare you make such an accusation, *rapist*?”

“How dare you?”

“How *dare you!*”

Kick... kick... and kick again... Kick... kick... and kick again.

“You're vile... not fit to exist!”

Kick and kick... kick and kick... kick and kick...

Because, even in his awful torment, he was aware that there was far worse to come.

“M-mercy... mercy... mercy...” he begged as the kicks kept coming. But he knew he wouldn't get any.

Finally Miss Lucy tired of kicking him.

“It's the metal restrainer for you, pig,” she announced. She delved into her travelling bag, found it, got it out, locked it on. All while Roger knelt helplessly, at her mercy.

“I am going to watch some TV,” she announced then. “You can kneel there and think about what Miss Bentley is going to do to you when she hears about your disgusting rape attempt!”

Roger knew it was useless to protest. He just knelt, naked and uncomfortable, while the young Miss sprawled at her ease on the bed flicking through the channels.

Then, there was a knock on the door. Roger was in a panic. A panic which was not decreased by Miss Lucy's response: “It's open.”

And in walked — the maid! And — and — there was a bloke with her!

The bloke turned out to be called Darren. He was the maid's boyfriend. She was called Sharon. And it seemed Miss Lucy had come to some sort of arrangement with them. A sexual arrangement. In short order, all three were as naked as Roger. Well, more so: none of *them* wore a chastity belt!

Darren had a big stiff cock on him, and was soon putting it to good use! For most of the rest of the day and long into the evening, Roger, clad only in that horrible spiked metal penis restrainer, had to watch Darren making either Lucy or Sharon writhe in sexual pleasure by his various ministrations. By his hands, by his mouth, by his penis. It was an ordeal of hideous, burning frustration, which was only ameliorated by the fact that Roger was not ‘bristled’. He was simply enclosed in metal. Cold and implacable.

The girls seemed to find the shining metal pseudo-erection sticking out before him highly amusing and kept asking him how big and hard he was, and if his knob was likely to come out of the end of the tube. Oh... so very amusing!

Roger noted that Darren acquitted himself well. He had both stamina and control. And he had a big cock. What man could ask for more? Even if he were a slave? He was, thought Roger, a far more fortunate slave that he was.

It was his duty to tongue! It was his duty to caress! It was his duty to fuck! To FUCK... ooohhh... to FUCK and FUCK and FUCK!

Roger groaned in the awful horror of his frustrations. Very well, it might be true, he was a kind of rapist. Certainly not a serious one. One, he felt sometimes, who had been tricked (how right he was!). Yet, even so, did he deserve to be treated in this inhuman fashion? Particularly by two young women.

It was intolerable. Yet he had to tolerate it...

Late in the night, Sharon and Darren finally left. Much to Roger's relief. Her body and her sensual actions had nearly driven him mad.

Just before she departed, she asked Lucy to remove him from his metal tube. Then, a half a dozen times, she masturbated him to the verge of a climax, before removing her hand.

“Like it, rapist?” she had asked, teeth bared in delight. Cruel delight. Darren laughed, utterly without sympathy for any fellow who could get himself into such a fix. What a berk! said the expression on his sneering face.

Roger could only sob and moan in the awful horror of his perpetual deprivation. These women were she-devils! Capable of anything! At some point, it seemed to him, if he did not have some sort of sexual release soon, he would certainly lose the balance of his mind.

They would be to blame, he told himself. At the same time, he knew they would not care one jot.

The next morning, Miss Lucy and the slave in the her charge journeyed in silence back to the London apartment.

Miss Lucy sat behind the wheel utterly content, thoroughly sexually sated.

Roger sat beside her, as frustrated as ever. He often found himself trembling uncontrollably. His mind was a constant aching torment of anguished dread.

Naturally, he expected to be savagely flogged on arrival, as Miss Lucy had promised. but, in fact, no such thing happened.

“I have decided to wait for your Mistress to return and let her make all decisions regarding your punishment,” she announced.

Then she put on the ‘bristle’ restrainer and locked Roger in his bleak room. There he would spend the next thirty six hours until Annabelle Bentley returned. Alone and a prey to his ever-increasing terror.

Annabelle looked as hard and sharp as ever. She was wearing a black leather outfit she had bought in New York. And when Lucy led Roger before her, he was quaking uncontrollably inside and his legs felt almost too weak to keep him standing. Fortunately, he had the good sense to kneel and bow his head to the floor.

“Kneel up!” That so-familiar, cracking voice.

Roger knelt up, placing his hands on top of his head, seeing diamond-hard eyes boring into him.

“Miss Lucy has told me everything,” said Annabelle. “I cannot begin to express what utter disgust I feel for you, you filthy ape!”

Should he protest his innocence? Say he had been lured? Or even spill the beans about Lucy's naughty little orgy? Oh, but what would be the use? It could only make matters worse — if that were possible. Roger said nothing. Just continued to kneel naked before his owner, listening with resignation to her scolding. And awaiting with apprehension the announcement of his punishment.

“The last time I let you out of my sight for a few minutes, you tried to rape a shop girl. Now it's a hotel maid. I can only say that you are a *menace to society!*”

how untrue it all was! How unfair! Roger felt like weeping.

“There is only one answer to all this. Do you know it it is, you revolting creature?”

“N-no,.. M-Mistress,” Roger ventured, hoping it had not been a rhetorical question.

“It is castration,” said Annabelle in a voice of steel. Her hard eyes bored into his as he raised his head to stare at her in disbelief. Something in those eyes triggered panic in Roger. A cry, almost like a shriek, was torn from him. His heart seemed to shrivel; his bowels seemed to have become water.

“NO... OOOO... YOU COULDN'T... YOU *WOULDN'T!*”

He had turned ashen grey. A terror quite like he had never known before had gripped him.

“It will be done tomorrow,” said Annabelle with finality. “Take him away, please Miss Lucy.”

“Come on you!” ordered Miss Lucy sharply.

Roger, broken, crawled after that strict young miss on hands and knees.

“Are you really going to do it?” asked Lucy. She and Annabelle were in the living room, splitting a bottle of champagne.

“*Of course not*”, smiled Annabelle. “In the first place, I'd probably bungle it and have a corpse on my hands. In the second place, there would not be much fun in owning a eunuch. I want him to have all his sexual urges and be able to *suppress them completely!*”

“Yes,” smiled Lucy in return. “Silly me. But you really sounded as if you meant it.”

“I hope he thought so too.”

“I'm sure he did. He was in a frightful state when I locked him away.”

“He'll certainly not have a very restful night,” laughed Annabelle. She refilled both glasses.

“What are you actually going to do?” asked Lucy.

“Act out a little play.” say Annabelle with a little smirk. “Come on!”

The pair of them went to Roger's cell, where he lay, naked, cock-restrained, fitfully drowsing. Before he was properly awake they had him spread-eagled on the bare narrow bed, wrists and ankles securely shackled.

“Wh-what?” he burbled in confusion. Then he saw the knife.

“N-NO... NO... YOU'RE NOT *REALLY* G-GOING TO DO IT! Are you... are you?” His voice sank to a quivering whine.

Annabelle took hold of Roger's balls and squeezed. Roger screamed again.

“Not bad balls, are they?” she said to Lucy.

“If you happen to like that sort of thing.”

“Quite. But he certainly likes them.” She smiled at Roger, still squeezing.

“Don't you, slave?”

Roger didn't answer directly. “M-Mistress... Mistress... have m-merceee...” He was babbling now. “I beg you... I *beseech* you! Not this... NO... OOO... not this. I'll do *anything!* *Anything!* I'll be your slave for life... I'll wear that restrainer for ever and ever. But for God's sake... don't... DON'T... *DON'T!*”

Annabelle was still smiling when she released Roger's balls.

“Doesn't seem to like the idea, does he?”

“Not much,” answered Lucy. “Still, we've got to protect young women.”

With that, she plunged a hypodermic into Roger's thigh.

“Sweet dreams!” she said sweetly. Annabelle gave an evil cackle, and swished the shining knife to and fro. Roger screamed.

When Roger came to, he was back in his own room. His mind was full of horror. But he couldn't remember quite why. Then he did! He cried out and clasped at his crotch. He had a restrainer on. The bristled restrainer. He knew that because — *he could feel it!* He sobbed in blessed relief. He still had his balls and prick! For the first time ever, he was glad he could feel those cruel bristles impinging on his tender manhood.

Sometime — Roger no longer knew whether it was day or night — Annabelle Bentley entered, Lucy at her side.

“Got you going there, didn't I, slave?” said Annabelle.

“Yes, Mistress.”

Roger could only croak; he was quite hoarse.

“Have you anything to say?”

“Thank you, Mistress.”

Annabelle nodded contentedly.

“But let me tell you, rapist, if it ever happens again, I'll go right through with it. Understand?”

“Y-yes... yes, Mistress.”

“Remember your promise, slave? When you were getting a little demented? Your promise to be my slave for life?”

A little smile played over Annabelle's lips. A cold smile. A sadistic smile.

Roger did remember. His heart sank: he had a horrid premonition of what was coming next.

“Yes, M-Mistress,” he said weakly.

“Well, Lucy and I have talked it over, and that is indeed just how it's going to be. You are now my slave *for life*.” She paused, then added dismissively. “Or, at least, until I no longer have any use for you. At that point I suppose you can be sold.”

Roger said nothing. What was there to say?

“And you'll be Miss Lucy's slave, too, ” Annabelle concluded. “Is that quite clear?”

“Yes, Mistress,” answered Roger weakly.

The future had always looked bleak, but never quite as bleak as this! They were both smiling down at him in sadistic glee. It was quite terrifying.

“Now, as to punishment for your foul act. In one hour's time, I shall whip you. Severely, needless to say. Tomorrow, Miss Lucy will whip you. Equally severely. On the day after that I shall whip you again. I don't think you'll be of much use for a week or two after that.”

Annabelle's teeth were bared in cruel delight.

“Come, Lucy, let's get everything ready for him.”

Roger watched them go, eyes filled with tears.

Then, a great sobbing moan came from him. Followed by another. And another.

He could scarcely bear to contemplate what lay ahead.

Total sexual suppression. Perpetual pain. And both — for life!

THE END

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